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WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

We are glad to inform our readers that our prophecy regarding the Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN was justified by the event. Its reception was even kinder than in former years, and the day of its publication proclaimed it "out of print."

The statistician, when he gets to work, will find, we think, that the year 1907 was quite remarkable for its output of books. The average quality, we should say, was also remarkably high, but we doubt if the writers of the year have produced very much that will be in demand a few years hence by publishers in search of matter to reprint. The continued vogue of the reprint is not entirely a matter for jubilation. It means living on interest on capital. Veneration for the classics is an admirable thing, but it can be bought too dearly. At the present time there are more editors than authors.

One striking feature of the books of the year has been the increasing demand for historical biographies. So popular are these with library readers that many publishers are commissioning them long in advance. "Publishers' books" is a new term that has come

into use with reviewers to designate volumes of this kind which are rather obviously made to order. The unfortunate feature of many of them is that they depend for their interest on a *chronique scandaleuse*.

We have received many letters of appreciation from our readers regarding the protest we voiced against the degradation of present-day fiction. Many correspondents have urged us to name the particular books we referred to. We regret that it was not possible for us to strengthen our protest in this way, as we had no desire to confer the glory of advertisement on masterpieces of pornography. It is an abuse difficult to remedy, since exposure means only a greatly desired publicity. A few writers and critics have affected to treat the matter as a case of Much Ado about Nothing. "We have never," they say, "come across such books as you describe." But that is not the opinion or the experience of reviewers. Every librarian and reviewer knows that there is a steadily increasing influx of filth into the stream of current fiction. Naturally enough, our best critics never see this garbage. But none the less is it a fact that while they are enjoying the reperusal of Scott and Meredith, the well of English fiction is being defiled by the infiltration of sewage. To protest against that is every critic's duty, and it is only the disappointed "psychologists" who will make stale witticisms with the names of Grundy and Bowdler.

We should have thought that bookmen who were also Britons would have welcomed with one accord



M. René Bazin.

Author of "Le Ble qui Lève." (See p. 164.)

the honour done to Mr. Kipling by the adjudicators of the Nobel prizes--an honour which merely corroborates what most of us know, namely, that Mr. Kipling's reputation is, in a wide sense, European. It is with regret, therefore, that we find a contemporary usually so well informed as the *Nation* describing the award as *saugrenu*. The term is more applicable, surely, to the critic who would so describe the creator of Mowgli, Mulvaney, Kim, and the Brushwood Boy.

Of the four most familiar literary categories of the present day--namely, novelist, playwright, major-poet, minor-poet--it is curious, and perhaps significant, that Mr. Kipling falls into none. Yet in both prose and verse it is fairly manifest for all to see that he has gone farthest of his own generation. His political philosophy may be thoroughly unsound, but that is no reason why "the accursed spirit of party" should intrude to belittle his literary style.

Following up a very interesting article last month on the new novelists of Germany, in which the first place was accorded to Gustav Frenssen, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has a sketch in the current number of "the new-comers," as it calls them, in "Le Roman Anglais." Prominent places are given in this article to Marriott Watson, Richard Bagot, Miss Robins, Miss Sinclair, F. M. Hueffer, and John Galsworthy. The article is by Mme. de Wyzewa.

A book to be looked out for in the new year is the elaborate monograph on Portuguese Architecture by Mr. Crum Watson, a novel subject, but likely to be popular in view of the recent growth of tourist traffic on the Booth steamers, and illustrated by some unique views of Portuguese buildings.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Graham Wallas, whose book on Francis Place is gratefully remembered by students of Radicalism, is completing a new book embodying fully as much work as its predecessor on Men, Politics and Modern Ideas.

Among other works of Fabian philosophy, the year 1908 will also be noteworthy for Mr. Wells's corrected views of Socialism in the making.

Whether we agree with all his reasoning or no, Mr. Hartog's little book on the teaching of English is emphatically one to be read. The English boy, he premises, cannot write English. He is never taught to express himself clearly. The French boy, on the other hand, is carefully instructed in methods of developing his ideas, and the result is seen in his composition. To obtain the benefit of the personal experience gained by Mr. Hartog in the schoolrooms of French elementary schools, you must read his book on "The Writing of English."

— 2 —

Among reprints of the new year, the reader will be specially grateful for the select volumes of American History by Parkman and Prescott promised in "Everyman's Library."

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "Deep Moat Grange," will be issued in the spring by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

It will be good news to the many admirers of "The Human Boy" to learn that Mr. Eden Phillpotts is to issue in the spring "The Human Boy Again," which will be a continuation of the first volume.

• • • • •

We understand that Mrs. Mackirdy, the author of that very remarkable book, "The Soul Market," is at work on a new series of impressions of London life, which she will issue under the title "Thirteen Nights."

Among reissues, the reader must not fail to see the attractive edition of Aytoun and Martin's excellent versions of the poems of Goethe, first published by Blackwood in 1859.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston has completed a new novel of London life which Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish shortly under the title "Sally."

The marvellous sales of "The Lady of the Decoration," a series of letters from a lady missionary in Japan, have created, we understand, an entirely new record even for America. At Christmas time the sale reached 15,000 copies a week, and in England and the Colonies the popularity of the book is steadily growing.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish in the spring a volume by Lady Gordon entitled "Unforegone Conclusions." They will also issue immediately Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Ibsen," in the "Literary Lives Series."

Excellent is the idea of the Exhibition of Books, originated by the *Tribune* last year, and this year copied by the *Daily Chronicle* and a Liverpool newspaper. What good these shows do for their holders is not quite clear; but there can be little doubt that they bring, perhaps indirectly rather than directly, grist to the mill of authors and publishers, who as a matter of course should welcome anything that brings them into touch with the public. Doubtless many folk go to the exhibitions in Bond Street and Bouverie Street merely to pass the time, as they might go anywhere else where there is no charge for admission; but even to these it must bring home the fact that books may make suitable presents; while it gives to others the opportunity lacking elsewhere to see books of which they have heard and in which they are interested. A man hesitates to go to a bookseller's unless he knows what book he wants; at these shows he may wander without being importuned to buy until perchance he sees a volume he desires. The books exhibition is a most valuable innovation, and it is to be hoped it will become an annual feature of the winter season.

The "Georgian Boom," as the *Saturday Review* calls it, is still much in evidence, and "Farmer George," "Coke of Norfolk," "George III. as Man, Monarch, and Statesman," "Vignettes of the Regency," and "The First Gentleman of Europe" seem to have whetted the appetite, if not of readers, at least of authors. The latest announcement is a biography of Mary Anne Robinson by Mr. Stanley Makower. "Perdita" wrote her own memoirs, which her daughter edited, and she has recently been treated of in Mr. Fyvie's "Comedy Queens of

the Georgian Era" and in Mr. Lewis Melville's biography of George IV., whose mistress she was. It is improbable that there is any new material to be brought to light, but the story of the actress-poetess in the capable hands of the author of "The Mirror of Music" may make interesting reading.

The recent suicide of a husband and wife, both authors, has raised the question of literary earnings. The man, in this case, threw up a berth worth a thousand a year to enter the literary arena, although he had an unpractised pen and had little or no reason to believe that he was gifted with imagination or the power of expression. Successful novelists and playwrights may amass a fortune, but a man who essays to make his way with such a book as "Why your MSS. are Returned" has no reasonable hope of fame or a competence. The hard, naked truth is that no one should enter the calling of letters in the expectation of earning a livelihood for many years. If he has means and talent, all will be well in the long run, and in ten years he may secure the uncertain pittance of a head clerk; but if he cannot stay, he stands no more chance of success than the impecunious barrister. In these days, when popular papers dwell upon the joys and emoluments of the successful author, and colleges profess to teach the

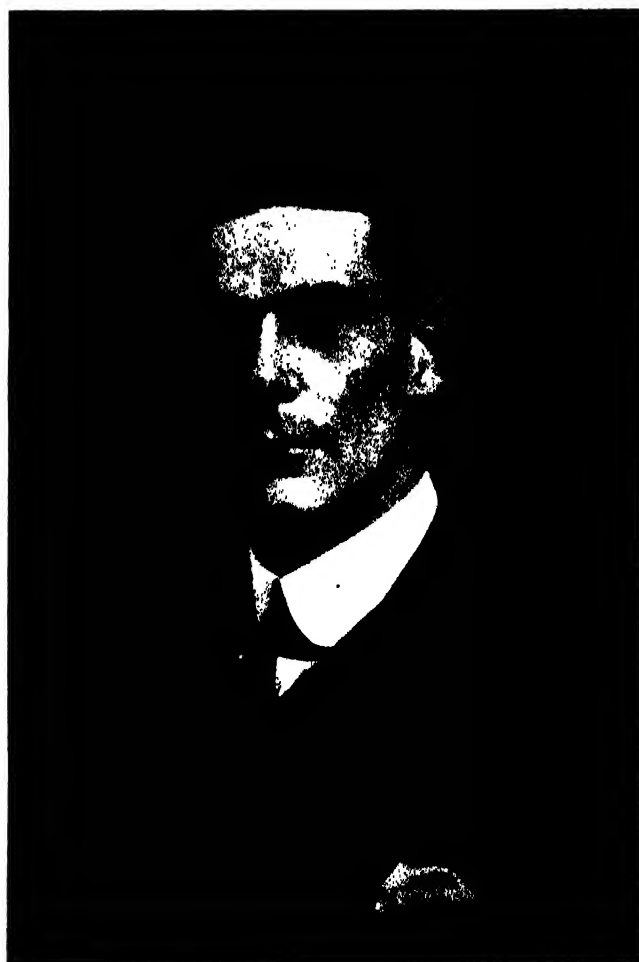


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. St. John Lucas.

Editor of "The Oxford Book of French Verse."

art of letters in a dozen lessons, many are attracted to the calling ; but the warning cannot be too often reiterated to those who desire to "commence author" that literature is a very stony-hearted stepmother.

Mr. Charles G. Harper is steadily pursuing his valuable labours in the history of the English high-roads, and he will shortly publish in two volumes "The Manchester and Glasgow Road," the path that so frequently figures in real life and in fiction, for it was trodden by those lovers who hastened across the Border to be united in holy matrimony by the blacksmith-priest of Gretna Green.

The often-postponed edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is now definitely announced by Messrs. Methuen to appear shortly under the supervision of Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in about fourteen volumes, at 12s. 6d. net a volume, and the edition will be limited in Great Britain to five hundred ordinary and fifty large-paper copies. Besides the four best known plays will be included "Salomé," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy" and "The Duchess of Padua," which has appeared hitherto only in a German translation. There will be the short stories, the brilliant "Intentions," the delightful children's tales, the "Poems in Prose" (from the *Fortnightly Review*), "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," "An Essay on Artists' Models," and of course "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," as well as some unpublished letters and poems. We welcome this edition heartily, for it is time that a tribute should be paid to the great talents of this unhappy but gifted man.

Since all bookmen are not well off, and many are exceedingly poor, there can be no doubt of the reception that will be accorded to the offer of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press to supply the Cambridge Modern History on the instalment principle. It is true that the adoption of this principle by an enterprising newspaper has led to many county-court actions, but the work now offered is not popular in the broader sense of the word, and it is unlikely that it will be taken advantage of except by students who will be anxious to retain the volumes. We remember that some years ago Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. offered the "Dictionary of National Biography" to those who would pay two guineas a month, and now that the Cambridge University Press is following suit, it is to be hoped that other firms owning expensive works may be induced to offer them on these terms.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*) promises a first instalment of reminiscences that extend over forty years, wherein we shall have his personal recollections of Disraeli and Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, Lord Randolph Churchill, and many other prominent politicians. Some of Mr. Lucy's impressions have appeared in his volumes of "Peeps of Parliament," and if these may be taken as a sample, in bulk they should be delightful.

Mr. Roelants, the publisher of Schiedam, whose death is announced, was the pioneer in Holland of cheap reprints of native classics. It was as far back as 1852 that the first volume of his "Literary Pantheon" appeared, and since then these booklets, edited by competent critics, have spread a knowledge of their great writers of past times among classes of the Dutch people who otherwise would have remained ignorant of them. Of his contemporaries, Roelants's chief author was Schimmel, one of the few Dutch novelists to be done into English. By such works as "Sinjeur Semeyns," "The Captain of the Life Guard," the "Haagsche Joffer," Schimmel, who was an all-round, accomplished man of letters, worthily followed Van Lennep in the field of historical romance. Roelants published all his works. He also made his countrymen acquainted, through translations, with foreign fiction. He issued, for example, Dutch versions of some of Thackeray's novels, and an edition of the works of Dickens, illustrated by the well-known drawings of F. Barnard.

One of the most interesting publications of the time is the new edition of Tennyson, edited by the present Lord Tennyson and containing the poet's own annotations. Messrs. Macmillan have already issued one volume, and the second of the nine will appear this month.

Other interesting announcements by Messrs. Macmillan are a Globe Edition of Mr. Dobson's edition of Evelyn's Diary, and a new volume in the "English Men of Letters Series" on James Thomson by Mr. G. C. Macaulay. Thomson's claim to this honour is likely to be sharply scrutinised, and it must rest rather on his historical importance than on his poetical achievement.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best six quotations from Tennyson illustrating his minute observation of bird life.

III.—Of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford it is said:

"For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye."

A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of twenty "bed's-head" books.

IV. A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been gained by Mrs. ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES. BY WALTER CRANE.

"'The Crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the Crane'"

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, III. 88.

Other good quotations submitted were:

THE LETTERS OF DEAN HOLE.

"His talk was like a stream which runs,
With rapid change, from rocks to roses."

PRAED'S *Lucan*.

(Mrs. MEADOWS, Norton-in-Males, Market Drayton.)

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S REMINISCENCES.

"A clod—a piece of orange-peel
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a Princely heel
How beautiful they are!"

CALVERLEY.

(Mrs. CHARLES WRIGHT, Fairmead, Sutton.)

THE GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY. BY G. S. STREFT.

"I would choose me a house in my favourite street;
Yes or no—I would carry my point, willy-nilly,
If 'No'—pick a quarrel; if 'Yes'—Piccadilly!"

LOCKER LAMPSON.

(E. WARD, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

IMMORTAL MEMORIES. BY CLEMENT SHORTER.

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born."

HOOD.

(J. A. JENKINS, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

QUOTATIONS FOR PULPIT USE.

"Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote."

YOUNG.

(BERNARD MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford.)

THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO. BY COLONEL PATTERSON.

"Bombastes. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Atax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

W. B. RHODES.

(KATHARINE SYDENHAM, Dulverton, Somerset.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best suggestion as to the most musical single line in Shakespeare has been awarded to L. PETERKIN, 85, Casewick Road, S.E.

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."

Hamlet, V. ii. 358.

The following lines were each submitted by many competitors:

"The grey eyed morn smiles on the frowning night."

Romeo, II. iii.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea."

Richard II., II. i.

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

Merchant of Venice, V. i.

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night."

Romeo, II. ii. 167.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

Macbeth, III. ii.

"But earthlier happy is the rose distilled."

Midsummer Night's Dream, I. i.

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

Macbeth, II. ii.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

Merchant of Venice, V. i.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best list of twenty Nursery Classics has been awarded by our competitors' votes to E. GORDON BROWNE, 6, Princess Terrace, Oxton, Birkenhead

1. Caldecott's "Illustrated Rhyme Books."

2. Grimm's "Fairy Tales."

3. Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales."

4. "Alice in Wonderland"

5. "Through the Looking glass"

6. Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes"

7. Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare."

8. "Æsop's Fables."

9. "Water Babies."

10. Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes."

11. Mrs. Molesworth's "The Cuckoo Clock."

12. Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord."

13. "Robinson Crusoe."

14. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse."

15. Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant."

16. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature."

17. Kipling's "Just so Stories."

18. Kipling's "Jungle Book"

19. Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring."

20. "Struwwelpeter."

Lists closely approximating to the above were submitted by Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton; Miss Audrey Jennings, 11, Hastings Road, Ealing; and Miss M. McColl, Logie Lea, Bridge-of-Allan.

IV.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by Mrs. ARNOLD, The Beeches, Woodhouse, nr. Sheffield, and E. GORDON BROWNE, 6, Princess Terrace, Oxton, Birkenhead.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 5 to February 5, 1908.

Messrs. S. A. & C. Black.

LOMAS, JOHN. In Spain. 50 illustrations from photographs. net

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BESANT, WALTER, and E. H. PALMER. Jerusalem. (St. Martin's Library Edition.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
BRAITHWAITE, W. S. The Book of Elizabethan Verse. An Anthology. 6s. net.
BUCHANAN, ROBERT. The Shadow of the Sword. (St. Martin's Library Edition.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
COOPER, E. H. The Marquis and Pamela. 6s.
FISHER, ARTHUR O. Witherford. A Romance of Exmoor. 6s.
KEMPLING, W. BAILY (Editor). The Royal Poets of England (Vol. of King's Classics.) 1s. 6d. net.
MACKINDER, H. J., and MRS. JARDINE. The Rhine. With coloured plates. 20s. net.
MORE, SIR THOMAS (Edited by Robert Steele). Utopia (Vol. of King's Classics.) 1s. 6d. net.
SHAKESPEARE (Edited by Dr. Furnivall). The Comedy of Errors. (Old Spelling Edition.) 2s. 6d. net and 5s. net.
WELSH, CHARLES. Character Portraits from Dickens. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

BOILEAU. Les Satires, Les Epitres et l'Art Poétique. Preface de Augustin FILON. (Les Classiques Français.) Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.
JONES, E. ALFRED. The Old Silver Sacramental Vessels of Foreign Protestant Churches in England. With 22 plates in photogravure and half-tone. Royal 4to, 21s. net.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

DOUGHTY, C. M. (Edited by Edward Garnett). Wanderings in Arabia. 76s. net.
RICHIE, DR. EMILIE. Handbook of Geography. 2 vols. 15s. net.
SICKERT, BERNARD. Whistler. (Popular Library of Art.) Leather, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

COMPAYRE, GABRIEL. (Translated by R. P. Gago). Pestalo. (Pioneer in Education.) 2s. 6d. net.
COMPAYRE, GABRIEL. (Translated by R. P. Gago). Rousseau. (Pioneer in Education.) 2s. 6d. net.
The above are two volumes of a new series, of which two more will be issued in February. All are translated from the French of Compayre.
GRIFFIN, WILLIAM E. The Japanese Nation in Evolution. 22 illustrations. 6s.
RICH, WALTER H. Feathered Game of the North East U.S. 8s. illustration. 13s. net.

Mr. William Heinemann.

BENSON, E. P. Sheaves. 6s.
DE MORGAN, WILLIAM. Somehow Good. 6s.
HUNT, VIOLET. White Rose of Wentworth. 6s.
JACOB, VIOLET. History of Aythya Waring. 6s.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

WILLIAMS, H. NOEL. "A Princess of Intrigue. Madame de Longue and her Times." 32 full-page illustrations. vols. 24s. net.

Mr. John Murray.

BLACK, CLEMENTINA. Caroline. (Novel.) 6s.
CROKER, RT. HON. JOHN W. Stories Selected from the History of England. 6s.
EMMETT, KATHLEEN F. (MRS. FOLEY). The Silver Zone. (Novel.) 6s.
HAWTREY, VALENTINA. Rodwell. (Novel.) 6s.
LYSTER, MRS. JOHN. A Family Chronicle. From Notes and Letters selected by Barbarina, Lady Grey.
MACKAY, THOMAS (Edited by). The Reminiscences of the late Albert Pell MacLaren, IAN. Graham of Claverhouse. (Novel.) 6s.
MALLOCK, W. H. A Critical Examination of Socialism. 6s.
NEUMAN, B. PAUL. Donny's Dollars. (Novel.) 6s.
Official Account of the 2nd Afghan War (1878-1880).
ROBBINS, MRS. H. H. The First British Ambassador to China. The Life and Correspondence of Earl Macartney.
STODDART, MISS ANNA M. Life of Mrs. Bishop. (Cheap Edition.) 6s. net.
STURGE, M. CARTA. The Truth and Error of Christian Science. (Cheap Edition.)

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THE READER.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

IN nothing in the world is reaction so marked as in literature, and in no branch of letters does reputation fluctuate more than in fiction. The truth of this statement becomes apparent after the briefest examination of the estimation in which to-day the early-Victorian and mid-Victorian novelists are held. Thackeray and Dickens, of course, have never had among their contemporaries rivals other than each other; but even Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, in spite of their undeniable qualities, have had their positions in the literary hierarchy seriously questioned; while the rest are, in varying degree, suffering now from that disparagement which is the natural result of their having been praised beyond their deserts during their lifetime. Ainsworth is under a cloud, and it is doubtful if he will ever again emerge beyond the boys' realm into the sunshine of popularity; and with him has gone Douglas Jerrold, and, it is fervently to be hoped, that wearying purveyor of low comedy, Samuel Lover. Not even the most indulgent critics resent the disappearance of the works of these writers, as not even their greatest admirers can galvanise them into a semblance of life. With several other notabilities of the period, however, the case is different. It is right and fitting that per-fervid champions of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, should suffer a check, as it is agreeable to note that an ever-increasing body of readers, gallantly led by Mr. Clement Shorter, is bestowing upon his brother Henry more favour than was, until recently, his portion. Bulwer Lytton is slowly finding his place, which is probably higher than many suspect; and Charles Lever, Wilkie Collins, Disraeli, Mrs. Oliphant, and Anthony Trollope are still suffering neglect that is, albeit in various degrees, unmerited.

Many of these novelists owe their lapse from popularity to their enormous output, and it is scarcely probable that they will return to favour until time has weeded out their inferior works, and has relegated these productions to the limbo of forgotten things. Anthony Trollope is one of this unhappy band. He wrote more than half a hundred novels, most of them of great length; and if but few of these were bad, it is safe to say that, at the outside, not more than a dozen show the author at his best—say, the Barse

Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," and "The Claverings," to which some may add "The Bertrams" and "The Three Clerks." But, as Mrs. Oliphant's reputation will in the end rest probably upon the "Chronicles of Carlingford," so Trollope, it seems likely, will stand or fall by the Barse

Now the modern school of fiction, with one or two notable exceptions, can have but little sympathy with Trollope's work, for the one is virtually a protest against the other. The novelist of the day is beset by the desire to specialise, which, admirable and indeed necessary in such branches of study as, for instance, medicine and engineering, is objectionable in the republic of fiction. The present-day writer of novels takes for his subject sailors or soldiers, Society or the shams, as the case may be, and the picture presented of the selected crevice is often so excellent that the author deservedly wins much praise—until the time comes when, having said his say, he proceeds consciously or, often enough, unconsciously, to say it over and over again. In this method the most noticeable defect is, of course, a want

of breadth: we desire to see Wapping or Grosvenor Square or Upper Tooting, not as a unit, but in its place in the country, as we ask to be shown the soldier, not in his mess, but in his relation to the world.

As Fielding or Thackeray saw life, the novelist of to-day does not, or cannot, see it, or, seeing it, does not note it down for his readers. His books suggest haste, not indeed by their style—which is often very good—but by the smallness of the canvas. Can this be—the question protrudes itself persistently—the outcome of a mistrust of his powers? Is he, perhaps, so little confident that he does not dare to take a large slice

of life and fill in the details at his leisure, as did the giants of old? The contemporary novel may in most instances be read, by one used to reading, during an



Photo by Window & Grace.

Anthony Trollope.

*Land described
unproductive but capital forms the
of Southland; - now joined to estate of which
Dunedin. Capital Road will
Sunday, Aug. 72. at present. visit
to Church - Dined at Mr. Pearson's - Small town -
3000 inhabitants. chiefly Scotch. Many handmen.*

A portion of Anthony Trollope's Journal.

afternoon; often, indeed, in the interval between tea and dinner; and this seems a poor thing compared with those earlier books that would fill four or five six-shilling volumes, and would engage and interest the reader for days, comfortably and at his ease, and still leave the characters so fresh and real that they could be revived in the next story—a favourite device with both Thackeray and Trollope.

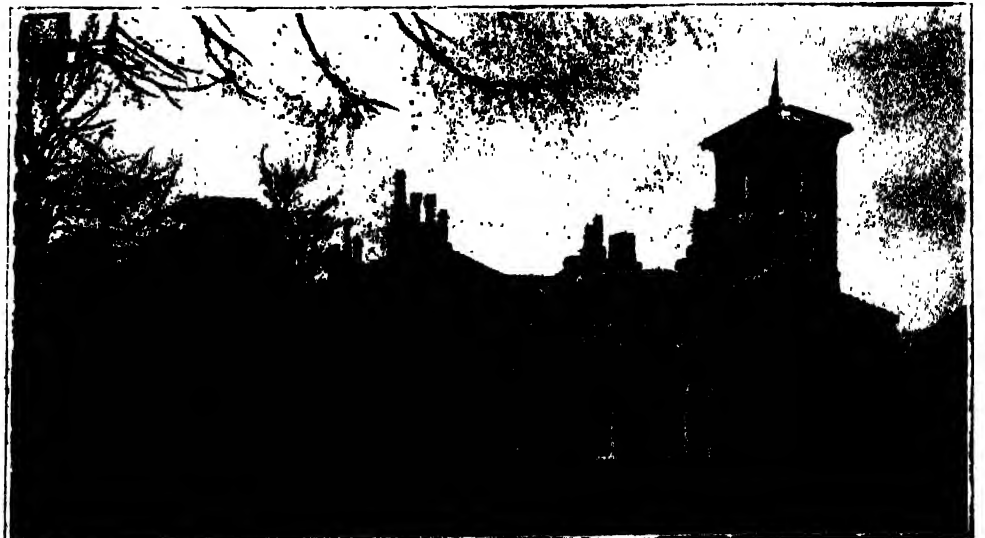
To appreciate fully the art of Trollope it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that with him plot was a secondary consideration, and that often the merest shred of a story was deemed sufficient basis for a big book; that he avoided the great elemental passions like the plague; and that he never, in his best works, had any purpose whatsoever save to entertain. He was, indeed, pre-eminently a chronicler of small beer, most at home in narrating the struggles incidental to the appointment to a deanery, or a simple love-affair between two (not always very interesting, it must be admitted) young persons—for choice, a lord of the manor and a maid of slightly lower social position—for this author was as careful as the inhabitants themselves to delineate clearly the most trifling differences in station of those who dwelt in the small country town wherein the story was laid.

So confident was he of providing from such poor material entertaining stories that he disdained the common practice of concealing until the end the solution of some intrigue or love-affair. "The novelist," he says in an aside in "Barchester Towers," "ventures to reprobate that system which goes so far to violate all proper confidence between the author and his readers, by maintaining nearly to the end of the third volume a mystery as to the fate of their favourite personage. Nay, more, and worse than this, is too frequently done. Have not often the profoundest efforts of genius been used to baffle the aspirations of the reader, to raise false hopes and false fears, and to give rise to expectations which are never to be realised? Are not promises

all but made of delightful horrors, in lieu of which the writer produces nothing but most commonplace realities in his final chapter? And is there not a species of deceit in this to which the honesty of the present age should lend no countenance? . . . Our doctrine is that the author and the reader should move along together in full confidence with each other. Let the personages of the drama undergo so complete a comedy of errors among themselves, but let the spectator never mistake the Syra-

cusan for the Ephesian; otherwise he is one of the dupes, and the part of a dupe is never dignified." This seems a bold attitude for a novelist to assume, and yet there is no novelist of the first rank who depends mainly on his plot for the interest of his stories. It is with fiction as with real life: no one fails to read, and re-read, the history of Napoleon because he knows how that great man's career ended; and who is less likely to return again and again to "Esmond" because he remembers the hero eventually married Lady Castlewood? It is not plot, but characterisation and atmosphere and style that make the great novel. Whatever may be thought of Trollope's achievements in the field of literature, it is obvious that he had sufficient mother-wit to realise the secret that underlies the composition of all the best works of fiction.

There is told an excellent story about an Irish advocate who had to cross-examine Anthony Trollope, and whose aim it was to discredit the novelist's reputation, since he could not directly impugn the witness's veracity, and was only too well aware he could not shake his testimony. "What are you?" was counsel's first question. "An official in the Post-office," was Trollope's reply. But this was not the answer required, so the other persevered: "What else?" Trollope admitted he was an author. This was better. "An author! an author of what?" Trollope said he thought his best book was "Barchester Towers," and he would prefer to be known as the author of that story.



Anthony Trollope's country house at Harting.

"Well, sir, is there a word of truth in it?" "It is a work of fiction," the novelist answered in astonishment. "I don't care what it is, sir," retorted the barrister; "but—remember, sir, you are on your oath!—is there a word of truth in the book from first to last?" "I don't suppose there is," growled the exasperated author. "Then, sir," said counsel triumphantly, with a meaning glance at the jury, "after that admission, you may stand down!" Yet Trollope might well have declared that there was much truth in "Barchester Towers," which he is not alone in believing his best work, for it is hard to believe that he did not draw from life many of the characters in that book. Archdeacon Gantly, Bishop Proudie, for example, are creatures of flesh and blood; so that it comes as a surprise to learn that at the time he conjured up these figures he had never resided for any length of time in any cathedral city except the metropolis, and was not closely acquainted with any clergyman. "My archdeacon, who has been said to be life-like, was the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness," he declared with pleasurable astonishment. "It was such as that, in my opinion, that an archdeacon should be or, at any rate, would be what an archdeacon might have been; and lo! an archdeacon was produced who has been declared by competent authorities to be an archdeacon to the very ground!"

Trollope conceived "The Warden," the first of the Barsetshire series, when he was wandering one summer evening in the purlieus of Salisbury Cathedral; and forthwith, with the diligence of a surveyor, he proceeded to map out the new county he was about to add to English literature. He has told us how he knew every inch of this phantom county, its roads and its parishes, its rectors and its country gentlemen; and, he declared, "There has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I know all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there." This shows a wonderful power of concentration, and, in the hands of a lesser man, would have resulted in volumes of abysmal dulness; but Trollope, though he denied inspiration, had the gifts essential for this continuous literary work. He had sufficient imagination, admirable descriptive powers, a genius for portraiture, and a deep affection for his fictitious charac-

ters—no one will ever know what it cost him to kill Mrs. Proudie, after hearing a clergyman say that a man should not write novels if he could not invent new figures!

To enumerate all the characters that pass and repass before us on the vast canvas would require an entire page, but some stand out so distinctly that, for auld lang syne, their names may be mentioned. There is hen-pecked Dr. Proudie and his Mrs.-Caudle-like wife, and the crafty Slope, and the intriguing mother of the "last of the Neros"; there is gentle Harding and his sensible daughter Eleanor, the somewhat aggressive Archdeacon, and the pitiful Quiverfuls; there is

Dr. Thorne, and Miss Dunstable of "Oil of Lebanon" wealth, and the Duke of Omnium, as well as Sir Roger Scatcherd and his son, Louis Philippe. It must be confessed, however, that Trollope's lovers have little vitality, and it would be difficult to recall the characters and characteristics of Lucy Robarts, Kate Woodward, and Mary Thorne, of Frank Gresham and Lord Linton; but one does not so easily forget stately Griselda Gantly, whose sole comment, when she learns that her marriage has been broken off, is "Then, mamma, I had better give them orders not to go on with the making!"

Through six stories we follow these figures and a host of others, interested in most of them to the end, and most readers take a last farewell of Barset and

the towers of Barchester with a regret as vivid as that of the author who for a dozen years or more wandered thereabouts. "I may not venture to say to the reader," Trollope wrote, in bringing to an end the famous series, "that, in this country, he and I together have wandered often through the country lanes, and have ridden together over the too-well-wooded fields, or have stood together in the nave listening to the peals of the organ, or have sat together at good men's tables, or have confronted together the angry pride of men who were not good. I may not boast that any beside myself have so realised the place, and the people, and the facts, as to make such reminiscences possible as those which I should attempt to evoke by an appeal to perfect fellowship. But to me Barset has been a real county, and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are



From the original miniature by J. Hervey, in the possession of Mrs. Anthony Trollope.

Mrs. Trollope, the novelist's mother.



All she could do
was to pluck 15 pieces
the few flowers at her waist

(Reproduced from "The Three Clerks," by kind permission of
Mr. John Long.)

known to my ears, and the pavement of the city ways are familiar to my footsteps. To them all I now say farewell. That I have been induced to wander among them too long by my love of old friendships, and by the sweetness of old faces, is a fault for which I may perhaps be more readily forgiven, when I repeat, with some solemnity of assurance, the promise made in my title, that this shall be the last chronicle of Basset."

Trollope has an easy, agreeable style, which was always equal to any demands the author made upon it, though these were not very great, for he indulged in no "purple patches" or passionate scenes. His strongest vein, perhaps, was humour, and this is more perceptible in the delineation of the characters and in their attitudes than in the dialogue. It is, indeed, surprising that so little reference has been made by his critics to this quality, for humour is the very essence of most of his books, and in his masterpiece, "Barchester Towers," there is scarcely a page, and certainly not one scene, that has not been inspired by it. It is said that he was lacking in wit, yet one may not infrequently come across quaint strokes of fancy. There is the Duke of Omnium, who "was very willing that the queen should be queen so long as he was allowed to be Duke of Omnium"; there is Dr. Grantly, "by no means deficient in heart. He loved, with an honest, genuine love, his wife and children and friends. He loved his father-in-law, and was quite prepared to love Eleanor too, if she would be on his side"; and there is

the Honourable George de Courcy, who "for his part liked to see the people go quiet on Sundays. The parson had only one day in seven, and he thought they were fully entitled to that." In these and similar descriptions the present writer traces the influence of Benjamin Disraeli; while no one can ignore, or deny, the true Disraelian sparkle of the following conversation between Ethelbert Stanhope, the artist son of the Dean of Barchester, and Dr. Proudie, the bishop newly appointed to that see:

" 'You weren't a bishop before, were you?'

"Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

" 'Ah! I thought so,' said Bertie; 'but you are changed about sometimes, ain't you?'

" 'Translations are occasionally made,' said Dr. Proudie; 'but not so frequently as in former days.'

" 'They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?' said Bertie.

"To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector.

" 'But the work, I suppose, is different?' continued Bertie. 'Is there much to do here, at Barchester?' This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

" 'The work of a bishop of the Church of England,' said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, 'is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed.'

" 'Is it?' said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. 'Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop myself.'

" 'Had thoughts of being a bishop!' said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

" 'That is, a parson—a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best!'

Even that famous St. Aldegonde who didn't like Sundays must give the *pas* to outspoken, irresponsible Ethelbert Stanhope!

If there is a touch of caricature here and there in Trollope's characterisation, as in Mrs. Proudie, Dr. Slope, and Madame "Vicimironi," there is nothing but very sincere pathos to be found in the portrait, at once wonderful and true, of the Rev. Josiah Crawley, Vicar of Hogglestock, that stern, unhappy, perhaps somewhat embittered clergyman, whose pride compels him to hide his abject poverty—a feat only to be accomplished by shutting his doors to all except distressed parishioners. When his wife falls ill, however, he is at length forced to accept the aid of friends, and then begins a fierce internal struggle between pride and gratitude, which ends in the victory of the latter. "May God Almighty bless you, Miss Robarts!" he thanks her for all she has done. "You have brought sunshine into this house, even in the time of sickness when there was no sunshine; and He will bless you. You have been the Good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, pouring in oil and balm. To the mother of my children you have given life, and to me you have brought light, and comfort, and good words—making my spirit glad within me as it has not been gladdened before. All this hath come of charity, which vaunteth not itself,

and is not puffed up. Faith and hope are beautiful, but charity exceedeth them all." And, having so delivered himself, as some patriarch of old might have done, he went away, and hid himself. There is nothing finer in Trollope's hundred volumes, and surely Fielding and Thackeray would have been pleased and proud to call the Rev. Josiah Crawley their own!

In these days, when third-rate drawing-room coteries prate glibly of the decline of art, and in the same breath announce the desire to be identified with the new school of thought, so sane a writer as Anthony Trollope must almost of necessity be neglected. Yet the day will surely come when even silly people will weary of that school of artist who is all talk and no performance, and

in a healthier era Trollope may again attain a meed of popularity. The novelist said of one of his books—and the same description applies to most of his tales—"The story was thoroughly English. There was a little fox-hunting and a little tuft-hunting, some Christian virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villainy. There was much Church, but more love-making. And it was honest, downright love." But Trollope's works contain more than this, and, indeed, it may be claimed that he has, with masterly skill, left for future ages a well-nigh perfect picture of clerical and lay society in the English counties during the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century.



Then tell your brother — tell your brother, that if
it were to save me from the gallows, he should
not have a shilling

(Reproduced from "The Three Clerks," by kind permission of Mr. John Long.)

NOTES OF A BOOK-BUYER.

THE book-buyer is very seldom recognised in current debates, discussions, and disputes. Yet he is a respectable character—and even, I will venture to say, an indispensable character. Without him authors and publishers would have very little to quarrel about. It is on him, and his like, that they must at the last depend.

Ever since I had any money at all I have been a book-buyer. The first really large sum I possessed was two florins, given me by a grand-uncle. With these I purchased "Nicholas Nickleby," in two volumes, green paper backs. It has turned out a good investment, even from the pecuniary point of view. I wrote an introduction to "Nicholas Nickleby," in the American Millionaire edition of Dickens's works, and received for it more than four shillings. Since then I have gone on purchasing, and have bought in all about ten thousand books. It so happens that now I need not buy many new books, and my purchases are mainly second-hand. But of all kinds of booksellers I have had a wide experience—an experience which I hope will go on widening—and among booksellers I have found some of my very best friends. The object of these notes will be simply to describe some of my purchases, and I shall not have much occasion to write about new books.

My experience is admirably described in Mrs. Fuller Maitland's new book, "More Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre" (Constable, 6s.). She relates that Richard de Bury, who was at one time tutor to Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward III., led her into extravagance. Richard de Bury was a devoted bookbuyer, and he wrote: "This ecstatic love has

carried us away so powerfully that we have resigned all thoughts of other earthly things, and have given ourselves up to a passion for acquiring books." This excellent man further wrote: "No dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books if he has the money that is demanded for them, unless it be to withstand the malice of the seller, or to await a more favourable opportunity of buying."

Having read so far, Mrs. Maitland called for her despatch box.

The Bishop goes on: "For we know that the love of books is the same thing as the love of wisdom. Now this love is called by the Greek word philosophy, the whole virtue of which no created intelligence can understand, for she is believed to be the mother of all good things."

Here Mrs. Maitland unlocked her despatch box, and laid her cheque-book on the table before her.

"If you come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and inquire of them, they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant. O books, who alone are liberal and free, who give to all who ask of you and enfranchise all who serve you faithfully, by how many thousand types are ye commended in the Scriptures given us by inspiration of God!"

At this point Mrs. Maitland took up the pen and wrote a cheque and addressed an envelope. She returned to the Bishop, and read another appeal to buy books at once. She says: "Richard de Bury had made it an absolute impossibility for me to return the thirty old-new books to the bookshop in the High Street, Marylebone, from whence 'for inspection' they came." I know that shop in the High Street, Marylebone. I have been accused of making a beast of myself there. I have spent in it even to the uttermost farthing. But I take another paragraph from Mrs. Maitland:

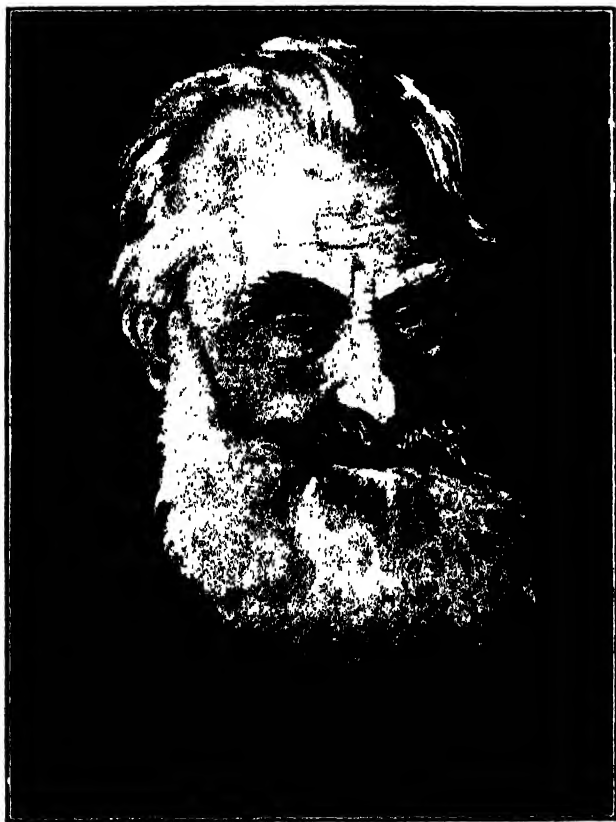
"'You do want another hat badly,' my maid said just now. I turned and looked with the pride of possession at the whole shelf-full of new-old books.

"'Give me the volume of Lydgate's poems. It is almost the last of that row,' I said, pointing to the new-old books.

"'You do want another hat badly, m'm,' my maid repeated, in the belief that I had not heard the words of her complaint.

"'And give me also the three volumes next to Lydgate,' I said, feeling, at the moment, that if my hat fell to pieces, I could content myself with a home-made cowl. Richard de Bury, your influence has stretched far."

The main difficulty for a London bookbuyer is the problem of finding room for his books. Ordinary houses in London are not built with libraries. I have known bookbuyers who used billiard-rooms as libraries, and no doubt you can get into a billiard-room a moderate-



From a painting
by Maria Taylor.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope,
brother of the novelist.

collection. The best way, if you can afford it, is to take a house and build a library according to your tastes and needs. But there is no difficulty in placing an ordinary library even in a small house, because all you have to do is to scatter the books well. It is an excellent plan to have a book-room, used only for the piling up of books, and not employed as a sitting-room. In a very small room, well known to me, an old book-buyer accumulated 11,000 volumes. He had his book-cases round the walls. There was no fireplace. Then he erected double cases, with passages, in the inner part of the room. Of course he arranged it so that you could move between the book-cases, but then he had the advantage of a double book-case. One set faced the wall all round, and the rest faced each other. It is astonishing how many books you can get into a double book-case. Then there was no table, but every nook and cranny was utilised for books. The arrangement answered very well, but one was sometimes in great danger of bringing a book-case down upon his head. This did not happen. Attics can be turned to great account in this way.

But I own there is a difficulty in finding room for sets or long runs of periodicals. To a journalist these are simply invaluable. If you have at the top of your house a long attic, be thankful, for the way to use it is to fill it with these precious things. But I have no long attic, indeed no attics at all, and so I have to do the best I can, and am sometimes perplexed. Nevertheless I cannot risk a good run of a periodical worth while. I did hesitate over the suggestion of Mr. Higham, of Farringdon Street, that I should buy twenty-two volumes of Theodore Hook's *John Bull* for two guineas, not on account of the price, but because I did not know where to put them. However, they are here, and I promise myself much pleasure and instruction in a leisurely examination of them. Old periodicals are the best reading at times when you are thoroughly tired, and hardly able to follow anything consecutively.

What struck me at once, in looking at *John Bull*, was the fact that it was thoroughly edited. A badly edited weekly or monthly can be detected at once. Whenever you see paragraphs that are not rewritten, long extracts, fill-ups, you know that there is something wrong. I turned to Lockhart's admirable article on Theodore Hook in the *Quarterly Review* for May 1843, and was delighted to find that he had made the same observation. Lockhart says: "In addition to its wit, its humour, its blazing audacity of invective, its curious delicacy of persiflage, its strong caustic satire, and its keen dissections of evidence, the paper at first, and for a considerable time even, was remarkable as a specimen of dexterous getting up; most carefully edited throughout—no department neglected. No wonder that it almost instantly reached and long maintained a very

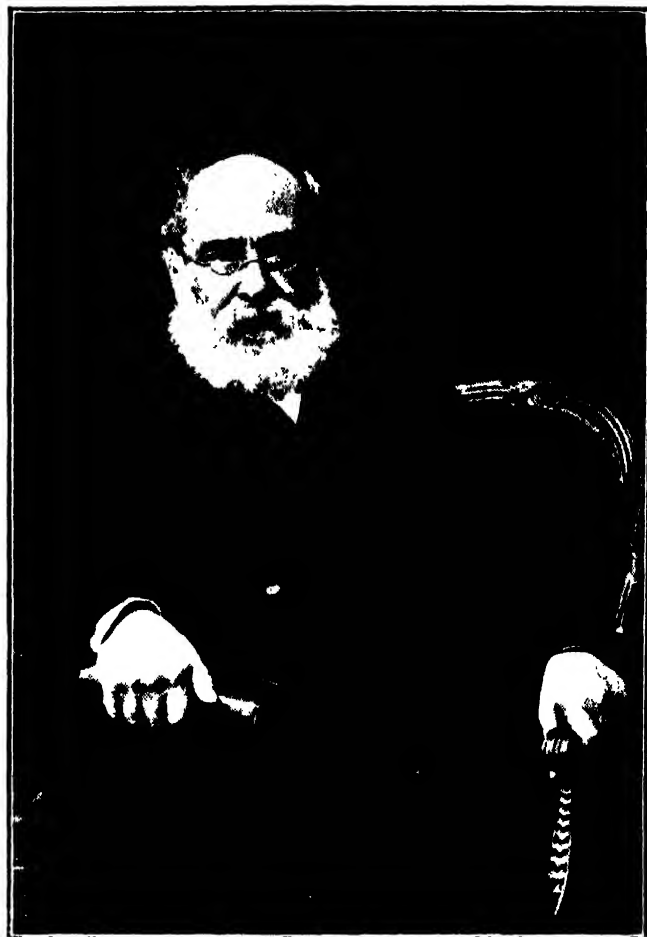


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Anthony Trollope.

great circulation." The sensation made by *John Bull* was unprecedented. Lockhart says: "The explosion scattered brilliant terror far and wide. No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever has in our time, at least, produced such a startling sensation. It told at once, from the convulsed centre to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort apparently that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seems as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision. But, as far as Hook's manuscripts allow us to judge, he was really and truly alone."

A great but vain attempt was made to keep Hook's name concealed. When the fact leaked out, Theodore wrote a disclaimer in the paper, which was certainly framed with consummate coolness. Here it is:

"MR. THEODORE HOOK.

"The conceit of some people is amusing. Our readers will see we have received a letter from Mr. Hook disavowing and disclaiming all connexion with this paper. Partly out of good nature and partly from an anxiety to show this gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which doubtless will be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business: the first, that anything we have thought worth publishing should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's, and secondly, that such a person as Mr. Hook should think himself disgraced by a connexion with *JOHN BULL*."

As a specimen of the political manners of the time I take an article on Joseph Hume which appeared in *John Bull* on March 11, 1822. The charge was that Joseph, who was a surgeon, actually dissected his own brother, whether from economy or from fraternal feeling that no stranger should apply the dissecting-knife when he could do it himself. This is Theodore's comment, reproduced exactly with italics and capitals :

"Conscientiously and seriously, having, as we said before, a sovereign contempt for MR. HUME'S intellect, we do think that it is his *bounden duty to disavow this act*, with which he stands thus publicly charged.

"We honestly declare again that we DO NOT BELIEVE IT—believe it—who can? Is there, *could there be* a wretch so callous to every feeling of our nature as to mangle the carcase of a dead brother? It is impossible—but there *are*

people who *may* give credence to the atrocity; and therefore, we say, that to such a charge, MR. HUME *should make a reply*.

"It may seem strange that WE, feeling as we generally do with respect to MR. HUME, should have interested ourselves to clear up this particular point; but it is as a MAN and a HUMAN BEING that we laugh at MR. HUME. Could we suppose *this* to be true, our opposition to him on *those grounds* must cease. We could not descend to treat the DISSECTOR OF HIS OWN BROTHER AS A FELLOW CREATURE.

This story is not referred to in the article on Hume published in the "Dictionary of National Biography," but it is true that Hume in his youth was a surgeon, and acted as such in the sea-service of the East India Company.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

THE MISSION OF M. RENÉ BAZIN.

BY BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH.

THE immense success of M. René Bazin's new novel, "Le Blé qui Lève," is the present literary event in Paris and significant of more. The new Academician, author of "La Terre qui Meurt," has always joined to a perfect art of story a deep faith in national character and tradition. The interest of the novels of country life which have placed him in the forefront of all modern impressionists, centres in the struggle of this old native character to assert itself against change. A master in landscape painting, he fixes that landscape in our minds as the horizon of human emotion. The humours, the tempers, the qualities of those who, in his estimation, are the backbone of the nation, landowner, farmer, labourer, and shopkeeper, linked together by the land, and by a silent converse of deeds not words, which appear little in newspapers,—all that makes efficacious characters of its men and its women, are his theme. In "Le Blé qui Lève" M. René Bazin has more boldly asserted than before that this character is bound up with the old faith. The hearing, the response given to him, is to be weighed, therefore, against the pale incertitude of which we hear so much in Paris to-day.

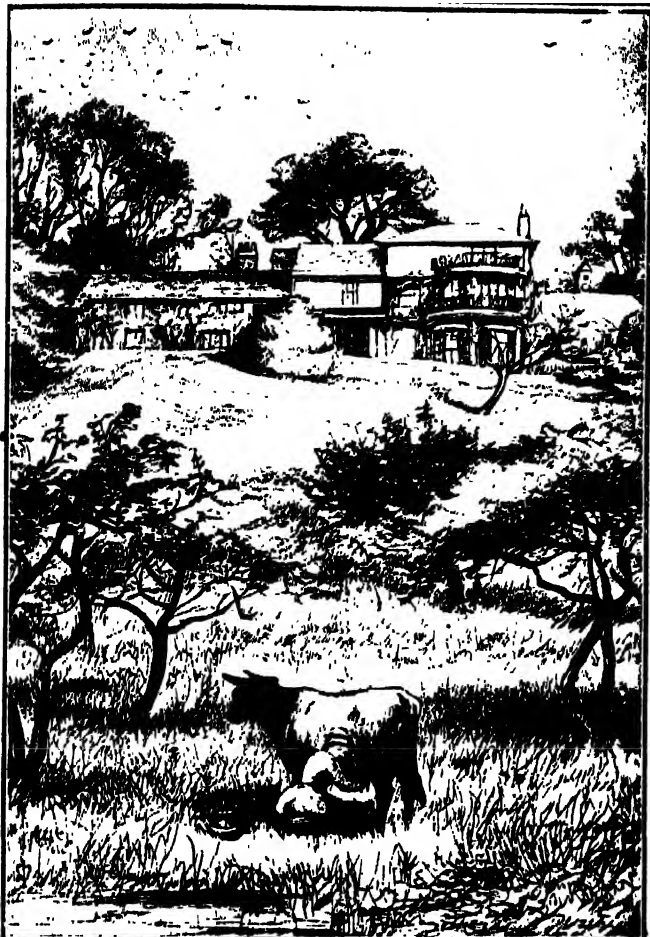
It will be said that in the city of surprises and novel-ties the scientists of yesterday are the mystics of to-day, and idealism is now the fashion, *i.e.* a good deal of haziness presented to us with a grain of incense to make us forget our dreary creed. But M. René Bazin's work does not emanate from this undecided intellectual atmosphere. He is no mystic of this sort. The moral struggle of a poor man is his theme in the new story. The author has the boldness to assert that the moral struggle must go on, whilst every one is telling the poor man that he may be excused from it in the pressure of the material struggle. The era of universal rationalism which promised to develop his character,—for

cheerful endurance, for common sense, and for a love of ideas, manifest through all excesses in revolutions,—has not fulfilled this promise. Is this character even maintained? Presenting us with a wide prospect of farms and high-woods, in "Le Blé qui Lève" M. René Bazin affirms that it is in danger of being lost from the pressure of the material struggle.

"Ils n'ont pas de quoi vivre."

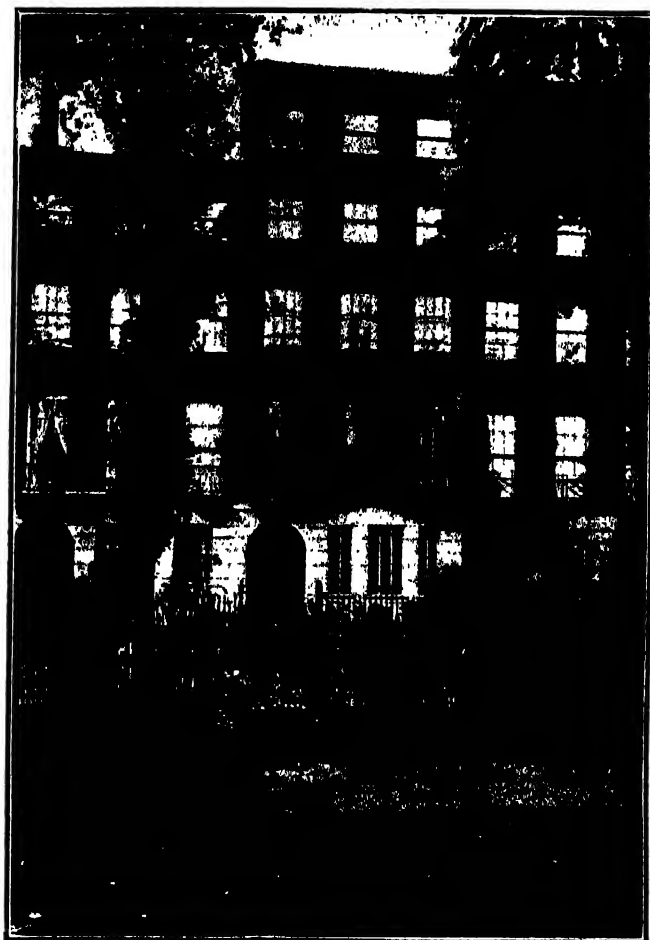
This sentence thrice spoken at successive crises by Gilbert Cloquet, the observant peasant—who is the hero—sums up the plea for the labourer, and his protest against atheism. The moral substance of the workman is wasted whilst his leaders in town and country fight for his right to the enjoyments of life. He may get them by an expanded Liberal or Socialistic programme, but beware of losing the spiritual sustenance! It is the spring of pleasure and peace. It must form character, and precede enjoyment, not follow it. In "De Toute son Âme" and in "L'Isolée," M. René Bazin has affirmed that France will be saved yet by its working women. The woman-worshipping nation is not likely to leave them out. But in the new novel the "face that tells a story," and "like to the story of the heavens," is not the charm, as in "De Toute son Âme," a narrative of manufacturing life. In "Le Blé qui Lève" the author seems rather to express that the love of woman is not the chief interest in life.

Before we come to the art of René Bazin, a few words about the man. He was in England the other day, and was speaking of his literary commencements and of his country, the department of Maine-et-Loire and the neighbourhood of Angers. M. René Bazin still occupies a Professorial Chair at the University of Angers, and thus spends six months of the year in his own country amid all his old associations. He has a country house



From a painting by Sir J. Millais.

Farm House at Harrow where Anthony Trollope spent his youth and in which he resided with his parents when attending the School.



39, Montague Square, Anthony Trollope's residence, from 1873 till his death in 1882.



Anthony Trollope's House at Waltham Cross, occupied by him for twelve years during a period of great prosperity, 1859-1871.

near the Loire. It is the kindly country bordering on Brittany, which shared all its struggle in the great Revolution. We call it La Vendée still; the fighters called it "Le Bocage." An ancestor of M. René Bazin fought in the same cause under the leadership of Charette. The portrait of this ancestor, who has an Angevin face—very characteristic of the race, M. René Bazin has said—hangs in his house. Near it on an easel is a portrait of the author. The landscape of "La Terre qui Meurt" forms the background. It is the country of water-ways and rich farms, where every farm has its punt, and farm produce is often propelled to market with the punt-pole. The portrait describes the author well, a small, well-proportioned Frenchman, who, perfect man of letters as he is, must look at home on farm or forest land. A great gentleness speaks of his receptivity in nature.

Meanwhile he speaks of the literary life in Paris, and the work done there which brought him to his Academical chair. His first publication was verse; but a volume of poems was followed by "La Tâche d'Encre,"—a medley of young humours about the *bouquins* of the old arcades of the Odéon—do they still exist?—and old folios in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

This book, introduced to English readers by Mr. Edmund Gosse, showed that the writer's proper element was prose. A greater discovery was that he was a master of landscape, the soul of landscape framing man and society. In "La Terre qui Meurt" he first struck the note which our own Thomas Hardy has moved us with—the contrast of old and new on the land, the village humours and survivals of good traditions, as much part of the scenery as the thatch or the bridge of primeval times. The perfect *vraisemblance* of the scenes of "La Terre qui Meurt"—such as that of the return of the soldier to his home, to be vexed that his brother no longer helps the farmer, but has turned waiter in Angers—took the place of all moralising. They filled the reader with the pathos of the deserted land.

But to return to M. René Bazin's presence amongst *us*. His conversation is full of the problems of to-day, but he does not speak controversially. "France, such as you know it to be, against all present appearances,"—is his theme, France of "Les Bonnes Gens," which produces silently wonders of self-sacrifice in its crises. And he is full of instances, and they are summed up with "La France renaitra." When the separation of Church and State took place—to the astonishment of literary people, who found that this decision of the Government corresponded to nothing particularly French—M. René Bazin never let himself be identified with the Royalists of the upper classes. His appeal was to the common sense of France in a volume of social essays entitled "Questions Sociales et Littéraires" (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 3 f. 50 c.). He was less belligerent than his great friend Brunetière in defence of the Catholic Church and national principles. He very simply bade his own side give up dynasties and

maintain their noble ideals. Again, as a novelist he seems to us to appeal to a less controversial public than our own English interpreter of the country and its traditions, Thomas Hardy. For all his "native wood-note wild" Mr. Hardy writes for a highly cultivated cosmopolitan audience. M. René Bazin appeals to the common intelligence, the common heart of France.

To come to "Le Blé qui Lève." Here is the description of the hero, Gilbert Cloquet:

"The man was felling an ancient oak. He struck obliquely. The axe sank in deeper at every stroke, and now and then let fly a big splinter—moist and white as a slice of bread—and swung high to fall again. The steel shone, wetted by the living sap. The body of the labourer followed the motions of the axe, the whole tree shuddered to its tenderest root in the depth of the ground. A shirt, worn trousers glued to the legs by sweat, defined the man's form. Deeps of shadow hid a pair of light eyes: their orbits were sunken as it were wounds of the heart. Two hollows, two thumb-marks, were placed by another sculptor beneath the cheek-bones. They expressed, 'This one, through long harvest-time, through days of forest-clearing, modelled his own body, melted his own fat.' The lean neck said, 'The wind warped the sap-wood and left only dry wood.' His hands, bundles of veins and tendons and dry muscle, awkward at small jobs and mighty for arduous labour, said, 'A whole lifetime of hardihood and endurance expresses itself in us, we are witnesses that life was hard, and that it returned good measure and full for tasks appointed.'"

The land is a less kindly soil and belongs to a more rebellious race than that depicted in the novels of Western France. The author has found his scenes in a "pays de grève et de révolte," the department of Le Nièvre, in the centre of France. Gilbert Cloquet is the leader of a strike of wood-cutters on the estate of Michel de Maximien, the last of an ancient family. His father is a general, devoted only to the Army. Michel works hard to keep the inheritance of his ancestors together. Gilbert and all the other labourers treat him with contempt, but Gilbert himself soon suffers hatred for taking a job within the syndicate's rules, but outside a mean squabble with the master. He is almost murdered, but recovers with broken bones to explain to the new leader, who has supplanted him, that their pals are ignorant. "They've nothing to live by," he said.

"Ils n'ont pas de quoi vivre."

"Indeed," said the leader, "they need more."

But Gilbert, in his illness, is thinking that it is moral substance that they lack. They live by bread alone, and are the victims of a bewildering system which encourages them to disobey their rule of brotherhood. But he attempts no explanation. He would not have been understood.

Gilbert toils for a daughter. He has all the modern ideas of marriage, and only one child, his only delight after his wife's death. She is of the new sort, without domestic habits. She marries a *gâcheur*. Gilbert supports them but insists, at least, on honesty. They

run away from him. In isolation, Gilbert once more formulates the ground of all this misery. The couple have "nothing to live by." A recreative view of life alone is possible to them. In his loneliness he too becomes nomadic. We wander with him in the horizons and landscapes of bullock graziers in the centre of France. Here Mr. Hardy might envy him the bovineness and utter rusticity of the setting, and the incident, too, of a fleeting passion for the farmer's wife, bitterly ending in self-absurdity after a wrestling scene with young men in a barn. A butcher from Belgium, with whom the farmer has dealings, happens to tramp with Gilbert over the borders of Picardy and Belgium. Gilbert stumbles upon a retreat for working-men in a Belgian religious house. Here, you will say, is your gram of incense or fashionable mysticism of to-day, but all is realistically described from the point of view of the working men assembled. Brotherhood in suffering is the chief lesson of the priests who lead the Retreat, and their own sacrifice is the only point of attraction for Gilbert, who is frankly bored. But this brotherhood leads to his remaining, and with a quiet time of thought he once more, to his own surprise, makes the discovery that he, too—once so full of the idea of progress—is denuded of all moral subsistence, and that for all his syndicates he stands quite alone, deprived of his spiritual

inheritance by which men and women have lived and worked in brotherhood. He is converted.

"Je n'avais pas de quoi vivre."

Such is his explanation to the farmer whose employ he left, and to whom he returned for daily work. The farmer did not understand him; but the farmer's wife, who marked Gilbert's suffering, knew that he spoke of something more than daily bread.

The chain of incident, which we have no space for, is excellent as illustrating the main plea of the story. It is always so in M. René Bazin's novels. That of "Le Blé qui Lève" is the land; that of "Les Oberlé" the national passion in Alsace. This novel, which we must mention before concluding, has been very successful as a play. And this alone would show how well-knit and dramatic are the writer's plots, whilst the country and its description seems to bear the chief expense in attracting. We think, however, that thrilling as "Les Oberlé" is as a play, the pathos of the Alsatian frontier story is in the topography of its wild hill-sides and forests, where, as we wander with M. René Bazin, the foot strays sometimes in Germany, and sometimes in France, with a vision of its sunlit, spacious harvests, its persevering country folk, its dowry of frank manners and free converse when heart speaks with heart.

LEIGH HUNT'S FIRST AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE "Autobiography" of Leigh Hunt is a book dear to the lover of literature, for its kindly spirit, and for its glimpses of famous men, as well as for the mingled frankness and reticence with which it tells the story of a long and notable life. It appeared in 1850, and again in a revised form in 1859. An excellent edition, annotated by Mr. Roger Ingpen, was published in 1903.

This book was not, however, Leigh Hunt's first effort at his own biography. Thomas Hill, a Lancashire man, who had settled in London, was the proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, and at one of his "Sydenham Sundays," parties at his suburban residence, Hunt met Edward Du Bois, the editor of that periodical, who had a high reputation as a wit and scholar. The *Mirror* paid great attention to theatrical matters; and Leigh Hunt had made himself known, and feared, by the honesty and, when necessary, the severity of his dramatic critiques in the *News* and the *Examiner*. Hill, who was always regarded as the original of "Paul Pry," was a book collector, and his library was so remarkable that the mere catalogue makes it difficult to understand Reading's statement that he had "no literary tastes and acquirements." The Sydenham parties were famous in their time; Thomas Campbell, James and Horace Smith, Theodore Hook and Charles Matthews were of that merry company. One of the

features of each number of the *Monthly Mirror* was a portrait and memoir of some person who stood more or less in the public eye. The part for April, 1810, has a portrait of Leigh Hunt, a portrait of which his son has spoken in disparaging terms. The force of his criticism is somewhat blunted by the fact that he confuses it with the still earlier one which appears in the "Juvenilia." Mr. Ingpen can only say that Jackson's portrait was executed "before 1821," but the old magazine gives us a more precise date. Instead of a memoir in the third person, the portrait is accompanied by a characteristic letter, in which Leigh Hunt gives some account of his life, and of his aims and ideals as a dramatic critic and journalist. He speaks with warm affection of his mother: "At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter the loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones, to animate me in the love of truth." He refers in judicious terms to the "Juvenilia," the volume of his boyish verse issued by his father in a somewhat foolish fashion. In 1805 he became a member of the Civil Service, but his criticism of the Government led to hints which ended in his resignation of a position that could never have been congenial.

Leigh Hunt at this time had enemies in two distinct classes : the Tories of his day and the feeble dramatists, whose plays he had helped to damn. To these he alludes in the following passage :—

"I find I have been getting serious on this magnificent subject; but a man's muscles unconsciously return to their gravity when employed in talking of his own affairs, and few persons have enjoyed a more effectual round of flatteries than myself, who have been abused and vilified by every publication that has had the least pretension to infamy; not to mention the grateful things said of me by the writers of 'comedy,' to whom I have been teaching grammar any time these six years— or the epithets lavished upon my head by our prepossessing Attorney-General, who has twice brought me into court as 'a malicious and ill-disposed person,' purely to show that he could not prove his accusation. It is in vain, however, that I write as clearly as I can for the comprehension of the ministerialists; nothing can persuade them or their writers, that all I desire is an honest reputation on my own part, and a little sense and decency on theirs. It is to no purpose that I have preserved a singleness of conduct, and even kept myself studiously aloof from public men whom I admire, in order to write at all times just what I think. The corruptionists will have it, that I am a turbulent demagogue, a factious, ferocious, and diabolical republican, a wretch who 'horrifies the pure and amiable nature' of royal personages, a plotter with Cobbett, whom I never saw in my life, and an instrument of the designs of Horne Tooke, whom I never wish to see. It is equally in vain that I have taken such pains to secure the gratitude of the dramatists. I understand, they never could be brought to regard me in the proper light; and a variety of criticisms, as well as the reports of my 'good-natured friends,' have conveyed to me, at divers times, the most positive assurances that I was an uninformed, an unwarrantable, and an unfeeling critic—a malignant critic—a bad critic—no critic at all—nay, a black-hearted being who delighted in tormenting—a sort of critical Rhyndrick Williams, who went about slashing in the dark— and, in fine— what I must confess I really was, at one period of my life—a boy."

Whilst defending the severity of his criticism, he says he might have challenged his opponents to produce a

single passage containing "any personal attack on the deformities, morals or hearts" of those whom he criticised.

Leigh Hunt concludes with an admirable statement of the duty of the critical writer :

"But as criticism is not to invade the privacies of men, so private considerations are never to issue out upon and obstruct public criticism; still less are they to be sacred in the defence of political character, when they are so continually brought into play by the politicians themselves, and elevated to the room and to the rank of public virtue. As I began, therefore, I shall proceed. I am not conscious of ever having given praise for policy's sake, or blame for malignity's; and I never will. A strict adherence to truth, and a recurrence to first principles, are the only things calculated to bring back the happier times of our literature and constitution; and however humble as an individual, I have found myself formidable as a lover of truth, and shall never cease to exert myself in its cause, as long as the sensible will endure my writings, and the honest appreciate my intentions."

The Tory Ministry, who had twice tried in vain to secure the conviction of the Hunts, were at last successful, and in 1812 Leigh Hunt and his brother John were each condemned to two years' imprisonment for having told some undeniable truths about the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. In reply to the balderdash of a Court scribe, who had described him as an "Adonis of loveliness" and a "breather of eloquence," Leigh Hunt wrote that the Prince was a "corpulent man of fifty. In short, this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true and immortal prince was a violater of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity." These plain, hard truths ought to have come from the lips of a prelate—but did not.

New Books.

FACTORS IN MODERN HISTORY.*

It is often said of the historical productions of the greatest of modern historians, such as Stubbs, Gardiner, Bury, Liebermann, Legrelle, Bémont and Sorel, that in their works history has killed the historian. This is certainly not the case with Professor Pollard, in whose work personality, sardonic epigram, and the prominence given to general ideas in envisaging history are everywhere apparent. His new book on "Factors in Modern History" is essentially the manifesto of a practical teacher. It is not directed to the post-graduate or independent research department, but is devoted expressly to generating an historical point of view in historical students and teachers. It is, probably, the best stimulant of this kind that has appeared since Seeley's "Expansion of England." For it places the experience of a mature student at the disposal of those who in order to vitalise the study of history for their own use or that of their pupils are themselves bound in turn to fabricate hypotheses, and to illustrate the interminable conflicts of the past by a lively application of the facts and perplexities of the present.

For young students of history of university age the advantage of such a stimulant as this book affords is simply incalculable, for it makes the past palpitate with life and meaning. It simplifies to the extent of making the broad currents of history easy and intelligible, it theorises in such a way as to make the hard facts interesting, and it illustrates in such a way as to flatter the perception of the average reader. It is so easy to get confused and to capsize helplessly under the top hamper of modern historical research, that one cannot fail to be grateful for these vigorous tracings of a working route, even where we are most hesitant as to their positive accuracy. Mr. Pollard, to be short, has a way of putting things to serve as a working hypothesis which is often of more importance than any amount of precise deduction (and accurate qualification) from ascertained facts.

The bases of modern history are just admirably outlined in the chapters on the advent of the middle class and of national sentiment. We are shown, as it were, in a series of rapid cartoons, how the ecumenical machinery of the world had grown rusty, and how national machinery was taking its place. The Pope's attempts to balk the conciliar movement by pitting the new nationalities one against the other, is compared effectively to James II.'s futile spite when he hoped to make legal reform impossible by jettisoning the Great Seal in mid-Thames. The growth of nationality and its independence of race is sketched with equal ingenuity and suggestiveness. The fatuity of the English Church's claim to a continuous and independent historical position is "rubbed in" with what seems an almost malicious gusto. It might have been supposed that the *dégringolade* of Papal domination would have freed the English Church from its old fetters. Nothing was further from Henry's ideas. Supremacy was simply taken from the Pope and given to the King.

"This truth is wormwood and gall to many of us to-day with our belief in religious freedom; and criticism of the Reformation is directed, not so much at what was done as the way in which it was done. The Church in England, it is said, should have been liberated from Rome and then left to work out her own salvation. That was not a solution which occurred to any one then, and it was not practical politics. The strife was not between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, but between the universal Church and the national State as it had been throughout the Middle Ages. These were the only two recognised authorities, the only powers capable of carrying out the Reformation. All ecclesiastical powers were in theory derived from the Papacy; the Archbishop exercised jurisdiction, but only as *legatus natus* of the Pope. Wolsey tried to reform monasteries, but only as Papal legate; they were agents of the Pope, and an agent is bound by his master's will. When they act against it, they are acting *ultra vires*. Now the Papacy had refused to reform: General Councils had tried in the fifteenth century, and had failed. The work was left to the national State, which could act on its own authority. Hence Parliament and not Convocation is the instrument of reform: the measures of the Reformation are not Canon Laws, but Parliamentary statutes. The Book of Common Prayer itself is legally a

schedule of an Act of Parliament. It cannot be altered by Convocation: it can by Act of Parliament."

To whomsoever these truths may be gall and wormwood, we cannot help doubting very much if they distress, or have ever distressed, Professor Pollard very acutely. The chapter on Parliament, and the way in which the Tudors played upon it as a pipe, and the failure of the Stuarts to extract any harmony from it whatever, is signally demonstrated in another chapter. In the chapter on Henry VIII. the author funnily confesses himself amazed at Henry's moderation. "Even in the matter of wives," says he, "Henry only beheaded two out of six." The fatal thirty-three and a third per cent. is evidently regarded by this veteran examiner as a contemptible ratio. He says with truth, however, that "when you worship a man like a god, you are doing your best to make him a devil." The chapter on Social Revolution is excellent again, though the author, perhaps, slightly exaggerates the effects of the peasants' revolt upon the status of the labourer. Chapter seven deals broadly with seventeenth century conceptions and theories of sovereignty. The one that follows explains how England became Erastian, while Scotland became theocratic, and gives an opening for some characteristic *mots* about the northern half of Britain. "Independence offers as few attractions to the Scots as the Zionist ideal does to most of the Jews; for it is poor sport ruling and financing yourselves when you can rule and finance other people." Colonial Expansion is the subject of chapter ten, while nine and eleven deal with the more technical themes of the Cromwellian Constitutions and the renaissance of the study of history, more especially in connection with the University of London. There is a smart breeze of mental life and activity through the whole book, which is as companionable in form as in content, and has that rare prelude, a first rate table of contents.

We notice that the author of these "Factors" is the addressee of an "Epistle Dedicatory," couched in very flattering terms, by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and prefixed to the second volume of his "Introductory History of England,"* which carries on the story from the accession of Henry VII. to the Restoration of Charles II. This second volume is marked by the same general characteristics as the first. It contains a narrative well supported by picturesque detail, and conceived and built up in a fresh and highly diverting manner, with side chapters on social types, such as the Elizabethan squire and typical justice of peace during the troublous period of the civil war. Mr. Fletcher will have to show rather more energy in subordinating his detail to the main design, however, or his third volume will be overwhelmingly long. The present one runs to between five and six hundred closely printed pages.

THOMAS SEECOMBE.

THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO.†

Byron's contention that "flesh and blood that's real," is vastly preferable, both on artistic and on actual grounds, to the "nonsense of a stone ideal," holds good on other counts than that of statuary. It holds good, for instance, in literature. Here is a book, "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," written by Colonel J. H. Patterson. We have it on the high authority of Earl Roberts and of Lord Kitchener, who mentioned him three or four times in their dispatches, that he is a fine soldier. The bridge over the Tsavo, some hundred and thirty miles from Mombasa, attests to his really wonderful feats in engineering. The eland which bears his name, and is now housed at the Natural History Museum, is but one proof amongst many of his work as a naturalist. But never until now has he appeared in the guise of author, and, before the book's publication, certain doubts were raised as to whether a man untrained to narration were not tempting his first failure in endeavouring to put some of his African experiences upon paper.

* "An Introductory History of England." Vol. II. (1485-1660.) With maps. 5s. (Murray.)

† "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo." By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

* "Factors in Modern History." By A. F. Pollard. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"The Man-Eaters of Tsavo" is now to hand, and the doubts have vanished. There is nothing "ideal" about the writing, and indeed one suspects that, were it not for a hampering modesty, many a story would gain by fuller detail. But the "flesh and blood that's real" palpitate and throb throughout this entrancing volume. For these are things the man has done, not sat in a back-garden to imagine. These are things which are worth a man's doing. He knows what it is to stand staring into the eyes of the man-eater whose horrid list of victims was already sickeningly long, and to lose, in the overmastering lust of conquest, all sense of the sub-conscious wonderment as to which life would pay the forfeit. He knows what it is at this crucial moment to have his rifle (a borrowed weapon) fail him. And we, too, hot on his heels, *we know also*. For those of us whose lines are cast in smoother and far duller places, it is something to have a new sensation at last!

When in the autumn of 1899, Colonel Patterson quitted Nairobi, of which he is practically the creator, some four hundred well-nigh naked savages volunteered to come to England with him as his personal bodyguard. It is with the manners and customs of these various peoples that the latter half of the book deals, and, although less exciting, it is every whit as interesting. COULSON KERNAHAN.

A BOOK OF SAINTS AND WONDERS.*

Lady Gregory's new book is a string of translations from Irish legends, many of them ancient, all of them of one spirit, and most of them taken from Irish texts in the *Revue Celtique*, etc. They are divided under six heads: "Brigit, the Mary of the Gael," "Columcille, the Friend of the Angels of God," "Blessed Patrick of the Bells," "The Voyage of Maeldune," "Great Wonders of the Olden Time," and "The Voyage of Brendan"; and they are, we think, richer in surprising and beautiful things than any other of her books. They cannot but make the reader wonder how different the fruits of the romantic revival might have been had these legends been known, and whether they are not, with others of their kind, even now capable of bearing noble fruit in literature.

The only way of doing some sort of justice to the book is to quote. "Christ," said Brigit, "is in the body of every poor man." "Every sound man is a king," said a leper whom she healed. "Did I say more prayers than the rest?" says an old woman who had been singularly blessed by the saint: "Not a prayer. I was young in those days. I suppose she took a liking to me, maybe because of my name being Brigit the same as her own." St. Columcille's cook was a good man; when the saint demanded nettle broth, and nothing else, as his food, the cook used to pour the juice of meat into it, so that it "kept a good appearance on Columcille." Caoilte praises Finn by saying, "If the brown leaves falling in the woods were gold, if the waves of the sea were silver, Finn would have given away the whole of it." St. Patrick asked the angels whether there was any harm in the old heathen tales, and they told him: "Whatever they tell, let you write it down on poet's boards and in the words of poets, for it will be a diversion to the companies and the high people of the latter times to be listening to them." One of the singers of these old tales asked two rewards of Patrick, who answered, "I give you heaven, and I give this to your art, it to be one of the three arts by which a man can find profit to the last in Ireland." Patrick once saw the soul of a dead man return thrice to the body to kiss it, and on asking the Saviour why it did that, he learnt: "That soul was sorry to part from the body because it had kept it so clean and so honest." King Conchubar was so angry when he heard of the death of Christ, so remorseful that Christ had not "called out for the help of a High King," that an old wound burst in his head and he died of it. Guaire, though not a saint, gave alms for so long that "his right arm grew to be longer than the left, with the dint of stretching it out to the poor." The book that contains these things is a sacred book.

But for nothing is it more remarkable than for the affectionate mention of animals. A world that had been brought

up on Blake's "Auguries of Innocence" could not have had better dealings with animals, birds, fish, and trees. Brigit's only food in her youth was the milk of "a white red-eared cow, that was set apart for her by a druid," and it was her peculiar glory that the beasts of the sea gave her more honour than to the rest of the saints. When Columcille was in Iona, he sent one of the brethren down to the shore to greet "a stranger, a crane from the north part of Ireland, that has been driven here and there by winds, and it will lie down on the strand tired and worn out"; and they tended it three days, then it flew back "to the pleasant part of Ireland it came from." "The Gael are more to me than all the rest of the men of the world," said the saint; but it was not only because the crane was Irish that it earned his love. He loved his own place of Doire not least because "quite full of white angels is every leaf of the oaks of Doire," and when he was in Scotland he said: "Though there is fear on me of death and of hell, I will not hide it that I have more fear of the sound of an axe over in Doire." His praise of Doire is fit to rank with Howel ab Owain's praise of Wales. When he praises Ireland, he mentions the music of the swans, of the gulls, "the laughter of the blackbird clapping his wings" (a delicate touch), and the cry of the cuckoo. So when he came to die:

"Then came to him the old spent white horse that used to be carrying the milk vessels from the cowshed in the island to the brothers, and it cried tears into his breast until his clothes were wet. And Diarmuid, his servant, would have driven the old horse away, but Columcille said, 'Leave him, Diarmuid, till he cries his fill, keening for me, for you are a man having reason,' he said, 'and you know nothing of the time of my death, but what I myself have told you. But as to this beast that is without reason, God himself has made known to it in some way that its master is going to leave it.' And he gave his blessing to the horse then, and it went away very sorrowful."

When Patrick was made a bishop, three choirs sang: The quire of the people of heaven, the quire of the Romans, and the quire of the children of the Wood of Fochlad. His church at Ardmacha was built in the place where he rescued a fawn from the hands of his people.

The "first scholar and the first monk" that St. Ciaran had was a wild boar; a badger also was among his monks. When a fox gnawed the leather of his brogues, he rebuked it, saying that there was food and water for all: "But if your nature told you it was better for you to use flesh, God would have made it for you from the bark of those trees that are about you."

There was a priest who was carrying the Body of Christ, but laid it down to gather a swarm of bees; and the bees left him after a time, and found the Blessed Body, and made for it a good chapel, an altar, a chalice, and a pair of priests, "shaping them well out of wax to stand before Christ's Body."

One of the "wonders of the olden time" is a story of transformations, of how Tuam, the son of Cairell, was a stag, a boar, a hawk, and a salmon. There is nothing unusual in these transformations, but there is in the man's comments; for when he was a stag he was "young and glad in his mind"; "young and glad" also as a boar, "king of the boar herds of Ireland"; and as a great hawk he was glad again, and "I was able," he said, "to do everything: and I said to myself that dearer to me every day was God, the friend who had shaped me"; as a salmon, "It is well content I was then, and strong and well nourished, and it is good my swimming was."

One of the prettiest of the tales is of a bird-keeping boy and the birds. He grew very tired of driving the birds from the corn, yet feared to sleep, lest the farmer should beat him. So he prayed to S. Colman, and the saint called the birds into a barn, and kept them there while the boy slept. There is a parallel to this in the nursery rhyme:

"Now all you little blacky tops,
Pray don't you eat my father's crops
While I lie down and take a nap."

But the rhyme ends with never a saint.

Saint Mochae the Beautiful was once collecting wood for the building of a church when he heard songs from a little bird from heaven, and he stopped to hear them, with the rods in his hands, until a hundred and fifty years had passed like an hour in the middle of the wood.

* "A Book of Saints and Wonders, put down here by Lady Gregory according to the old writing and the memory of the people of Ireland." 5s. net. (London: Murray.)

There was a miller's son in Connacht who used to read "a very large book he himself had written in Irish and in Latin" to a flock of sheep and lambs, and he used to say to them:

"Listen to me, you that are without sin. You are under the care of God, and there is grass growing for you and herbs, and there are nice white dresses upon you to keep you dry and warm; and there is no judgment upon you after your death, and you are happier by far than the children of Eve."

A great shining ram watched over him in his sleep.

Some birds, it is said in one story, fell from heaven with Lucifer; "and because our offence was but a little one, our Lord has put us here in great joy and merriment to seive what way we can upon that tree."

A fine book, and it could only have come out of Ireland.

THE TENDER HOOD.*

That a grandson of Douglas Jerrold should write a "Life" of Thomas Hood is, in the nature of things, eminently fitting and commendable; every one who is conservative enough to enjoy the perpetuation of old associations will appreciate the propriety. And all those who like to see good, sound work properly recognised will be glad that Mr. Walter Jerrold should have been given this opportunity of publishing what will certainly remain to be regarded as the best-informed, most painstaking, and most accurate biography of Hood—the book to be consulted upon all questions of fact and date. It was only right that Mr. Jerrold should be given this chance. Nowadays, in the absolute avalanche of reprints, it not infrequently happens that a great deal of invaluable work may be stowed away in a new edition which gets very sparingly noticed by the critics. And Mr. Jerrold's edition of Hood, published by the Oxford Press, has, perhaps, had insufficient justice done to it: few reviewers seem to have taken the trouble to find out how much research and judgment must have gone to its preparation. If the publication of this full and bulky biography draws general attention to Mr. Jerrold's labours on Hood's behalf, it will serve a double purpose by bringing readers to "the witty and the tender Hood" himself, and by doing so through the medium of an edition that deserves to take its place permanently as standard and definitive. Henceforth Mr. Walter Jerrold's name must always be associated with that of Thomas Hood.

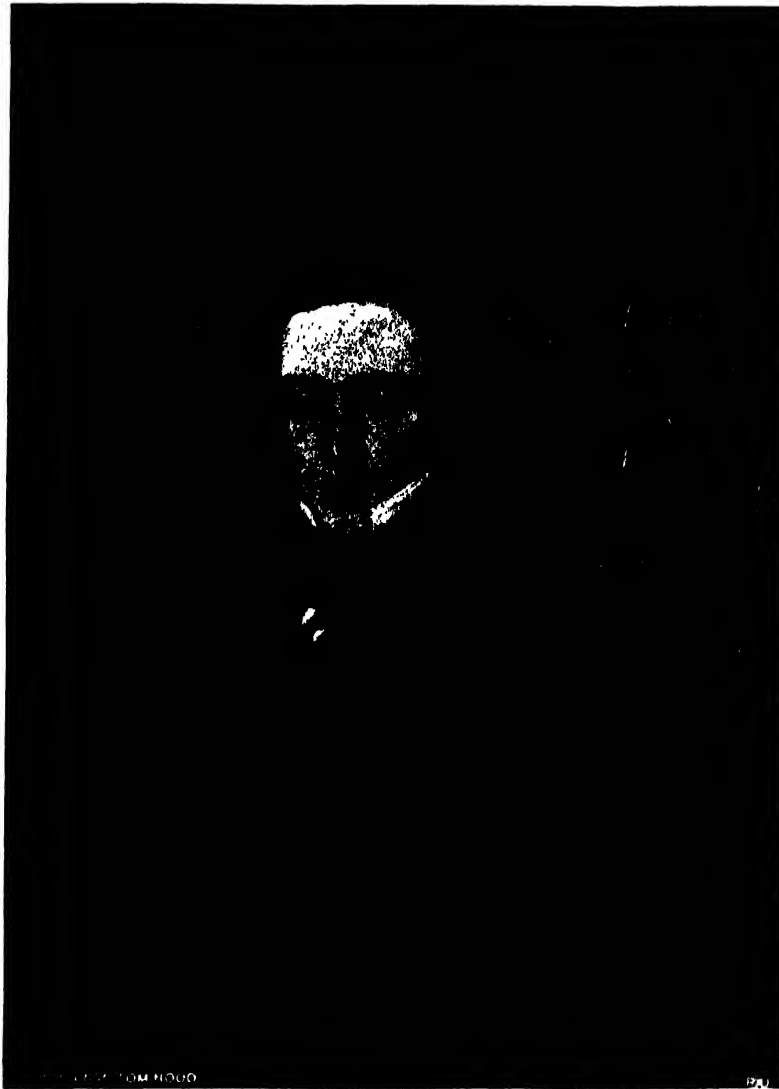
The biography which completes Mr. Jerrold's work upon Hood will please all, without (in all probability) satisfying any one. We have said that it will always remain the

* "Thomas Hood: His Life and Times." By Walter Jerrold. 16s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

"Life" to be consulted upon all details of fact and date, and there can be no question of the conscientious care and discrimination which Mr. Jerrold has bestowed upon his task. He has cleared up a good many points, and corrected several misapprehensions. Some of these are of little importance, but every one will be glad that Mr. Jerrold has exploded the fallacy, preserved even in Ainger's introduction to the *Humorous Poems*, that Hood married Jane Reynolds against the wishes of her family. The marriage was so completely happy that it is a satisfaction to have it cleared of even a passing shadow. Mr. Jerrold, moreover, prints any quantity of interesting correspondence, and gives a particularly full account of Hood's years abroad, when with almost quixotic chivalry he was ready to sacrifice his own domestic peace in the hope of satisfying his creditors. In all

these respects Mr. Jerrold collects material of the utmost biographical importance, and throws suggestive side-lights upon incidents in Hood's life which were hitherto obscure, or at least shadowy. He seems to have spared no pains in ransacking old shelves and forgotten files in search of any new fact, however insignificant.

What right, then, has any reviewer to say that such a volume will in all probability fail to satisfy any one quite completely? It hardly seems just: it certainly does not seem generous; and yet it is impossible to doubt that it is true. One cannot resist the impression, forced upon one's unwilling judgment in almost every chapter, that with so much good material to his hand Mr. Jerrold ought to have produced a more creative, more impressionable monograph. Somehow or other he seems afraid to let himself go; he cites his authorities, and arranges his evidence, but does not re-create his subject out of his own



Reproduced from "The Life of Thomas Hood," by Walter Jerrold, by kind permission of Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

Thomas Hood.

critical imagination. We learn more than we knew before of what Hood did and said, but of what precisely Hood *was*—what was the nature of the man below the surface—of that we learn very little. After all, a man's life does not consist of its incidents, but of what the man makes of the incidents, and what the incidents make of the man. It is out of such studies as these that a really inspired biographer builds up a character, and such studies do not seem to have entered into Mr. Jerrold's calculations. He has given us a most elaborate and articulated skeleton, but the body still waits for the breath of life to animate it.

One says this regretfully, and because one believes it to be true; and yet, in turning over the pages again, the imagination seems to kindle itself, and Hood comes back to us in all the pathos of his own experience. He is the type, surely, the immemorial type of the sacrifice which life is apt to demand of the artist, when in order to keep pace with the struggle for existence a man finds himself forced

to wear out his days in doing work inferior to that of which he feels himself capable. As a matter of fact Hood is remembered to-day almost exclusively by the less meritorious of his performances. On his grave are carved the words, "He sang the Song of the Shirt," and the fact that most people feel it a fitting epitaph shows that only a minority value him as he would have chosen, and as he indisputably deserved, to be valued. "The Song of the Shirt" has superficial qualities of the highest order. It is difficult to see how any editor could have declined it, or why Mark Lemon should get any credit for accepting such a brilliant piece of poetic journalism. But, after all, the poem is journalism, --burning, palpitating journalism *in excelsis*, but journalism none the less. Compare it with "Lycus the Centaur" and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and you appreciate at once how sadly a life devoted to turning out what would sell quickest had blunted and deadened the delicate edge of Hood's poetic workmanship. One need not labour the question of his puns. He punned, as Mr. Jerrold says, like an artist, and brought the play upon words into the region of pure literature. And further: when he was writing "Nelly Gray," "Sally Brown," and the rest, he knew precisely what effect he wished to attain, and he attained it, with infallible certainty. But think of the waste of genius that went to the making of even the lightest of those light verses. He began life as a poet with the best ideals before him. To be sure, he copied Keats, but he was a young man then, and almost all young art is imitative. And his promise was immense. If ever any man saw "the white gods' garments on the hills," it was Hood. And then he had deliberately to go down into the valley, and labour in the workshops to keep a wife and family in comfort. No one pretends, of course, that such sacrifice is not inevitable; no one can be certain, either, that a man's own character does not expand and strengthen under the self-abnegation. It is likely enough that "the witty and the tender Hood," as Landor called him, was all the more tender for having been forced to be witty; that he increased in gentleness and sympathy from having had to resign so much. In art, as in innocence, the poet grew steadily further off from heaven than when he was a boy, and perhaps it was his sense of humour that saved him from growing melancholy in self-pity. To the individual with a sense of humour, his own individuality soon assumes its proper place in the scheme of things—

"For us, we are born: we perish: our days are few."

Still, one cannot help deploring the loss to literature. Some of the humorous poems no one would lose; but then they might have been thrown off at intervals, to amuse his friends. And, on the other hand, surrounding them, and sometimes drowning them out with commonplace, what a mass there is in Hood's work of the merely mechanical and tedious. This was his sacrifice to circumstances, and it raises his life to the level of heroism. "What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none!" Matthew Arnold's noble words recur to the memory, and justify themselves afresh. "Many are called, few chosen"; and what was partly true of Heine is almost entirely true of Hood.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

MERE JOURNALISM.*

In his keen appreciation of the importance of the living moment Mr. H. G. Wells was recently led to pronounce the newspaper fitter food for the City clerk or working-man than the "Faery Queen." This was very like comparing a fresh egg with the multiplication-table. Mr. Wells is nothing if not logical, however; and got out of the difficulty

by declaring that the fresh egg was the multiplication-table,—that journalism was, in very fact, literature.

Quite a number of worthy gentlemen—of whom Mr. George Russell is the latest example—seem bent on proving, not that Mr. Wells is right, but that he is not so very far wrong. By their actions they show invincible loyalty to the principle that newspaper articles may be lifted from the columns "which first gave them hospitality" into the pages of a book without anybody recognising them as masqueraders. By such means the humblest journalist can, if he likes, establish a claim to the proud title of "literary man." Mr. Wells would say that he need not take even so much trouble as that. But, doubtless, the journalist feels that the link which binds him to literature is strengthened when he has taken up a safe position between cloth boards.

Now—waiving for the moment this great question of the unity of journalism and literature—there can be no possible objection to worthy newspaper articles being transferred to the more permanent guardianship that comes of better paper and a solid binding. Before they can be regarded and judged as literature, however, the authors must say of them, as Hamlet said of his verses, "They shall to the barber." They should be trimmed, smartened up, shorn of excrescences and marks of age, and generally titivated. This is just what journalists who aspire—amateurs for the most part; literary men gone astray—will not consent to do.

Mr. Russell's is a bad case of neglect. We open his book and begin at the beginning; for, as it is not a novel, there is no necessity to look first at the end. Soon we come on references which would perplex us sorely if experience had not made us wary of the trick. Finishing a chapter on Garibaldi, we find that a friend has reproached our author with having "forgotten Mazzini" in his enthusiasm for the man of action. So we are plunged into an article on Mazzini by the compulsion of this exigent friend. In we go; because Mr. Russell cannot resist a tender appeal, though it is evident from the half-hearted, distantly courteous manner of his writing that he would never of his own accord have penned a line on Mazzini, of whose character and work he appears, indeed, to have the haziest impression. Later on, we meet with references to an event which happened on "Friday and Saturday last," and are compelled to carry our eyes to the bottom of the page to learn from a footnote what particular Friday and Saturday this was. The answers to correspondents who have commented on one article appear in the next. And so on. (Meanwhile, the publisher aggravates matters, in the copy of the book I have before me, by missing a few leaves, and causing a jump from the first page of an article on "Easter," to the middle page of one on "Caricatures"; but this is a fault which cannot be laid to Mr. Russell's charge.) Of course one remarks "Ah! the literature that is journalism," and starts an entertaining game of speculation as to which newspaper the chapter originally adorned. Delightful pastime! The secret is well kept—kept to the very end. Nevertheless, occasional references to Manchester have saved a sporting instinct from going far astray, and great is the triumph when, on the last page, the truth comes out in a Postscript: "Most of the foregoing papers are reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*," etc., with best thanks to the editors "who have so kindly allowed reproduction." This way of making books, and affirming the insoluble quality of literature and journalism, must be a perfect boon to editors, who thereby are enabled to exercise their well-known beneficence without trouble or loss.

Supposing one cannot agree that literature and journalism are convertible terms—supposing one is so old-fashioned as to think they serve two entirely different purposes—now comes the grave problem under which heading to place Mr. Russell's book. It possesses a strong and finely ornamented binding, "cloth gilt": therefore, according to some opinions, it must be literature. Part of it has

* "A Pocketful of Sixpences." By George W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

appeared in a newspaper: therefore, according to some opinions, it must be journalism. Another part has been granted magazine dignity; therefore, again, according to some opinions, it must be "magazine stuff." Really, the problem is most perplexing. I am afraid we shall be compelled to decide it on the merits of the writing.

For Mr. Russell's knowledge of his world I entertain a great respect. Of his adherence to a consistent but somewhat unusual line of political and ecclesiastical thought I have a rational appreciation. That he is gifted with a pretty gift of epigram there are good reasons for believing, though it is not obtrusive in these pages. Certain of his articles I dimly remember reading with pleasure. But why, if he would make books, does he not make them with more—more journalistic aptitude or literary art, whichever you will—than is displayed in "A Pocketful of Sixpences"? True, Mr. Russell is modest in his title and its explanation. On his title-page he puts this quotation from Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair": "He was not an intellectual Cræsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences." Mr. Russell may not be an intellectual Cræsus; the point is one on which a reviewer may reserve his opinion. I am certain, however, that he could give us, if he chose, more than this very small change.

His chapters are composed of nothing but scraps of reminiscence, his own and other people's, scrappily collected; of fragments of comment loosely expressed. Rarely, if ever, does he convey the impression that he has bestowed on a subject the thought which his readers have a right to expect. He is consistently superficial and commonplace. He writes as a journalist not enamoured of his work might have written in a hurry to catch the press. . . .

There! the murder is out, the problem solved. This is mere journalism—the merest journalism.

THOMAS LLOYD.

MR. NOYES'S POEMS.*

In his new book Mr. Noyes makes a definite advance, not only from "The Loom of Years," that fascinating but doubtful dawn of a talent, but from the "Poems" which were like another dawn where that talent was displayed, often enchantingly, and more variously than before. Several of the new poems take us back to the old: "The Cottage of the Kindly Light" to "The Loom of Years"; "Old Japan at Earl's Court" to "The Flower of Old Japan"; "Forty Singing Seamen" and "The Highwayman" to "Poems"; and some of these returns are delightful in themselves and also because they show Mr. Noyes's flexibility and lasting youthfulness. He had always gaiety, ardour, exuberance and enthusiasm, both in his ideas and in his forms, and he has them still. But those qualities are being turned to finer and loftier uses, and are worthy of them. There are moments when he reminds us, and by no mere echo, of the devotion to high things in Coleridge, in Shelley, and in Mr. Swinburne. His sense of melody and movement is by itself enough to make a reputation. His long measures soar and curve and plunge until the mind is giddy with pleasure and with half-fearful expectation, as for example in his "Orpheus and Eurydice" with its verses like this:

"And they that were dead, in his radiant music, heard the moaning of doves in the olden
Golden-girdled purple pinewood, heard the moan of the roaming sea;
Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting now in the fragrant golden
Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that wandered in Arcady; . . ."

There have been others who have cut reeds like these since Mr. Swinburne cut them, and notably Mr. S. R. Lysaght,

* "Forty Singing Seamen, and Other Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. (Blackwood.)

but there has perhaps been none to use them and yet be so little overpowered by the master's sentiment as well. "The Haunted Palace," for example, is purely Mr. Noyes, with its

"At last, one royal rose hung night in June,
When the warm air like purple Hippocrene
Brimmed the dim valley and sparkled into stars,
I saw them cross the foam-lit sandy bars
And dark pools, glimmering green,
To bathe beneath the honey-coloured moon;
I saw them swim out from that summer shore,
Kissed by the sea, but they returned no more."

"The Ride of Phaëthon," too, and "The Swimmer's Race" with its exquisite picture:

"The dome of heaven is like one drop of dew,
Quivering and clear and cloudless but for one
Crisp bouldered Alpine range that blinds the blue
With snowy gorges glittering in the sun. . . ."

And in such poems as "On a Railway Platform" the streaming words represent a real heart ecstasy—

"Leap heart, for the pulse and the roar
And the lights of the streaming train
That leaps with the heart of thy love once more
Out of the mist and the rain. . . ."

But there are finer things than any of these high-spirited dances of words. There are several poems, such as "The Net of Vulcan," "The Last of the Titans," "Niobe," and "The Venus of Milo," which are genuinely creative. In "The Net of Vulcan," for example, a myth is treated in an unstrained, half-allegorical manner that gives it a fresh life and reveals an unsuspected truth and naturalness in it. In "The Venus of Milo," again, the physical beauty of the statue ascends unlaboriously into an immortal beauty—

"The flesh forgets its pale and wandering fires;
We gaze through heaven as from an ivory tower
Shining upon the last dark shores of Time.

"White culmination of the dreams of earth,
Thy splendour beacons to a loftier goal,
Where, slipping earthward from the great new birth,
The shadowy senses leave the essential soul!
Oh, naked loveliness, not yet revealed,
A moment hence that falling robe will show
No prophecy like this, this great new dawn
The bare bright breasts, each like a soft white shield,
And the firm body like a slope of snow
Out of the slipping dream-stuff half withdrawn."

"The slipping dream-stuff half withdrawn" is a most richly suggestive phrase where physical and spiritual are perfectly mingled in significance. Scattered about other poems are many aptest words, as in the line about modern war:

"And round her cunning brows no laurel shines,"

and in this from one of the love-songs:

"Thy farewells array the west. . . ."

But there is a danger lying in the leaping rhythms that Mr. Noyes uses so well. Even Mr. Swinburne has often found it impossible to use them in such a way that words shall have a profound truth, as well as a melodic value. To balance and fill out these melodies a great many adjectives are used, and we are by no means sure that their sound always justifies their lack of perfect truth. Too seldom are the words transmuted into the very things that they describe. We find "beautiful," "miraculous," "enchanted," "strange," "triumphant," "perilous," "immortal," etc., outworn insignificant words, with a kind of hardness and dullness, with no gleam, no opalescence, no shot colours at all. In the more rhapsodical poems this can be justified, but the danger is that such a use of words may creep into the finer poems; and we think it has done, even in "The Venus of Milo": while in "In Time of War" it is undoubtedly pernicious in verses like:

"And there are tints of blood between the boulders,
Red glints of fiercer blossom, bright, and bold;
And round the shaggy mounds and sullen shoulders
The gorse repays the sun with savage gold."

Phrases like "salt strange tears" in "Heine's Dream," too, are apt to be conventional and ineffective. In "The Golden Hynde," this kind of language makes the effect not particular enough, but rather vague and blurred. Mr. Noyes's work is big enough to endure these detractions, or we should never have been at the pains to make them, after such enjoyment as we have taken in his achievement and promise.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A BIBLE ANTHOLOGY.*

It will scarcely be denied, I suppose, that in outward observance, at least, we are less religious than our forefathers. We go to church less frequently and less numerously, and often have to be wooed into attendance by irrelevant inducements. Laments over vanishing congregations arise on all sides, and a contemporary cartoon is not far wrong when it depicts dense throngs following a popular preacher who is holding forth on the Sins of Society, while empty benches confront a neighbouring pastor who is preaching the Beauty of Holiness. All this is as the eye sees it; but whether we are less religious in the inward invisible sense, is quite another matter. I think that we have done no more than revolt from public conformity—from the so-called religion that was put on and off as a garment: and that if religion means the permeation of thought and action by truth, if it means love and pity and reverence, we are growing more, and not less religious. Still, the apparent falling-off is undeniable.

Now it seems strange, but is nevertheless true and natural, that our diminished eagerness for public worship has been accompanied by increased love for the Bible—natural, because just as we have revolted from pretence about worship, so we have revolted from pretence about the Bible, and have at last begun to read with reverence. A few generations ago, people desecrated the Bible by using it as a volume of oracles. They read or repeated passages which they did not understand, and which they did not try really to understand. They justified outrageous enormities by "texts," and believed in the absolute literal truth of everything from Genesis to the Revelation. Earnest men performed intellectual gymnastics in attempting to reconcile the bloodthirsty exaggerations of Oriental writers with the notion of a beneficent Deity, and were so convinced of total inspiration that they took for truth the very impediments of speech in the frail human voices by which God spoke his message. Now this was irreverence: it was giving to human externals the devotion that belonged to the inward divinity: it was honouring equally the bread of life and the earthen vessel that held it.

There was another kind of irreverence. Literal, physical devotion was paid to the Bible—nay, is still paid whenever the idolatrous farce of public oath-taking is performed. The actual fabric—the mere print and paper and cover of it—was revered and kissed by people who denounced Catholics as idolaters for reverencing and kissing the crucifix. Children were taught to hold the volume in awe, and if by accident they tore a page, they trembled lest the wrath of God should smite them. All this was the worst kind of irreverence; and thus men turned aside from truth to go after a book.

The result, of course, was that a generation arose that revolted from the Bible. It was shown to be fallible; and earnest men trembled because the foundations of religion seemed failing, while the little Atheist, who scoffed because a whale swallowed Jonah, turned him and swallowed Haeckel instead. But this was only for a moment; rational criticism restored the Bible to thinking readers; the oracles took flesh and became human documents; and essential truth became clearer when the eternal was disentangled from

the local. We began to read reverently because we began to read rationally; we honoured the Bible when we gave to its study the finest of our faculties, when we refused to read it in the unimaginative, literal way that Jesus had denounced in the scribes. And so it comes about that in this age, apparently less religious than its forerunners, the Bible is more truly read than ever it was. Of course, in some way or another it always has been read, and its figures and images clothed in their stately Jacobean vesture have formed the speech and guided the thoughts of many generations. Indeed, we English are largely the creatures of two books—the Bible of 1611 and the Shakespeare of 1623. No Frenchman or German or Italian loves the Bible as an Englishman does, because ours is literature, the others mere versions. The Vulgate is great, too; but after all, a book that is to diffuse widest joy in widest commonality must speak the vernacular and speak it well. The English Bible does this so pre-eminently that surely an equal inspiration must have guided both translation and composition. Viewed rightly, it is indeed the Bible—the Book—the Book of books. It gives us matchless characters and mighty events: it gives us drama and history, aphorism and poetry, instruction and consolation, philosophy and speculation, humour and refreshment, beauty that is truth, and truth that is beauty—all that any man can ask of the printed page.

Mr. Courtney's anthology comes to prove that we of this age love our Bibles more and not less. It is an admirable idea most admirably executed—indeed, it seems to me the finest book that 1907 has given us, and it shall stand always in reach by my bedside. One is at first inclined to wonder that such a volume has not been produced before; but, after all, it could hardly have come earlier, for Mr. Courtney "places" his extracts historically with brief and illuminating little notes based on the most recent researches, and his introductory essays are exactly what the reader wants. I remember how the story of Abraham suddenly came alive to me as a child when some one explained that the Patriarch was a sort of Arab chief, and "placed" his life for me amid the shifting scenes of desert and oasis. Mr. Courtney's notes are full of such vivid touches—here, Isaiah in the siege of Jerusalem is compared to Gordon in Khartoum or Havelock in Lucknow: there, the difficulties of Job are indicated by saying that the author worked over an ancient and popular story, just as Goethe worked over the ancient and popular legend of Faust. The selection is most admirably made, and above all, the text is the dear text of the Authorised Version that has been music in the ears of Englishmen for three hundred years. When I found in the Revised edition that the learned and literal doctors had spoiled the glorious rhythm of Corinthians by writing "for now we see in a mirror darkly," in that book I read no more.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE CLYDE.*

It would be hard to find a more fitting author for a descriptive book on the Clyde, from the source to the sea, than Mr. Neil Munro, for in him we have not only a writer with a delightful and suggestive style, but one whose whole life has been spent on Clydeside. His early years were passed in Argyllshire's romantic capital, Inveraray, at the head of one of the Firth of Clyde's lochs—Lochfyne; later, he was a journalist in Greenock; from which he moved to Glasgow, where his calling as a newspaper writer gave him intimate opportunities of studying the city which made the Clyde just as the Clyde made the city—to quote the hackneyed epigram that does weary duty at the annual and magnificent banquets of that splendid body the Clyde

* "The Literary Man's Bible." Arranged with introductory Essays and Annotations by W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

* "The Clyde: River and Firth." Painted by Mary Y. and J. Young Hunter. Described by Neil Munro. 20s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Trust, a body the unique operations of which are described with much zest in the present volume. To say that Mr. Munro is steeped in the Clyde might not be particularly happy, for the Clyde that comes to the mind of the majority of people at a mention of its name is an unsavoury stream, a mighty drain without a roof; but assuredly the river has gripped him, and it is with affection as well as keen penetration that he writes of the river in its various locations and aspects. "The Clyde" is no guide-book: it is something more, and it is something better: it is a successful attempt to bring home to those who do not know the river a sense of the charm which it has for all who have come from its banks or are by them yet. The task was not an easy one; though this is a point that Mr. Munro with his graceful periods and thorough knowledge of his subject is apt to make the reader overlook. The romance of such places as Rutherglen, Bowling, Greenock, Paisley, Cambuslang, does not lie on the surface, and even the dwellers in these towns might not be the first to admit that they had any romance at all; but just as Mr. Kipling discovered and gave lyrical statement to the romance of the morning train from the suburbs to the City, so Mr. Munro invests the smoky townships of Clydeside with a romance that is all their own. The Scotch Black Country and the English Black Country differ from each other: the differences may be minute to the casual spectator who views these strange lands from a passing train, but they are made clear by the writer of this book. "The Clyde" is a worthy addition to Messrs. Black's long and excellent series of colour-books: but many may be of the present writer's opinion that author and artists are more happy in their treatment of the river from Glasgow downwards than with the upper reaches. It is true that Mr. Munro has much beautiful writing about the orchards of Lanarkshire and about the remote scene in which Clyde takes its birth, and that the artists have made some charming landscapes of Upper Ward scenery; but the enthusiasm of all three collaborators is greater after we reach Glasgow on our downward tour: and it is then that we find Mr. Munro writing thus:

"No, commerce is not Glasgow's god, not its poor fleeting rewards her only stimulant: handmaiden among the cities of Britain, drudge and serf, that the wide world may be gay in the labrics of her making, and safely sail the ocean in her honest ships, or speed in security and comfort in many lands behind her iron horses, and trust the integrity of her metal and the skill of her working men, Glasgow vividly or vaguely sees her future in the ampler horizons that encircle Gilmorehill. Thence still flows the same clear stream of learning, of culture, of righteous endeavour that had its first source in the old High Street College four hundred years ago. In all the later years of her strenuous toil and its inevitable grime, she has not all forgotten that while the Molendmar, by whose pure puling waters our forefathers played, is a ditch and buried, her way lies west, in the course of a nobler stream, that flows into a land of golden evenings."

The descriptions of Glasgow to-day are among the finest things in a fine book; and, naturally, there is much that is most readable about Glasgow's docks. There is mention of the native sailors who carry about the world with them a not unpleasing thought of Glasgow Harbour, as a familiar Avernus full of phantom fleets whereof one special ship must be discovered ere the dawn—

"The ship (with luck) is found, her Blue Peter high at the truck, though unseen in the darkness: the Old Man swears at the lubberly late-comer, who awkwardly bears his damage over the gang-plank: friends on the quay edge cry after him, 'Ye didna shake hands, Jack,' to which he retorts: 'Lord! neither I did; ach! it doesna maitter; I'll be back in a year or twa.' And so, carelessly, goes forth to the mercy of sea and storm another fearless spirit with a vast deal more of sentiment in his soul than you might think to hear that last good-bye."

The pictures, of which there are sixty-seven, are by Mrs. Mary Young Hunter and Mr. J. Young Hunter (a son of the late Mr. Colin Hunter), both of whom are well-known exhibitors at leading art exhibitions. The originals—shown in London some weeks ago—are in oil and in water-colour, and lend themselves admirably to the process of reproduction. There is, however, an annoying and in-

artistic predominance of yellow; all the trees are not distinguished by good draughtsmanship; and one notes with regret that there are no pictures of Clyde scenery with snow. The bustling activity of the river at Glasgow is well caught, there is a particularly fine painting of "West Harbour, Greenock," a romantic impression of "Port Glasgow from Caldworss," a quaint and delicately tinted view of Inveraray, and a breezy view of summer yachts off Hunter's Quay.

NAPOLEON AND THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.*

It may at the outset be declared without reserve that the seven hundred and odd pages that make up the two bulky volumes of Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley's book, "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," form a contribution



Pitt as a Volunteer.

(From "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

to our national history of exceptional interest and real importance. In spite of the immense and ever-accumulating mass of literature on the Napoleonic era—some of it of marked excellence—the joint authors of the present book have been successful in presenting to the world a work on Napoleon's tremendous project of a descent on England which stands by itself, and must prove invaluable as a work of reference.

Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley offer a picture of the most dramatically exciting period in all our national history in a form that differs from anything that English readers have ever had placed before them hitherto. Every one knows

* "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," by H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. 2 vols. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

something, or has heard something, of the general story, of the incidents of the "Great Threat," the "Great Terror," which, just a hundred years ago, filled the minds of men, women, and children throughout the country, and haunted the homes of our land with an ever-present dread of impending invasion, which turned Great Britain from Cromarty Forth to Cornwall into a vast camp. The story of how the British spirit roused itself, how all classes and parties laid aside their differences, to stand shoulder to shoulder confronting the national foe, is one of the most interesting features of the book. For the first time, also, we have here fully set out the details of what was taking place simultaneously on both sides the Straits of Dover.

The narrative, as the authors relate it, practically covers eight years—from 1797 to 1805 dealing with the two schemes of attack across the Straits of Dover which are associated in men's minds with the name of Napoleon. It opens with the invasion project of 1797, proposed by the Directory, which Napoleon himself, after encouraging and countenancing it up to a certain point, threw over in the spring of 1798, in order to prosecute his Egyptian expedition. He afterwards, after his return to France, as First Consul, took up the invasion scheme again, until the Peace of Amiens caused the project to be laid aside.

One of the most interesting features of the first of the two volumes, and a detail to which particular attention has been paid, has reference to the attempts on Ireland under Hoche and Humbert and Commodore Bompart. The account, in addition, throws fresh light on the amazing affair of the "Black Legion," and the landing in Fishguard Bay, South Wales. In this connection, indeed, the authors bring forward a new and extremely curious document the "Instructions" drawn up by Hoche "for Colonel Tate" and his "Black Legion." It affords entertaining reading, for surely a more crazy plan of campaign was never planned, Tate was to sail up the Severn estuary and lay Bristol in ashes. He was next to cross over and land at Cardiff, and then march off inland into South Wales, the people of which would, it was confidently anticipated, rise and join hands with the invading convicts on behalf of the sacred cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! A section of the volume is also given to the doings of the so-styled "Army of England" of 1797-8, and the career of its "Wing," which Napoleon led to Egypt and deserted. In like manner from the letters and diaries and personal narratives of eye-witnesses and people on the spot, we have vividly brought before us what was passing in England meanwhile. A remarkably detailed and telling account of the wild raptures with which the Treaty of Amiens was received in England by all classes closes the first volume.

The story of the colossal invasion project of the years 1803 to 1805, and how England faced the peril that threatened her, forms the theme of the second volume. That is practically entirely devoted to the story (from both sides) of the "Great Terror," Napoleon's gigantic project of an invasion with the Grand Army in force, engineered under his personal supervision as First Consul and as Emperor, which sprang into active being immediately on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and kept Great Britain, throughout the length and breadth of the land, in a fever of anxiety until Nelson struck the death-blow to all invasion schemes at Trafalgar. How and why Napoleon's elaborate and chessboard-like plans of naval concentration were foredoomed to failure has never been told before in so interesting a form. With regard to the invasion story of 1805, we are, of course, on familiar ground in the second volume, and in consequence there is less to be learnt here from the book in regard to our general knowledge of events. All the same, nothing could be more attractive and telling than the painstaking and instructive marshalling and arrangement of facts and details throughout the volume.

As before, equal attention is paid to both sides of the Channel. We get many glimpses of how, on this side, the spirit of the nation rose to the occasion. Here, for instance,

is one: "The squire," we are told, "forgot 'caste' and stood shoulder to shoulder with the ploughman. Pitt, as Colonel of the Cinque Ports Volunteers, drilled his troopers at Walmer Castle every day; Fox became a private in the Chertsey Volunteers; and the Duke of Clarence commanded a corps near his seat at Bushey, thereby setting a splendid example to others in high places. Even the peace-loving Addington put in an appearance at the House of Commons wearing a military uniform."

To enhance their attractiveness, from cover to cover both volumes are packed full of illustrations, all taken from contemporary sources: from sketches, views, broadsheets, caricatures, medals, playbills, and from prints grave and gay of every imaginable kind: from the pencils of Gillray, and Rowlandson, to name two leading artists of the day, at their best, as well as from the elder Cruikshank, Woodward, and many others.

THE ETHICS OF REVOLT.*

"As the desire of the heart for the water-brooks is born of true need and the possibility of quenching thirst, so the longing of all men for true joy in life, of many for the realisation of immortality, and of a few for closer union with the Eternal Love, is founded upon an unconscious trust in the sanity of their desires." Such is the closing sentence of a remarkable and closely reasoned essay "On Values in Life" in the newly published volume by Dr. Greville MacDonald entitled "The Ethics of Revolt"—a series of papers "mainly the substance of certain lectures, given chiefly to working-men in various places" and republished at the request of the latter. When poetry and logic join hands with science in humility of strenuous brother-service, the result cannot be other than redemptive, and not least is this true when, as in the book before us, that brother-service demands self-sacrificing courage and is all aglow with such simple purity of worship as finds in the light of reason and the fire of love a Presence that is greater than either and that includes both, the one divine response to the world's agonising riddle.

To the thousands who owe immeasurable gratitude to that immortal prose romance to which its author, Dr. Greville MacDonald's father, gave the name of "Phantastes," these earnest and inspiring pages will recall, in a wholly new form, the old delight: for, as well in spirit as in style, these trenchant and eloquent essays are vital with the same sincerity, the same reverent seeking and finding, which dwelt in that lovely and uplifting allegory wherein a man at last escaped from the haunting shadow that was the shadow of himself. Taking account of opposite and contradictory side-issues and baffling complexities, but fearless always in hostility to the conventions and platitudes of fashionable pharisaism, Dr. MacDonald points out for the race collectively, as well as for each individual Phantastes, a clue whereby we may win through "the dark wood." Step by step, the author takes us with him: for the essays, each distinct from each, are, by their unmistakable veracity, harmonious and cumulative—until at the end we echo, with a deep sigh of content, his conviction that, though the road may "wind up-hill all the way," it is, precisely by reason of its ascending toil and disciplined freedom, a beneficent road, and that "all our investigations in science and strivings after wisdom bring us back to the simplest of ideas, grasped as well by the good child as by the truthful philosopher: that the Love of God is the soul and energy of the universe. Given knowledge of this, and the heart of man is at peace with his desires."

The author's daily work—he is a doctor, a throat and ear specialist in the front rank of his profession—has for many years held him in such close and constant touch with

* "The Ethics of Revolt." By Greville MacDonald, M.D., Honorary Fellow of King's College, London. (Duckworth & Co.)

practical duties, sufferings, needs, that his philosophy is no mere academic theory; it burns with the steady flame of a hard-won illumination upon life's great need, facing all the many-sided difficulties and apparent paradoxes and piercing doubts which beset keen minds and earnest hearts, and must especially ever dog the path of any humane and open-eyed physician. He does not sneer at man's mystic power over his own body, but neither does he hold that we have any right to refuse the tools given for mending that temple of the soul *from without*, any more than the transcendental process, more easily recognised perhaps as a divine gift, whereby that temple built of flesh and blood may sometimes be mended *from within*.

In such vexed and controversial questions as anti-vivisection, vegetarianism, and all the eager enthusiasms of those whom a shallow indifferentism labels "cranks," the writer's courtesy is of the soul and not merely of the surface, and while, with sane and disarming respect, he entreats the earnest reformer not to defeat his own ends by unconscious arrogance, vindictiveness, or unverity, his courage as a doctor in speaking out plainly against much that a selfish *esprit de corps* tempts many to ignore, and his fine appreciation of what is noblest in every kind of non-conformity, whether religious, political, or social, cannot but deeply stir all wise and generous hearts. His scientific training and high standing lend an impressiveness to such utterances that may help to move the slothful and careless Philistine, and hearten the crusade of those who brush aside fashionable cant in their determined effort to obey the Master's bidding and succour outcast lives despised and crushed and wounded beneath the juggernaut cars of hypocritical Push and Scramble.

His contention is never trite, though it may fall to that level in the bald summary of the present reviewer's inadequate words. With a quiet humour that always verges on satire, he lays bare the hidden crux of more than one misinterpreted problem, and shows how the real solution of life's paradoxes lies not in a weakening of truths that seem to be opposed to one another, but in the recognition of some larger and more fundamental truth which embraces and reconciles them.

Do progress and tradition seem at variance? There is no true progress, he reminds us, that does not grow out of what is oldest and most stable, since in one of the laws of being, as formulated in the "Survival of the Fittest," evolution is the mark of an ascending life that has its birth beyond the elusive reckonings of time; and, on the other hand, there is nothing steadfast, nothing of high and persistent value, that does not contain within itself the power of growth. "*The principle of life*" and the italics are his.

"*is no other than the tradition of life, a tradition, however, that has no vitality save in its determination of progress.*"

The well-balanced and merciful paper entitled "Vivisection and Progress" must be read from end to end before justice can be done to it, and with such complicated and carefully formulated context, garbling would be especially cruel; but, while rendering reverent tribute to the noblest in his own profession—men who daily carry their lives in their hands for the good of their fellows—Dr. MacDonald, with a courage that will doubtless have cost him dear, fires this ringing shot in aid of the silenced: "The student can never grasp vital processes by vivisections as he would physical laws by chemical and mechanical experiments; not even with all the scientific makeshifts for compelling an outraged life to remain in a dismembered body"; and this avowal is preceded by his frank admission on an earlier page that "The evidence is sufficient to justify, in his own mind, a large measure of sympathy with the anti-vivisectionists, though" he is "not one of them." After arraying the opposing arguments of both plaintiff and defendant, he ends his address to the jury with these telling words: "Even the cure of disease is not the first point in the health of the people; and the nicer knowledge of physiological laws will not contribute much to our sanity."

He is never content with glib answers to popular questions. The simple life that is its own divine reward may, he maintains, be outwardly complex. Its simplicity must lie in its single-minded unselfishness of aim, its refusal of all that is a robbery of others in our great human family, its discriminating choice of what makes only for increase of finer work and fuller service and such uplifting beauty as shall bless every human being that holds commerce with it; so that, whether it be in hut or palace, it shall overbrim with the divine simplicity of love.

In the stimulating and suggestive paper headed "Nature and Remedy," he is equally plain-spoken, whether he is rebuking the corrupting selfishness of those who refuse to live, and reminding us that "life lives only in the doing of sane work," or pointing out that "to confound our own private wages in death that we win by every breach of the commandments, to confound this, I say, with Death, the beneficent midwife, is foolishness." And in "The Evolution of the Crank" he writes: "Your Christian Scientist, though inspired by an absolutely sane faith that trust in the divine life which all men share will effect unsuspected wonders of healing without the help of drugs, brings himself and his system into ridicule when he refuses a dose of castor oil to a child with a pottleful of rotten strawberries in his little belly. Still more does he dismay the simpler Christian when he denies the reality of Christ's suffering and appends to that holy name the equivocal epithet of *Scientist*. And yet we must accord even this latest product of righteous insubordination its due, and learn if possible the truth that underlies its absurdities. The churches have let slip from their hearts and minds the great possibilities of bodily healing that lie in pure faith; and they have no greater condemnation to face than this, that, despite its tricky gnosticism and irrelevant docetism, this newest heresy can do more for men's suffering bodies than rival priesthoods claiming a monopoly in Apostolic privileges."

Perhaps the three essays which to some of us make the deepest appeal are those entitled "The Individual in Evolution," "The Destiny of Man," and "The Energy of Life." After referring to "Haeckel's fundamental law of biogenesis," he writes as follows: "If all living things are what they are, both in attainment and in the possibility of higher excelling, because they inherit the power of life, whence, we are compelled to ask, has the primordial ovum of all won its inheritance? an inheritance, we must remember, which holds in it the ultimate possibility of producing man, along with all the lesser species which have preceded his creation and branched off to right and to left of the upward-extending tree, some in steady increase of excellence, some to reach an equilibrium, some to be blotted out as worthless. And our science, like our philosophy, teaches us that we must father the Cybele of the ancients, the primordial protoplasm of the moderns, upon the Primal Cause of the Universe, the Eternal Reason of things. And this Cause of Life must be essential life itself. Otherwise our studies in biology are meaningless, and life has emanated from that which could not give it an inheritance of purpose to become. Life is not only an inheritance; it is what it is in virtue of its prospective possibilities. Life exists not for what it is, but for some future, immediate or distant, which every smallest particle of life is intent upon seeking." The essay from which this fragment is taken goes on to show, in a passage of cogent logic and stirring eloquence, that this is the real answer to the materialist's charge of anthropomorphism, "unless indeed man, who has been evolved from the Eternal Reason, is greater than this Power. What! the men who people the man-heaps called cities; who fight to save them the labour of living; who force Nature's energy to mar her beauty and to anticipate her bountiful providence; who drive to hell the women they love, and use the children of their brothers as even they dare not use their own! Is each one of these, because he possesses also something of consciousness,

love, and the power to deny himself that his neighbours may live, greater than the Godhead who has produced him? . . . And if the almighty Reason has willed that man should work out his own evolution and so win the life that is offered, we may know that the Eternal is greater than man in all man's attributes and virtues, and that in personality and love, in mercy and power, in faithfulness, the eternal, ordering Cause cannot be less than its creatures."

Of deep and permanent interest is Dr. MacDonald's controversy with recent theories of social evolution—he names especially those of Mr. Benjamin Kidd and Mr. H. G. Wells—in the first of the three lectures mentioned above, the essay entitled "The Individual in Evolution." It is the more striking because of its guarded fairness.

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE KING OF NONSENSE.*

Edward Lear has been dead for nearly twenty years, and it is only now that some adequate record of his life and his work is given to the public. To a generation which has grown accustomed to the biographies of the undistinguished (in two stout volumes), this fact by itself is sufficiently surprising. All the more warmly, however, do we welcome

words scattered through the letters. How splendidly mouth-filling and resonant they are, and how joyously they burst their way through the conventions of the philologists! They would give tone even to a dictionary of derivations. Nobody can fail to understand their meaning; they are exactly right and exactly in the right place.

Here again are three stanzas from a rhymed letter to his friend 403cne, as he usually styled him:

"Alas! Blue Posts I shall not dare
To visit ere I go—
Being compelled to take such care
Of all the winds as blow.

"But if you are not coming now
Just write a line to say so
And I shall still consider how
Ajoskyboskybayso.

"No more my pen, no more my ink,
No more my rhyme is clear.
So I shall leave off here, I think—
Yours ever,

EDWARD LEAR."

The following extract shows him in a more serious mood. He writes from Corfu to Lady Waldegrave in 1863:

"The battle about Colenso interests me immensely: I perceive that Hampden and Thurlwall are the only two of the silly Bishops who have not signed the Memorial to 'Natal.' In the nature of things, it was not to be supposed that the Bps. were to forward



"There was a Young Lady of Clare
Who was sadly pursued by a bear.
When she found she was tired,
She abruptly expired,
This unfortunate Lady of Clare."

(From "Letters of Edward Lear," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Lady Strachey's record of her uncle's friend, the artist, the poet, the incomparably whimsical and delightfully freakish humorist whose verses and pictures brightened our childhood. Lady Strachey, we may say at once, has done her work well. She has a due appreciation of her hero's many merits, but she does not ape the style of the modern biographer and force these merits down our throats. Her introduction in its modest restraint is a model of what such an article ought to be. Her explanatory notes are sufficient, but never obtrusive, and for the most part she allows Lear to tell his own story in his own inimitable way. Here is a specimen of that way—he is writing from St. Leonards-on-Sea on October 21, 1859, to Chichester Fortescue:

"Returning from seeing my beloved parent [Holman Hunt] safe to the Railway, I find your letter, together with one from J. Harford, a highly friendly concatenation of correspondence.

And being so cold just now I can't go to bed, and yet am only half awake, I shall endeavour to scrawl a line to thank you for your last, and to epopsimate the fangropunxious feelings of my buzzim. . . . I have sent you a long scrawl of family talk, but I know it won't bore you. You are a very queer Secretary of State, who don't get altered by your conditions and positions, as far as I can see, nohow. . . . O dear me! there is a good deal to say about my picture of Bassæ and many more mompophilious matters; but the dim lamp wanes; the dark sea moans and roars, and it is time that I should go to bed. Good-night. These are the most bestest lodgings I've been in for a long time."

Epopsimate! Fangropunxious! Mompophilious! There are scores and scores of these gorgeous, barbaric, inevitable

Colenso's views, but they might have done another thing to wit, let him alone. A broader creed, a better form of worship, the cessation of nonsense and curses, and the recognition of a new state of matters brought about by centuries, science, destiny, or what not, will assuredly be demanded and come to pass, whether Bishops and priests welcome the changes or resist them. Not those who believe that God the Creator is greater than a Book and that millions unborn are to look up to higher thoughts than those stereotyped by ancient legends, gross ignorance, and hideous bigotry—not those are the models, but these same screamy ganders of the Church, who put darkness forward and insist that it is light. Meanwhile, I hear that a measure is to be brought forward in the Legislature to simplify the Creed of religious England, and thus by the shortest Catechism to abolish all infidel doctrines. The Bishops of all dioceses are to prevent the clergy from allowing any person to attend church who does not answer two simple questions in the affirmative:

"1st. Do you believe in Balaam's ass, Jonah's whale, Elisha's bears, and Lot's wife?

"2nd. Do you believe that all mankind who do not believe in these creatures will be burned in everlasting fire, wholly without respect to their wisdom, charity or any other good quality?

" . . . My life here has gone on very sklombionbiously on the whole—though I go out very little, not being, as you know, of a gregarious nature."

The artistic side of Lear's career is very fully brought out in Lady Strachey's book. Painting, indeed, was not only his favourite study, but the serious pursuit of his life, and the beautiful landscapes that came from his brush deserve to be held in remembrance almost as much as his efforts in the realm of nonsense. We are grateful to Lady Strachey for giving us some fine reproductions of illustrations that adorned Lear's "Journal of a Landscape Painter in Albania and Illyria" (1851). They are painted with a surprising force and freedom and a deep feeling for atmosphere and composition.

But it is as a poet that we ourselves like best to think of

* "Letters of Edward Lear, Author of 'The Book of Nonsense,' to Chichester Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, and Frances, Countess Waldegrave." Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. 15s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Lear. He gave nonsense its place in poetry, not by virtue, of course, of strange verbal contortions, but by a quaint and tender strain of feeling and by a sense of music and rhythm in which nobody in that line has been able to equal or, indeed, to approach him. In that famous "Book of Nonsense Songs," for which he wrote both the words and the music, are many beautiful bits of sublime fooling. Our own favourite is the "Pelican Chorus":

"Last year came out our Daughter Dell;
And all the birds received her well,
To do her honour, a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade.
Herons and Gulls and Cormorants black,
Cranes and Flamingoes with scarlet back
Plovers and Storks and Geese in clouds,
Swans and Dillyberry Ducks in crowds,
Thousands of birds in wondrous flight!
They ate and drank and danced all night,
And echoing back from the rocks you heard
Multitude-echoes from Bird and Bird.

Often since, in the nights of June
We sit on the sand and watch the moon;—
She has gone to the great Gromboolan plain,
And we probably never shall meet again!
Oft in the long still nights of June
We sit on the rocks and watch the moon;—
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore,
And we probably never shall see her more,
Plutskin, Plutskin, Pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Plushkin, Pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still!"

That is Aristophanic with a whimsical kind of pathos all its own.

R. C. LEHMANN.

COLERIDGE.

Two editions of Coleridge * before us, one of them very ably introduced by Mr. Quiller-Couch, tempt us to express our doubts with regard to the position which the author of "Christabel" has been accorded in our literature. Of course, in an age so open-minded as the present, this is not only to court disaster, but to stamp one's speech as that of a fool, a Protectionist, a Philistine, or a pro-Boer, especially in face of the fact that some of our greatest poets and critics (not all of them dead) maintain the best work of Coleridge to be supremely great. Let us, however, with all due deference, prefer our reasons for making this insignificant stand in the gap through which, as we believe, our highly logical literary public is flocking like so many sheep.

In the first place, let us remark that we have no wish to set up our opinion against that of our betters. Yet has not one of them said that they would be the last to desire that we should pretend to a certainty which is not our own? Of Shakespeare we are certain, of Milton we are certain, of Wordsworth we are certain, of Keats, of Chaucer, of Shelley, of Byron, of Tennyson, of Browning, of Swinburne we are also certain, and we can give reasons for our certainty that their work has supreme literary and artistic value. Here is a sufficiently broad field to show that we are ruled by no narrow principles when we hesitate to give Coleridge a place anywhere near the great masters we have mentioned.

Let us examine his case. If we take up any essay on Coleridge (like those which form the introductions to the two editions before us), we find that his fame depends chiefly on his two so-called masterpieces, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." We will examine

later the four or five smaller poems that are said to enhance the brilliance of a constellation which we are asked by great critics (with a few notable exceptions) to regard as of the same magnitude as the "Prometheus" of Shelley, the "Atalanta" or "Tristram of Lyonesse" of Swinburne, the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, or the "Pippa Passes" of Browning. "Christabel," to begin with, like "Kubla Khan," is an unfinished fragment, with even more loose ends, owing to its greater length and complexity. It is therefore absolutely lacking in the structural beauty which such a poem must have, if it is to rank with our "Hamlets" or even with such poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes." It is possible, we admit, for a fragment to suggest the finished beauty of a perfect whole. But the critic cannot take the will for the deed; he has to judge what lies before him, and in "Christabel" he sees not only an unfinished fragment, but also a fragment which is divided against itself, is discordant and painfully discordant even within its own narrow limits. For the second part of "Christabel" stands to the first in very much the same sort of relation that a piece of Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends" or Praed's "Red Fisherman" would have to the "Dreamland" or the "Sleeper" of Poe. We are, therefore, compelled to shut one eye, as it were, and consider only one portion of the fragment, namely, the first part of "Christabel," if we are to be fair to Coleridge; and our contention is that, however strenuously and firmly we close our right eye to the almost painfully meretricious effects in that second part

"Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine," etc.—

the first part has really far closer affinity to those poems by a minor poet like Poe than to the loftier creations of the great masters. Isolated lines of great beauty are to be found in both; but isolated lines, like isolated curves, do not make a picture or a poem, and their beauty is not rare, or beyond accidental achievement. And even in the oft-quoted passage ending with the beautiful lines—

"'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way,"

there are serious flaws if it is to be judged by the highest standard; though we admit that passage is really exceptionally beautiful.

From a purely metrical point of view, for instance, the way in which the two sibilants meet between the words "comes slowly" is a real blemish, and would in itself preclude the passage from being compared, in point of metrical beauty, with such harmonies as those of "Ereone":

"There lies a vale in Ida lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills,"

or

The long brook falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea."

The simple fact is that in metrical beauty even the first part of "Christabel" is not to be compared with the highest achievements in English verse. Neither in vowel melody, which is one thing, nor in vowel harmony, which is quite another thing, nor in the manipulation of consonants, nor in that control of expression which comes from perfect and unconscious mastery of syllabic equivalence, is it even to be mentioned in the same breath with such glorious outbursts of song as the first chorus in "Atalanta"—

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow and plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With hsp of leaves and rattle of rain,"

with its splendidly precise beat on the first syllable of the third line. Or if that be an example of a too elementary rhythmical beauty for the mysteriously subtle ears of the critics who detect one knows not what ineffable music in

* 1. "The Poems of Coleridge," illustrated by Gerald Metcalfe, with an Introduction by E. Hartley Coleridge. (John Lane.)
2. "The Poems of Coleridge," with an Introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Henry Frowde.)

the haphazard cadences of "Christabel," shall we proffer this?—

"What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife:
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life."

Perhaps it would hardly be fair to Coleridge to mention the faulty cockney rhymes in which his work certainly does abound. A great poet may be permitted to rhyme "alone in" with "moaning," if we are satisfied that he really knows and cares about what he is doing. In the case of Coleridge, who also rhymes "women" with "humming," we must be allowed to state that we have not that satisfaction. Over the whole work we feel the shadow of his indolent and diseased will, an inability not only to complete the task he had undertaken, an inability not only to make the work "useful" to the Philistines, but also an inability to express his own conceptions, an inability even to serve faithfully in the temple of that Art which has been kind enough and merciful enough—in all conscience—to many another opium eater. He could not even be artistically or beautifully morbid. It is not perhaps obvious that lines like

"The night is chilly, but not dark,"

are blemished; or that they approximate to the ludicrous in a supernatural poem of this kind. It is not perhaps obvious that the line tends towards

"The night is coldish, but not dark,"

but the sensitive reader has the fact pointed out to him by Coleridge himself a little too often for it to escape notice in such lines as—

"To shield her and shelter her *from the damp air*,"

where again the two "hers" and the intolerable clash with "air," in the very climax of this marvel of supreme metrical beauty, may be compared with such lines, perhaps, as those of Tennyson—

"Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Caesar's dome,
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of imperial Rome,"

or with such lines as—

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave,"

We have no space here to analyse the remarks of great critics on "Christabel." Suffice it to say that the very vagueness of their subject has allowed them to display in some cases considerably more imagination and wonder than are to be found in the poem itself. That often happens, as every one knows; and as for the place which they accord Coleridge,

"At times the small fly on the window-pane
Will seem the black ox on the distant plain."

The compliments which they pay to Coleridge are merely evidence of their own generous imaginative power, and we do not say this in any unworthy sense.

Again, a poem like the "Ancient Mariner" cannot for a moment be compared with such a ballad as the famous "Clerk Saunders." The "Ancient Mariner" is, in parts, almost a parody of what is best in the old ballads. That it has great merits goes without saying. We do not dispute that. But can that gentleman with the "skinny hand" be admitted into quite the same Wonderland as "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"? Does not the poem, when read aloud, provoke the occasional smile which we prefer

to associate, not with the masterpieces of literature, but with such juvenile performances as the youthful Tennyson's "Coach of Death" and the Death in the Dreadnought Coat, about whom he wrote—

"The cockroach crept and the white fly leapt about his hairless brow"?

The "Ancient Mariner," moreover, has none of that opaque or clear symbolical beauty which, conscious or unconscious, is almost necessary to a poem of its kind, if it is to be counted as of the first order. Here and there we get glimpses of something; but it is immediately clouded, not for artistic purposes, but by the clouded intellect of Coleridge. Even between stanza and stanza there are quite unnecessary lapses, and the prose argument with which he follows the poem, step by step, shows that he felt its structural faults himself, but was too indolent to master them, if he really had the power, in the right way. The stages between the stanza ending

"Ah, wretch, said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow,"

and the next stanza ending

"'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist,"

are not worked out. As a work of art, that later imitation of the "Ancient Mariner" which was entitled the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" is incomparably more complete, though so much less pretentious; and perhaps it is significant that minor sensational poems like that, and the "Dream of Eugene Aram," are the chief later works we owe to the influence of Coleridge.

With respect to the minor poems of Coleridge, such as that which Palgrave included in "The Golden Treasury," the poem about the "crazed knight" and Genevieve, can any one for a moment compare such stanzas as this, from that so-called "superb" effort of Coleridge

"She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!"

with the pure magic of such stanzas as this from Keats—

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean and sing
A faery song!"

We will not compare anything in Coleridge with the loftier work of Keats, as exemplified by the great Odes.

We have spoken of the lack of humour in Coleridge. This, of course, would apply to Wordsworth, but it does not apply to his greatest work as it does to that of Coleridge. In Coleridge we do not only find it in those unfortunate titles which he sometimes gave to his poems, such as that "To a Young Ass," which looks at the outset like an attempt to parody Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy," or the lines "On a Late Connubial Rupture in High Life" (a perfectly grave poem, by the way), or his "Lines to a Young Friend on his proposing to domesticate with the Author," or that most staggering title of all, "Sonnet to a Friend who asked, How I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me"—a title, it will be noted, longer by many words than Milton found necessary for his Epic! It is not only in titles or in minor poems like that "To an Infant" (which opens in a way that neither Tom Hood nor Mr. Owen Seaman could better)—

"Ah, cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclamped knife!"

it is not only in these obscure corners that one traces the mark of the beast; but even in a poem so much lauded by writers of introductions as his "Nightingale" we find the following extraordinary crash, with hideous ruin, ruin and combustion down to the nethermost pit of dull insensibility to the laughter of Olympus. Here is the gem, the perora—

tion, or final flute note of this masterpiece about the same nightingale which Keats glorified--

"My dear babe, . . .
How he would place his hand beside his ear
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (SOME INWARD PAIN
HAD MADE UP THAT STRANGE THING, AN INFANT'S DREAM)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot," etc.

These things will happen, of course, but we think they are out of place in a masterpiece addressed by Coleridge to the nightingale which

- "Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn."

Moreover, they make us very suspicious even with regard to the "Ancient Mariner" who had the albatross (a bird about the size of a turkey, we presume) hung around his neck.

ALFRED NOYES.

Novel Notes.

PIP. By Ian Hay. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is difficult to say which is the better part of Pip's story, that of the earlier years when he and his sister are small children together, or of the later when their father is dead, and Pip has gone out into the world to earn a living, and presently finds himself gloriously in love with Elsie Innes. The account of how Pip and Pipette grew up contentedly neglected in the house of their widowed father, the eminent medical specialist, happy in the company of the servants, from whom they gathered all they knew of life and manners, and of how they went together at last to the school of Mr. Pocklington, and the juvenile shrewdness Pip displayed there in his dealings with that latuous gentleman, are all told with delightful and irresistible humour, and make remarkably good reading. But equally good to read of is the account of the time when he has left his boyhood behind him, and, though he can never realise his dead father's ambition and become a famous doctor, is winning glory as a great cricketer, and love as a mere ordinarily good looking young man. Mr. Hay calls it rightly "A Romance of Youth," for the abounding humour and high spirits and breezy hopefulness of youth breathe refreshingly through all its pages.

THE SCARLET CLOAK. By Audrey de Haven. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Miss de Haven begins her romance in the Scotland of the middle years of the eighteenth century, and builds it up first round the young wife of staid, elderly Malcolm Baillie, then, when she has made a wreck of her life, round the figure of her son Kenneth. Baillie is a prosperous merchant, and married his girl-wife Lilian out in Virginia, transplanting her thence to his stately and sombre home near Glasgow. He keeps her close under his eye; rarely allows her to go beyond the walls of his estate, and never except when he accompanies her. His friends know he is married, and that he brought a wife back with him from his last journey abroad, but Baillie is not given to entertaining, and even the oldest of his friends has not seen Lilian since the day of her first arrival in Glasgow. When, at length, he is moved to invite some three or four of them to his house, they are charmed with the beauty and winsomeness of the girl who is his wife, and two of them fall straightway in love with her: George Dundas with the honest, romantic, purely idealistic love of a youngster for a pretty face; Major Kinnersley in the sordid, unlovely way of the man of the world, who is also something of a libertine. Lilian is homesick, and yearning after the

gaiety and joyousness of the life that was hers when she was at home, and the Major takes advantage of this dissatisfaction and these cravings, and she quite innocently plays into his hands, till it is too late to draw back. When Kenneth reaches manhood, he carries out his father's last wish, and goes in search of her, and finds her on the stage, playing Ophelia in the colony she was born in, and comes by the way on a very charming love-romance of his own. The book is admirably written, and the construction and characterisation are excellent.

THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN-CARRIG." By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Hope Hodgson writes with an amazingly vivid imaginative power, and a skill in the handling of eerie incidents, the creation of bizarre effects, and the atmosphere of nameless horror and terror, that bear comparison with the grimmest and most haunting things that even Poe accomplished. You read this strange, nightmare romance of "The Boats of the *Glen-Carrig*" with a keen and absorbing interest; you find it impossible to close the book till you have read to the end, yet in the latter half of it the horrors of the story are less potent in their effect upon you than were the horrors of the earlier half. They are not less forcibly or realistically imagined, nor less subtly and wonderfully described, but Mr. Hodgson has given us too much of them, we have supped so full that our palate has lost its acuteness, and though we go on swallowing, we no longer taste the full flavour of them. At the outset when we come with our two boat-loads of survivors to that "Land of Lonesomeness," that isle of awful silence that at dawn and sunset is alive with fearsome moanings, and all night is disturbed by a thunderous growling and snarling, as of some impossible wild beast, the whole thing grips, and curiously persuades us to believe in it: the derelict ship stranded on the island, empty of all its crew, and containing fragments of writing that hint at the mysterious and unspeakable doom that had overtaken them; the clammy Something that crawls about the deck of nights, feeling with mighty, squashy hands at the door of the cabin in which the new arrivals have taken refuge: the trees from which it seems the wailings come—soft-branched trees, with grisly human heads bulging like monstrous boles among the upper boughs, pulpy, loathsome trees that bleed when the boatswain in a frenzy slashes at them with his sword: everything of this takes hold upon you, as it was meant to. But when the crew, having found a supply of water, puts out to sea again, and by-and-by comes to a vast continent of oozy, entangling weed, and land on a solid island in the thick of it, and find another derelict vessel with people aboard, and are again scared by nerve-shattering noises in the night, and attacked by men-slugs, mammoth crabs, and other unholy and unheard-of monstrosities, you begin to feel that you are not in the real world at all, but in some gruesome, wholly imaginary world, where things only seem to happen as they do in a dream. Mr. Hodgson's style is admirably restrained, but his imagination runs riot: if he had carried his shipwrecked crew through rough but possible adventures, and then dropped one or two of these creepy, weird experiences into the midst of those, they would have been immensely more effective. It is an uncommonly clever book, nevertheless, and one that augurs well for what its author will do when he has broken his imagination to harness, and has it under control.

BROKEN OFF. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Broken Off" is a fresh and unconventional love-story, and gives its author scope for a very able study of two striking and widely differing characters. Thorold Strong, a middle-class man of some education and artistic tastes but a stranger to society and society ways and manners, comes unexpectedly into an immense fortune, and enters

the upper circles under the guidance of his aristocratic friend Dickie Catesby, an amusing, rather eccentric fellow who has been in the Navy and has a craze for building motor-cars after designs of his own. Dickie introduces him to the impecunious Lord Eldersmain and his family, and Strong falls immediately in love with the eldest daughter, Osmunda, who is in appearance "a Botticelli angel." Her people are anxious for the match: he is a nobody, but has more than wealth enough to cover such a sin as that, and hitherto nobody has shown the portionless Osmunda any serious attention. They assume, as a matter of course, that he is eager to marry her not so much for love as because it would help him socially to be allied to so old and noble a family; and she scornfully makes the same assumption. "Loveless her life had been—often had she craved love. When at last it came, was it to come in such a guise that to accept it would be impossible? That she, descendant of all the Challises, should be the object of the desires of a middle-class parvenu! She set her small teeth rigidly together at the thought." But for all his roughness and blundering awkwardness Strong is a true man, his love is real and unselfish, his resolve more unshakable than her pride. It is an admirably written and intensely interesting story.

The Bookman's Table.

GLEANINGS FROM VENETIAN HISTORY. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a book admirably suited to the intellectual and literary requirements of the average tourist, either English or American, and may therefore be supposed to attain its object. From the reviewer's standpoint, however, appearing on our table as a feature of the season's literature, it is not an agreeable item. This much may be said in praise of it as a visitor's handbook, that Mr. Crawford has filled some 800 pages with scraps of story and legend and somewhat hurried erudition, with which he ckes out the general history of the Republic. The illustrations are good, with the exception of a number of careless smudges and scratches that cannot be said to enhance the value of the text. In the latter there is evidence of haste, of insufficient elaboration of the mass of material; too frequently we have the sense that the pages are mere transcription, and slovenly transcription at that; and how comes a writer, who from the list of his published works should at least not lack experience, to fall into the easy snare of fine writing? Another error of judgment characteristic of the literary tyro is the affectation of a pseudo-archaic style, as in this fragment of a legend: "Again, a little white cloud appeared to the holy Maurus, and it was the footstool under the feet (sic) of a most fair maiden, who spake and said." . . . The reader shall be spared the rest. It would be unfair to take this extreme instance as typical of the book; it comes in the earlier chapters, and it is in these that Mr. Crawford has concentrated his most glaring errors of style and taste. After all, the book does not stand alone among its contemporaries in the matter of unconscientious workmanship; what calls for special remonstrance is the fact that Mr. Crawford, by the publication of novels that meet with esteem at the hands of the critics, and what matters more, of the public, having made a place for himself among contemporary English writers, by letting his name appear on the title-page of a book of this kind sacrifices not only his own reputation, but in some small degree the honour of our literature.

THE TRAVELS OF THE KING. By Eva Scott. 15s. net. (Constable.)

Still showing herself as indefatigable in research as she is scholarly in style, the authoress of *The King in Exile* now furnishes a fitting sequel to her earlier work in an exhaustive and lucid study of Charles II.'s career from 1654 until the Restoration. The material for this volume would seem to have been drawn mainly from the *Clarendon*,

Thurloe, and *Nicholas State Papers*, though the mere selection and arrangement of data have formed but an inconsiderable part of Miss Scott's task. She affords an example of a woman historian possessing a capacity for infinite labour, coupled with a faculty for cultured and restrained expression, a marked skill in portraiture, and something of a sense of humour. As a study the period which Miss Scott has chosen is not edifying, it is distinctly one of moral retrogression, though, after all, it is not for Miss Scott nor for any of us to judge Charles Stuart, who was what circumstances and environment made him. The straits and shifts of the exiled Cavaliers are vividly brought home to the reader. Ormonde, obliged to relinquish his lodgings to the Duke of Gloucester, and already in debt all the world over, "proposed to live upon charity or contemplation, but found the prospect not alluring, though it seemed likely enough to be his fate for any help his master could afford." And Thurloe's spy wrote to his employer, "How they will all live God knows! I am sure I do not." Two months after this Charles writes, "We pass our time as well as people can do that have no money, for we dance and play as if we had taken the fleet plate." The book will prove useful as throwing light on many features of a period with which students are little familiar, notably on the inner history of the *Scaled Knot* rising, while it provides a masterly exposition of the intricacies of an endless tangle of intrigue with France and Spain. The slight sensation of dulness necessarily conveyed in the presentation of an immense collection of facts bearing upon a comparatively short period is relieved by Miss Scott's occasional flashes of *naïveté*, thus, "The Archduke was expansive, and gave Seestadt to understand that he had the English king's interest *fort au coeur*, but his sympathy was slightly discounted by his extreme piety, which inclined him to leave the matter to God, without exciting himself much on the subject." The index seems exhaustive and well arranged, the footnotes are copious, and the photogravure plates of the three royal brothers, their sister Mary, Hyde, and many other prominent members of the circle in which the King then moved, are equally deserving of praise. In fine, Miss Scott is again to be warmly congratulated.

STEVENSONIANA. By J. A. Hammerton. (Edinburgh: John Grant.)

One of the most useful and most interesting of the many books that have been published about Stevenson is this of Mr. Hammerton's. It comes to us in its handsomely got up new and revised edition, sealed already with the approval of both critics and public. The first edition, which appeared only some two years ago, is practically out of print, and the continued demand that has called forth this re-issue is in itself a sufficient testimony to the merit of the book. It contains a good deal of matter that is to all intents and purposes inaccessible to the general reader, and not otherwise to be conveniently obtained by the student, and, as Mr. Hammerton mentions in the special preface he has written for this edition, "numerous letters which I have received from Stevensonians, at home and more particularly in America, indicate that a considerable amount of material which has eluded even the enthusiastic collector has here been captured to his service." In the selection and arrangement of the contents Mr. Hammerton displays a literary taste and skill that makes the book at once light and agreeable reading without impairing its great value as a work of reference. He has brought together many excellent critical, biographical and intimately descriptive articles, that have appeared, many of them in Stevenson's life-time, in a variety of magazines and newspapers, by such writers as Barry, Crockett, Henley, Gosse, Christie Murray, Pinero, Conan Doyle, Zangwill, Chesterton; as well as essays, articles, and miscellaneous communications by many another who knew R. L. S. personally, and enjoyed his confidence, or, at least, his friendship. All these have been arranged in chronological sequence, and where necessary Mr. Hammerton has supplied connecting links, so that the book resolves itself into a pleasant informal biography which seems destined to take a permanent place in Stevenson literature. The new material in this revised edition includes several fresh portraits of persons and places that are of quite unique interest and importance.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Twelve years have passed since first we met Bethia Hardacre, and the fact is apparent as we meet her again to-day in *More Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre*, by Ella Fuller Maitland (6s.). Something she has gained from this passage of time, something she has lost. She has gained an added touch of scholarship, a sureness of criticism, a more defined literary bent—perhaps, even, a mellowness of nature. She has lost—yes, she has lost some freshness of outlook and expression, some liveliness, some versatility; she has, in fact, lost Mrs. Goodall's green rep curtains, and all that they stood for. After Bethia found her happiness at the end of the earlier volume, we can imagine that the former chaining of her heart was eased, and that, knowing less of heart-hunger and of the common irritations of daily existence in her more satisfying life, she turned more entirely to the books she loved so well, and, in consequence, books and thoughts on books fill the pages of her later day-book far more than do persons. Here the older poets and their poetry, antiquities, and the curiosities of antiquities, philosophy, and flowers, are written of with a salient discursiveness. Bethia begins her new day-book by commenting on the poets who in earlier days have sung of the Thames—Spenser, Peele, Dunbar, and others. "And where," she asks of Thames, "are your poets now?" The Thames is now without a laureate. We thank her heartily for her discourse on William Browne, too, early singer of haunting pastorals, the melodious outcome of a long home-sickness; true author, too, of the famous epitaph to the Countess of Pembroke:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse," etc.

And Bethia points out interesting traces of Browne's influence upon that later poet of the flowers, Robert Herrick. In this friendly, conversational day-book there is much food for pleasure and for thought; but especially have we enjoyed Bethia's account of the way in which she followed the advice of Richard de Bury (pp. 104-8). Such volumes as these are a club for the "unclubbable" literary man.

MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

Mme. de Sévigné's story is well known from her letters, but it is one which loses nothing in the re-telling, and whilst Miss Aldis in *The Queen of Letter-Writers: Marquise de Sévigné* (12s. 6d.) has not perhaps thrown much new light upon her subject, she has handled it with great skill and sympathy. Those who read her book cannot fail to realise the charm of the woman there represented, whose large circle of admirers still continues to increase, and will do so until the volumes of her letters are no longer accessible. "It is almost impossible not to admire the Marquise from almost every aspect and in relation to almost every duty of life," remarks the author truthfully. "In the world she is brilliant, witty, amiable, and graceful; to those who have the happiness of being near her heart she is most tenderly affectionate; as wife, mother, niece, friend, she is as nearly perfect as faulty human nature may be; even to this difficult character of mother-in-law, which has been the butt of vulgar wit since the beginning of the world, she adds a new dignity and invests it with a wise and thoughtful tenderness." It would be difficult to draw up a better testimonial of personal amiability than this.

There is one disappointment in store for readers. Miss Aldis has not been able to expand her theme to its rightful proportions. The beginning and middle sections of Mme. de Sévigné's life are very full and complete, but the last twenty years have been dismissed in as many pages. There is but a short description of life at the Hotel de Carnavalet, the fine residence before which Walpole delighted in saying an "Ave Maria de Rabutin Chantal gratia plena." It would be ungracious to the author, however, to depreciate the good work she has done by complaining that there is not more of it. Particular interest attaches to the views of Mme. de Sévigné's country-houses, Livry and Les Rochers.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

The Old English Sports, by Frederick Hackwood, with six coloured and thirty-two half-tone plates from old prints (10s. 6d. net), is a book which covers all kinds of hunting, hawking, jousting, the quintain, racing, baiting, dog fighting, etc. The history is not always adequate, but the descriptions are full and plentifully interspersed with extracts from contemporaries. The illustrations are a good selection from old pictures by Girtin, Rowlandson, Whelch, and others, and from old prints, illuminated manuscripts, and books. It has no competitors.

MR. T. N. FOULIS.

Many publishers may, with reason, envy Mr. Foulis the illustrator of his little square volumes of Scottish idylls and

classics, in which "Rob Lindsay and his School" and "Pet Marjorie" were included. Mr. H. C. Preston Macgown, R.S.W., has now illustrated in his unique and charming manner *The Story of Little Janet* (1s. 6d. net) by "Rob Lindsay's" author. The story is "a reminiscence of seventy years ago," and is a touching and pathetic bit of writing. The pages which lead up to Janet's life-story are not of the author's best, but the little reminiscence is a pretty successor to "Rob Lindsay."

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS.

There is a mood which comes to most book-lovers, the mood when a volume of quotations is more to the taste than is a complete poem, treatise or story. As a book for this kind of mood, as well as for the reference bookcase, *Stokes' Cyclopædia of Familiar Quotations* (4s. 6d. net), compiled by Elford Eveleigh Treffry, is unusually well-adapted. Not only does it give thousands of quotations with their sources, but under the subject headings there may be found a store of less hackneyed material, quotations full of help, suggestion and inspiration for orators, after-dinner speakers, preachers, writers and contributors to albums. Volumes of this nature can never be both handy and complete enough to satisfy every searcher; but it is certainly handy and its selection is admirable as far as we have been able to judge by test cases and by a long browse over its pages.

New Editions.

Popular Tales from the Norse, by Sir George Webbe Dasent, with introductory essay on the origin and diffusion of popular tales (2s. 6d. net), is sent by Messrs. Routledge. It is a reprint, and is thoroughly welcome. Many of the tales are known in other forms from other lands, but it would be hard to find a translator to equal Dasent. He is simple, straightforward, and idiomatic. So that when the tales are read aloud the reader has not to be continually stopping to translate the translator into plain English, as he so often has to do in other books.

The Nature Poems of George Meredith, with sixteen full-page pictures in photogravure by William Hyde, published by Messrs. Constable (12s. 6d. net), consist of seventeen of Mr. Meredith's finest poems, and include "Love in the Valley," "Hymn to Colours," and "The Woods of Westernmain." Mr. Hyde's pictures, well reproduced, make an appropriate and dignified addition to the book. His beech-trees and clouds are admirable, and his landscapes without colour show a rare sense of the charm of pure Nature, in summer and winter, in vast spaces and in confined woods, by night and day.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have seized the opportunity of the recent lapse of the copyright of *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* (10s. 6d. net) to make it into a truly beautiful and decorative gift-book. The golden delights of Palgrave's selection from the poets are here enhanced with five-and-twenty full-page illustrations in colour, and tail-pieces, and other decorations in line, by Robert Anning Bell. The artist's well-known grace of line and fertility of imagination are seen to full advantage in his conception of Milton's, Spenser's and Waller's maidens, and the volume as a whole is a Treasury indeed of art and song.

New Books of the Month.

NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

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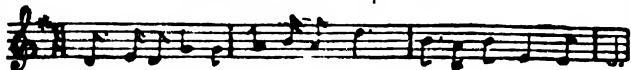
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN for March will contain a special illustrated article on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Mr. B. W. Matz, the editor of the *Dickensian*.

Last month THE BOOKMAN spoke in favour of the exhibitions of books held in December by the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Tribune*, and since then a contemporary has advocated a publishers' show-room, open all the year round, where all recent publications should be on view. Such a scheme has much to recommend it, and most bookbuyers would welcome such an innovation. It is, indeed, to be hoped that the proposition may bear fruit. When, however, the writer who puts forward the idea suggests that a large room should be set apart in the British Museum, where every new book as it arrives should be exhibited, he is not so happy. As that will never happen, we need not devote any space to pointing out the objections, beyond stating that the national treasure-house in Bloomsbury is for students primarily and lastly. But we should welcome the publishers' show-room in a central position.

The late Sir Spencer Walpole followed his "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815 to 1858" with the first two volumes of a "History of Twenty-five Years" that was to carry on the narrative to 1881. Three years have elapsed since the publication of the latter, and it is now announced that Sir Spencer had finished two other volumes, completing the work. These, we understand, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has now completed the longest play in existence, and the third and final volume of "The Dynasts" will be published next month. The theme is the downfall of Napoleon and the re-establishment of the French monarchy.

It may fairly be assumed that not many readers of THE BOOKMAN and the other monthly reviews pay much attention to the serials that appear in the halfpenny newspapers; but since the writing of those stories is an increasing and lucrative branch of journalism, it may not be uninteresting to learn the conditions under which such minor authors labour. Unknown writers are required to submit an elaborate scenario, together with the first few chapters; and if the "fiction editor" is satisfied with the plot and finds that the manuscript is not ill-spelt, the story in due course appears. Rarely is the complete manuscript placed in the editor's hand, and, indeed, this is not desired, for the length of the serial is dependent, not on the space necessary for the development of the story, but on the favour

it meets with at the hands of the public, as evinced by the circulation. One of the most talented and successful of these writers has admitted that even now, when her position is assured, she is entirely at the editor's mercy, and has been invited to extend the story for another fortnight in the case of one novel, and on another occasion to bring the story to a conclusion in three instalments! Harassing indeed must be the life of such "literary" hacks.



Mdle. Hélène Vacaresco.
Author of "The Queen's Friend."

The success which crowned her first volume of poems, "Chants d'Aurore," Mdle. Vacaresco earned again by her first attempt at fiction, "The King's Wife," in which she turned to excellent account her special knowledge of the Roumanian Court. In her new novel, "The Queen's Friend," the scene is again in part at the Roumanian Court, but the plot has at least one feature of novelty and interest. A young Roumanian lady is educated in England and marries an English nobleman, and her experiences in English society are described with unusual insight and knowledge.

We understand that Mr. Murray will publish shortly a new book entitled "The Three Miss Graemes," by Miss Macnaughtan, the author of "A Lame Dog's Diary." The latter work, as well as Miss Macnaughtan's other novel, "The Expensive Miss Du Cane," is now issued by Mr. Murray.

Australia has been persuaded by Mr. Deakin to establish an "Australian Men of Letters Fund," to do for that continent what the Civil List does in this country. The amount is five hundred pounds per annum, and it is proposed to give relief at the rate of one pound a week to distinguished authors whose work brings in only a small return, to other writers who cannot pursue their avocations through age

or infirmity, and to the families of literary men who die without being able to make provision for those they leave behind. Such a fund is deserving of all support, and it is a good sign that a young country should devote a small part of its revenue to such purpose.

Those critics who hold the theory that no works of an author which the author has not himself included in his works should be reprinted had excellent opportunity to state their case in connection with Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "Hitherto Unreprinted Contributions of Thackeray to *Punch*," Mr. Lewis Melville's "Thackeray's Stray Papers," and Mr. R. S. Garnett's "Thackeray's New Sketch Book." They will now have another chance, this time in relation to Dickens, for in the magnificent "National Edition" many miscellaneous papers from the *Examiner*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and many other periodicals will be included. These articles and sketches have only recently been discovered, by means of the contributors' pay-book, which is in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

It is rumoured that yet another volume of Thackeray's unreprinted papers is to appear, but the name of the editor has not been divulged. While the minor writings of a great author are always interesting to students, it is to be hoped that there will be no doubt as to the authenticity of the items in the forthcoming volume. The bibliographers of Thackeray are acquainted with more than a score of articles that *may* have been by the great man: the number known to be by him, however, is smaller.

Mr. Stewart M. Ellis's biography of William Harrison Ainsworth, mentioned in *THE BOOKMAN* some months ago, approaches completion. It contains many unpublished letters of the novelist, some of the most interesting of which were written in his youth, when he was upon the town as a dandy, and before he had made his name. Ainsworth's conceit was as wonderful as that of Samuel Warren, and he seems to have sprung into popularity almost as easily as the author of the "Diary of a Physician." He is little read nowadays, but he was an interesting figure, and Mr. Ellis's biography will be eagerly awaited.

Miss Travers, the author of "Thyrsis and Fausta," is Devonshire bred, but she would rather be called a Sussex countrywoman, since Sussex is the county of her home and preference. She had the good fortune to live for some years at Field Place, Horsham, Shelley's early home, and part of "The Two Arcadias" was written there. By means of Shelley

as it were, Miss Travers came to know the late Dr. Richard Garnett, to whose unfailing kindness and steady friendship she owes so much. Miss Travers's present home lies south of the Downs, near Arundel, "between the long woodlands and the sea." She is much interested in the welfare of the country poor, and claims to know something about the conditions of labouring life in the south; yet probably, like most outside knowledge, it hardly amounts to more than sympathy and a confession of ignorance. She has a great feeling for Ireland and wishes ardently that she had been born an Irishwoman, so that she might have joined whole-heartedly in the efforts of Celtic patriotism and the work of the Gaelic League.

The writing of memoirs has ever been a more fashionable occupation in France than with us, no doubt from causes of racial temperament. Madame Bernhardt's fascinating book, for example, could scarcely have been written by an Englishwoman. But this particular form of literature does not lack an appreciative British public, as the many editions of the gay Grammont testify. Messrs. Sisley are about to begin the publication of a new Library of Memoirs in a cheap form. The first volumes—as it happens, mostly English—will give the memoirs of Madame du Barry, Lady Hamilton, Grace Dalrymple Elliott, Captain Blaze, and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mr. John Lane seems to be in luck. Not only has he discovered, in Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, a poet whom he confidently asserts to be a real genius, but he has found a new essayist whom he goes so far as to call a "classic" and compares with Pater, Stevenson, Sir Thomas Browne, and Kenneth Graham. This is



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Travers.
Author of "Thyrsis and Fausta."

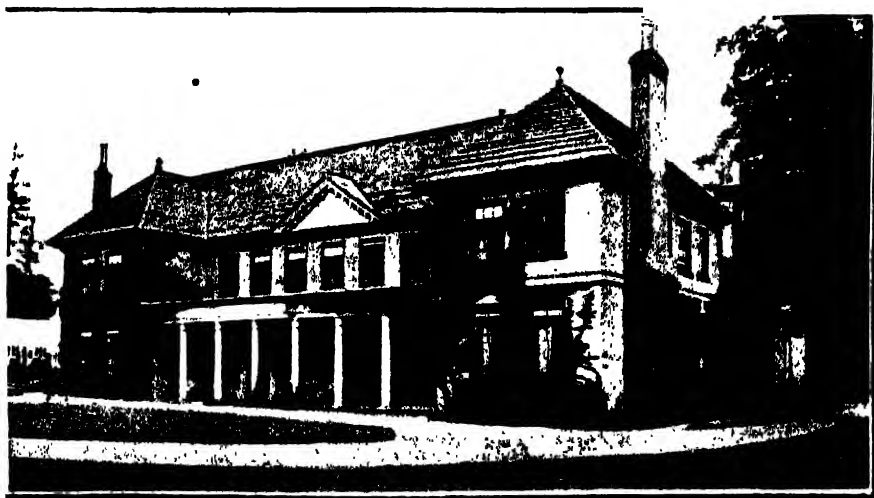
Mr. W. Compton Leith, whose "Apologia Diffidentis" is just published.

With the death of Holger Drachmann, poet, novelist, and writer of short stories, travel sketches, and translations, modern Danish literature loses its most outstanding figure. He had been for some time under treatment for an affection of the nerves at the little fishing village of Hornback, where he died on January 14. In his own country his popularity was very great; Denmark last year celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and for some time he had been in receipt of a civil list pension.

At first an artist, with a preference for sea studies, he came in the early 'seventies under the influence of George Brandes, whose inducements served to make him throw himself with wonderful energy into the literary vocation. One of the most prolific and versatile of writers, it is through translations of his plays that Englishmen are chiefly familiar with him. His best work was undoubtedly included in his studies of the North Sea sailors and fisher folk. In his lifetime he wandered over most of Europe, visiting England twice, but had latterly made his home in Copenhagen.

A literary man passed away in December last in William Hall Griffin, whose work has attracted not even a passing notice in the literary journals. Yet such notice is assuredly deserved. The son of James Theodore Griffin, a colonel in the American Civil

war, William Hall Griffin was born in the United States, at Rochester, on March 22, 1857. In 1862 his parents settled in Hampstead, and their son was educated at University College School and then at University College.



Field Place, Horsham.

Shelley's early home, where Miss Travers lived for some years.

There he was a favourite pupil of Henry Morley and won distinction in English. Mr. G. A. Aitken, the author of the "Life of Steele," was in the same class and can bear testimony to Hall Griffin's great popularity among the students and the profound deference paid to his literary opinions. After a long voyage round the world, and a brief experience in an insurance office, Hall Griffin married a Liverpool lady and acted from 1884 to 1890 as assistant master at University College School. Towards the end of that period he obtained marked success as a lecturer. He did much work as an Extension Lecturer; at the Crystal Palace among foreign students; and went as far afield as Marburg and Chicago. But from 1890 his chief lecturing was done as Professor of English at Queen's College, Harley Street, and later, both there and as lecturer in English Language and Literature at Birkbeck College, where he had large and growing classes from 1905 down to the time of his death.

Henry Morley recognised in Hall Griffin a "born teacher"; he was not so good in a public lecture as with a class; but with a class he could have had few equals in his own subject. He was not exactly witty, and many would have denied him a superfluity of humour. He had not the humour, for instance, to recognise the merit which shone through the inaccuracies of Mr. Chesterton's book on Browning—as his scathing article on that book in the *Athenæum* eternally demonstrated. But he had that special kind of sarcasm and facetiousness which captivates the minds of young people (and may we say especially young ladies?) so wholly. He was a decidedly handsome figure, of a most winning address; such mannerisms as he had were entirely agreeable, and his pupils hung on his every word. But there was far more than this. He knew how to interest, how to excite, and how to draw a class. He teased them delightfully with his banter, he kept them amused, he spared no trouble over the correction of exercises and all the corroborative detail of the teacher's art. He dramatised the dullest texts. He breathed a spark of humanity and vitality into Sweet's "Anglo-Saxon Reader."

His published work is not significant, and is quite unrepresentative of his worth. He finished and bibliographised in 1895 the last volume (xi.) of

Morley's "English Writers," he published a school text or two, and re-edited Mr. Dobson's "Handbook of English Literature." But the work of his life was the preparation of a colossal Life of Robert Browning. In size and scope it was to rival Masson's Milton, while in the wealth of its illustrations it was to surpass Mr. Norie's book on the Young Chevalier. A working model or outline of this mammoth biography was nearly finished and was to have been published in March. A publisher hates an unfinished book as "an unfilled case," and some attempt will probably be made in the direction of "finish." But Hall Griffin's work cannot really be completed. The best idea of its minute, objective, and exhaustive character can be obtained from the fragments published in reviews (*Monthly*, November, 1900, *Contemporary*, January and March, 1905). Readers of the

present day hardly know what use to make of such minuteness of detail and such deliberate disregard of all merely æsthetic considerations—the aim of the writer being apparently to illustrate every passage, nay every image, in Browning by a photograph on one side, and an illustrative citation from Browning's library, which he had ransacked and explored in every corner of Venice, on the other. Wherever Browning went in act or thought Hall Griffin followed him like a shadow. In the future it is more than probable that if he likes the subject, the expert biographer will pay attention to this kind of biography exclusively. Hall Griffin had practically a monopoly of this far-aimed Boswellism.



W. Hall Griffin.

The death of such a man (he died on December 16, 1907, after an operation) leaves a painful gap among friends and pupils. He was a devoted man, and his attractive personality had the crowning grace of self-abnegation. For, in spite of all his forensic qualities, his affability, and his attractive readiness of address, Hall Griffin was not one of those who push themselves forward by self-advertisement over the heads of their contemporaries. He was rather lacking in these self-regarding qualities. He was endowed rather with an old-fashioned homeliness and friendliness which had its formidable side (when he insisted, for example, on a friend accompanying him home to a late high-tea at Buckland Crescent), but which could be readily perceived, by all who really knew him, to comprise a sociability of the truest, most self-denying order.

We noticed with pleasure in January that Everyman's Library was going to afford hospitality to the greatest of American historians, Francis Parkman. The best writer that we have on Canadian history, one of the very few authors able to make colonial history readable, and in a sense a continuator of Parkman, is Mr. A. G. Bradley. It is good to know therefore that Mr. Bradley is fitting a book on "The Making of Canada" during the somewhat obscure period from 1763 to 1814 into the gap between his "Fight with France for North America" and his even more popular "Canada in the Twentieth Century." Australian and South African publicists, please copy!

All students of Dante will note with interest that Messrs. Constable are shortly to publish a volume of "Dante's Lyrical Poems," a study in mystical and erotic poetry, embodying much original research and a rehandling of the text of the odes, ballads, and sonnets of the divine poet by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, author of "Dante's Ten Heavens."

A book to look forward to in March is "The North-West Passage," by Roald Amundsen, a man inspired by the exploits of Nansen to a fine fervour of Arctic fanaticism, and animated by a bluff and school-boyish humour of the kind which seems the best envelope for a man who has to endure the polar ice. The cheery, boisterous narrative of these seven mariners setting forth in a herring-boat to navigate the passage which has baffled so many Arctic heroes is a thing not upon any account to be missed. The book is dedicated to Dr. Nansen and will be published by Messrs. Constable in a form similar to "Farthest North."

Those readers who took the hint afforded in our last issue to look for unexpected forms of miscellaneous diversion in "More Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre" will be rewarded by some very amusing gossip about the old London pageants and city poets. The executive committee of the London Pageant ought to look into the matter, and the City of London might well, as of old, set up a rival to the laureate.

A chance is now to be afforded to bookbuyers to purchase the "Dictionary of National Biography" at a third of the original price. Three of the original volumes are to be compressed into one, printed on lighter paper, and the whole reissue to be complete within the year in twenty-two volumes, including the supplement, at 15s. each. The recension, for

which the publishers have been fortunate enough to obtain the services of Mr. Sidney Lee, will embody the corrigenda and a revision of the leading bibliographies.

It seems a pity that arrangements cannot be made for the regular and systematic continuation by instalments of a work of reference so important to the nation, and so indispensable to all kinds of literary men. Larousse, whose encyclopædias have so well-deserved and international a reputation, goes on issuing supplements quite automatically. What a pity it is that this same excellent firm does not obtain a competent reviser for its English articles. For the lack of one we have to read that Milton is buried in Westminster Abbey and that Rudyard Kipling wrote a famous patriotic chant called "Russional"!

In these days, when no author is regarded as established as a popular favourite until a uniform edition of his works appears, it seems natural enough that such an edition of Mr. Henry James's novels should be announced. We have as yet heard no definite particulars of the books that will be included, but since we are at liberty to assume that only a selection of Mr. James's many stories will appear, we venture to put in a plea for the re-issue of some of his earlier books. Even Professor Oliver Elton's recent panegyric of Mr. James's later period—of "What Maisie Knew," "In the Cage," "The Two Magics," etc.—will not detach some of us from our keen admiration for "The Europeans," "The Bostonians," "Roderick Hudson," and the first-fruit of Mr. Henry James's pen.

The death of the lady who achieved fame under the quaint pseudonym of "Ouida" will cause many minds to revert to her novels. It is the fashion of present-day readers to sneer at the books of this author, and many of their strictures were justified, but these *flamboyant* stories had notwithstanding undoubted merit, while later works from the same hand, such as "The Dog of Flanders," showed a loving-kindness and a gentle spirit that, especially at this moment, should disarm criticism. Let us mourn the great-hearted lady who has gone before.

In the illustration of this number of THE BOOKMAN we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. William Heinemann and Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons. We reproduce an illustration from "Children's Children" by kind permission of the artist, Mr. Muirhead Bone, and Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

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George Sand in 1869.
From a photograph.

THE READER.

GEORGE SAND.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.



George Sand in 1860.
From a photograph.

I.

IN the summer of 1831 appeared "Nôtre Dame de Paris," and, within a twelvemonth, followed "Eugénie Grandet" and "Indiana." "Have you read 'Indiana'?" was the question in everybody's mouth in Paris just seventy-six years ago. Sainte-Beuve, the ripening oracle, pronounced it a wonderful record of personal impression, but a book which of its very nature could have no sister. A rash prediction! For no literary bantling that ever came into the world has ever had such a rapid succession of healthy sisters as "Indiana." Fortunately they are not all alike whether in height, breadth, length, taste or colouring. One "Indiana" was enough even for the Romantic hunger of 1832. "Quel idéal stupéfiant!" An unfortunate young woman, misunderstood by her relatives, is married to an unsympathetic savage, Captain Delmare. Her lover is a dandy egotist, one Raymon de Ramière, who understands her, if possible, less than her husband. Her affinity is discovered at length in Sir Ralph Brown, a Saint-Preux Grandison of a hero, a mixture of ice and flame, the strong man of whom all the Jane Eyres dream in their nunneries. After an orgy of Byronic melancholy, progressively grandiose and suicidal, Brown has discovered the appropriate scene for his self-immolation on the heart of virginal Nature, where a diaphanous cascade leaps through a rainbow down the solitary ravine of Bernica in the Isle of Bourbon. There he is joined in a *mort de luxe et de limelight* by the lovely and ecstatic heroine.

The second book, "Valentine," which appeared in December, 1832, is a great improvement on this; for here George Sand first showed the "bon petit pied Berrichon," the footprint of which is still so delightful to all who like a firm stamp of locality about a novel. There is something very sweet and noble too about the figure of the young heroine. But the *lionne* of '32 comes out in the confidante, a bastard daughter, and mother of a child born out of wedlock, who is also half in love with Valentine's lover—as an after-thought very characteristic of George Sand this love is proclaimed to be demi-maternal. After Valentine's

marriage, a compulsory one and the reverse of happy, this half-sister and confidante plots with the benevolent doctor to place Valentine and her filial lover upon a footing of intimacy. This may seem indecate, not to say unlawful, in the eyes of the vulgar world, as she objects to the friendly physician, but the good old man completely reassures her, and asks with a smile—*sourire malin et affectueux*—why she should care for the judgment of a world which has viewed so harshly her own harmless little irregularities. The books that follow, "Lélia," and "Jacques," deal with the same subject of ill-assorted marriages and *femmes incomprises*.

"Jacques" indeed may almost be termed a frontal attack upon the institution of marriage. It is the well-meaning but unhappy and unworthy husband in this case who puts himself to death upon a pillar of perfection, like an Indian god, to add a tint of rose to the horizon of his beautiful young wife and her gay young lover. Could the gravity of Rousseau, or of the Man of Feeling, or of N. de Maistre, or of the author of "René," have risen to such a height as this is a question that admits of no positive answer—but every one will form his own opinion.

George Sand's sincere belief at this time and she acted upon it to the letter—seems to have been that in regard to the affections and emotions, as in more material things. "Propriété, c'est le vol!" A good deal, perhaps, may be said for the idea. But marriage is something more than an idea, it is a convention—the greatest perhaps ever invented by man. And having stood the siege of many thousand years and innumerable shocks at the hands of those above or below the *via media* of life, the fact that it should have survived the affronts of the *gilets rouges* and the *culottes* of George Sand need not surprise us beyond measure.

In 1835, when "Jacques" first burst upon a world of sympathetic young persons, Paris thought otherwise, and a new era of evolution, or revolution, seemed dawning. Who is George Sand, every one was now asking, and where did "he" get that style? The journalists unravelled the secret of this amazing personality by degrees, not without difficulty—making known by



George Sand in 1840.
Engraved from a drawing by Nargot.

instalments to a delighted and astonished world that "Valentine" and "Lelia" were the work of a woman, still young, of olive complexion and sphinx-like appearance, who lived in a small apartment on the Quai St. Michel, dressed often as a man and frequented the cafés and reading-rooms of the Latin quarter. The new writer, it was seen, disdained the puerility of adventure and the triviality of minute description, but she understood men and women, and had fathomed the deepest recesses of the human heart. Her birth name was Aurore Dupin; she had been brought up in the country near Châteauroux by her grandmother, a highly respectable old lady who clung tight to the *convenances* though herself the bastard daughter of the famous Prince Maurice de Saxe, himself the bastard son of the King of Poland. She was irreproachably married off in middle life to an old gentleman of abundant resources, and it was accordingly a very great shock to her when her son, a dashing soldier of the Revolution and *aide-de-camp* to the superb Marat, married his own (and other people's) mistress, a birdseller of the Quai de la Mégisserie of extremely varied antecedents. Aurore was born a few weeks after this union (a circumstance which greatly shocked the greatest *roué* among her lovers); she took her revenge upon marriage and its proprieties later on as opportunity offered. She herself gave the institution a trial of eight years, from her eighteenth to her twenty-seventh year; but in the end it disappointed her, and she determined to give free play to her more generous instincts. She convinced herself quite genuinely that she was acting from the highest motives, and that the pantheistic deity whom she worshipped was the tutelary god of *liaisons louches*. Jules Sandeau, her literary godfather, was her first lover, and in his novel of "Marianna" (1839) he thus described her, in retrospect:

"She had been brought up in the country and now first left it, and her manners showed a strange compound of boldness and timidity. Sometimes indeed she affected a kind of petulant brusquerie, the result of a secret uneasiness, and an ardour that ran to waste. She had almost a man's familiarity of address, so that it was easy to be intimate with her: but her haughty chastity and her instinctively aristocratic air mingled with her *abandon* certain sugges-

tions, as it were, of a virgin and of a duchess, contrasting strangely with her disdain for the proprieties and her ignorance of the world. All the evidence revealed in her a richly endowed nature, stirring impatiently beneath the weight of a wealth not yet called into activity. Life—palpitating life—seemed to move among the curls of her beautiful black hair; and there burnt as it were a hidden fire beneath her delicate and transparent skin. The purity of her brow indicated that the storms of passion had not yet broken upon that noble head; but the expression of her eyes, burning, yet weak and tired, spoke of terrible interior struggles, ceaseless but unavowed."

In after days Jules came to write bitterly of the heart of George Sand as a necropolis (*cimetière* was too weak a word), not wholly without justification; but for a time they helped each other with their work and were supremely happy. George herself wrote of this ecstatic hour:

"How I wish I could impart to you this sense of the intensity and joyousness of life that I have in my veins and in my heart. To live! 'How sweet it is, and how good, in spite of annoyances, husbands, boredom, debts, relations, scandal-mongers, sufferings and irritations! To live! It is intoxicating! To love and be loved! It is happiness! It is heaven!'"

But in 1833 Alfred de Musset came along and met George Sand. He was twenty-two and had just published "Rolla." Poor old Jules was very soon a "back number"; and the happy pair were honeymooning at Venice—the scene of so many *chefs d'œuvre*—"André," "Léone Léoni" ("Manon Lescaut" reversed, written in a fortnight), "Lavinia," "Metella," "Mattea," "La Dernière Aldini," "Isidora," "Teverino," "Piccinino," "Les Maîtres Mosaïstes,"

and, above all, "Lucrezia Floriani," and the first volume of "Consuelo." Unfortunately, Alfred fell ill, and his physician was kissing George, who made an irresistible nurse, behind the screen in the sick-room. She then accepted Dr. Pagello's escort to Paris, but realised that he would cut rather a preposterous figure in the metropolis, and lost him on the platform of the terminus, or words to that effect. Pagello was the one exception to the rule established among George Sand's admirers to "kiss and tell." He survived until well over ninety, and then circumstances proved too strong for him. Thiers remains alone, unique!

The severance from Alfred proved a shock, throwing the whole machinery of the emotions out of gear. A



Photo by Nadantz.

George Sand.



From a drawing
by Callamatta

**George Sand in Male
Attire. About 1830.**



From a lithograph
by Julien.

George Sand in 1832.

cynic, Pagello *un bel homme*, de Musset, though a genius, a degenerate and a decadent. A metaphysical, philosophic, and intellectually formative love would henceforth be George's ideal. She wanted a lover to teach her to pray and to preach. She throbbled with the religion of humanity, and under its influence and that of her domesticated philosophers wrote such books as "Compagnon du Tour de France," "Spiridion," "Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre," "Le Meunier d'Angibault," "Le Pêché de M. Antoine," and "Les Lettres à Marcie." Similar exalted doctrines of human perfectibility pervade the subterranean passages of the "Château de Rudolstadt."



Photo by Jacotin-Gahery.

Alfred de Musset.

he has sedulously studied. But, personally, I do not believe in the truth of this picture. George Sand suffered under no sense of sin, but of free, open, and generous character, silent but sincere, an *improvisatrice* in life as in letters - too careless in both, but good at the root—she

took adventures as they came; and if you can pardon her first desertion of her husband (which had much to palliate it), you will probably find no great difficulty in extenuating her occasional fickleness to her lovers. People who set conventions at defiance ought to be able to stand the racket. George Sand could, and did.

The description of the three stages of loverhood *vis à vis* of George Sand, by "le petit Liszt, qui était lui-même constamment sur les genoux des princesses et des comtesses," is amusing enough and may be true. First, he says, she caught her butterfly, and tamed it

Mr. Gribble has written a very amusing book * about

the liaisons of the great novelist, full of cynicism, but full of verve, and not, perhaps, wholly incredible as an interpretation of the documents all of which

in her box by giving it grass and flowers—this was the love period.

"Then she stuck her pin into it when it struggled—this was the *congé*, and it always came from her. Afterwards she vivisected it, stuffed it, and added



Photo by Nadar.

George Sand in 1870.



From a lithograph
by Lajouss.

George Sand in 1866.

* "George Sand and her Lovers." (Nash.)

it to her collection of heroes for novels. It was this traffic in souls which had given themselves up unreservedly to her which eventually disgusted me with her friendship. . . . For all that George Sand was really very good company; and if one forgot she was a woman—a thing I rarely care to do—and if one closed one's eyes to her *maternal proclivities*—a funny term coined to express her own "disenchantment"—one could admire her, and even passionately attach oneself to her."

But I am convinced that the libertinage of George Sand's liaisons is grossly exaggerated in Mr. Gribble's clever but not convincing exposition. The mind of George Sand was essentially pure. She

had an instinctive aversion to any thought or utterance in the least degree coarse or lascivious, and her fastidiousness in such matters earned her no little ridicule among her male comrades, and especially Balzac, who called her *une bête, une chipie*. . . . The incarnation of romance in fiction, it is a notable fact that George Sand should have been so closely linked with the two greatest of the realists, Balzac and Flaubert, both of whom admired her greatly, though they read her sparingly. Balzac was able, literary egotist though he was, to analyse the difference between their two styles with uncommon penetration:

"You are always in search of man as he ought to be, or would like to be. I, on the other hand, take him on as he is. Believe me, George, we are both right. Both roads lead to one and the same destination. I do not know but what I am even fonder of exceptional beings than you are—I am one myself. They are needful to me as relief to my vulgar creations, and I never sacrifice them needlessly. But the commonplace creatures interest me more than they do you. I magnify them. I idealise in a topsy-turvy fashion their very ugliness and stupidity. I make monsters of them and add grotesque malproportions to their deformity. This would be alien to your genius altogether, and you are right in disregarding creatures and things which would give you the nightmare. Do you idealise in the charming and the beautiful—a feminine occupation; I have to teach men how to idealise in the ugly." *

After the storm and stress of 1845-50 came a period of calm in which are written those brilliant emanations of rustic fantasy which have a place apart in the literature of the epoch. In "François le Champi"



George Sand.

and "La Petite Fadette" there is, perhaps, a touch of kailyard affectation in the recital being placed in the mouth of a provincial hemp-grower. The plan of "La Mare au Diable," in which the dialogue falls from the lips of the actors themselves, is far better and contains scenes and descriptions which attain much of the unstudied simplicity and beauty of the antique. In this, in "Jeanne" with its pastoral vignettes, and in "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," or the Bagpipers of Berry, she formed a school, to the value of which Fromentin paid due homage when he inscribed to Madame Sand his beautiful quietistic story of "Dominique." La Petite Marie, Fanchon, and Madeleine in "François," with Catherine

in "Villemer," Jeanne, Edmée, and Valentine, are to me the most charming of all George Sand's heroines.

"François le Champi" is, to many, the nearest approach that George Sand ever made to the pastoral charm of "The Enchanted Pool." She has told us herself how it came to be written. One day she was sauntering in one of those blind lanes remote from the high road which she describes with such attractiveness in her second novel, "Valentine." She was surprised when thus engaged to see a horse suddenly leap over the hedge into the lane beside her; riding the horse bare-back was a boy of seven, who slipped promptly to the ground, left the animal to graze by the wayside, and turned to climb back over the hedge—no easy task for a child so small. Like François in the story, the boy knew neither his name, his age, his parents, nor his home. Ashamed always to answer "No," when asked his age he replied "Deux ans." All he knew was how to stick on to the back of an unbroken colt, like a bird to a branch shaken by the storm. The idyll that follows is a pendant to that of Fanchon, and the way in which the waif makes himself indispensable, the tale of his services to Madeleine, and of how from regarding her as mistress he gradually comes to love her, and to dare to hope that she will love him, is told with an almost infallible art.*

* It is worth noticing, though, that D'Haussonville has compared the treatment of this motive with that in Thackeray's "Esmond," not by any means to the advantage of George Sand, whose taste in details is sometimes erratic. It is to be hoped that Mr. Daniel O'Connor will add "François le Champi" to the charming series of "Classiques Français Illustrés" which he is editing for Messrs. Bell.

* Ferry, "Balzac et ses Amis."

The last books, those that follow these incomparable eclogues, are, in some respects, the most human of all. They are the product of the last twenty years of her life (1856-76), that of the brave, magnanimous, laborious later self, the loved, trusted, and revered friend of Flaubert, Turgenev, Daudet, Zola, the great artists of France without exception, and of most of the noblest minds in Europe. In these last books, beginning with "Jean de la Roche," "Le Marquis de Villemer," "Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré," "Valvèdre," "Tamaris," "Antonia," "La Ville Noire," "Laura," and ending with "Flamarande" and the "Histoire de ma Vie," she treats the whole world as her child, and tells it stories—excellent stories, too, most of them, and written in a style and with a charm of colouring and accent of which she alone had the secret. Her habits at Nohant, the studious and recluse, have been minutely described. She joined the family at 1.30 as they were taking coffee after lunch. Then she gardened, walked, or botanised for an hour or two, wrote letters from 4.30 to 6 p.m., then dined with family and guests, and spent the evening with music or Sir Walter Scott. The novels were all written between midnight and six in the morning. Her secretary thus describes her practice as the first romance-writer of her time:

"Madame Sand wrote her novels on ordinary note-paper. I used to prepare her a number of little copy books, consisting of twenty sheets sewn together. Her object was to write exactly the same number of lines on each sheet. This was necessary in order to calculate the number of letters contained in each work. Her novels were, in fact, sold before they were written, on the basis of so much for so many letters: and she had to adhere to the stipulated length, neither exceeding nor surpassing it.

"As soon as one novel was finished she began another, without pause or interruption. Simply making a few notes of the names of the principal personages, their respective characters, and the scene in which the story was to be laid, she then set to work without further delay.

"No outline of the plot was ever written out. Had she any fixed plan, even of the vaguest description, in her head? All that I can say for certain is that, except when she was at work, she never seemed to be pre-occupied with her subject, and never talked about her books while she was engaged upon them.

"She, who was often so embarrassed in her speech, wrote with incredible

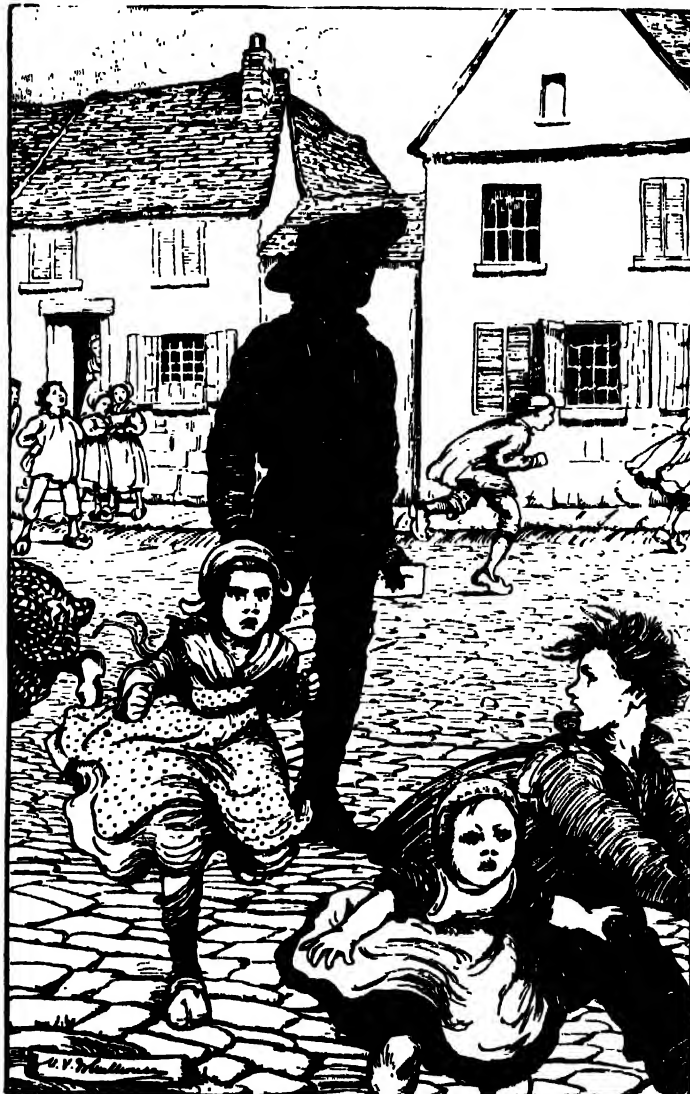
facility, and was never at a loss for a word. As each copy-book was finished, she handed it over to me, and I made a copy of it, which was sold in Belgium in the days when literary piracy was still allowed there. It often happened that Madame Sand got appreciably ahead of me, and when I expressed my astonishment at this, she replied, 'What! You don't understand my going faster than you? The explanation is very simple. When you have copied a sentence, you have to read the next one before you can write it out. This stops you for a moment, and these repeated stoppages necessarily leave you behind me, seeing that I write straight ahead without ever losing a second'."

When a novel was finished, George Sand used to gather her manuscript together, without correcting, and leave it at the bottom of a drawer for a fortnight. Then she took it out again and read it over as if it were the work of another hand. She "cut" it a little, and erased or altered expressions that did not please her; but she never made any changes of any importance.

In these days at Nohant, to the very last, she was happy, healthy, busy, and amused. She had attained to a stage of life not inactive but passionless and serene, and she lived much in the public view, a model of regular living and a good conscience, until she finally took to her bed in May, 1876, and died on June 8, at a good age and in the full odour of sanctity.

II.

It may be true, nay, it is almost certain that it is true,



"Les enfants se sauvaient de son passage en criant: 'Le diable! le diable!'"

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as Mr. Henry James alleges, that the novels of George Sand will not bear re-reading. One or two exceptions there may be, no doubt—"Léone Léoni," "André," "La Mare au Diable," all of these are short and have something particularly endearing in their singleness of aim and tender radiance of style; parts, too, of "Jeanne," "François le Champi," "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," "Le Marquis de Villemer," and even of "Consuelo," retain much of their former potency to enthral and to ravish us. But many of the romances most enthusiastically welcomed and praised *dans le temps* have no longer the power to fix the attention and hold it fascinated and entranced as a first-rate modern novel may do now and again. The stories, as we skim them, exhale the pathos of half-forgotten dance-music. We can dimly recognise the



"Il joua très-doux un air qui, sans être chagrinant, donnait à l'esprit souvenir ou attente de toutes sortes de choses."

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melodies that set heart and feet moving in the long ago, but there is barely a faint echo of the old response. These stories are so full of the very life and hope of 'twas sixty years since; we feel them palpitating with the warm healthy young existence that made them. But they can no longer penetrate the diffuse envelope in which they are so densely enswathed. The legend of George Sand may increase and may go on growing, but her true voice is getting dimmer and dimmer behind the redoubt of her hundred romances. And as the voice fades we see the imperceptible, inevitable shade which creeps like the hand of a clock and weaves the first veil of mist over the rapture, the sadness, the exaltation, the tenderness, and the ecstasy of a whole generation. What remains to us from George Sand is not a portrait-gallery of characters, not a climax of situation or circumstance, but a warm vernal breath of sentiment and a few exquisite isolated scenes such as the village fête in "Valentine," the *filles aux oiseaux* in "Teverino," the description of the French Doones and their lair in "Mauprat," the midnight fire in the oak-wood of "La Mare au Diable," Jeanne with her vaches in the prairie at Boussac or in the *tourelle* with Claudie, André's introduction to the grisettes, and the temporary interruption of their babble compared to that of startled finches in the grove, a simile worthy of Virgil.

She has left us hardly a single one of those deeply marked personalities, common property of Shakespeare, Molière, Scott, and Balzac, not to speak of Dickens and Thackeray, who fix themselves in our memory better than historical personages, and whose very names provoke a train of vivid reminiscence and reflection. Her personages are created not from close observation, but are created out of sentiment and are intended to represent sentiment.

Her style is not more realistic than her matter. It is lacking in the curiosity or the piquancy of a modern prose. In essentials it is classical, rocked in the lap of eighteenth-century tradition, as mellifluous and rotund as Rousseau at his best, of the time of Goldsmith. Her best writing wells up from a fountain ontiguous to that of the fondest sentimentalists of that expansive period. Do not ask her what she thinks: thought presumes reflection, and she does not reflect. Her function—and it is great enough—is to express with an ideal resonance and charm a feeling for natural beauty and images of youthful or heroic passion. These qualities are of the very essence of that romance of which she was the living embodiment.

In the later days of her artistic life George Sand and Octave Feuillet stood almost alone in their support of that good rubric of romance amid a rising tide of realists. Sandeau, Souvestre, About, Bernard, Murger, the creators of *L'Ami Fritz*, a whole tribe of understudies had come and gone. The tradition was handed on in a sense, already modified as it was by the reaction of the Flaubert school and still more to be modified as time went on by the impact of Zola, to Cherbuliez and Theuriet, and, perhaps we may add, to Bazin and Pouvillon. "Le Secret du Précepteur" is worthy of comparison with George Sand's work of her most accomplished period, that namely of "Jean de la Roche" and "Le Marquis de Villemer"; and a good number of Theuriet's countless romances such as "Sauvageonne," "Reine des Bois," "Mlle. Roch," "Hélène"—which I shall persist in admiring notwithstanding the sneers of Mirbeau and of the united Académie Goncourt at Theuriet's *botanisme académique*—have an even more intimate resemblance to the sylvan idealism of "The Bagpipers of Berry" (*Maîtres Sonneurs*). In England fractions only of the peculiar excellences of George Sand are to be found scattered very widely, but most abundantly, perhaps, among the romances of the George MacDonald, William Black, and R. D. Blackmore school. Mr. Walter Raymond, Eden Phillpotts, and Halliwell Sutcliffe are the best representatives of this studio that occur to me at the present moment. Trollope, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Oliphant have approached George Sand in fertility* and in their relentless mastery of what has been termed the *jeu continu*; but as regards real artistic control of the *style coulant* they are not to be spoken of in the same breath or the same hemisphere; nor in reality can any one of them be said to have approached her in world-wide fame any more than in

* George has also been termed the *vache à écrire* who produced à *jet continu*.

the gift of idealty. It is to be remembered that the best of George Sand's works were translated into all languages, and that their international popularity has been rivalled among English-speaking novelists of the last century (apart from a single novel here and there, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "East Lynne") only by Scott and Dickens.

Something under a score of the Sand novels satisfy all my requirements at present. I have read "La Petite Fadette," but I cannot discover a copy on my shelves, and I no longer covet a copy, as I should once indubitably have done. The desire to re-acquaint oneself with these admitted *chefs-d'œuvre* of George's does not assume an intense form. And yet, as I have discovered by careful inquiry, the circulation of her novels is still immense. Their ubiquity, whether in salmon or apple-green, on every second-hand bookstall, at the standardised price of sixpence sterling, helps to attest it. They have been read and re-read too, coffee-stained, and dogs-eared. They may not be books that one clings to, or for which one is prepared to make a sacrifice, to read twice. But they are the books to make their author's fame lasting. For anodyne purposes they are almost without a rival. There are certain states of the affections for which a novel of George Sand's may be regarded as almost a specific. In cases of green love-melancholy I could not imagine anything better to prescribe than "Valentine," "Léone Léoni," "Jacques," or "Jeanne." For a bad attack of hopeless, unequal, or ambitious passion-fever such novels as "André," "Mauprat," "Villemer," "Antonia," can be counted on for a soothing and sedative effect. George Sand had an experience almost without rival in the whole matter of symptoms, phases, and treatment—she knew better than to make fun of young love—as well decry poetry and romance at once; but she could extend a cool and healing hand to the fevered patient and cure him by a sympathy with the peculiarities of his individual case which seemed almost like divination. And how infallibly they entertain, these rapid improvisations of hers! The wit and humour are easy, and so in the last analysis is the characterisation and the construction. But the sequence is easy too, in a better sense; the conversation flows with all the spontaneous and natural charm of a brook, the dialogue rises at times to the highest pitch of excellence, the description is wholly admirable. In everything but the ironic sense the device or motto of George Sand's artistry seems to be *Sancta simplicitas*.

She seemed to know instinctively how to secure and hold the imagination of her own generation. She has not been able to retain it fully, partly owing to the sophistication of her own native creations by the attempted exposition of the philosophy of the man with whom she happened to be living or the hero whom she happened to be studying (a circumstance which led a malicious wit to remark, "Chez Mme. Sand, le style—c'est l'homme"). Of the qualities that contribute most to immortalise literary genius she possessed only two perhaps in the fullest measure—namely, style and

personality (temperament, legend), to which may possibly be added, but in a less degree, sense of the beautiful—the power to *idéaler dans le beau*. But these will suffice. Her reputation has, perhaps, already suffered the worst at the hands of reaction. People will no longer read her hundred romances; but they will continue to read books about George Sand and her lovers, George Sand and her correspondents, George Sand and her friends. They will read copious criticisms and excerpts and abstracts of her best fiction. They will make interminable pilgrimages to Nohant, and will come to treat George Sand, even in their innermost thoughts, as one of their select circle of acquaintance. Literature is not immortal, though we are pleased sometimes to speak of it as if it were. Nor is it by any means always the best that survives in letters any more than in politics, religion, language, or human character. But we can at least say that "La Mare au Diable" and the first volume of "Consuelo" are of the stamp that the world will not be allowed very easily to forget. And as to George Sand herself, the first of all the women writers of her generation (as she was regarded by all the best judges), it is my opinion even now that, with all her faults, her fame will outlive that of every Sevigné, Staël, Austen, Brontë, and George Eliot of them all.



"Et vous, Joseph Picot, . . . vous êtes reçu maître sonneur de première classe, sans exception d'une seule voix."

(Reproduced from "Les Maitres Sonneurs," by kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six happiest dedications in English literature during the last fifty years.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best short story from any biography of the last ten years.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best quotation has been gained by M. R. C. FINNEY, 22, Park Road, Wath-on-Deerne, near Rotherham.

MR. NOYES'S CRITICISM OF COLERIDGE.

"Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

Other quotations submitted were :

THE MAN IN THE MOON. BY W. NATHAN STEDMAN.

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."—COWPER.

(E. NEWTON, 3 St. John's Terrace, King's Lynn.)

LOVE WHILE YE MAY. BY H. SWALLOW.

"My eager hopes were on the wing
Like Swallow's."—MONTGOMERY.

(B. MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

JERUSALEM. BY W. BESANT AND E. H. PALMER.

"Oh Palmer, grey Palmer, now tell unto me
What news bring ye home from the Holy Countrie?"
SIR W. SCOTT.

EDRAGIL, 1745. BY L. M. WATT.

"Phœbus! What a name!"

BYRON.

(J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six best quotations illustrating Tennyson's observation of bird-life has been gained by W. H. PARKER, 60, Wood Street, Woolwich.

I

"From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy.
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud as tho' he were the bird of day."
The Gardener's Daughter.

II.

"Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,
About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays.
Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker,
The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze,
While round her brows a woodland culver flits,
Watching her large light eyes and gracious looks.
And in her open palm a halcyon sits
Patient—the secret splendour of the brooks."
The Progress of Spring.

III.

"The building rook'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave."
New Year's Eve.

IV.

"Look, look how he flits,
The fire-crowned king of the wrens, from out of the pine!
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits!
'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' was ever a May so fine?"
The Window.

V.

"When rosy plumelets tuit the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March."
In Memoriam.

VI.

"The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,
The startling claps his tiny castanets.
Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove,
And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew."
The Progress of Spring.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best list of twenty Bedside Books has been gained by Mr. D. M. J. James, Deveron Road, Huntly, N.B.

TWENTY BEDSIDE BOOKS.

1. Bible.
2. "Imitation of Christ."
3. "Religio Medici."
4. "Shakespeare."
5. "Bacon's Essays."
6. "Montaigne's Essays."
7. "Essays of Elia."
8. *Spectator*.
9. Irving's "Sketch Book."
10. "Autocrat of Breakfast Table."
11. Boswell's "Johnson."
12. Lockhart's "Scott."
13. "Chaucer."
14. "Earthly Paradise."
15. "Golden Treasury."
16. "Pepys' Diary."
17. "Cowper's Letters."
18. "Don Quixote."
19. "Pickwick."
20. "Book of English Prose" (Henley and Whibley).

IV.—THE PRIZE of a Year's Subscription to THE BOOKMAN has been awarded to Rev. R. F. Cobbold, Beachampton Rectory, Stony Stratford, and Rev. F. HERN, Rowbank Castle, Hants.

ALBUM VERSES ATTRIBUTED TO LORD BYRON.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

IN 1829 John Murray, who was Byron's publisher, issued a volume entitled "The Casket, a Miscellany, consisting of unpublished poems." It is a well-printed octavo of some four hundred and seventy pages. There is a long list of subscribers, including members of the royal family, many of the nobility, and various persons of literary and social distinction. The contributors include James Montgomery, W. M. Praed, George Crabbe, Bernard Barton, the Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Haynes Bayly, L. E. L., Theodore Hook, William Wordsworth, Blanco White, Francis Wrangham, R. C. Trench, and other names, now or then well known. There are several poems by authors who were already dead when the volume appeared. To this class belongs a piece which the editor attributes to Lord Byron. It reads as follows :

Verses written in Compliance with a Lady's Request to Contribute to her Album.

They say that Love had once a book,
(The urchin loves to copy you,)
Where all who came a pencil took,
And wrote, perhaps, a word or two.

'Twas Innocence, that maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And watch'd that no unhallow'd line
Should ever find admittance there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device of loving lore,
Till every line she wrote was still
More bright than that she wrote before.

Beneath the touch of Hope how soft,
How swift the magic pencil ran,
Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,
And, trembling, close what Hope began.

A fear or two had dropped from Grief,
And Jealousy would now and then
Ruffle in haste a snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But oh ! there was a blooming boy
Who sometimes turned the pages o'er
And wrote therein such lines of joy,
That all who read them wish'd for more.

And Pleasure was the spirit's name ;
And tho' so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book.

For well she knew his rosy fingers
Were filled with sweet and wanton joys,
And well she knew the strain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys.

And so it happ'd—one luckless night
He let his honey'd goblet fall
O'er the poor book, so fair and white,
And sullied lines, and marge, and all.

In vain he strove, with eager lips,
The honey from the book to drink,
But oh ! the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink.

Oh ! it would make you weep to see
The progress of the honey's flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud.

And Fancy's emblems lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd.
And Love himself now scarcely knew
The lines that he had lately trac'd.

The index now alone remains
Of all the pages spoilt by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey strains,
Yet Memory counts this leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er ;
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Recalls those scenes, alas ! no more,
And brings back lines which long had faded.

I know not if the tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated,
And I refer the truth to you,
For *Love* and *you* are near related.

"The Casket" was published at a guinea, and "Mr. Murray is requested to accept the thanks of the Editor for the liberality of the terms on which he has engaged to publish 'The Casket.'"

The poem is not included in the excellent edition of Byron's writings recently issued by Mr. Murray, nor does the editor of the Poems, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, make any allusion to it.

In a laudatory notice which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* it is stated that the editor was Mrs. Blencowe, and that the volume was issued for the benefit of some unnamed person who had been reduced from affluence. In Holland and Everett's "Memoirs of James Montgomery" (iv. 246) we are told that it "was published by the Rev. Francis Hodgson for the benefit of a clerical brother." Montgomery's contribution was his poem entitled "The Tombs of the Fathers." That Hodgson was responsible is confirmed by the memoir written by his son. The second volume (p. 167) contains the replies of Samuel Rogers and James Montgomery to his appeal. From these letters it seems that "The Casket" was in course of preparation at the end of 1827, though it was not issued until the middle of 1829. It is not at all likely that so faithful a friend as Francis Hodgson would include these verses unless he had satisfied himself that they were really from Byron's pen.

Although the verses do not reach Byron's high level, they have, I think, the graceful fancy and easy flow that marks the "unconsidered trifles" of his occasional verse.

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

A PROTOTYPE OF SAM WELLER.

I MUST defer the notice of any recent purchases at Tunbridge Wells in order to find room for a note from *John Bull*. My copy of *John Bull*, by the way, bears the bookplate of the Rev. James J. Holroyd, M.A., White Hall, Colchester, of whom I should be glad to have some information. At the end of the seventh volume of *John Bull*, December 24, 1827, at the time when the paper had risen to its highest popularity, there was printed an article which I append. It was so much appreciated that Hook inserted it in the following number, saying: "In consequence of the great demand for the paper which contained the following article, we have been induced to reinsert it in this day's edition." My suggestion is that Dickens read it and to a certain extent followed it in his characters Tony and Sam Weller. From May, 1827, to November, 1828, Dickens was clerk in the office of Mr. Edward Blackmore, attorney, of Gray's Inn. He was supplementing his scanty education by reading at the British Museum, and he was studying shorthand. He began by reporting in the Doctors' Commons and other courts. His first article was published in the *Monthly Magazine* for December, 1833, and in 1836 he commenced "The Pickwick Papers." As is well known to students, Dickens was remarkably accurate, and even his most exaggerated sketches have a foundation in real life. Thus I have shown that the extract from a novel which poor Kate Nickleby read to Mrs. Witterly is taken almost verbatim from a Minerva Press tale. With these explanations I leave the sketch to my readers. Very likely it has been noticed before, but I have never seen a reference.

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

Tuesday last, FREDERICK ROBINSON was brought before the sitting Magistrates at Bow Street, to answer to a charge of quitting his master's service without giving him due warning.

It appeared in evidence, that ROBINSON had some months ago engaged himself to drive the SOVEREIGN stage-coach, but finding himself unable to manage the horses, and being also apprehensive of the issue of several complaints lodged against him at the next quarter sessions, for careless and unskilful driving—he, the said ROBINSON did, last Thursday se'nnight, just as the SOVEREIGN was to leave London, quit the service of his master, and set off to some relations he has in Bedfordshire; since which time, every effort had been made to get him back to his work without success.

The following examination will best explain the nature of the case:—

Magistrate—Well, ROBINSON, what have you to say to all this?

Robinson—Please your Worship, I'll tell you the whole truth—I took the place because I likes to be doing, and thought I could do very well; but never having been used afore to work with *leaders*, vy the

osses got the better o' me, and so I thought it best to be off, before any serious damage happened.

Magistrate—Have you been long in your master's service?

Robinson—Yes, Sir, many years; and in his Honour's father's sarvice too.

Magistrate—And did you never try to drive before?

Robinson—No, your Worship. I vas first of all book-keeper, and then I had to pay the men *in the yard*, and look after the *corn bills*, and all that—and afterwards master set me up in the *Checquers*, and a prosperous time I had on't there.

Magistrate—And then you tried to better yourself?

Robinson—Ye; Sur, that was he; I thought driving would be good for my health, of which I am particularly careful at all times.

Magistrate—Pray now, ROBINSON, speaking of health, didn't your dispute with your master arise about some allowance of spirits in bad weather?

Robinson—Why, I believe I *did* say, your Worship, that I thought he ought to make me an allowance of *Hollands*.

Magistrate—I thought you said you were careful of your health, and I am sure that would do you no good—was that all you haggled about?

Robinson—I can't say as how it was, your Worship—we don't, somehow, live comfortable in the yard, and I'm all for a quiet life; and I know'd about Christmas time, the coach would be loaded with *turkey* baskets, and I didn't like such a cargo; and so I said to Sly-boots—

Magistrate—Who is Sly-boots?

Robinson—His name is GEORGE, only we calls him Sly-boots, for shortness.

Magistrate—What other name has he?

Robinson—TIERNEY, your Worship; and he and one PETTY, which is a new sarvant, is always a quarrelling, and if TIERNEY speaks sharp to PETTY, saving your Worship's presence, he swears he'll take the *broom* to him; and it's not pleasant, by no means, living in that ere state of fantigue.

Magistrate—Has PETTY been long in the yard?

Robinson—Master hired him to stay at home and take care of the office when I took to driving—he has been in sarvice afore, but they don't trust him to drive now, because when he did drive, he *ris* all the fares nearly double what they vas ven he first come to us.

Magistrate—Are you aware that your master has been put to considerable inconvenience by your absenting yourself?

Robinson—I'm sure I'm wery sorry to illconvenience any gemman, your Worship, but its better for me to go afore any wery bad accident happens.

Magistrate—Well, don't cry, ROBINSON.

Robinson—I can't help it, Sir—I did recommend him a steady chap to take my place, and master sent for him, and offered to set him up in the *Star and Garter*,

as well as let him drive, but he would not *handle the ribbands*, and so it all blowed over.

Magistrate—Why did you recommend that person without knowing whether he would take the place?

Robinson—I knew he had always been an uncommon good *Rider*, your Worship, so I thought he might like to drive; but truth is, the team master has got don't draw well together, and so I told him.

Magistrate.—Don't you think, ROBINSON, you had better go back to your place?

Robinson.—Just as your Worship pleases—one of my fellow-servants did go back after quitting.

Magistrate—Who is he?

Robinson—Old NICK, please your Worship—what drives the *Bexley Van*

Magistrate—Do you know BEN TINCK?

Robinson—I do Sir—a Dutch lad—he be now in sarvice abroad.

Magistrate.—Dye' think he would do for coachman?

Robinson—He may, your Worship, for all I know—some of his family did drive once, but whether it were his father or his mother, I can't rightly recollect.

Magistrate—That is, you don't recollect whether it was a mail coachwoman or a female coachman?

Robinson—He, he, he—he, he.

Magistrate—Do you know WARD?

Robinson—Which WARD, your Worship?

Magistrate—JACK WARD.

Robinson—Oh, the Dudley boy? Yes, your Worship, and a sharp clever lad he be.

Magistrate.—Would he do to drive?

Robinson—I rather thinks as how he wouldn't, your Worship—he did belong to the Opposition, but when that concern failed, he comed over to the Crown, to master. I believe he has given warning, your Worship. His father has left him a lump of money, and he don't

understand *out of doors work* much, and I believe he is a going as fast as he can.

Magistrate—Well now, ROBINSON, I have been consulting with SIR RICHARD here; we don't wish to be hard upon you; will you go back to your place till your master is suited?

Robinson—I've no objection whatsumever, provided always, your Worship, that I am let to go before the sessions, which begins the 22d of next month.

Magistrate—Why, you are not afraid or ashamed of anything you have done, ROBINSON?

Robinson—Both, and please your worship—I never meant wrong; but things have all gone wrong, and the sooner I get to *rest*, the better pleased I shall be.

Magistrate—But, if your master should not get a servant he can trust?

Robinson—Why then, Sir, master must get a coach as will go by steam: it would be the making of Squire LAMBTON, your Worship—and as for hot water, the Opposition will keep 'um in that.

Magistrate—ROBINSON, you are a wag.

Robinson—Your Worship is the first gemman as ever was pleased to say so.

Magistrate—Well, will you go back for the present?

Robinson—Why, Sir, it's of no use, for I can't neither drive nor *lead* without fear of accident; but if you pleases to speak to master, I have no objection to stay over Christmas with him; but I won't go and be badgered up at the Sessions.

Magistrate.—Go your way then, ROBINSON, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Robinson—Good morning, your Worship, and thank you.

ROBINSON left the office; and we believe has arranged to remain in his present place for a few days, until his master is suited.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

BOOKBUYING ON THE QUAYS.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

BOOKBUYING in Paris has the sweetest setting in the world. I mean real bookbuying—not the businesslike entry into a glass-fronted shop where you ask for an author, pay down three francs fifty, and have him instantly handed you, in clean yellow paper covers, uncut, *integer vilæ*, characterless as a parcel of grocery. I mean the more human, intimate bookbuying, buying that is scarcely buying at all; turning over book after book, talking as it were for a moment with veteran after veteran, browned, scarred, and mellowed by travail with the world. I mean the bookbuying of lingering moments, of half hopes, of expectations born and broken, until at last you meet the companion of your choice, the new fellow-occupant of your library, a

tattered Gautier, an old green Balzac, or some leather-cheeked ancient, and go off with him—does not “under your arm” delightfully express the pretty relationship of cherishment and trust in which the two of you are placed? That is real bookbuying, and in Paris it is not carried on in side streets, but along the most beautiful thoroughfare of the town, the Seine itself.

All along the parapet, above the river, from the Quai d'Orsay to the Quai de Tournelle, are fixed the small square boxes, owned by old men and old women, who rent each their little strip of stonework from the citizens of Paris. There are not even stalls to give the affair a false appearance of business. The boxes are simply fastened upon the river wall. And all through the

afternoons men in corduroys and sandals, men with black slouch hats and the big pipes and dark clothes of learning, clean-shaven priests, and men of letters, who have long passed from garret to drawing-room, with top-hats and velvet collars to their coats, wander from quay to quay, dodging the streams of traffic at the bridges, moving along the pavement crabwise, always facing the river, moving on from box to box, memory to memory, thought to thought, as they pick up first one and then another, or read the titles of the books.

This bookbuying is in no way cabined off from life. It is in the midst of it, close to an artery. You look from a page or a print up or down the river, and catch the reflections in the water, or see a barge moving slowly and heavily up-stream after an impatient tug, like a well-meaning wife after a too-intelligent husband. Perhaps there will be a few pots of flowers on the barge, a few shrubs, and a white awning behind the deck-cabin, shading the bargee and his family as they drink their wine at lunch. Close below you on the wharves there are women stuffing mattresses, and fishermen sitting, with legs crossed, chin on breast, and bamboo rod steady over the stream. Across the river there is the Louvre; and behind you the round towers of the Conciergerie where Marie Antoinette waited for her death. Or perhaps you are farther along, and look up from the books on the Quai St. Michel to the great mass of Notre Dame, facing squarely down the river, with the sunlight chiselling out its mediæval wealth of detail. You can see the gargoyle devils and bright-bloused tourists leaning out together over Paris, high above the houses. The other day I looked aside from a little red leather La Fontaine to some scaffolding in midstream where they are laying foundations or sinking for a tunnel. A flat punt was fastened to the scaffolding and in it a diver cased in rubber was standing like a helpless giant while some one screwed up the front of his shining basilisk head. He gave a few last directions with his fingers, and disappeared down a ladder over the side, the river closing above his helmet. I had to wait before looking again at the Fables, to see bucket after bucket of cement go down to him on the bottom of the river out of sight, and come up empty to be filled, until at last the water was broken over his copper poll as he climbed up and twisted heavily into the boat again, half monstrous man, half fish. And always there are the noises of the river, the hoots of the little steamers, the dip of oars, the splash of water against the rudders of the barges. And always too there are backgrounds magically composed, with the arched bridges, the distant buildings, the broad vistas of the river, and the wide delicate skies. A livelier, sweeter setting could not be imagined for that long

thread of learning, the single rank of boxes on the parapets, the gnarled old men with their pipes, the old women with their knitting, who sit on stools and take the money. And as for the money, it is difficult to regard it as payment for the books. It is rather a courteous tip, a *pour-boire*, a libation to the mild old deities of learning whose priests and priestesses are these French grandfathers and grandams, smoking and knitting through the afternoons, and watching with shrewd, careful eyes the moving devotees.

We are always told, by those who are jealous of our youth, that there are no bargains now like those of yesterday. It is a lie. We are not hucksters, to buy books for nothing and sell them for a lot. But it is still possible to buy for a few sous books whose value cannot be estimated in rubies or pieces of gold. These are the true bargains. You may go East with Gautier for a franc, be wise and merry with Rabelais for the same, and, for six miserable little copper coins, put pistol and sword in belt and spend an evening of gallant adventure with Dumas for comrade in arms. For much less than the price of a dinner you may take Bossuet, Boileau, or Fenelon, if you want gravity, and Brantôme or Margaret of Navarre if you are tired of it. Or, if you want to decorate your shelves, you may pick up for almost nothing one of those old books from the Italian presses, a book that you will never read, but whose vellum back, with its title inked by a hand several centuries ago folded over the breast of a corpse, will give you an unearned dignity during that last pipe at night that you smoke, not reading but looking at your books.

There are English books in the boxes, and mostly bad ones - an index to the taste of tourists who shed them and pass on. There are the ordinary cheap children's books, a few lesson books from the schools, silly novels privily disposed of by young needy ladies from the pensionnâts, and some of those classics that are fast turning into lumber. Still, I bought Mr. Yeats's "Shadowy Waters" for twopence-halfpenny close to the Pont Neuf, and my copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" came from under the very shadow of the Conciergerie.

Lastly, you may meet one of the works of Xavier Marmier. He was not a great man, but a gentleman and a true bookbuyer. When he died he left money for a dinner to all the booksellers of the quays, in memory of his hours before their boxes, as pretty a courtesy as I can bring to mind. Wherefore, if you see a Marmier in the boxes, look along the quays and think of him a moment, and then buy it, man, buy it, if it costs you the last franc at the bottom of your purse.

New Books.

AN APOLOGY FOR POSITIVISM.*

It would be impossible for Mr. Harrison to write a dull book. And this volume offers brilliant pages, well reasoned, incisive, to the purpose. Yet, on the whole, we desiderate something which is lacking to their charm, such as we find in the author's literary expositions, in his "Ruskin" and studies of eminent men. The idea was to furnish philosophical grounds which might justify Mr. Harrison's "Creed of a Layman," given to the world last April. But when he attempts the pure abstract style, this wielder of prose becomes a little less than himself as a critic, general observer, and ripe student. Much philosophy, in the great old sense, he does not pretend to have, or, it may be said, any at all; for he is merely negative, without even the critical apparatus by which Kant exhausts the mind of its contents, leaving it a void inane. If we go to Mr. Harrison for "positive" (*i.e.* real) affirmations about the nature of things, their origin, meaning, or permanent value, we shall come back empty. On all these questions, with which philosophy has been concerned from Pythagoras to the last Gifford lecturer, he utters the same monotonous word, "Ignoramus et ignorabimus"—we know nothing, and shall never learn a syllable more. Common sense, according to Mr. Harrison, is agnostic as regards the Supreme Reality, everlasting life, creation, and absolute ethics. It just takes a sponge, blots out every transcendental creed that it sees on the tablets of history; and where we used to read "God" it writes "man." That is all its wisdom. Yet, by an unfortunate and curiously French perversion of language, this particular sceptic is eager to keep the names after the things they denoted are gone. And so, to our bewilderment, religion, the soul, immortality, worship, and almost all their company haunt us like shadows from the grave where theology lies buried. Such is the paradox of Positivism. Mr. Harrison satirised that sublime Unknowable preached by Herbert Spencer as "the ghost of religion." Well, here comes a troop of ghosts, led by the magic of Auguste Comte's piping, in a sort of Catholic *danse des morts*. We wish they would go back to their family vault.

French, Catholic, reminiscent of the medieval Church, - this reaction, so far as it teaches or builds up, bears an odd likeness to the movement called Tractarian. It marches along a Via Media between historic religion and modern secularism. In one sentence it speaks with an accent devout enough to persuade the very elect. In another, closely following, it echoes David Hume and puts Mr. Huxley on the shoulder. Its benevolence is unbounded; but the estate which it would fain administer is, on its own showing, bankrupt. Our frank philosopher allows that man ought not really to be worshipped as a god. The high range of vision and motive is, in fact, forsaken. When we discount Mr. Harrison's eloquence, and reckon what we have lost, the remainder is pathetically small. Man, left to his lonely world, achieving therein with infinite toil a few things that have no meaning except for him as he passes away, is he not pitiable? The cynical scorn of "Candidé" fits him better than the sentimentality, which cannot hide the sadness of a rose-coloured "meliorism," always addressing an audience which the deep in not many minutes will swallow down. If we must be agnostics, let us not be dupes. Is man alone conscious and a moral being in the universe—man the mortal, whose day flickers in the sunshine, to vanish and be seen no more? Then, "seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse."

No, you cannot have a religion without God, however

strangely disguised. For even the Buddhist deifies his Nirvana and makes of it a heaven. On this side Mr. Harrison's fervid appeals ring hollow. "Humanity" will never be anything but an abstract noun. Nevertheless, man requires and demands a religion, not one in which he may worship himself, but one that will stay him on the Everlasting who can hear and answer his prayer. When the ingenious observer is offered "science" for a comfort in trouble, he replies that science will not help him at all. These pages, trenchant as they are true, make short work of the pretension, now so widespread, on the part of physical experimentalists, to judge high matters which they have never looked into, and concerning which they are simply incompetent. Mr. Harrison, to the great scandal of his friend the late Professor Huxley, was at one with Christians in denouncing the claims thus arrogantly put forward. He is never weary of telling Atheists that their system cannot be accepted, and is only a stupid form of hypothesis, the worst among possible explanations of the universe. To Materialism and all its futile word-spinning, by which thought is got from phosphorus and affection from electricity, he opposes common sense, which is here abundantly justified. He rallies Mr. Spencer on his (*re*), or algebra raised to the infinite, masquerading as Our Father in Heaven. With entire conviction he declares that for all purposes of life, ethics, or religion, the Unknowable is equal to zero; and then the Synthetic Philosophy becomes—what? A combination of molecular motions, predestined and mechanical, in which there is no room for sympathy, admiration, moral choice, or heroic effort. Its very creator, as we know, detested the work of his brain; with a bitter cry like Esau, Mr. Spencer confessed that the old superstition was far more attractive and would always be returning in some plausible shape. Altars will never be set up, observes his critic maliciously, to the Unknowable God. This mighty enterprise which was to co-ordinate thought with action and Nature with Humanity has failed. Its ruins cumber the ground. For it explains nothing, despite its evolutions, cohesions, and homogeneities. It breaks down before the problem of Man.

Still more surprising is the zeal with which Mr. Harrison attacks and overthrows the Agnostic. Surely he told us that he was one himself. He has written it in plain characters, and repeatedly. But now he will not have so mere a negation at any price. It is unable to bear the weight of the world. Agnosticism "has no future," and "no *locus standi* by itself"; as Charles Darwin said, "it affords no permanent consolation to the mind", it "is continually melting away under the stress of powerful sympathies." By all means: I quite agree. But why, if this be so, not allow it to melt altogether? And why elsewhere advertise one's adhesion to nineteen out of twenty among the Huxleyan formulas, which multitudes have translated into base Materialism? Was Mr. Facing-both-ways a philosopher?

These are the embarrassments of a Via Media. Mr. Harrison, by temper a Christian, nay, even a Catholic, has not the courage to walk through his logical puzzles and solve them by an act of faith. He knows well that all things must have a transcendental or everlasting value, and that a good will is absolutely good. On these bases Nature becomes a symbol of realities greater than itself, Humanity is seen to be God's image, and Life has significance without end. The ideas of the New Testament survive in our author's conscience when the creed has been shattered. He is living on his Christian heritage while he disowns the title-deeds by which he came into it. Hence the wavering attitude, the incoherencies of language, the amiable inconsistency, the sentiment that

* "The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan, 1907.)

shudders at brutal "science," and the "science" that is invoked to pull down theology. What, after all, does human nature reasonably demand? If it cannot be Agnostic or Materialist in the long run, will it not be Christian? All the good things in Mr. Harrison's pages seem to answer, Yes.

WILLIAM BARRY.

A BIANTHOLOGY.*

We have lately had a book of living humorists, and now Mr. Jerrold presents us with a collection of specimens from living English poets. We are glad to notice these signs of a reaction against death. Mr. Jerrold very properly bids us recognise our singers and do justice to them while they are yet with us. "A little girl of eight," he continues, "bringing her father a letter, asked with the inquisitiveness of childhood who it was from"—something, by the way, seems to be wrong with this sentence—"and on being told that it was from Mr. So-and-so, a well-known poet, commented with wide eyes, 'I thought all poets were dead.'" "So they ought to be," the Philistine will add, but we confess that we agree rather with Mr. Jerrold. We once heard a man who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister declare that any one who cared more for poetry than the Poor Law was an intellectual fop. No doubt the austere outside of a Poor-Law guardian may contain a human heart and, for all we know, conceal a passionate affection for romance. Possibly, when he has finished with the distribution of the rates, he may throw off a rhyme or two (anonymously, of course) in praise of the auditor or in denunciation of the Local Government Board. Still, speaking quite generally and without intending to undervalue a useful and admirable body of administrators, we should prefer, for conversational purposes and the lighter graces of life, to associate with poets. On the same principle we venerate a Poor-Law Blue Book so long as we are not compelled to read it, but we own we like some books of poetry better. We are, therefore, intellectual fops, and we address ourselves to those who are like unto us.

Whither have we strayed? We have abandoned Mr. Jerrold *in limine*, in his very preface, before we have allowed him to introduce us to a single one of his sixty-two makers of rhymes. Let us return to him, and make the acquaintance of his friends.

We desire to say at once that we think Mr. Jerrold has done his work of selection very well. We cannot promise every one that he will find all his favourite authors or all his favourite pieces in this book. No such undertaking could be given in regard to any anthology we have ever seen or heard of. The chief thing is that the editor, though he must be allowed to have a perfectly free exercise of his personal preferences, should give proof of a catholicity of taste and, if the expression may be pardoned, a certain tolerance of judgment both of subject and of the manner of its treatment. He is not to admit doggerel; but, on the other hand, he is not to consign a poet to the outside darkness merely because he looks at his matter from an unaccustomed standpoint or deals with it in a way that the man of rigid formulæ will regard as unorthodox. It we apply this test to Mr. Jerrold, we must admit that he suffers but little damage. He has his standards, of course, but for the most part they are of sound literary quality. We do not ourselves at all times agree with him. We should not, for instance, have picked out "M'Andrews' Hymn" as the one piece by which Mr. Kipling should be represented. A *tour de force* it undoubtedly is with its wonderful technical jargon (all correct, we understand), but for pure poetic quality we could have wished for a different choice. Nor do we think that Mr. Watts-Dunton should be made to sink or swim on "Mother Carey's Chicken." It has some fine breezy, briny stanzas, but there are curious patches of flatness, as, for instance, here:

* "The Book of Living Poets." Edited by Walter Jerrold. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

"Yea, lift thine eyes to mine. Dost know me now?
Thou'rt free! thou'rt free! Ah, surely a bird can smile!
Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how
I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,
Whilst thou wouldst pat the waves, then, rising, take
The morsel up and wheel about the wake?
Thou'rt free! thou'rt free!—but for thine own dear sake
I keep thee caged awhile."

So noble a bird should be more majestically employed than in patting waves, where no necessity of rhyme forces it to this task. Moreover, we are quite sure that no bird can smile—not even a parrot.

On the other hand, we can have nothing but praise for the anthologist who gives us such pieces as Mr. Belloc's "The South Country," that beautiful and tender poem made more poignant by its touches of archaism and irregularity; or Mr. Alfred Noyes's joyous and delightful "Sherwood," and the same poet's "The Song of Re-Birth," with its high, elusive subject caught, as it were, and woven into the very texture of its rhythm and melody; or Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch's "The Planted Heel," so lightly, so musically didactic; or Mrs. Margaret L. Woods's rapturous "April Song"; or Mr. Andrew Lang's exquisite "Scythe Song"; or Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Darkling Thrush," with its pure Wordsworthian feeling, its lyrical delicacy, and its rough strength—such a combination, in fact, as only Mr. Hardy can give us. We pick these out from a number of others that are of high merit, but space forbids us to enlarge our selection. One little matter we noted in our passage through the volume. We cannot make much of the beginning of Mr. T. Sturge Moore's "That Land":

"Oh, would that I might live for ever
Where those who make me happy dwell!
Because she other place names never
Desire doeth excellently well,
Now, wooing me;"

We suspect some mysterious derangement, for we have been able to get sense out of the last three lines (and a thick sort of sense at that) only by supposing Mr. Sturge Moore capable of one of the most dreadful efforts in inversion ever accomplished by a poet.

On the whole, then, we are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Jerrold on the result of his labours. It is true that, in spite of such brilliant pieces as those we have named, the music of the sixty-two, when it is taken in bulk, gives a somewhat muffled sound. That, however, is not, we think, to be imputed as a fault to Mr. Jerrold, if we once grant him the premise that a book of living poets was necessary and desirable.

MISS COLERIDGE'S POEMS.*

This small book contains two hundred and thirty-seven poems, of which the late Miss Coleridge published one-third in "Fancy's Following," "Fancy's Guerdon," and "The Garland," and several newspapers. Except to her friends, the author was *Anonymous*, for she would not put the name of Coleridge to her poems, though, if only for their scrupulousness, she need not have been ashamed to do so. They are a most precious autobiography, the expression in fine English of a personality interesting for its emotion and its reticence, and still more for its combination of the two. They suggest, I know not how truly, a cultivated and experienced woman who might for long appear to be pure intellect and will, but has in her often-sounded, but infinite, depths of spiritual life. She fights a losing battle without being hardened or alarmed, finding unexpected consolations and always looking at things in her own way, so that even the defeats enhance the value, because they add to the profundity, of life. There is hardly a rich, sensuous line in the whole book, and hardly any love simply of beautiful objects (with the doubtful exception of "Street Lanterns"). Conventionally beautiful or not, she esteems things according

* "Poems." By Mary E. Coleridge. Edited, with preface, by Henry Newbolt. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

to their spiritual significance, and this esteem is reflected in her language and rhythms, though these last abound in originality, and are never mere lengths of so many syllables. A resolute delicacy, an ardent quietness, a frank reserve, are among her characteristics; and since their medium is verse which—only because it also is the work of an utterly careful artist—might be compared with that of Mr. Bridges, the book is yet another proof of the poetic abundance of our day; and only through this abundance could her work have remained as obscure as it is. Some little excuse there is, too, in the very fineness of her work, for this neglect. She is so true to a hairbreadth to herself: and that gives many of her pieces a singularity, though not a strident one, and a special appeal, which can have their plenitude of force with but a few. I think this is true, for example, of "Two":

"No nearer to thy presence let me stand!
Fate set me in a strange and distant land!
There let my life run out its tranquil course,
Unchecked, as now, with every painful breath,
To feel between us a dividing force
More strong than death!"

"And say not thou, 'This is love's waning hour.'
By love's own God, I never felt his power,
The all-commanding terror of his bliss,
Never in passion's noontide loved thee more.
When I compare my former state with this,
I never loved before."

Many readers will be inclined to salute its sincerity and complain that it touches them too little, either because it is so exceptional or because its exceptional quality has found a delicate but not a universal form. That is more true of the poems that make no appeal to the senses, or the mind through the senses, than of those that do; yet "A Mother to a Baby" is not alone in making, through a subtle and special emotion, a universal appeal. In many poems she describes with just as much fidelity to her vision moods and the objects of moods of a far from obvious kind, and they go deep with their brief truth, yet suffused with lights from we know not where. Others, again, have no such light about them, but are simple statements, lucid and bare as a chemical analysis, like "Burial":

"How, was it I—I that unmoved
Stood tearless in the funeral train,
When it was you, you that I loved,
Whose earth was given to earth again?"

"The highest heavens are holy ground,
The song of birds—the dawn—the gloom.
In every perfect sight and sound
I bow, fair love, before thy tomb."

Of the same spareness is "Awake."

She is equally good at a kind of unforced allegory as in "The Witch" and "The King." And there are many spiritual epigrammatic pieces which are to be classed with hardly anything except Father Tabb's work. Nearest to a song is "Renaissance Gentlemen," and her self-criticism was, as usual, right in allowing it to her. In "Affection" the language is so colourless and yet effective that it calls to the mind the grey ashes that still just crumble and flutter with the heat that has left them pale but not yet cold. Her sonnets are among the few written lately which persuade the form to accept the thought without modification, instead of forcing the thought or part of it or something like it to accept the form. Such a one is:

"Deep are thy waters, love, in every heart.
Who is there that hath ever sounded these?
Lightly we sail the still, unfathomed seas,
Without a compass and without a chart.
Yet are there two that have essayed this art—
The mother with her firstborn on her knees,
The son whose cordial spirits shrink and freeze
To see the life from whence he lives, depart.
These who have learnt that all their strength is weak,
These who have striven in vain and vainly found
Their resolution but an idle freak
And all their spoken faith an empty sound,
These have let down the plummet; could they speak,
They would but say, 'It never touched the ground.'"

The poems of affection are probably the finest of all, but they are so many and various that it might harm them to quote one. If there are any poems to-day which have more poignantly expressed the happy, the doubtful, and the unhappy searchings of heart of one who loves in solitude, I have not met them. They remind one a little of "De Flagello Myrteo," and they are, besides, in perfect verse. Many ought to be grateful to Mr. Newbolt for this collection, and he makes us feel quite sure that he can have omitted nothing that was worthy of the poet.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A LOSING GAME.*

The author of "The Edge of Circumstance" has written another stirring novel of the sea. We are anxious to make it clear at once that "The Grain Carriers" is enthralling as a story, for Mr. Noble, as will be shown immediately, wishes it to be effective as a rousing tract. It is a matter for congratulation that it is both.

The story tells how two wind-jammers, the *Magician* and the *Padrone*, loaded up with grain at 'Frisco and carried it round the Horn to England. Or, rather, they passed through the Golden Gate with it for England; the *Magician* only reached port, and she with a jettisoned cargo. The *Magician* got away with a drugged and crimp-found crew. There was mutiny and murder on board. She dodged through the doldrums, ran before the gale in the Southern Pacific, fought the grey-beards of the Horn, pitched into ice. The *Padrone* kept her company from their meeting in the region of the dying Trades, over the edge of the fifties, into the grim ball-room of the grain-carriers, until, thumped and battered by the seas, she heeled over at last, dead-beat. Mr. Noble is liberal with the adventures of the sailor-man, and his pages are a succession of terrifying descriptions. The half a dozen chapters which tell how the two ships on the same seas butted and staggered, hove-to and ran, how one lorded it through and the other gave in and lay down, are as brilliant as anything yet done by him or by any of his contemporaries among our sea-novelists. The author writes out of his own experience. He makes a cunning use of details, often technical, in building up a large impression; from phase to phase of the contest he passes with unflagging zest, with which his descriptive powers keep pace. Captain Collins of the *Padrone* has his wife and his daughter Anita on board with him, and Anita's sweetheart is Philip Devine, third mate of the *Magician*, who comes out of the mutiny trouble on top and captains the ship to port. It cannot be said that this romantic element is handled with so much distinction, but it powerfully affects the story in a direction most pleasing to novel readers. We are made to see, too, how the presence of women in the cabin might influence the judgment of the captain; and in Captain Collins of the *Padrone* we find again an exposition of a favourite subject with the author, the war of divided duties. If Mr. Noble's work still shows a tendency to melodrama, that is partly due to the intensity of his own feelings about the sufferings of those placed in such situations and passing their lives in such conditions as he so very vividly, sometimes luridly, describes.

And that brings us to his purpose in "The Grain Carriers." Generally, it is to call attention to the evil condition of the mercantile marine; in particular, it charges the new free-board legislation with making that condition a greater scandal than before. On both the general and the particular point Mr. Noble stands forth with a *J'accuse* directed against the British nation. He paints the sailors who man our tramps as slaves, and the captains as men with their hands tied, useful as a sacrifice; and he charges the nation at large with the responsibility for this, and with a huge ingratitude towards the Service which feeds and clothes it.

* "The Grain Carriers." By Edward Noble. 6s. (Blackwood.)

And while in an ironic dedication he blames Mr. Lloyd-George, who introduced the new load-line regulations, with rendering still more dangerous the conditions of the sea-going life which he had deplored in his speeches, Mr. Noble fixes the responsibility for this also on the British people. Two years ago an amendment of the Merchant Shipping Act buried the Plimsoll mark and substituted a new free-board line. In Mr. Noble's story the owners of the *Magician* and the *Padrone*, British owners of British ships, take advantage of the amendment to have them loaded at 'Frisco six inches deeper. And the point of his story is that the *Padrone* was lost, the *Magician* nearly, because they were too deep for the Horn in winter. The *Padrone* was the more jerry-built, and that turned the scale against her.

"Filcher [the owner] ordained the loss of the *Padrone*. The stupid people who rule us made it possible for Filcher to do as he did. That is the story—the whole story. . . . The increase of the load-line only hurts the sailor. . . . The trouble lies deeper—it lies in cheap freights, cheap ships, cheap fittings—the infernal mechanism of a competitive system which is killing not only sailors, but driving our ships off the sea. . . . It's your nation that is responsible—the nation that has killed its farmers and turned its country into a park—a nation that would turn its farm hands into hell if it thought it could get grain cheaper by hustling them here. . . ."

Out of the mouths of his characters we quote Mr. Noble. The point is highly controversial, and we state it, of course, without comment. Our purpose is served when we have shown that in a story, intensely fascinating and moving in itself, an eloquent, accusing voice makes itself heard.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE.*

There are three persons or entities who deserve congratulation in connection with the book before us—the Clarendon Press, on having conceived and brought forth a very pretty and delightful volume; Mr. St. John Lucas, on having begotten that same with a sufficiently "noble gust"; and the general reader, on having an opportunity to clear off one of his most besetting misconceptions. For there is no doubt that, as a rule, even well-read Englishmen do look with hardly concealed distrust on French verse. A few young men from time to time affect it, though generally but in parts; a few critics "take it up." But it is very rare to find an Englishman (even Matthew Arnold was no exception) who does not think in his heart of hearts that "Frenchman" and "poet" are contradictions in terms. How wildly wrong this is, there have always been some to know, perhaps; but they have never been many. And there have been far too few attempts to increase their number by judicious anthologies; in fact (as a consequence of the other facts) there have never been many people qualified or inclined to make them.

The inclination and the qualification have come together very happily in Mr. Lucas. He has, indeed, been a little affected by that strange and striking influence which French literature has exercised over most students of it. To find an absolutely independent critic among such students is the rarest of things. The gigantic if not divine conventions of the subject impose themselves; or if anybody strives to escape the imposition, he goes off into fantastic will-worships of Guérins and Mallarmés. Did not even the *alleszermalmend* free-thinking of Voltaire admit that "it brought bad luck" to indulge in speaking evil of Boileau? Mr. Lucas makes some admissions of another kind about Nicolas, but they are made with much gingerliness. At one end he speaks of the *Chansons de geste* as "dreary and monotonous"—most "properly" but most incorrectly; and at the other laments Gautier's lack of "noble expression of noble thoughts"—most "pro-

perly" again, but most insufficiently. He does speak out about Malherbe: but he finds in Du Bartas nothing but "inflated fustian." Chateaubriand is to him "the protagonist of modern French poetry"—a really interesting statement and a text from which a long discourse might be made to grow, "but not in this soil." From his own point of view, however, Mr. Lucas has written a thirty-page survey of French poetry which is excellent in style, well based as regards matters of fact, skilfully proportioned, and altogether a good porch to the very satisfactory building which lies beyond it.

In the structure itself we could wish for a little more of the earlier matter. Unless the book was intended to be not a collection of French *verse*, but one of French *lyric* only, at least a specimen or two of the dreary and monotonous *chansons* should have been given, to supply a chance of finding out the magnificence of their verse, the—

"Pipes, trumpets, makers, clarions
That in the battle maketh bloody sounds."

Jehan de Lescurel should certainly have been represented in the *ballade* period, and so on. But there is little graciousness and rather less use in continuing this kind of criticism. It is the business of the anthologist to make his own anthology; and Mr. Lucas has made a very good one, slightly but sufficiently annotated, and destitute of no equipment of importance, except what one cannot but think rather a serious one—a table of contents. There seems to have grown up of late years a kind of idea that if you give a table of first lines (which is here) and perhaps an index of authors (which is here also), "contents" are superfluous. Now, they most certainly are not. The index has been a kind of fetish for some time. But no index will supply the want of a table of contents, and a good table of contents can almost be made to supply the want of an index. The book, one may hope, is sure to be reprinted, and this want can then be supplied.

Meanwhile, the knowing ones have a most convenient and agreeable treasury of old favourites brought together, from scores of scattered volumes, under hand and eye for reperusal; and those who are not yet knowing, have a better chance than they have ever had before to know. Knowledge, perhaps, is not any longer power; it was only that when comparatively few people had it. But at least knowledge of this kind is still, and must always be, pleasure. Has any writer of sophisticated modern fairy-stories ever imagined the gift of forgetting, and recovering possession of what was forgot, at pleasure? It would be rather a fearful joy, but an extraordinarily keen one; and something distantly approaching it is provided by any good collection of this sort. You have read a passage ten, twenty, thirty, or even more years ago, and it has been, if not obliterated, overlaid and hidden in your mind by the decades of superincumbent reading. Mr. Lucas and his fellows, like good Archinagos, shake off the superincumbence for you. And to others, who have never known, they give a fresher if not perhaps a keener satisfaction. One rather envies any one who sits down and reads (not necessarily at a stretch, but for the first time) from "*Bele Erembors*" and "*Cointe et jolie*" to "*À la très chère, à la très belle*" and "*Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé*," passing by the way, but not missing, "*Le Temps à laissé son manteau*" and "*Dictes moy où, n'on quel pays*" and "*Un doux nenny avec un doux soubzrire*," and "*Quand vous serez bien vieille*" and the "*Vanneur*" and "*Rozette*" and "*Uranie*" and "*Job*" and all the old famous things before the nineteenth century, besides the grand harvest of that century itself. Free to any one to hunt for "great thoughts" or for anything else they like! Those who only care for poetry will certainly not find it far to seek in the chain of singers that stretches from Audefroy le Bastard to Verlaine.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* "The Oxford Book of French Verse (XIII to XIX Century)." Chosen by St. John Lucas. 6s. net. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1907.)

LIFE IN THE HOMERIC AGE.*

The Homeric question is in a lively condition. To understand the two most recent works in English on this old mystery—"Life in the Homeric Age," by Professor Seymour of Yale, and "The Rise of the Greek Epic," lectures in part delivered at Harvard by Mr. Gilbert Murray—we must remember the origin of the controversy. It began at the end of the eighteenth century, when Wolf published his famous "Prolegomena." Wolf's difficulty was, why, in such an age as he supposed that of the original poet to have been, should any man have composed so long an epic as the Iliad? "How could he launch such a ship," that is, how could he find an audience? Again, how could poems of so early a period be preserved without writing? These things were impossible, in Wolf's opinion, and, as far as he came to any conclusion, it was that some old bard began the web, and wove most of it, while, throughout the ages, later bards interwove additions, no longer to be exactly distinguished from the original tissue. The floating fragments were rescued from oral tradition, and compiled into a written epic, under Pisistratus of Athens, say about 550 B.C. The discrepancies and inconsistencies in the narrative proved that it was by various hands. Wolf admitted that they did not trouble him when he read Homer for pleasure, so that they are really negligible, as Homer only sang for the pleasure of his hearers, not for modern professors.

In Wolf's day nobody knew that writing had existed in the Ægean, notably in Crete, for some twenty centuries before our era. Nobody knew that a thin layer of earth concealed, in Crete and Greece, the rich pre-Homeric material relics of a European civilisation, in touch with Asia and Egypt, but with an admirable art and a system of writing all its own. Nobody knew of the palaces of Mycenæ, Tiryns, Knossos, and so on, wherein the warriors and ladies could provide a poet with a sufficient and permanent audience. Moreover, nobody knew that the weapons, chariots, and armour of the latest period of this "Ægean" civilisation very closely corresponded to those described by Homer, while the Homeric costume and mode of burial (by cremating the body and placing the ashes under a great cairn) differ from the dress and "shaft-graves" of the late Ægean culture, and, in Homer, the iron age has begun, for tools, though not for weapons—these, as in the Ægean civilisation, were of bronze. All these facts, unknown to Wolf, we owe to Dr. Schliemann, and in even greater measure to the excavations of Mr. Arthur Evans and others in Crete and the Ægean lands. Wolf's ideas were eagerly adopted, and modified, by learned Germans. They took Protean shapes, but they all reposed on the presumed absence of writing, the

presumed lack of an audience for a long poem, and the supposed inconsistencies in the poetic narratives, of which no one poet, it was said, could be guilty. Nobody ever answered the proofs, by Colonel Muir of Caldwell, that all long fictitious narratives, by Virgil, by Scott, by Thackeray, by any one, were just as rich in discrepancies as the Iliad, though, in each case, the books were the work of a single hand. Wolf's presumptions were taken as a basis of fact, and, if Homer did not satisfy the modern "analytic reader" (whose existence he could not foresee), it was taken to be certain that Homer was a syndicate of long existence, his epic a compilation, or mosaic, of the work of many ages.

The chief English exponent of these ideas is Mr. Walter Leaf, in his admirable edition of the Iliad. He distinguishes many "strata" of different ages in Homer, as in an unburied ancient city: he marks differences in grammar, style, tone, morality, religion, manners, houses, geographical

knowledge, arms, and armour. He shows, from the unburied remains of art and armour, that the old "Ægean" warriors went to battle in loin-cloths only, protected by an enormous shield, while the breast-plates, greaves, and other pieces of bronze body armour, common in Homer, were introduced by much later poets, the Ionians in Asia, about 800-700 B.C.

Professor Seymour's new contribution to the problem is a book of 700 pages on the picture of life in all its departments, given in the poems as they stand. He finds scarcely any, if any, evidence from excavated relics of antiquity to prove even that the Odyssey is later than the Iliad, or that any portion of the Iliad is older than any other portion. He denies the critical position that there was one original poet, maker of a brief narrative, followed by others who "archaised"—that is, followed the first poet studiously in descriptions of all the facts of life; who, for example, though they lived in an age of iron weapons, deliberately made their heroes wear weapons of bronze. He



Apollo Belvedere.

From "Life in the Homeric Age."

shows that poets, and all artists of uncritical ages, always describe the details of life as they see them, and never, as we do, hunt for the "local colour" of the past. Consequently, as the picture of life in Homer is uniform, the epics are of a single age, and they are stamped with the impress of "one great personality." Homer omits no fact of life because he knows that, though familiar to himself, it did not exist in the remote age of his heroes. Thus Professor Seymour appears to be a Homeric Unionist, not a Separatist, though, if I understand him, he holds the poet to have embodied in his narrative whole blocks of pre-existent verses, interpolations earlier than the text. Professor Seymour does not discuss the supposed proofs that the poems contain different strata of grammar, older and later. Not much would be proved if it were so, for the original language would be modified, in the course of transmission, recitation, and frequent recopying. Moreover, whereas the Ninth Book

* "Life in the Homeric Age." By Thomas Daly Seymour. (Macmillan.) "Rise of the Greek Epic." By Gilbert Murray. M.A., LL.D. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

of the Iliad is said to be full of later grammatical forms, the Eighth Book, which must be as late as the Ninth, or even later, is destitute of these neologisms.

Professor Scymour's book is a valuable and useful work based on his own close study of the epics, and it may be used as a lexicon of Homeric life and society. From locks and keys to laws, it is a compendium of the whole existence of Homer's age. The epics themselves are clearly of the latest period of Mr. Evans's "Late Minoan III." period.

Mr. Gilbert Murray's work, cast in the form of lectures—to "a mixed audience," obviously—has all his high qualities of eloquence and cultivated taste, while he deliberately, and wisely, gives play to constructive imagination. He touches on archæology, anthropology, and what may be called the comparative science of early literatures. He describes the long Greek struggle to "shake off the beast" and the savage; I do not feel certain that the Greeks were so successful in abolishing human sacrifice (not mentioned by Homer) as Mr. Murray tries to prove. He draws a picture almost too picturesque (pp. 50-53) of the Ægean world in the age of the great migrations—

"A wolf age, a war age,
An axe age, a spear age;"

but, if I understand him, he thinks this period, and the migration to Asia, prior to the composition of the epics. Homer himself makes no allusion to this time of folk-wandering; to him, for example, Miletus is still an old-world Carian, not a new Ionian, state. Mr. Murray's excursions into the realm of totems and taboos, exogamy, and so forth, I have elsewhere criticised in *Man* (January, 1908). Here I can only advise the reader to remember that these passages are (in my opinion) rather too imaginative and, in the words of the Babou barrister, "do not hold water, at least, not good water."

Mr. Murray is a Separatist. He believes in a prehistoric personage who kept a note-book, or record, in cryptic characters, on expensive materials (what materials could these be?), full of lays, and charms, and miscellaneous memoranda. The lays were deciphered, expurgated, expanded, in succeeding generations, were brought up to date, polished, popularised, imitated; and at an unknown period, an unknown poet, for unknown purposes, laid hands on the materials, "took up his part of composing this long poem," the Iliad, "diligently and reverently, and with a good deal of simple cunning." Nobody can guess why he did all this, or how so much of the materials chanced to be concerned with a single brief moment in the vast mass of pre-existing lays and sagas. The simple cunning of our unknown benefactor "put the contradictory passages far apart, altered a word or two to make the inconsistencies less visible." All this was "gentle and lowly service." Now, as for the contradictions, the most violent of all was, I think, a discovery of the banker-scholar, Mr. Grote. Till his time, it had escaped the readers of ancient Greece, of the Renaissance, and of the modern world. It is, in fact, so far from being a contradiction, that Mr. Monro, the greatest of British Homeric critics, said, in a letter to myself, that, without the facts alleged to be contradictory, he could hardly see how a poem on the Wrath of Achilles could exist. But the gentle and lowly poet of Mr. Murray, with his simple cunning, spotted the discrepancy, like Mr. Grote, and put one discordant passage in Book IX., the other in Book XVI. "They will never notice it," he said, like Fielding when a weak place in his new play was pointed out to him by the actors. On the first night the public hooted at this point. "D—n them, they have found it out," said Harry Fielding. But nobody found out the simple cunning of Mr. Murray's gentle and lowly impostor before Mr. Grote, I think; though the Germans do claim priority of discovery for one of themselves. The discovery was a mare's nest!

I cannot profess belief in any part of Mr. Murray's theory, nor in his idea that plenty of poets, in many ages, could keep on the sublime Homeric level. Mr. Murray accepts

the doctrines of Reichel, or perhaps rather of Robert, as to the late introduction of body armour into the epics. But as long ago as 1903, Professor Halbherr published a Cretan seal impression which shows an Ægean warrior in full body armour. As an eminent Greek scholar (a professor, no less) said when I showed him a copy of this work of art, "He's got 'em on!" The argument about armour thus vanishes.

Mr. Murray's book is full of varied interests, and "suffers itself to be read" with ease and pleasure. His passages of translation, in prose, from Æschylus (pp. 248, 249) make one eager to receive from him a possession for ever, a complete prose translation of this great poet. In verse, as Mr. Matthew Arnold truly said, the original work "is no longer recognisable." But the Separatist theory of the origin of the epics is really *vieux jeu*; they are beginning, like Blass, Comparetti, and others, to find it out in Germany and Italy; in England it has always been a sickly exotic. The last ditch in which the theory will die (for archæology has betrayed it) is the linguistic ditch—the evidence for various strata of grammar. But lecturing to an audience not wholly male and academic (as I suppose), Mr. Murray has not entered on the linguistic theme, on which the last word is still to be spoken. Nobody who cares for Homer can willingly be without the books of Professor Scymour and Mr. Murray.

A. LANG.

THE PRACTICE OF INSTRUCTION.*

The writers of books on methods of instruction no longer ape the philosophers who took all knowledge to their province. The change has come about partly from the general broadening of view in what is known by the clumsy name *pedagogics*, and partly from the fact that it is being gradually admitted that secondary teachers need training nearly as much as do those who are labelled elementary. Among secondary teachers it has been very generally held that a knowledge of the subject to be taught is of the first importance, and that method is of little consequence. In this volume, method and subject are placed in their true relations. The general problems of method are treated by the editor, himself a master in his art; while the teaching of each of the subjects is entrusted to a specialist. The work is therefore of an essentially technical character, and the detailed treatment of the special subjects can have little interest for the general reader, admirable as that treatment is. The first part of the book, however, should appeal to a wide circle of readers. Professor Adamson deals with matters of such general interest as curricula and school organisation. We hear so much in a vague way about the superiority of the German schools, that it is well now and again to come to grips with what are the actual facts. These are carefully set out here and examined with great fairness. There is a gratifying absence of rhetoric in the treatment of matters that too frequently lead to more or less heated argument. It would be an admirable arrangement if it could be decreed that no one should be allowed to write a letter to the newspapers about our school curriculum till he had read the first part of this book. A striking characteristic of the work is the care with which it has been brought up to date. In most contributions to this subject we have to be content with the state of affairs a few years before the date of publication. Here we have references to what is going on at the present moment, both at home and abroad. A certain complaint of "modernity" may, indeed, be brought against the book by teachers of a conservative tendency. They may object to the chapter on "Experimental Pedagogy." It has been common to restrict the matter to be laid before students to what has been established and generally accepted; while here we have all manner of problems

* "The Practice of Instruction." Edited by John William Adamson, B.A. 4s. 6d. (National Society's Depository, London.)

suggested without any authoritative solution. So far from being a disadvantage, surely this mode of presentation is a positive gain for the student. The charge against the teacher has always been that he is dogmatic, self-satisfied, and inaccessible to new ideas. What better corrective than to show the young teacher how many points in his profession are still open for discussion? After reading of the work of Rein, Dewey, Meumann, Messmer, and Lay, the intelligent teacher will find small temptation to rest on his oars. The book ought to appeal to Mr. H. G. Wells, as it embodies many of his views on the relation between the professor and the text-book. Professor Adamson is to be congratulated on having made an important and most helpful contribution to the literature of his subject.

JOHN ADAMS.

REMBRANDT LITERATURE.*

A hundred years ago the great Dutch painter was still wrapped in the oblivion—it is scarce too strong a word—into which, after a season of almost unparalleled popularity, he fell towards the close of his life. It was not until the middle of last century that Amsterdam erected the monument in the Rembrandt-Plein. If Edouard Kolloff had lifted the veil a little in 1845, it was left to the painter's compatriots, Dr. Scheltens and particularly the eager and patriotic Carel Vosmaer, to pull it well aside. The slender and not always trustworthy story told by Rembrandt's contemporaries had been fancifully puffed out by others who associated with them, and in the pages of later writers it became a myth. To restore the truth from the original authorities and to add the fruits of fresh research was the task which Vosmaer set himself, and innumerable writers have assisted in it since. On the side of technical criticism Dr. Bredius and Dr. Hofstede de Groot, on that of biographical investigation they and Mr. de Roever, Mr. Busken-Huet, and the contributors especially to "Oud-Holland," were the most conspicuous workers, and the results of their labours were gathered up in the "Urkunden über Rembrandt" (1906) under Dr. de Groot's admirable editorship. Since then have appeared other estimates of the painter, such as those of the veteran Mr. Joseph Israëls and of Mr. Schmidt-Degener; and more notably the volume by Dr. Jan Veth, which many consider the most acute appreciation of Rembrandt's work ever published. The piety of two generations of his countrymen has thus more than made up for the earlier neglect; and to the illustrious monument they have erected, busy hands in other countries have added. The subtle and sensitive pages of Fromentin can never be overlooked. M. Emile Michel, more than any other perhaps, has gained for the artist general knowledge in the world. There is also the great undertaking of Dr. Bode, assisted by Dr. de Groot and M. Sadelmeyer, now successfully brought to a close; and two countrymen of his, Mr. Carl Neumann and Mr. Valentiner, seem to show the direction which criticism must take in the future. The English contribution is far from inconsiderable; but it has confined itself chiefly to the etchings, which, never being challenged in their supremacy or losing the favour of the amateur, always kept Rembrandt's fame aloft. The catalogue of Wilson dates back as far as 1835 (the year of Smith's), and it is instructive to find in it so just an appreciation of the master's art side by side with a conception of his life and character so erroneous and unsympathetic. His name, and those of Hamerton, Seymour-Haden, Middleton-Wake (and we might add Burnet in another field), range themselves with Bartsch, Charles Blanc, and Rovinski.

We have rapidly reviewed this vast literature in introducing Mr. Baldwin Brown's book because no work for the English reader hitherto has incorporated its results, and the value of any that appears now must greatly depend on the

* "Rembrandt: A Study of His Life and Work." By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

advantage which it takes of them. This is certainly the case as regards biography. In the life of Rembrandt many things still remain hid; but there are others, on the contrary, which are now fully revealed, and the repetition of ancient errors concerning these would be unpardonable. Mr. Baldwin Brown shows himself in the biographical section of his book to have been a careful student of the "Urkunden." We have noted few errors as we read it. The documents are not quite clear about the miller's family, but there was certainly another daughter besides Lijsbeth, Machtelt. In regard to some matters, where the evidence leaves a choice of opinion, we do not always find ourselves in agreement with the author's. The dealer Francen, he says, stood by Rembrandt to the last, and should have the credit which is so often erroneously given to the fastidious Jan Six. The reproach of Six is possibly as well founded as the recognition of Francen, but it seems scarcely fair to cite Margaretha Tulp's portrait by Govert Flinck in support of it. Again, we find no corroboration, as Mr. Brown does, of Baldinucci's statement that Rembrandt professed the religion of the Mennonites. If that had been so, would he have been summoned with Hendrickje before the Kirk Session? It may be, of course, that it set no bounds to its authority. Rembrandt ignored the summons, so we may assume that he made no great profession of the established religion of the Calvinists. We follow the author's interesting argument that the doctrine of a personal relation between the divine and the mortal, expressed in the painter's work, was not one likely to be nurtured in Calvinistic surroundings. Such doctrine as he entertained was no doubt received from his mother: was she, then, no Calvinist, but a Mennonite? In any case, anything opposed to Calvinism which we find in the pictures can as easily be referred to the Remonstrants, or to one of a dozen other sects, or even to adhesion to no sect at all, as to those Baptists. Nor is it the case that among his portraits of clergymen, the Mennonite preachers are most numerous. Mr. Brown may have had in mind (but he does not refer to it, we think) that of one of them, Hans Alençon, as M. Michel or Mr. Moes surmises. But we feel quite sure that this was not Hans Alençon at all, but John Ellison, as the Colby sale catalogue stated. While, however, on such comparatively trivial points as these Mr. Brown may form judgments with which all cannot agree, his general reading of the evidence about the life will commend itself to every one who has studied it; and by marshalling it so clearly in the few pages he could spare for it, he has done a very considerable service.

Aiming, as he does, at a complete survey of the artist's work, Mr. Brown suffers throughout from congestion of space. This is less to be regretted in the case of the etchings, the literature on which is voluminous, than in that of the drawings, about which comparatively little has been written in this country. His section on these, however, is a useful introduction for the English reader to the selections of Lippmann, de Groot, and others, and a discriminating guide, so far as it goes, to the special qualities of Rembrandt exhibited in his drawings. In the two chapters forming a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the paintings, the same reader is brought in touch with the scholarship of German and Dutch experts. Mr. Brown's independent judgments about them strike us as entirely reasonable. Most students will agree with him, for example, that Rembrandt's art after 1642 does not reflect the confusion of his material fortunes. They will also understand his remark, at the first blush more than a little startling, that his activity as an artist is marked by a certain amateurishness. Rembrandt never was professional in the sense of taking the line of least resistance. The admirers of some modern masters, on the other hand, will resent the author's dictum that his modelling plastically in the thick impasto, while interesting and characteristic, was not oil-painting. About the relative achievement in the paintings probably no two persons ever exactly agree. In singling out for

special description, among others, such works as "The Labourers in the Vineyard" and "The Return of the Prodigal" at St. Petersburg, the Cassel "Jacob Blessing," the Brunswick family portrait, Mr. Brown extends our acquaintance with less-known masterpieces. He has produced a work, in a word, that is thorough and sound, and our only fault with it is that it leaves us a little cold. This is certainly not the result of lack of sympathy; it is more probably due to the restrictions of space. His analysis of the master's art is in most respects admirable, but somehow he fails to convey to us magically the sense of its greatness.

A BOOK OF ROGUES.*

Professor Chandler's two volumes form an admirable addition to Professor W. A. Neilson's recently begun series of works on "The Types of English Literature." The author has, apparently, read every work in which a rogue appears, from "La Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes" to "Sherlock Holmes"; he discusses the foreign sources of English picaresque work; deals with early jest-books and popular tales, cony-catching pamphlets, beggar-books and prison tracts; devotes much space to the pirate, the highwayman, and the criminal of all species, among whom Jonathan Wild of blessed memory surely reigns supreme; traces the rogue through Elizabethan literature, dramatic and otherwise, doing full justice to that most entertaining of pages, Jack Wilton; follows the trail of the rascal through Smollett and Defoe to Mayhew and Thackeray and "Lavengro"; and ends with a section or two on Gypsydom, Boy Life and

Convict Life, the author of "Silver Blaze" (surely Conan Doyle's best short story) bringing up the rear. The first thought on closing these two volumes is that Mr. Chandler must be of the happiest of men to have lived for years in the company of the most entertaining of man-and-woman-kind; and the second thought is one of gratitude for a summary of his reading—a summary that opens out many a pleasant vista down which, if the gods be good and the reader prefer Becky Sharp to Laura Pendennis, it may yet be possible to wander, before the shades of night fall. One of the greatest tragedies in a man's life is when he ceases to be a boy, and this tragedy is, happily, not altogether within the power of the controlling years to compass. It can never happen so

* "The Literature of Roguery." By Prof. F. W. Chandler. 2 vols. 12s. net. (A. Constable & Co.)

long as he is able to prefer "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" to "Eric," so long as the "Adventures of François" appeal to him more than do the self-righteous moralisings of Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive, so long as Bevis (though no rogue) may be reckoned among the company of his friends. And it is the spirit of "the eternal boy" that gives to the literature of roguery its charm.

Beyond a wish that Professor Chandler had made use of the records of State Trials, by way of connecting link between the rogues of real life and the rogues of fiction, we have little to suggest; his bibliographies, if not exhaustive, are very good, and they will be of infinite use, not only to the casual reader, but also to the literary student.

A. R. W.

THE NATURE-POET OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

This is a very valuable and scholarly study of perhaps

the most curious phenomenon in the English literature of the eighteenth century. Far less important than Pope from a purely literary point of view, James Thomson, this "bard more fat than bard besems," wandering about his garden and eating the sunny side off the peaches, with his hands in his pockets—the poet of "The Castle of Indolence" who attempted in a pathetically stilted tongue to introduce his bewigged and powdered age to Nature—has yet a human interest all his own.

It is hardly possible for any one but the literary student to read James Thomson at the present day unless he can do so from the standpoint of this human interest. As poetry his works have no meaning to the present age; and, it may be added with confidence, they will have no meaning

for any future age. Their style is absolutely vicious—so vicious that from an artistic point of view one might as well be reading the literary work of a quite illiterate man. The effect of both is the same: the extremes meet in sudden absurdity. Anything more comical than some of Thomson's Miltonic periods it would be impossible to conceive, unless it were a poem composed by Joe Gargery; and indeed we are not sure that Joe Gargery's recorded lines have not the advantage of Thomson in many ways, unconsciously humorous as they are.

Can anything move the gods with such deep diversion as that "psychological" investigation of the mind of Damon in Thomson's "Sunmer"? It will be remembered

* "James Thomson." By G. C. Macaulay. ("English Men of Letters.") 2s. net. (Macmillan.)



From the painting by John Patoun, painted in 1746, in the National Portrait Gallery.

James Thomson.

that young Damon sat where the rambling dale runs out into pleasing solitudes. He was "pensive," of course, and pierced moreover with love's "delightful prings." And lo! his Musidora—such was the lady's euphonious name—sought that same cool retreat:

"Robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
WHAT SHALL HE DO? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remained.
A PURF INGENUOUS ELEGANCE OF SOUL,
A DELICATE REFINEMENT KNOWN TO FEW,
Perplexed his breast and urged him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?"

This is a kind of unconscious humour that is not lacking in a certain degree even in "Paradise Lost," and certainly is very much present in Thomson's contemporaries, as in Riccaltoun, whose poem, "A Winter's Day," helped to inspire Thomson. It opens thus:

"Now gloomy soul! Look out—now comes thy turn."

Perhaps we grow unduly flippant, and indeed the temptation is a strong one when we consider the difficulty of reconciling such passages with any self-respecting modern ideal of poetry. Yet—and now we must turn to the standpoint of the literary student—Thomson has great merits, and he deserves his cosy little nook half way up Parnassus. The first of these merits is his broad sincerity and truth. His lady's limbs were, no doubt, and in fact we feel sure they were, "fervent." Whether the word is happy artistically, is another matter. Mr. Swinburne could use the word and make it sound at once classical and English. When Thomson uses it, we somehow feel that we must mentally translate it. But if we are content to tolerate that poignant school-boyish feeling for a few pages, we begin almost to relish the process, with something of the same pleasure as that which Stevenson cunningly and consciously provoked when he put the story of "The Master of Ballantrae" into the pedantic but truthful mouth of Ephraim Mackellar. There is hardly a descriptive passage in Thomson which is not capable of giving the reader some degree of that pleasure which comes from recognition of one's own fleeting thoughts or observations, however slight, permanently recorded by the mind of another. In speaking of the sculptures of Greece, for instance, he makes remarks which are more suited to a book on anatomy than to a poem, yet there certainly is a pleasure to be derived from his quaintly truthful observations:

"The well-known Hero, who delivered Greece,
His ample chest, all tempestured with force
Unconquerable reared. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the snowy neck
The spreading shoulders, muscular and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling snaws, touched
Into harmonious shape."

There is something finer in his description of the two gladiators, a description which may be compared—greatly to its own disadvantage, no doubt—with that of Byron; yet it is not impossible that something of the retributory thunder in the atmosphere of the later and far finer work was gathered from Thomson's heavy cloud of incumbent words:

"Rushed impetuous forth
The gladiator: pitiless his look,
And each keen snaw braced, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other from the gloom she drew;
Supported on his shortened arm he leans
Prone, agonising; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lours,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplished rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall."

Mr. Macaulay points out the debt of other poets to

Thomson, and, among them, notably Gray. "The Castle of Indolence" was very certainly not without influence, we may add, on Keats, and even on Tennyson—in "The Lotus Eaters":

"Full in the passage of the vale above
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As idles fancied in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, awe waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow."

"A pleasing land of drowsy heat it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

The philosophical musings which follow undoubtedly suggested much in Tennyson's far finer poem. Man is portrayed by Thomson as pushing the load of life uphill; but when he thinks that he has almost gained the summit,

"Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep."

It is the most vain of vanities, in other words,

"To toil for what you here untiring may obtain";

or in Tennyson's exquisite words, to be

"For ever climbing up the climbing wave."

Other passages in Thomson's diffuse and badly constructed poem had some influence on "The Palace of Art" and the opening of "The Vision of Sin."

But we must agree with Mr. Macaulay in his verdict that, after all, Thomson's finest work is to be found in "The Seasons." His chief merits are, as we have suggested, those of keen observation, his alertness to sights and sounds and fragrances, to atmospheric effects and especially to colours; and it was in "The Seasons" that he was best able to exercise his gifts. We get nothing, it is true, of that "consecration" and "gleam" which we are learning to regard nowadays as the first essential of great art; but we do get the broad sincerity and truth of draughtsmanship manifested in such lines as:

"The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron-brown,"

or these (for after all, it is to the super-added human interest we must return if we are to read Thomson, and we must not part with our good eighteenth-century poet of nature, our truthful old Ephraim Mackellar, without a smile):

"But chiet to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where gloomily retired
The villan spider lives, cunning and fierce
Mixture abhorred! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the rithian shows his front.
The prey at last enured, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel tang,
Strikes backward grimly pleased, the fluttering wing
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress
And ask the helping hospitable hand."

Hard indeed would be the heart of him who would deny to the amiable old peach-eating poet of that passage his easily won nook half way up the slopes of Parnassus! And did he not—probably after swallowing a peach-stone—arise on the tip of his toes and sing the most famous of all English lyrics, "Rule, Britannia"? That is, at any rate, as satisfactory an account of the authorship of our national war-cry as any other.

ALFRED NOYES.

AUSTERE ART.*

This is a book of rare distinction. Its illustrations alone would make it that. Mr. Muirhead Bone has leapt, at a bound, to a place among our foremost draughtsmen, and for an artist of his pre-eminence to expend his gift handsomely upon a piece of fiction as he does here is so unusual that we have to go back half a century almost to find a parallel case. Admirable as his drawings are, however, they are not more so than Mrs. Gertrude Bone's text. Together and equally they make up a book that is stamped with distinction, as we have said.

The story tells how an old man refound the happiness of youth in his grandchildren, and lost it again. Jacob Pyrah is a small farmer, poor, grey, weatherworn. Tamar, his only child, had kept house for him for a few years after his wife's death, until she married a sailor and went off to a neighbouring seaport. Now this daughter returns, deserted by her husband, bringing with her two little lads, Robert and the Baby. She had passed, quietly, almost out of her father's life, leaving him alone; and now her coming back, like her going, is accepted by both with the patient surrender to fortune of those established in poverty.

"Well!" returned Jacob, looking at her and the children with the same deliberation, 'I can do wi' you.'

"The woman gave a nod of acquiescence."

With the spring of the children's presence the sap mounts again in the old heart; while the old life goes on the same—that is, fixed in an ordained course, which the author conceives less as a tragic fate than as a destiny to be accepted with the undemonstrative suffering of her characters. And indeed it is because she realises the very dregs of their lot that she is able to isolate her people, to detach them from its commonness, and dignify them by association with imperishable realities; as it is always through the material that the spiritual is to be attained. It is not a joyous story; it is sad and pitiful; but by an austere elevation in the telling of it, which she rarely fails to sustain, the author lifts it above gross pathos.

This effect—for hers is the sincerity of art—is largely got by a fine use of a landscape background. Here again we find the specific results of observation and knowledge subordinated to, yet enriching and dignifying, impressions of nature, and these impressions in turn catching up and enveloping in appropriate emotional atmosphere the human figures in the story. A good example is found in the description of the night on which is first introduced to us

* "Children's Children." By Gertrude Bone. With drawings by Muirhead Bone. 2js. and 6s. (Duckworth & Co.)

Ellen Budd, one of the associate characters who make their appearances artlessly, almost inconsequently, but with an effect that recalls Russian fiction.

"The woman and child disappeared behind the trees. A gate slammed, and Jacob turned his head from watching them, looking to right and left tranquilly at the crops or cattle in the fields as they passed. A line of wild ducks rose from the river which flowed through the plain, dividing two counties. The old man turned, pointing them out to Robert with his whip-handle, but the child had curled up against a bundle of sacks in the corner of the cart, and was fast asleep. Jacob reined in the pony, and fumbling under the seat, pulled out a threadbare horse-rug and laid it carefully over the boy, then he lit the lamp, stretched himself, yawned, and resumed his journey.

"The sky overhead was dark but clear, and blossomed with stars; only on the left hand, where the clouds hung over the distant sea, one or two faint points of light struggled like pioneers exploring into darkness. The moon, just risen and low on the horizon, poised for a moment in a gap of the clouds, red and stormy like a lurid sun-setting, or as it in the heart of a crystal. On either side of the low-lying lanes stretched the fields of ripening hay, swaying and

impassable as the sea, with trees grown spectral and of great bulk in the twilight, until in the silence and windlessness of the flat plain the cart seemed to be actually treading the floor of a great sea, in a vague silence searched by ripples of sinister light and unfamiliar sound, its lamp whitening the spiky hedgerows and discovering a passage for itself between avenues of giant seaweed and clinging submarine foliage."

Mr. Bone, in his landscape drawings, of which there are many, does not make the mistake of attempting to comment on description of this quiet intensity. Beautiful in themselves, they are scarce indirectly relevant to the text: he is content if they do not contradict its spirit. But there are others, directly illustrative of the



"Shap, his coat greyer than ever, lay stretched asleep."

(Reproduced from "Children's Children," by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth & Co.)

story, in which his summary and significant line matches the austere beauty of the author's art.

Novel Notes.

SCARS. By Christopher Stone. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

Apart from the Eton and Oxford scenes, which are not overdone, the fascination of this story lies in four or five young people, two brothers, Reggie and Hilary, their youngest sister Betty, a bright hamadryad, her lover, Raymond Easter, and Jim Boyle, an Oxford man. Mr. Stone has written a clever story about their love-affairs, but the hinge of the plot is a hereditary development of bestial ferocity in poor Reggie. He inherits a large fortune from a neighbouring squire, goes to Oxford, but on his

twenty-first birthday learns the horrid secret of his father from papers left to be opened on that day. The author has managed this part of the tale with some restraint. The grim element does not become overpowering, but it leads to some dramatic episodes. There is a good deal of capital by-play in the book, especially in the shape of cricket, flirtation, and thought-reading; Mr. Stone has evidently enjoyed this more than the task of rounding off his book smoothly. The Oxford life which he sketches has more to do with Amaryliss in the shade than with the Bodleian, but this will be rather a recommendation than otherwise to most of his readers.

THE IVORY GOD, and Other Stories. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (John Murray.)

This collection of short stories is, like many others of its class, named after a story which is by no means its strongest number. The reader should begin with "Sergeant Murphy's Waterloo," and he will feel more arrested. Several of the stories are weird, others are playful or sentimental, while one or two at the close remind one of "Daniel Quaync." The grave-digger in "Family Pride" is one of Mr. Fletcher's capital figures. He objects strongly to the Funeral Reform proposals. "Theer's our parson now—he's all for what they call this Burial Reform 'od rabbit 'em, I don't know what they weern't reform next if they get t' chance—an' he says 'at t' owd style's all wrong, an' 'at fewnerals should be simplified, as he calls it. Says they didn't owt to be shells and coffins and them theer, an' no ornymmentation—no brass han'les, no nowt. I niver heerd sich fond talk i' mi' life. . . . But I will tell ye one thing I know what owd Mestur Jacob Tonki'son 'ud say if he wor carried to Abraham's bosom i' a clothes basket. It 'ud be a poor job for Abraham when t' owd lad wor 'livered to him tak' a bit of noatice!"

NEPENTHES. By Florence Hayllar. 6s. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

A Hindu lady, wealthy and beautiful, is the only survivor of a wreck, and she seeks shelter in the house of Hugh Fellowes, who belongs to a band of nefarious wreckers. The story of her experiences and adventures in this household is narrated by Hugh's younger brother Robert, a quiet and studious poet. Hugh is a wild, rascally squire, who drives his wife demented, and plots to secure the Hindu lady's chest of jewels. How he is foiled is the plot of the tale. It is told with a pleasant combination of reflective analytic power and exciting melodrama. The various women are all well drawn, from Rose to Polly. There is a love-thread running through the chapters—indeed there are two of them, although poor Mr. Bindley's passion for Nepenthes comes to an untimely end. The term "Nepenthes" is given to the stranger on account of the mesmeric power which she mercifully exercises over the mother and the child of Hugh. Lovers of the Odyssey will recollect its origin. Perhaps Miss Hayllar might have made a little more out of Polly; most readers would have been glad to see her more prominent in the story. But, apart from that, the novel is excellently conceived and written.

THE ONE FOUNDATION. A Novel. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Both in subject and in treatment "The One Foundation" reminds us at once and irresistibly of that great realistic novelist Mark Rutherford. It mirrors certain phases of the religious life of to-day as faithfully and as ably as Mark Rutherford has pictured the religious life of Early Victorian times, and with much the same severe simplicity and charm of style. The autocratic, intolerably ill-tempered Lady Burbage is an uncommonly clever character study; she spends most of her time in wandering about Italy and Switzerland, makes herself heartily disliked at all the hotels she patronises, and is only tolerant with her courier and her maid because she dare not lose them, but she atones

to herself for this restraint by her treatment of her niece, Elinor Page. Elinor is an orphan, and Lady Burbage, a widow with no children, adopted her five years ago, and those five years have been a time of bondage, "almost of martyrdom." She is now twenty-seven, when, on a night during their stay at a Swiss hotel, Lady Burbage becomes so insulting and tyrannical, so wholly unbearable, that Elinor is resolved to leave her early next morning, return to England, and get an old school friend to give her house room until she can obtain some sort of situation. But the Rev. Mark Leverton offers her another way of escape. He, a handsome, intelligent young minister a few years older than herself, has been staying at the same hotel; they have seen much of each other and he is already in love with her; and learning of her decision persuades her to marry him and let him arrange her future for her. Leverton's character, again, is admirably drawn. Elinor travels alone to England next morning; he remains behind to explain matters to the aunt, and the scene in which he does so is handled skilfully and with excellent restraint. When they marry, Elinor does not love him and has no religion, and Mark is in no hurry to impose his views upon her. He is a Nonconformist minister in a growing manufacturing town; he works hard amongst the poor, and Elinor is soon working with him and sharing his sympathies, and it is his sincerity, his earnestness, the essential bigness of his personality that presently draws her to love him and to share his beliefs. But no sooner has this point been arrived at than, under the influence of Amvas Brede, a cousin of Elinor's, a brilliant, fascinating, entirely honest fellow, Mark becomes a Socialist and creates an immense sensation by adopting and expounding the doctrines of the "New Theology." His wife stands fast by the old faith to which he had brought her, and is nearly alienated from him; he grieves his friends and scandalises his followers, but soon has a new following, chiefly of young men, that is larger than the old. The story deals ably and forcibly with our latter-day return to Pantheism, and by a sudden turn that is not, perhaps, quite convincing, reaches a happy ending. It is a remarkable book; one of the very few novels of religious life that has claims to be judged as literature.

PROSE IDYLLS OF THE WEST RIDING. By Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

These studies and sketches of Yorkshire life show considerable force of pathos and tragic interest, although one or two of them are rather "oozy" with sentiment. The strangest pair are the last. The opening story is not the finest in the book. Like many other writers of short stories, Lady Milnes Gaskell seems unable to arrange her menu to the best advantage. But if the reader will take the book backwards, he will lay it down with a sincere appreciation of the quiet insight shown by the authoress into the wild habits of miners and others in the West Riding. "The Singer of a Sammer's Night" is an excursion into the melodramatic which is less successful. Lady Gaskell is at her best in describing the inner passions of the people as she knows them, as the admirable tale of "A Wayside Sacrament" is enough to prove. She is to be congratulated upon the excellent level of interest which she has maintained. The philosophy of the book is summed up in one Yorkshire woman's remark: "When we're gettin' on we takes to sittin' by fire, mindin' childers, but 'tis grand to be young and unreasonnable and hold to sunshine."

ANN: A Brief Tragedy. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (Ouseley.)

A considerable number of years have passed since we read "Miss Molly," but it is not a story easily to be forgotten. It holds its place in our recollection, when greater books have escaped us, by virtue of its spontaneity and the natural charm of its telling. The two short stories that make up this book show that the author has not lost her faculty of characterisation. Both are set in an atmosphere of gloom. The first is the story of a foundling, who grows up to sow

dissension in the house of her adoption. The father loves her more than he does his wife, and when other lovers seek the girl, his jealousy leads to murder which passes for an accident. The other story deals with the victim of an inherited passion for gambling. Three women love him—his mother, his wife, and one other; and it is the self-sacrifice of the last that opens his eyes to the love he bears his wife, and the cowardice of leaving her by suicide. The stories are rare psychological studies, and the endings are left for the reader's conjecture. There are signs of haste in the writing, but the stories are strong and convincing.

THE EXPLORER. By William Somerset Maugham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a tale in which the central figure is one of the "strong, silent men" of fiction who as a rule are somewhat tiresome fellows. They are strenuous, they have square-cut jaws, and they have a contempt for the "little street-bred people." These "strong, silent" gentlemen are generally portrayed by women or very young men, and Charlotte Brontë's Rochester is an early figure in the race. Alec Mackenzie is Mr. Maugham's hero, and Alec does great deeds in the way of suppressing slave-trading in some wild district that one reaches from Mombassa. Mr. Maugham is a skilled literary performer; but the melodramatic nature of this book gives one the impression that it may have been written when he was younger than he is now. Its construction is not sound, for one is led to believe that the central figure is to be one Fred Allerton, a broken man of position who embezzles money, and Allerton disappears altogether, the strenuous Mackenzie taking his place in the centre of the picture. Mackenzie loves Lucy, a daughter of the embezzler, and takes with him to Africa a brother of the girl. An important part of the plot has to do with a sortie in which Mackenzie, knowing that young Allerton is a coward and a useless person, gives him a place in which he is almost bound to meet his death. Covered with glory, Mackenzie returns to England, but the matter of his treatment of the brother is exposed by the *Daily Mail*. The whole thing is done with much zest; but one expects better material from the author of "A Man of Honour." As for the style, the affectation of simplicity is not absent, and in a touching pen-picture of a scene by the sea one finds this sentence, "A cow heavily whisked its tail." There is an epigram-spinning barrister who talks in this style, "American women amaze me. They buy their linen at Doucet's and read Herbert Spencer with avidity. And what's more, they seem to like him. An Englishwoman can seldom read a serious book without feeling a prig, and as soon as she feels a prig she leaves off her corsets." Before "The End" is reached one is very tired of this performer. Mackenzie is amusing—which is the last thing his creator intended him to be; Lucy is tediously introspective; and there is reality in a frolicsome American widow who leads the epigrammatic barrister into matrimony.

THE CRESTED SEAS. By James Brendan Connolly. 6s. (Duckworth.)

If you have read "Out of Gloucester," or "The Seiners," or "The Deep Sea's Toll," you will know what to expect of Mr. Connolly. No other living novelist has shown a closer or more wonderful intimacy with the sea in all its moods, nor with the hard, rough lives of the deep-sea fishermen. These thirteen short stories in "The Crested Seas" have a vividness of detail, a sharpness of outline, are presented with a simple and graphic realism that give them all the tone and colour and force of absolute truth. They are tales of life as it is lived off the bleak coasts of Newfoundland; tales of shipwreck, of smuggling, of adventure in fog and storm and in perilous, ice-bound waters; and the characterisation is so sure and good that always you are as much interested in the men who go through the adventure as you are in the adventure itself. Here and there you have a quiet touch of pathos, here and

there, more often, something of raw, grim humour, and everywhere the ruggedness and savagery of elementary humanity for ever at war with one of the untamed and untamable forces of nature. If there are any stories in this kind that are truer or more hauntingly effective, one reviewer, at least, has never come across them.

THE BRASS BOWL. A Novel of Sensation. By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

Mr. Vance is an honest man. He calls his novel one "of sensation," and sensational it is from first to last, in a crescendo of thrilling situations. Only, the interest of it lies deeper than mere adventure. The hinge of the plot is the extraordinary facial resemblance between a gentleman-burglar and a wealthy young American, whose treasures are to be spoiled. This young American also holds papers which compromise a financial man, whose daughter determines to steal them. All three, the two independent thieves and their victim, are flung together in a dramatic situation: love-complications arise, and a thoroughly exciting story then rushes on to its happy ending. The courtship over the telephone wires at the close is a trifle improbable. But otherwise there is no lack of vital passion or movement, and Mr. Vance has succeeded in investing his story with real psychological fascination. It is as engrossing a novel of its class as we have read for many a month, throbbing, like the motors which it describes, with the pulse of energy in criminals and their foes alike.

The Bookman's Table.

DISCOVERIES. A Volume of Essays. By William Butler Yeats. (Dundrum: Dun Emer Press.)

As a volume of short essays, Mr. Yeats's book is a small thing; a matter of forty odd pages, bound in pigeon-breast blue and printed beautifully by Miss Elizabeth Yeats in a type that stands between author and reader because it is less clear than commonplace printing; written in a tiredly simple style which is akin to the speech of peasants who, not shrinking, like modern educated men, from "the ancient and insoluble," can still talk simply and poetically—and different from their speech in premeditation and lack of energy. It is as "Discoveries" that the volume has so much significance, and there again, not as new discoveries—they are not new—but because they have been made by Mr. Yeats, who represents in our minds the visionary, the mystical, the remote. Has mysticism, then, something to do with ordinary people and the next street? Are poets men? Do they live our common life? We had almost forgotten it. They have held themselves so aloof; they have written so much which, to the struggler for existence, is only melodious twaddle or an anodyne. Yet listen to this—from Mr. Yeats!—

"In literature, partly from lack of that spoken word which knits us to normal man, we have lost in personality, in our delight in the whole man—blood, imagination, intellect, running together—but have found a new delight, in essences, in states of mind, in pure imagination, in all that comes to us most easily in elaborate music."

Mr. Yeats has, it seems, been considering Villon and, in particular, Verlaine. While Verlaine was living, Mr. Yeats was interested in nothing but states of mind, lyrical moments, intellectual essences; without knowing it, he had come to care for nothing but impersonal beauty. Now, however, he finds it in himself to write:

"What moves natural men in the arts is what moves them in life, and that is, intensity of personal life, intonations that show them in a book or play, the strength, the essential moment of a man who would be exciting in the market or at the dispensary door. They must go out of the theatre with the strength they live by strengthened with looking upon some passion that could, whatever its chosen way of life, strike down an enemy, fill a long stocking with money, or move a girl's heart. . . . Their legs will tire on the road if there is nothing in their hearts but vague sentiment; and though it is charming to have an affectionate feeling about flowers, that will not pull the cart out of

the ditch. An exciting person, whether the hero of a play or the maker of poems, will display the greatest volume of personal energy, and this energy must seem to come out of the body as out of the mind."

That is a discovery none the less worth making and expressing because it is scarcely new. Mr. Yeats has come out of the land of dreams. He has discovered life; he has, one might almost say, discovered mankind. Whether he means to make life and mankind into still another dream is not yet evident, and indeed does not greatly matter. That he has approached such a discovery by such a road as his is the hopeful sign. Literature is in danger of discovering that we possess bodies healthy bodies, this time, with all the exuberance and the glory thereof. Literature is in very serious danger of re-discovering life.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DR. BARNARDO. By Mrs. Barnardo and James Marchant. With an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As Dr. Nicoll says in the vivid and intimate character-sketch he gives of him in the introduction, "Dr. Barnardo was of the old school of philanthropists." He was able to conceive at the outset of his career the profound influence that might be exercised by the individuality of one man who was in earnest. "He flamed up into vehemence very easily. Love, pity, wrath, scorn manifested themselves in turn almost volcanically. These bursts soon subsided, but very readily recurred. . . . It was about the Homes and the children that he was always thinking, and when conversing on other themes one could sometimes see that 'his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away.' His shrewdness and humour came out plainly, but he was a man who had one aim in life." And these Memoirs by Mrs. Barnardo and Mr. James Marchant tell simply and plainly and in due detail by what courageous self-sacrifice, through what misunderstanding and obloquy, with what patient, strenuous labour, and with what a swelling tide of sympathy from the leading men of the day as well as from the public at large, he achieved that one aim, and did for the poor and outcast children of the nation what, without any question, the nation itself ought to have done for them. It is a noble, a profoundly interesting and an inspiring record. You have the whole of his story, from the time of his birth at Dublin, through the years in which he accepted religion, became a missionary medical student, started mission work in the East End of London, saw the swarm of half-naked youngsters sleeping on the roof of a house in a bleak night of winter, and was moved to establish the first of those Homes that have done a work whose immense national importance has not even yet, I think, been adequately realised by any of us. Neither slander, discouragement, nor broken health could turn him from his purpose. "There must be few indeed who have done the work given them more diligently, more bravely, or with a more simple heart;" and certainly no man living has done greater, more practical or more far reaching service in the cause of humanity. Mrs. Barnardo and Mr. Marchant have performed a difficult task adequately; they have brought together all the facts and figures and left them to speak for themselves, and they speak most eloquently. The book is admirably illustrated with photographs of Dr. Barnardo, his family, his friends, and of the scenes amid which he lived and worked and died.

STRAY STANZAS. By Katherine Mann. (Maclehose.)

In this dainty little volume Miss Mann fully sustains the reputation she acquired by her earlier book of "Replies to Old Songs of the Elizabethans." We find in it the same qualities of metrical skill and woodland melody. The stanzas entitled "Lilac" are an example of Miss Mann's fresh and simple style, in which the art is well concealed.

To you this lilac white, that grew
Within my bower, I'm sending.
May it please,
And bear you of the sweets it knew
When, honey-rich, 'twas bending
To the bees;

And bring you of the breath it drew
When, fragrant, it was riding
On the breeze;
With something of the dawn fresh dew
Its chalice heart was hiding
'Neath the trees;
And from my own heart all that's true,
And all that is abiding -
Yours be these!

Much in the little volume is plainly of the nature of experiments in metre; but in the last section, called "Songs of Sadness," we detect the sincerity of emotion indispensable for the highest lyric note.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

We envy the students of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, the little book of biographies which has been prepared for them by Mr. G. A. R. Callender for their frequent use. It is called *Sea Kings of Britain* (2s. 6d.), and it tells of five sea-giants—Hawkins, Drake, Howard, Grenville, and Blake, with many another hero which that period includes. Mr. Callender has had the good fortune and the good sense to draw freely upon Frode's thrilling descriptions, and we repeat the fine phrases and the telling words beneath our breath as we read, for the sheer pleasure of hearing again (in fancy) that kindling voice. But Mr. Callender has given us much good writing of his own also, and the "men" at Osborne are to be congratulated.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON.

There is only one man, probably, to whom *The Call of the Homeland* (4s. 6d. net), collected, selected, and arranged by R. P. Scott, L.L.D., and K. T. Wallis, will not appeal. That man is the one who never to himself has said, "This is my own, my native land!" and his fate, as Sir Walter Scott has told us, is to go down "to the vile dust from whence he sprang, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." "The Call of the Homeland" is an anthology to create a patriot out of a mere human being, and to stir a patriot already created. It contains inspiring songs of past, present, and future; songs of Britain and of Greater Britain; songs of sea and land, of home and afar, of country and of city. Undoubtedly the editors have made out of their subject a most enthralling and inspiring volume. It should be in the hands of princes and of every Board-school scholar.

MESSRS. SISLEY, LTD.

Messrs. Sisley, who announce themselves even on their title-pages as "Makers of Beautiful Books," have, at any rate, justified themselves in *The Bible Beautiful*. It is a history of Biblical art, written by Miss Estelle M. Hull, it costs 7s. 6d., and it shows the spirit of continuity with which the artists have, consciously or unconsciously, been imbued when painting sacred subjects. In sculpture, in fresco, in mosaic, in oils, the author has followed the illustrators of the Bible story, and gives many an example of their achievements. Her own cover design has the effect of an illuminated missal, with its glowing red, gold, blue, and green border on white linen. It is a happy specimen of what may be done with tasteful border and lettering.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & CO.

We open the beautiful "Nature books" of to-day with notes of admiration in our voices, and quite properly we do so. But the books which enable us most thoroughly to enjoy those attractive volumes are books such as this now given us by Richard South, F.E.S., *The Moths of the British Isles* (7s. 6d. net.). Here we learn some of the fine foundations of the lovely nature of those other volumes—we learn the wide, deep interests of the nature-world. No words can really exaggerate the value and fascination of this volume to insect-lovers. The families Spingidae to Noctuidae are described in its pages, and nearly seven hundred accurately coloured figures show what the moths are like in their various stages. Mr. South has triumphantly managed to be interesting too, to the amateur natural historian, and his volume, which is the "First Series" about moths, should induce nature-lovers to buy it and all the others in Messrs. Warne's trustworthy and thorough "Wayside and Woodland Series."

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS.

Richmond has long been known for various surface reasons—as the site of the "Star and Garter," as the enviable home of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," as a pleasant starting-place for an afternoon on the river, or as the town where "Maids of Honour" cakes were first and best made. But there is really far more worth knowing about Richmond than these facts, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Bell have written and illustrated a volume which tells in just the right manner, by pen and brush, the picturesque, romantic story of Richmond's past, in *The Royal Manor of Richmond, with Petersham, Ham, and Kew*. Kings and queens of the past, celebrities of the present, old beauties, modern delights—they are gossiped of—and accurately

too; they are pictured—and that charmingly, and the result is excellent. You may read this book anywhere and enjoy it; but if you can take it to the Terrace at Richmond, or a secluded spot in the gardens of Ham House, you will do well.

Reprints and New Editions.

Few more pertinent and instructive volumes come to our hands each year than that book of revelation, *Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities* (1s. 6d.), the new edition of which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just sent us. For the forty-fourth time it tells of every London charity, in alphabetical order, gives a few instructive and helpful particulars, and encourages the charitably minded by the variety of appeals, and by a Form of Bequest. The list begins with the "Aborigines Protection Society," and we are sorry to conclude that no person has benefited by it this year, and we remember that no one benefited by it last year. On looking through this book month after month (for it is a mine of usefulness throughout the year) we have often wondered at the blanks against some of the rich, and less rich, companies and societies when the question is "Number of persons benefited last year?" But perhaps with these, and also the Aborigines Society, it is impossible to number the cases of need. There surely should be no society holding back its gold to-day. As food for thought alone this book is worth double the money; and it is not without its touches of unconscious humour. A most important "annual" to hundreds of men and women is *The Writer's and Artist's Year-Book, 1908* (1s. net), sent by Messrs. A. & C. Black. The use of this guide is far-reaching—indeed it reaches from those hundreds of men and women mentioned above to several hundreds of editors, publishers, and agents, for it gives not only the names of every magazine published in England and many published in America, but it gives also some details which help the writer and artist to send the suitable material to the suitable place and on the most fortunate day. The editor should, however, be a degree more careful in his yearly revision. We may remark, for instance, that the *British Monthly* ceased to be an available home for "short paragraphs" at least two years ago. Another "volume" invaluable both to workers and to people of leisure is *Hazell's Annual, 1908* (3s. 6d. net), published by Messrs. Hazell, Watson, & Viney, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. One of the most interesting pieces of January reading is the record of the year just past, followed by the information about the year to come. Political, scientific, literary, business, and in fact *all* public affairs are noted in this book, with useful information attached. "Hazell's" cover still exclaims "Avaunt, perplexity!" and inside the covers "Hazell's" helps perplexity to "avaunt." Three and sixpence is a small price to pay for this. *The Literary Year-Book* (Routledge) is always sure of a place among the reference books of every well-equipped office. It contains some excellent features this year. Among these are a tabulated list of reprints and a classified index of authors. Such features as these make the volume year by year more and more indispensable.

New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 10 TO JANUARY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BIDDLECOMBE, A.—Thoughts on Natural Philosophy. 6d. (Watts & Co.)
 BOYCOTT, REV. W. D.—Life in God's Family. 2s. net (Stockwell)
 BROWN, REV. CHARLES.—God and Man (Stockwell)
 Churchman's Penny Library: "Thoughts on Some Collects," by Ethel Romanes; "About Some Favourite Hymns," by H. P. K. Skipton; "Songs of Dawn," by A. R. G. 1d. each (Mowbray)
 C. S. B.—Modernism. 4d. net (Sands)
 Expositor, The.—Seventh Series. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. IV. 7s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
 GILLIES, J. R.—Jeremiah: the Man and his Message. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
 Gospel, Fragment of an Uncanonical. Edited, with Translation and Commentary, by Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., D.Litt., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A., D. Litt. 1s. net (Frowde)
 HOWARD, REV. HENRY.—The Raiment of the Soul, and Other Studies. 3s. 6d. (Robert Culley)
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 WOODWARD, ALLEN B.—The Inner Man. 5s. net (Kegan Paul)

FICTION.

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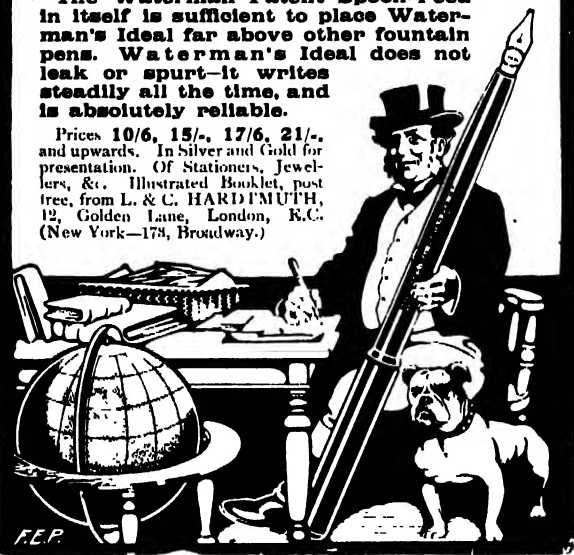
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The April number of THE BOOKMAN will contain a special illustrated article on "Cambridge in Literature."

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, whose novels are rapidly increasing in popularity, will have a new book ready for publication by Messrs. Hutchinson this summer.

Mr. J. J. Bell is making good progress with his new long novel, which will be issued in the early autumn.

Mr. Hall Caine is at present at Assouan, but expects to return to England at the beginning of April. He is hard at work on his new novel, which will appear serially in the *Strand Magazine*.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish in the autumn Mr. Winston Churchill's account of his recent journey in Africa. The book will be fully illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

Mr. Edmund Dulac, whose illustrations to the "Arabian Nights" created such a sensation last autumn, is at present at work on a series of paintings

for an illustrated edition of "The Tempest," which will be published this winter.

Mr. Keble Howard will have a new long novel ready for autumn publication. The title is "Little Miss Charity," and the scene pastoral Warwickshire.

We understand that Mrs. Alice Perrin has completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid in India. The title of the book is "Idolatry," and the novel deals to a large extent with missionary life in India. The book will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who have just issued a sixpenny edition of Mrs. Perrin's very successful novel "The Stronger Claim."

The death of Mr. Joseph Grego, at the age of sixty-four, removes from our midst a valued authority on prints, of which he had a fine collection. He was learned in the art of Georgian days, and was especially interested in caricature, to the history of which he made acceptable contributions in the form of biographies of Rowlandson and Gillray.

Mr. George H. Lorimer, the famous author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," will publish this spring a novel entitled "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal."

"The Flower of the Orange," a new novel by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, is announced for early publication.



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Sir Luke Fildes.

Illustrator of "Edwin Drood"

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, the author of "Brewster's Millions," is at work on a new book which he will call "The Husbands of Edith."

A new novel which Mrs. Everard Cotes has written under the title "Cinderella of Canada," will be published this spring. In Canada, curiously enough, the title is to be changed to "A Canadian Girl in London."

We think the following story of Sir Gilbert Parker is new. At any rate, as a Canadian magazine puts it, it strikes a chord of sympathy in many a writer's heart. It seems that some twenty-five years ago, when Sir Gilbert Parker was on a visit to the United States, he met a typical man of the Middle West, one of the breezy, good-natured, friendly sort. Sir Gilbert was impressed by the type, and particularly interested in the colloquial slang which his acquaintance managed with more than usual deftness. The phrase that pleased him most, called out with amiability and no discoverable meaning, was "Well, give my love to the girls!" Those who have read Sir Gilbert Parker's newly published novel "The Weavers," will recall this phrase on the lips of one Thomas Tilman Lacey, who takes hearty leave of an Oriental potentate with the words, "Well, good-bye, King; give my love to the girls!" Lacey, in fact, was the prototype of the Western man. The latter was engaged

in some provision business, always expecting to make a lot of money some time, and talking about it rather frequently. Ten years later, in a New York hotel, Sir Gilbert was caught by the cheerful words wafted along the corridor, "Well, good-bye, give my love to the girls!" He recognised his man, and went over to him.

"Wait a minute," said the Westerner. "Know you perfectly well. Can't place you. Let me see—"

Sir Gilbert smiled, quoted the old phrase, and the other recalled his identity.

"Well, well! And what are you doing now?" asked the Westerner.

"Writing books," confessed Sir Gilbert.

"Is that so!" said the other, evidently moved. "And I've struck it rich! Can I do anything for you?"

The Dickens cult has been lifted out of the groove of leisure hobbies and become a passion and a great crusade as a contemporary has recently suggested, and no doubt such enthusiasts as Mr. B. W. Matz, whose portrait we are able to present to our readers, has done much towards this end. He was the founder of the Dickens Fellowship, which has reached such huge dimensions throughout the world, and he is the editor of the *Dickensian*, an excellent little magazine devoted to the great subject of Dickens. Recently Mr. Matz was able to identify a large mass of Dickens's writings hitherto hidden away in periodicals, and these have just been added to the superb "National" Edition of the novelist's works

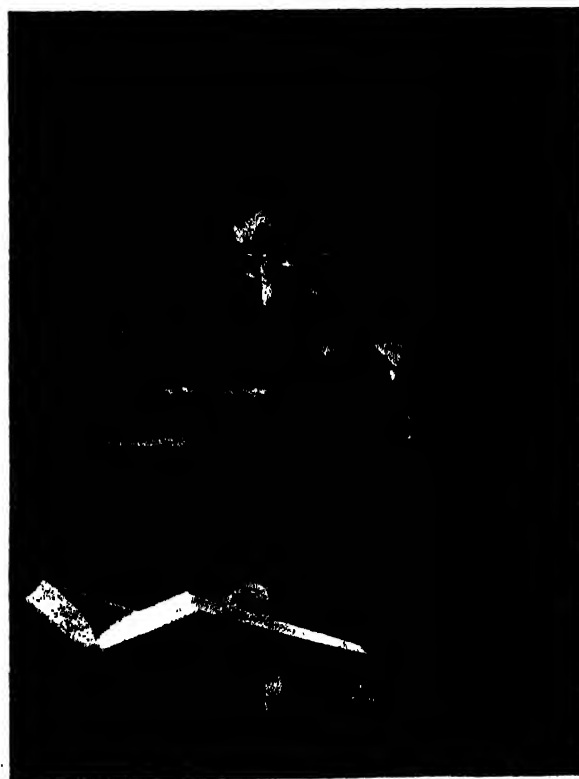


Photo by W. J. Roberts.

Mr. B. W. Matz.Editor of the *Dickensian*.

under the title of "Miscellaneous Papers," with an introduction from his pen; indeed, we understand that this edition of Dickens's works has been produced under his editorship. Mr. Matz is lecturing on the subject of these discoveries at Essex Hall, Strand, on March 4, at 8 o'clock. The interesting article on "Edwin Drood" in our pages is, as will be seen, contributed by him.

A first novel by Mr. Percy Barron which is likely to create considerable stir will be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the title "The Hate Flame." The scene of the story is modern Ireland, and there can be no doubt that certain incidents described in the book will arouse heated discussion. The author is prepared for this, but he is convinced that the characters in the story are faithful portraits, and the views they express thoroughly representative. Whatever else it may be, it is, at least, a sincere book, and the author has endeavoured to give all sides a fair hearing. The book concerns character, and not politics. It is a love romance first, and if beneath the story the reader cares to seek a fable, he must point the moral for himself. Perhaps in the hero, Jack Bullen, he will see England, good intentioned, warm-hearted, self-reliant, and utterly unable to understand the hatred he inspires. Perhaps in Kathleen, the heroine, one may see Ireland, swayed by many advisers; and in Father O'Darrell the Church that rules her country.

Although this is Mr. Barron's first novel, he was for ten years an active journalist in Fleet Street. For some years he spent all his spare time in travelling, and had the good fortune to visit every country in Europe. He is inclined to say that his favourite literature is Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and has little sympathy with people who affect boredom. His advice to such a one is: take a ticket to any place south of Buda-Pest, dump yourself and a knapsack containing a couple of flannel shirts at

any out-of-the-way station, and trust to luck and an occasional lift in a bullock-cart to help you through your journey to nowhere in particular. It is an interesting experience, especially if one does not know the language.

Mr. Barron was in Servia when the King and Queen were assassinated. He at once hurried to Belgrade, and he hopes some day to write of his experiences there. Morocco was one of his early loves, though many of the happiest days of his life were spent among the heather and sand seas of Sunset Land. Europe he describes as a wonderland of delight to one who loves to loaf through it alone and who is not afraid of walking. The shifting crowds of the boulevard, the piazza, strasse, or highway are the finest picture-galleries in the world.

Mr. Barron has no methods of work. He scribbles in the early morning, in the open air if possible, in order to get some sunshine into his pages. He will work in a yacht, in a garden — anywhere, he says, where there are no modern time-wasting contrivances.

While biography succeeds biography, the curious may now and then note a strange omission.

Thus, we have had no account of the life of George Gissing, and Mr. Thomas Seecombe's introduction to "The House of Cobwebs" was strictly limited to an appreciation of the novels. Neither has there been a memoir of the author of "Lorna Doone," for though Blackmore kept a diary, he left instructions that no Life should be written, and his representatives have piously obeyed the injunction. By the way, a new edition of "Lorna Doone" is in the press, and its special feature will be photographs of all the places mentioned therein. This innovation, if generally followed by publishers, may develop into a nuisance; for we have "biographical" editions of various authors, and it would be too bad if we were to have in addition "topographical" editions.



Photo by Lafayette.

Mr. Percy Barron.



Photo: Topical Press.

Mr. George Meredith's house from a hill.

Mr. George Meredith, his age, his youth and his genius, have been so much in our minds during the past month that while offering him our congratulations on the first opportunity permitted to us, we reproduce a few scenes by which our interested readers may know the surroundings among which the novelist passes the greater part of his time, away from the noisier paths of literature.

The niche that the beaux of the later Georgian period still occupy in the minds of most people, though not, perhaps, in their esteem, shows clearly

Flint House, Boxhill.

Brummell was the great man of fashion in those days, but Mr. Melville has brought to light, for the first time, a mass of information concerning the social lives of the now almost forgotten cronies of "The First Gentleman of Europe," Sir John Lader, "Jockey" of Norfolk, Sir H. Lumley Skeffington, George Hanger, and Henry, Earl of Barrymore; as well as of those later dandies, Lord Petersham, Tom Raikes, "Golden Ball" Hughes, Long Wellesley, "Poodle" Byng, Lord Yarmouth, Gronow, Lord Alvanley, and the rest. Mr. Melville's object, we understand, is not only to trace the career of these men,

but also to show the development of dandyism under the Regency. "The Beaux of the Regency" will be profusely illustrated with rare contemporary caricatures.

Actors have recently been complaining that wealthy amateurs are invading the stage, with the result that these well-to-do folk, by accepting nominal salaries are able to displace those whose means do not permit them to take starvation wages. This cry is by no means new, and it is here alluded to only because the surprising thing about it is that the grumblers ignore,



Photo: Topical Press.

Mr. Meredith's favourite walk in the grounds at Flint House, Boxhill.

or seem to ignore, the fact that acting, if only a minor art, is yet an art. Being an art, it stands to reason that the wealthy may practise it with as much success as the poor; and, indeed, it is a fact known to those conversant with theatrical affairs that while at the top of the tree of this calling some have risen from the ranks, more are people of good standing and considerable means. In the literary calling, on the other hand, there has never been any outcry against outsiders. In the commonwealth of letters there is a welcome for all who can write, and the wealthy peer and the opulent merchant are regarded without jealousy by the most impecunious scribe.

It is true that the literary man has the reputation of being jealous of his brother-writers, but this reproach is undeserved. Perhaps the novelist with the greatest circulation may inspire with unkind feelings the novelist with the second greatest circulation; but such cases are very rare. Editors are always on the look-out for talent, and gladly encourage it whether it is displayed by peer or plebeian, rich man or pauper; while other men of letters, with few exceptions, will hold out, and have held out, helping hands to the promising beginner. If there is no royal road to success in our calling, at least the path is made smooth for the young gifted writer!

MM. Calmann-Levy have just published the first volume of M. Anatole France's elaborate work on Jeanne d'Arc, a massive octavo of over six hundred pages. Written in a tone of sincere zeal and affection, this saintly life cannot fail to make a profound impression. It is superfluous to point out that the author combines the qualifications of a profound



Photo: Topical Press

The Château, Bozhill, from a distance.
Showing the market-garden and grounds.

archivist with those of an almost unrivalled master of French literary prose. The tranquillity and beauty of the style, with its complete avoidance of all affectation and undue ornament, no less than the wonderful penetration shown into the life of the period, its form and pressure, will constitute this one of M. Anatole France's noblest literary achievements.

The Life of the heroine whom Lingard in his "History of England" quaintly entitled "this interesting female" has found no lack of students in England, but it deserves to be pointed out that the two deservedly best known books on the Maid



Photo: Topical Press.

Mr. Meredith going for his daily outing.

written in the English tongue of late years are both by Americans, the Lives, namely, by Mark Twain and Francis Lowell.

A memorial tablet has been erected at 19, Curzon Street, Mayfair, where Lord Beaconsfield spent the last years of his life. There it was that he completed "Endymion," the last of his novels. "He had left 'Endymion' half-finished when he took office in 1874," Froude has told us; "he went on with it when office had left him, perhaps because he had thought himself obliged to buy a house in London on retiring from Downing Street, and wanted money." It is a matter of common knowledge that he received for the copyright the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Those who note with observant eye the vicissitudes of literary fame will have been struck by the announcement of the solemn removal of the remains of Emile Zola to rest along with those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo and Pasteur in the Panthéon. It cannot be denied that Zola possessed a good share of those qualities which led a French critic to characterise Charles Dickens as a combination of Alexandre Dumas and St. Vincent de Paul. But when one reflects how Zola, "the Michael Angelo of the gutter," was regarded a brief twenty years ago!

In the illustration of this number we have been much indebted to Messrs. Chapman & Hall and to Mr. B. W. Matz, editor of the *Dickensian*.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. H. C. BAILEY.

JOURNALISM and literature are supposed to be as far apart as the poles. Perhaps they are—journalism is for a day, and literature is for all time, or for a very long time, but it does not necessarily follow that a journalist cannot be a man of letters. Mr. H. C. Bailey is quite a shining example to the contrary, though I must confess that it came upon me as something of a surprise to learn that the incorrigible romantic whom one discovers in the author of "Springtime" and "Beaujeu" has served for seven years, ever since he came down from Oxford in fact, on the treadmill of a great newspaper office. One can perceive no affinity between Fleet Street and, let us say, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and for similar reasons it is almost impossible to imagine Mr. Bailey laying down the points of a didactic article on Tariff Reform. I find it difficult to picture him as an easy master in what some one has called "the leader-writer's infernal art."

After all, the fact that Mr. Bailey is one of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* concerns us very little. He is primarily a novelist, and it is in his leisure that he produces his real work. Seven novels, good ones, in as many years, represent a creditable achievement for any man, even if he accomplish nothing else.

A Londoner, and an *alumnus* of the City of London School—the school that trained G. W. Stevens—Mr. Bailey was seized when very young with a passionate desire to write novels. Old numbers of his school magazine could disclose efforts of his immaturity. Even so could back files of the *Isis*, of which he became editor in his second year at Corpus. Judging from his work one might think he would have owed his scholar's gown to his proficiency in history, which was not the case. Mr. Bailey was a classical scholar, first in "Greats" of his year, and his historical reading has been mainly accomplished unrestrained by the limitations of "courses of reading prescribed by the University." He does not apply "local colour" to his books as if it were a finishing coat of varnish; his art provides a subtler suggestion

that pervades his characters, his scenes, and his atmosphere, an effect quite impossible to evolve without really deep and conscientious historical research. And I might point out here that his range has been wide: that mediæval Italy, the Napoleonic period, and the time of the rising of the Netherlands have all furnished settings for his romances, and work on which he is now engaged takes him farther afield yet.

Mr. Bailey has somewhat strong opinions as to the province of the historical novelist, a class he is fully qualified to represent. We used to think that rather stern limitations should be enjoined upon the man who drew history into the service of fiction. We used to think that without such limitations his productions had sometimes an injurious, occasionally even a pernicious, effect. In fact some of us, myself for one, think this still. But not so Mr. Bailey. So long as he produces a faithful picture of his period, and depicts the racial characteristics of his men and women, he is very well satisfied. The unities of time and space he ignores. He would feel justified in presenting to us Julius Cæsar with the attributes of Caligula, in endowing Charles II. with the personality of John Knox. Occasionally he invents whole principalities and powers, wars and battles. There are good arguments, of course, for such a point of view. And we should be the last to say of Mr. Bailey that he was pernicious.

Mr. Bailey is not to be confounded with his namesake, the new editor of the *Contemporary Review*, who has been wont to discourse learnedly on French poetry therein. Our Mr. Bailey is barely thirty years old, but the work he has already accomplished renders his future one of rich promise. It was in 1897 that he went up to Oxford, and in his second "long" he wrote his first novel, "My Lady of Orange." In due course the MS. fell among the publishers' readers, and it was a judicious Fate that decreed into whose hands it should fall. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. invited Mr. Andrew Lang's judgment upon it. That judgment realised its

merit, with the consequence that the tale appeared in instalments in *Longman's Magazine*, afterwards being issued in book form. We have already mentioned that Mr. Bailey, while an undergraduate, directed the fortunes of the *Isis* for two years. For those who care to know it, we may add that he achieved the distinction of being cox of the Corpus boat.

Two years after the publication of his first book, Mr. Bailey, out of his leisure, produced two more, "The Master of Gray" and "Karl of Erbach," both of which appeared in 1903, both also being published by Longmans. The next year, with the love for his *Alma Mater* still strong upon him, he gave us, through Messrs. Chapman & Hall, a story of Oxford life, his only modern novel. "Rimingtons" was a notable book. A tale of one's own time, it is, though with certain touches of realism, just as brimful of romance as any story of mediæval bravoës and fair ladies, or Stuart cavaliers and their loves, with which Mr. Bailey's rich fancy has ever charmed us. Seldom was the course of true love crossed more often than in the case of Dick Rimington and Ethel Verschoyle. In Jack Strachan, the *deus ex machina* who finally smoothes their path for the lovers, we trace resemblances to Mr. Bailey's self. Such resemblance may be merely superficial, or unconscious, and we apologise if we do Mr. Bailey an injustice.

In 1905 appeared "Beaujeu," a romance of the time of James II. and the coming of William of Orange. This story has all the grace of Egerton Castle's work, combined with a strength which that author lacks. Early in 1907 came "Springtime," unquestionably Mr. Bailey's finest effort, a glowing study of mediæval Italy, alive with colour and movement, its characters a motley but ever real throng of lords and ladies, warriors and vagabonds, lords either *dilettanti* or fiends, ladies demure as Madonna or desirous as Messalina, warriors with the hearts of children, and vagabonds of a marvellous genius for epigram. A pleasant feast, indeed, and one that spoilt us for the enjoyment of "Raoul, Gentleman of Fortune," published by Messrs. Hutchinson in the autumn of the same year. Raoul was a picturesque swashbuckler, who swashed his bucklers, as Mr. Lucas would say, in the time of the Netherlands rebellion. He is quite a disturbing and restless person, whose mission in life consists in carrying through with an air and swagger unsurpassed by any other adventurer in fiction such hazardous enterprises as his kind delights in. His early training may have had

something to with all this. His first memory is of the sight of his father, lying dead and mutilated in the gutter at the sack of St. Quintin. His mother he never heard of. The preceptor of his youth is one Taddeo, a scoundrel and bully serving under Alva. Eventually the reader is pleased to learn that Raoul de Tout le Monde marries and settles down as a peaceable squire of Devon.

It is probable that many who read this article have noticed the series of episodes entitled "The God of Clay" that have been appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. As studies of Napoleon's character, they throw new and not uninteresting lights on certain sides of his personality, although the accuracy of the facts, as described by Mr. Bailey, is not vouched for. This series will appear in book form very shortly. Mr. Bailey has another somewhat similar series in hand for

the same journal. These sketches, to be called "The Pageant of England," start in May, and will deal with "Julius Cæsar," "Alfred the Great," "William the Conqueror," and so forth.

No one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Bailey has in preparation a romance of the Civil War. He will hardly be breaking virgin ground, but can be trusted to give us something original, and something admirable. He has a chance of distinguishing himself greatly, and we hope and trust that he will take advantage of it. We look forward to its advent with some eagerness.

Mr. Bailey does not imagine that any particular man of letters or school of writing had any formative influence

to speak of on the growth of his own talent. Between boyhood and manhood, the age of deep and lasting impressions, he does indeed imagine that Browning and Henley, both of whom he loved and still loves, had a perceptible effect upon him. As for contemporary literature, busy as he is, he confesses that he has little time to study it, and less inclination. I am of opinion that herein Mr. Bailey misses quite a lot that it might profit him to notice, though it is naturally a self-evident truth that criticism and original work can hardly ever be satisfactorily accomplished together. The admission that he has no appreciation for the very present merits of a writer such as Mr. Arthur Machen is really nothing beyond a sign of the healthiness of Mr. Bailey's general outlook. And healthiness, in so rich and prodigal an imagination, is more of a blessing than a curse.

ASHLEY GIBSON.



Mr. H. C. Bailey.

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 MARCH, 1908.

THE READER.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD: Dickens's Half-told Tale.

By B. W. MATZ, *Editor of "The Dickensian."*

I.

THE BOOK.

WHEN Dickens towards the end of 1868 set out to plan his new story, which also proved to be his last, it is obvious that he intended to show his numerous critics that he was capable of doing what many thought he had no genius for doing, namely, to weave a good story, an intricate plot. He had already suggested in "Our Mutual Friend," "Great Expectations," and "A Tale of Two Cities," that in spite of the fact that in the majority of his previous books he had depended upon characterisation, upon humour, upon sentiment, upon his great appeal to all human feelings, and chose these means of obtaining and retaining his hold upon his public, he could, if he cared to try, add to all these accomplishments that of an ingenious storyteller. And so we find in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" that his faith in his own powers was not misplaced, but that he could actually rival upon their own field those writers of whom Wilkie Collins perhaps was the head.

Unhappily he was unable to complete his task, death intervening when but half of it was accomplished. What his intentions were regarding the unwritten half, no one knows, no one ever will know, for contrary to his usual custom he took none of his friends or relatives into his confidence concerning them. He even told his biographer that the idea for the story was "not a communicable" one or "the interest of the book would be gone."

We do not propose to offer here any opinion as to how the plot was to be worked out, beyond expressing the belief that Edwin Drood was actually murdered by his uncle. Several literary Sherlock Holmeses have been at work on the theme for many years past, and the results of their labours are available for all to study, and are reviewed briefly in the second part of this article. We do not even propose to outline the story so far as it goes. The main lines of the tale must be familiar to all who are interested in the subject. We wish simply to deal with it on its merits as revealing the many-sided genius of its author.

To the present writer it is one of the most fascinating of the novelist's books. It possesses traces of his genius on every page.

Instead of exhibiting indications of a declining power, as it might well have done considering the abnormal amount of work he put forth, it showed him to be still in possession of all the attributes which had carried him to the top of the literary ladder—attributes still as bright and yielding as in the past—but applied to yet another scheme, as fascinating in interest as any which had gone before.

Although one starts to read the book in the full knowledge that only half of the story will be reached, there is never a moment when the reader feels it useless to continue. There is disappointment at the end, of course, but never the slightest feeling of regret, or suggestion even that it has all been for nothing. Therein we have the confession of the greatness of the book, and there are few uncompleted tales of distinguished novelists of which the same can be said. Many persons abstain from reading it because it is incomplete. This may be a good reason, generally speaking. But so far as this book is concerned it is a great mistake, for it holds the reader from first to last simply by its sheer merits and undoubted interest.

We know that critics differ as to the value of the book as a part of the scheme of Dickens's work. It would be curious were it otherwise. Longfellow said that it "was certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all," and we have recently heard a similar opinion expressed by one whose estimate of the value of Dickens's books is always so sound. Those who take a contrary view have allowed their minds to be stultified in this respect by fixing it on the "Mystery" only. Judged apart from the story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" will bear comparison

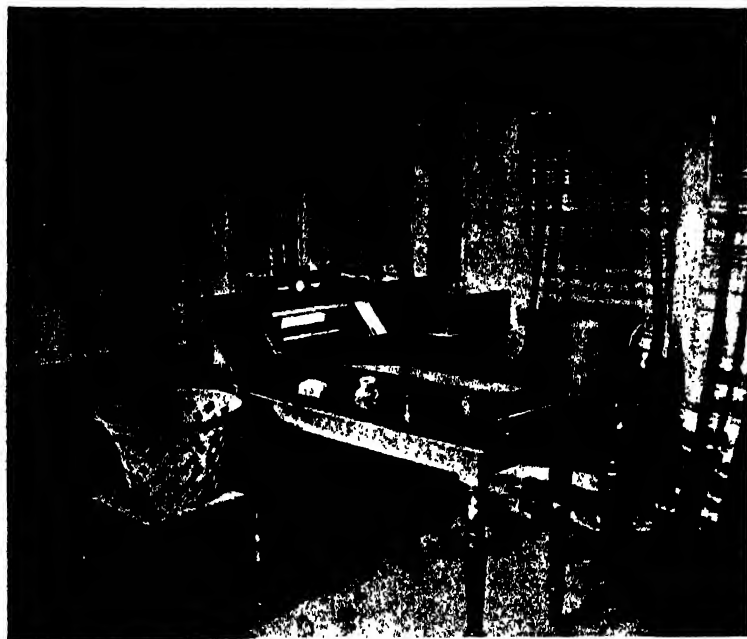
with any of the novelist's books, and it will be found often to surpass some from many points of view. But judged in conjunction with the elaborately conceived story, it can easily be seen to be Dickens's best and his most workmanlike novel in the making.

The scene is laid in Rochester (called Cloisterham in the book), and the minute details of the ancient city which Dickens sketches into his picture make it almost photographic in its accuracy. His descriptive powers are as keen as ever, and his pictures are studded everywhere with those felicitous fancies which give those illuminating touches that impress actuality on the mind.



The Châlet, Gad's Hill.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)



**Dickens's Room in the Chalet, where
"Edwin Drood" was written.**

(By kind permission of the Editor of the *Dickensian*.)

Of the story we have hinted sufficiently that it is well constructed, and worked out with the utmost skill. So intricate, indeed, are its plots and counter-plots, so baffled is the reader regarding the details, and so difficult is it to discover the "tracks," it is beside the mark to say of it that Dickens triumphed where it was thought he was little able to succeed.

Dickens's wonderful genius for creating original and convincing characters is displayed in almost every personage in the book. There is scarcely a failure in this respect. Every character is clear-cut, distinctive, and living. The exceptions may be Edwin Drood and Rosa Bud. And the worst to be said of them is that they are typical of Dickens's young men and women, colourless at times, but, as in the case of Rosa, charming in her simple and honest womanhood and evidently to be developed on a higher plane than usual. Of the clergymen, we have in Crisparkle a straightforward, manly parson, a fine fellow who acts the part of a gentleman in the face of a difficult position; whilst Mr. Honeythunder is merely a parson in name, and not even honest at heart—a humbug as Stiggins was, but in a different manner, although none the less so. Old Grewgious the lawyer is a masterpiece; unlike any other lawyer in Dickens, but delightful and as real as any, clear-cut as a diamond and quite as "angular." We see little of Bazzard, his clerk, but no doubt he was to be developed. However, what we have is good and reminiscent of the author's old days amongst the confraternity. It has been suggested that Sapsea, the Mayor and auctioneer, is a caricature. That may be so, but he, nevertheless, has many characteristics of a provincial big "gun," who is also a hypocrite and a humbug. Tartar, who undoubtedly, as Forster records, was to marry Rosa, has not been made sufficiently known to us, but the little we know of him stamps him on our mind indelibly.

Of the women characters apart from Rosa we have in Mrs. Crisparkle a quite charming old lady, whose certain peculiarities give just those touches which round off her character. Miss Twinkleton is quite in the picture, whilst her assistant Mrs. Tisher, Mrs. Tope, and Mrs. Billickin give Dickens opportunities in character portraiture which he delights and always succeeds in. Mrs. Billickin is almost a chip off the Mrs. Gamp block, and in the opium-woman is a grim instance of Dickens's earnestness and faithfulness in details.

In Neville Landless and his sister Helena we have a divergence from the usual Dickens type. They have foreign blood in their veins, are imbued with foreign temperaments, and stand apart from all the rest a little out of the Dickens groove; but they are human beings to the core, and of a nature compelling a belief in the big part they both were to play in the drama.

There remain Durdles, the Deputy, and Jasper, three upon whom the unravelling of the mystery depended. Durdles is an inimitable piece of Dickens, fitting perfectly into his place, as immortal as Sam Weller himself, whilst Deputy is another of the novelist's boys in which he seemed so to delight.

But in presenting Jasper, Dickens set out, undoubtedly, to limn a psychological study of a murderer. He did it before in more than one instance, but particularly in the character of Julius Slinkton in "Hunted Down."

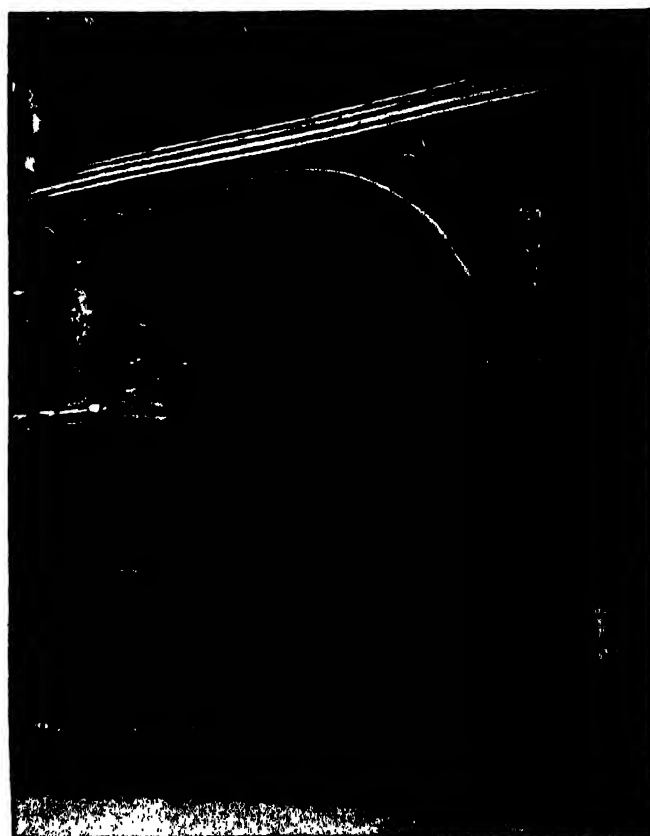


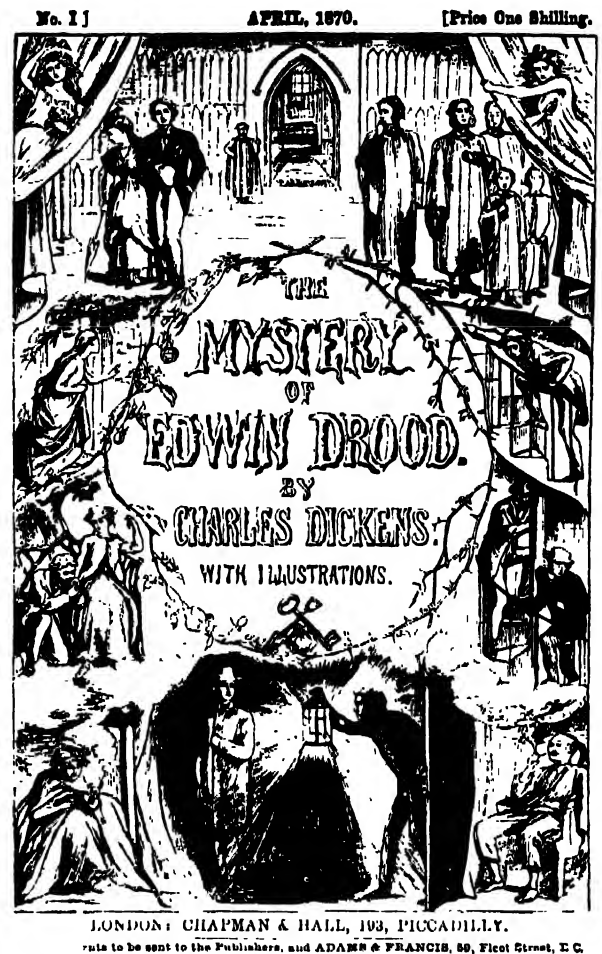
Photo by Walter Dexter.

The Western Door of Rochester Cathedral

"'Dear me,' said Mr. Grewgious, peeping in, 'it's like looking down the throat of old Time.'"

But never in all his writings has he probed the mind of a murderer, a criminal at heart, as he has done in this case. Jasper is a villain, a criminal villain, clever and double-faced as possible, and in him we have a wonderful study of the demeanour of a murderer who has not yet been found out. The workings of his mind, his cunning and his schemes to evade detection both in the minds of the persons of the drama and of the readers, is ingenious to a degree and justified the title of the story. He is one of the greatest characters from the point of view of sheer genius Dickens has given us. And we get in the enactment and result of his crime a grim tragedy which shall baffle all to the end of time.

In the mere writing of the book Dickens showed an improvement rather than otherwise. His command of his medium is unflinching. Essentially a tragedy, a story of love and revenge, the novel displays abundance of comedy and that quaint humour we expect and always get from everything Dickens wrote, and he never missed making delightful, whimsical capital, out of everything and anything lending itself to his unique sense of the humorous. His fancy is as light and breezy as ever when he gets away from the grim episodes. Take the interview with Grewgious and Rosa, towards the end of the book, at Staple Inn. It is delightfully fresh and pure comedy. Take also Tartar's idea of brightening Neville's quarters with a garden made portable by means of pulleys and other nautical means. It is wholesome humour and



Reduced facsimile of the original cover design of the parts of "Edwin Drood." (By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall).

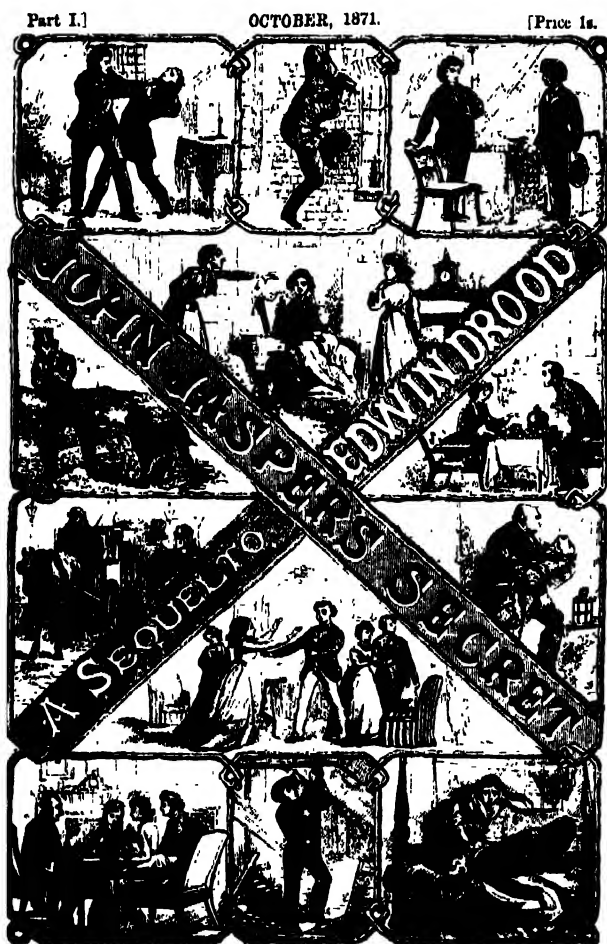
fancy. The book is full of such instances of Dickens's bright and lightest vein, yet its paramount theme is tragedy.

II.

ATTEMPTS TO COMPLETE IT AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

The last paragraph Dickens wrote on that day he met with his fatal seizure ends the book so far as he is concerned. What was in his mind regarding the trend of the story, how he was intending to gather up the intricate threads and straighten them out to make an accordant and natural whole, no one will ever know. As we have said, unlike his custom in relation to his other books, he kept the secret and plan of the story to himself, and did not even note down on paper his intentions. It was hoped that in going through his papers, in preparing his biography, some rough outline of his scheme might be found. But, excepting a stray chapter entitled, "How Mr. Sapsea ceased to be a member of the eight club," which does not actually touch upon the story at all, absolutely nothing was discovered.

However, rumour was soon rife that the book was to be completed by another hand, and that hand Wilkie Collins's. And it is common belief to-day that the author of "A Woman in White" did write a completion and published it. But rumour was false, as Dickens's publishers found it necessary to point out



Reduced facsimile of the cover design of the monthly parts of "John Jasper's Secret."



On Dangerous Ground.

(One of Sir Luke Fildes's illustrations to "Edwin Drood." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

in a letter to *The Times*. In spite of this, however, it was continually stated in print that Wilkie Collins had finished the book, so he, too, had to publicly deny it again in 1878. "I was asked to finish the story, but absolutely refused," he said.

Yet in spite of these categorical denials there was a book published in America years ago, and still current there, entitled "John Jasper's Secret: sequel to Charles Dickens's 'Mystery of Edwin Drood,'" professing on its title-page to be "by Charles Dickens the Younger and Wilkie Collins." The back of the cover to-day has "Wilkie Collins" only as author, and an embossed portrait of him centred in a decorative design. Whether the present publishers of the book are cognisant of the fraud they are playing on the public I am not prepared to say. Let us hope not. But the fact is, neither of these authors had any hand whatever in the "sequel." The real authors of the book were an American journalist named Henry Morford and his wife, who came to England for the avowed object of gathering materials and local colour for their task.

Having completed it to their own satisfaction, they published it anonymously in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper* in their own country, and in a weekly publication entitled *The Chimney Corner* in England. It was afterwards issued in parts, closely following the format of "Edwin Drood," with wood-cuts imitating Sir Luke Fildes's style and a pictorial wrapper after the manner of Collins's cover to the original. It had a certain success in this form, and as a matter of fact a set of the parts is far more valuable to-day than a set of the "Drood" parts.

In the preface to the published book, the authors (who it must be remembered are stated to be Wilkie

Collins and Charles Dickens the Younger) state that, although no written data or records were discovered, Dickens "had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work; and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed in life. All these, with many more particulars, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are conveying a benefit as well as a pleasure to the world in setting at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the 'Mystery' has given rise," and further confess that they have carried out what they have "fully traced and identified as the intention of the writer."

Now, as a matter of fact, it has recently transpired that Dickens did reveal one important secret to his son Charles, and that was that "Drood was murdered by Jasper." With this piece of knowledge Charles Dickens the Younger dramatised the story with Joseph Hatton, but for some reason it was never played. Within the last few months this play has been brought to light and is, I believe, appearing in America as a serial, and may perhaps some day see the light in England. Yet in "John Jasper's Secret" Drood is *not* killed, and appears on the scene again. So that fact disposes of any idea that the Younger Charles had any part in the book, which together with Wilkie Collins's denial makes the title-page somewhat impudent.

In this sequel Jasper thinks he has strangled Drood and puts the body in a crevice of the Cathedral. It is discovered in time by Durdles, and Drood tells his tale to Bazzard, who assumes the part of

Datchery in order to trap down Jasper, who ultimately dies of an overdose of opium in Princess Puffer's den. Rosa marries Tartar, Helena accepts Drood, and Neville Landless joins the Church. Throughout the book new characters are introduced with names not altogether Dickensian, in places the style of narration is rather American, and occasionally names are spelt wrongly, such as Mrs. Fisher for Mrs. Tisher.

I have dwelt at some length upon this book because it is the best known, and consequently most often alluded to. It has, too, a certain amount of peculiar interest, and is undoubtedly a serious attempt at a conscientious completion. But perhaps the best attempt at completing the story from an English point of view is Gillan Vase's "The Great Mystery Solved: a sequel to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,'" which was published in the then fashionable three volumes in 1878. "Gillan Vase" was a lady who had already some reputation in England as a novelist, and her story was not altogether of the amateur brand. She has aimed at retaining Dickens's style of narration, and if she fails somewhat it is not to be wondered at. She unravels some of the knotty points cleverly and gathers up her threads at the end with ingenuity. She shows knowledge of Rochester and of London, and adheres to details with much skill. But she, too, assumes Drood to be alive and allows him to take Bazzard's place as Grewgious's clerk disguised, and indicates that he prefers to be considered dead than to bring Jasper, his uncle, to justice. Jasper is permitted to kill himself in jail, and the mysterious Mr. Datchery is no other than a common detective. Neville dies, Helena becomes Mrs. Crisparkle, and Rosa

eventually accepts Drood after his long absence in Egypt.

Prior to these two books came the first attempt at a solution in America, entitled "The Cloven Foot," which offered itself as "an adaptation of the English novel to American scenes, characters, customs, and nomenclature." It was simply burlesque, but forged its way into England and was issued as a small book, revised and altered, with a new title, "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood."

The author was "Orpheus C. Kerr," whose real name was R. H. Newell. It cannot be considered in a serious light, but it possesses some humour and wit, and works out a conclusion of a kind round a definitely laid plan. The American paraphrasing of the original is distinctly clever at times.

The most extraordinary "completion" of all is the one avowed to be by Dickens's spirit through a medium published in Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.A. The medium's name was T. P. James, and it appears he published parts of his transcription from time to time in the newspapers, bringing down upon his head scorn and derision. This did not deter him from publishing the whole story complete when finished in 1873. The book has a dedication and a preface from Dickens's spirit, both of which are so absurd it would be futile to quote from them. The "medium" also supplies a preface equally stupid. As a matter of fact, Dickens did not believe in spiritualism on earth, even if he altered his mind in that other place, as his preface suggests. The recently discovered articles of his in *Household Words* include two or three in which he does not hesitate to say what his opinion is on the subject, and laughs the idea of mediums, visitations



Mr. Grewgious experiences a New Sensation.

(One of Sir Luke Fildes's illustrations to "Edwin Drood." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)



From 'John Jasper's Secret,' an anonymous sequel to 'Edwin Drood'

Mr. Honeythunder as an Avenger.

and the rest to scorn. Apart from this, however, the book cannot be treated seriously. It is ungrammatical, badly written, and as Mr. Sapsea would say, "un-English." It is a curiosity, that is all, and the man who perpetrated it did not know the locality it had for a setting, and hardly mastered the details of the unfinished novel. Drood lives through it all, poor man! and marries Rosa in the end. Helena and Crisparkle become man and wife, whilst Datchery is identified as Princess Puffer's son.

These are all the so-called "conclusions" to Dickens's wonderful tale I know of, unless the story by Mrs. C. A. Read called "The Welfleet Mystery," which was avowedly the outgrowth of Dickens's book, be included. In it the names of the characters were altered, the scene was altered, and a rough idea only of the plot retained.

But there have been numerous attempts at a solution of the mystery by examination, study, and inference in magazines and in small volumes. These form perhaps, the most interesting reading, because one has not to wade through pages and pages of so-called imitation of Dickens. In these you simply have the writers' ideas regarding their own theories argued according to their light in their own way. The magazine articles need not be dealt with here, as space forbids.

Of the books the first was R. A. Procter's "Watched by the Dead: A Loving Study of Dickens's Half-told Tale," in which he argues, and argues forcibly, the theory that Drood was not killed, but escaped, and, as Datchery, watched Jasper until a dramatic opportunity offered itself to bring home his attempted crime. But this theory, ably as it is advocated, has been exploded by more recent students. Although Procter's book held the field for years as the solution to the mystery, three others in the course of a few months have tumbled

over each other. undoubtedly the clearest and most minutely reasoned is Mr. J. Cuming Walters's "Clues to Dickens's 'Mystery of Edwin Drood,'" which created so much discussion and argument in the columns of the press at the time of its publication in 1905. Mr. Walters was the first real advocate for the theory that Drood was murdered by his uncle. Otherwise, he says in effect, the book as a story was poor and third-rate. I believe, too, that this is the theory that all good Dickensians now hold. The other point which Mr. Walters makes is the other one which baffles everybody, and the one in solving which different results are offered. That is "Who was Mr. Datchery?" He holds a brief for Helena Landless, which seems convincing enough whilst he is advocating it, but has been very vigorously contested. Mr. Andrew Lang, in "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot," reverts to Procter's view regarding Drood with some new considerations concerning other points.

The latest book on the subject is "Keys to the Drood Mystery," by Edwin Charles, wherein the author agrees with Mr. Walters as regards Drood but not as regards Datchery. He takes the view of Mr. Willoughby Matchett who, in a really admirable piece of argument in the January *Dickensian*, makes out a case for Bazzard.

There remain only the plays. One I have referred to already—written by Dickens's eldest son. In 1870, soon after the book was published, Mr. Walter Stephens produced a drama at the Surrey Theatre with the same title as the book. Here Drood is killed and Datchery is Landless, and there was another produced at an outlying theatre about the same time. Mr. Comyns Carr's version I need not enlarge upon here. The idea of Jasper dreaming only that he killed Drood and confessing to having done it actually, and the

poor last act in the jail where he joins Rosa's and Edwin's hands and then dies, have proved to be too poor a solution even in the light of Mr. Tree's wonderful acting.

III.

ITS TOPOGRAPHY.

Nearly all the chief scenes of "Edwin Drood" are laid in the city of Rochester. "For sufficient reasons which the narrative will itself unfold as it advances," says Dickens, "a fictitious name must be bestowed upon the old Cathedral town. Let it stand in these pages as Cloisterham."

If Dickens really intended to disguise the place, he failed conspicuously, for the minute details of description, the wonderful word-pictures of the place, and his delightful presentment of its quiet, subdued, and old-world air, proclaimed it to all the world as Rochester. It had been his favourite place all his life, and he had introduced it into several of his stories by its actual name and in others by giving it a pseudonym. It was prominent in his first real book, "The Pickwick Papers," and in this, his last, he stamped it with such reality and importance as to make it as eminent a city for the Dickens pilgrim as Stratford-on-Avon is for the Shakespearean.

The Cathedral plays as important a part in the story as does Jasper himself, and early in the book it and all that surrounds it are so accurately described that one retains the picture throughout. It was in the precincts that the tragedy of the book was enacted.

John Jasper was the lay precentor and he lived in "an old stone gatehouse crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it." Historically

this is known as College Yard Gate, but to-day you are more likely to be accurately directed to it if you inquire for John Jasper's Gatehouse.

Round in "a quiet place in the shadow of the Cathedral" is Minor Canon Row, or Corner as Dickens described it, "which the cawing of rooks, the echoing footsteps of rare passers, the sound of the Cathedral bell, or the roll of the Cathedral organ, seemed to render more quiet than absolute silence." Here lived the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle and his mother, the "divine shepherdess," in whose rooms that scene depicted by Sir Luke Fildes in the book, with Jasper at the piano, took place. The houses "had odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits" in those days, and they are still there to remind one of "Mr. Sept." and his ma.

The wonderful old Cathedral has its attractions for everybody, and even angular old Grewgious gave vent to a remark which certainly was not angular when looking through the west door. "Dear me," he said, "it is like looking down the throat of old Time." On a now famous occasion Durdles and Jasper descend the rugged steps which lead down into the crypt. As they enter, the moonlight casts black shadows from the heavy pillars which support the roof. But between them there are lanes of light, up and down which "they walk, Durdles discoursing of the 'old uns' he yet counts on disinterring," before going on that memorable climb into the tower.

"In the midst of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House. . . . The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye." The brass plate referred to



From "John Jasper's Secret."

Mayor Sapsea's Vision of Knighthood.

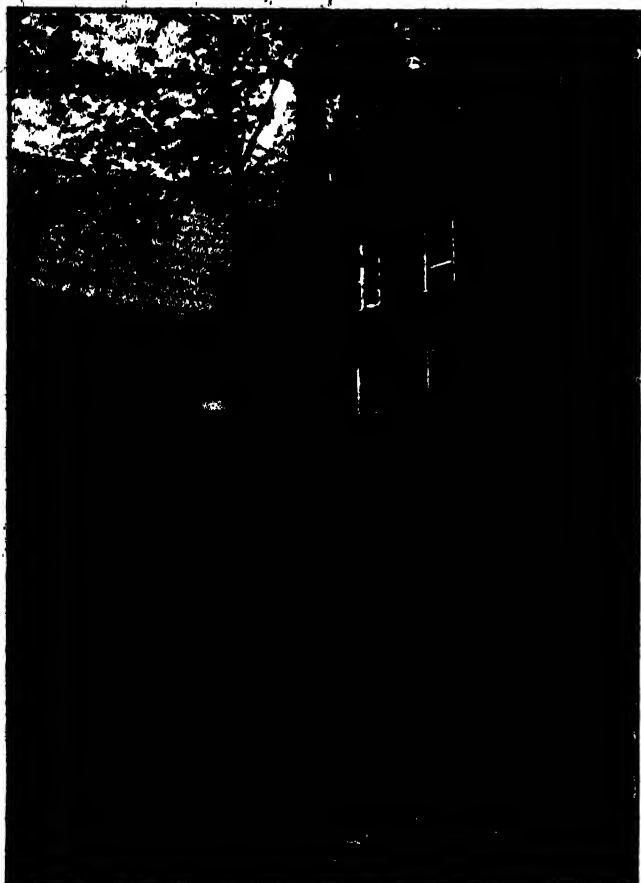


Photo by Waller Dexter.

A Corner of Staple Inn, Holborn.

"Where the sparrows play at country."

bore the legend, "Seminary for young ladies - Miss Twinkleton."

Here Rosa Bud was a boarder, and in the garden by the sundial the famous interview with Jasper occurred, and the building is depicted in Sir Luke Fildes's "Good-bye, Rosebud darling." Eastgate House, as it is called, was acquired in 1897 as a Diamond Jubilee Memorial of the reign of Queen Victoria, and is now the city museum, with a room set apart for, and well filled with, Dickens relics.

In the High Street, Mr. Sapsea, Mayor and "jackass," had his business premises. They were "over against the Nuns' House," we are told, and undoubtedly the ancient three-gabled house opposite was the home of the auctioneer, over which was at one time a carved wooden figure of his father in his rostrum as an auctioneer, with hammer posed in hand, and a countenance expressive of "Going—Going—Gone!" so amusingly referred to by Dickens. The "Travellers' Twopenny," where the Deputy lodged, is now a thing of the past. It is one of the few, if not the only one, of Drood landmarks that have disappeared.

Opposite the Restoration House (the Satis House of "Great Expectations") are the prettily laid-out gardens known as "The Vins." Dickens was seen contemplating the scene on the day before his death, and it was in these grounds that the interviews that both Drood and Datchery had with the Princess Puffer took place.

The last time that Rosa and Edwin met was on the Esplanade under the Castle walls by the river's side. Here they walked side by side, the best of friends,



Photo by
T. W. Tyrrell.

**Mr. Grewgious's Chambers,
Staple Inn.**

"A corner house in the little hidden quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription,

J
P
T.—Edwin Drood.
1747

making their plans of remaining as brother and sister merely and not as lovers.

Dickens describes Rochester as an ancient and drowsy city, and the streets so silent that the sun-blinds of its shops scarce dare to flap in the south wind. These streets "are little more than one narrow street by which you get into it and get out of it." This refers, of course, to the High Street over which looks John Jasper's Gatehouse.

There are not many places in London which can be identified with the story. The opium den, no doubt, was an imaginary picture, as was Mrs. Billickin's lodging-house in Bloomsbury. But not so Mr. Grewgious's chambers. "Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street, imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles to his feet. It is one of those nooks, where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they call to one another, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings."

All this would apply to it to-day, as would Dickens's description of Mr. Grewgious's chambers in "a corner house in the little hidden quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription—

P
J T
1747

... that haply have might been. Perhaps John Thomas or Perhaps Joe Tyler."

Here Edwin Drood and Grewgious and Bazzard dined together, the dinner having been brought in by the "immoveable waiter and the flying waiter" from Wood's Hotel in Furnival's Inn, and it was there, too, Rosa appeared after her flight from Cloisterham, and as she stood on P. J. T.'s doorsteps wondered "what P. J. T.

had done with his street door." Rosa was settled in the prettiest chamber in the hotel in Furnival's Inn, which has disappeared. But P. J. T.'s and Staple Inn will, we trust and hope, remain for all time, not only to remind us of one of Dickens's finest books, but because it is one of those delightful spots the ordinary traveller never expects to find in the heart of this rushing, noisy, smoky city of ours.

FRENCH VIEWS.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

"A H, one does not find many such stylists as Edgar Poe."

A French novelist of the school of Flaubert and de Maupassant was sitting with me in one of the little cafés of Montmartre. The walls were covered with brown woodwork, and hung with caricatures. There was a bar with bottles on it whose metallic-coloured stoppers glittered in the light, and behind the bar was a pleasant aproned Frenchwoman, with whom we had shaken hands as we came in. The waiter had poured our coffee into little cups on a table in the corner, and we had sat down to talk of books. And then the novelist had brought out that astounding sentence, as impossible in England as the cabaret at whose wine stained, coffee-browned tables men write or draw or argue with their friends. We admire Poe in England as a marvellous constructor, but not as a stylist in the Frenchman's sense, not as a chooser of words.

"How have you read him?"

"In Baudelaire's translation."

"I believe you." I remembered that Pater had

said he could not read Poe in the original, while he enjoyed him in the French.

Presently, talking still of the short story in the nineteenth century, I happened to admire the concise simplicity of *Merimée*. He was horrified, shocked, this worshipper of Flaubert and the chosen word. "*Merimée, Merimée*—he writes like a newspaper man; he does not write at all —" and suddenly he shot my own question at me:

"How have you read him?"

I had, oddly enough, only read him in English.

We looked at each other across the café table and simultaneously realised the idea—perhaps those authors appear the best stylists in translation who use their own language with least precision. That was our proposition, and we tossed it about between us. A man, so it seemed to us, who has a perfect form and



Photo by Walter Dexter.

Mr. Sapsea's House,
High Street, Rochester.



Photo by Walter Dexter

The Nuns' House, where
Rosa Bud was at School.

"The house front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye."
—Edwin Drood.



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell.

Old Houses, Holborn, with Entrance to Staple Inn.

also a perfect style retains the first in translation unless he is wilfully mauled. The second is rendered with a difficulty that increases with its perfection. The writer for whom words are living individual things, the writer who has a loving knowledge of each word that he puts on paper, lets much of his effect depend on the atmosphere of his diction, on the peculiar glint of each morsel of his chosen mosaic. It is almost impossible to supply such a man with words of another tongue that move to the same tune, and lift the same dust of association round the imprints of the meaning. The form only and the cruder colouring will be retained; the gossamer veil of style will be torn to shreds in transmutation. On the other hand, a man whose form is perfect, but whose words are chosen on the run, leaves little to his knowledge of the words, nothing to his sense of the lavender and rosemary where they have been in keeping. He writes, as it were, in plain black and white, and consequently can be reproduced without loss. To him red, white, green, swift mean the same in all languages; just as swift, fast, expeditious, quick, speedy, mean very much the same to him in his own. He has nothing to lose even by a dictionary translation. Indeed, as he will use without shame or distaste stock phrases



From an old print.

Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn.

Where Rosa Bud slept when she ran away from Clotterham to her guardian in Staple Inn.

like "at railway speed," "on eagle's wing," "with seven-leagued boots," "with whip and spur," "by leaps and bounds," which possibly have not familiar equivalents, he will seem to the foreigner to be a very poet with new and startling images coming burning hot from his own brain. He gains to an unlimited extent, exactly as Poe gains in translation by such an artist as Baudelaire, who retained Poe's calculated and perfect form, while substituting his own for Poe's uncalculated and imperfect style.

"Perhaps," said my friend, "if a first-rate book full of Parisian argot were well put into English, we might have to re-translate it as an English classic when we have forgotten the meaning of our own slang."

And I wondered how Mr. Kipling's soldier tales would translate; and whether in twenty years' time, if we cannot read them without a dictionary, we may not be finding it simpler to send for them from Paris, and to enjoy them in classical French. But in those stories the apparently careless language of talk is used for its own sake, with a real gusto for the feeling of its mutilated words, and they would lose in the process, as a workman of Paris, gorgeous all the week in brilliant blouse and baggy violet corduroys, is insignificant in Sunday clothes; and as the chosen diction of Flaubert becomes in translation the loose rags of drapery flapping round a sculptured form.

But the gift of style that Poe had from Baudelaire is

not the only reason why he enjoys a higher appreciation in France than in the Anglo-Saxon countries. His genius holds something that finds a peculiar response in the French character. It is the same with Hoffmann, some of whose tales would almost seem to have been written by a Poe with less rigid ideas as to form. He is treated as a popular writer by Teutonic and Scandinavian critics, whereas in France such a man as Gautier writes of him as of one of the masters of his art. It is an odd coincidence that both Poe and Hoffmann placed their widest known stories in Paris—Hoffmann with "Mdlle. de Scuderi," and Poe with "The Murders in the rue Morgue," "Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." We talked of them both at the café, and the Frenchman added a third name which points towards the reasons of their esteem. He added the name of H. G. Wells. There is scarcely a bookshop in Paris where it is impossible to buy "Les Contes Fantastiques" of Hoffmann, "Les Histoires Extraordinaires" of Poe, and the works of Mr. Wells.



From a drawing by F. G. Kitton in "A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land." Lent by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Sapsa's Father."Over the doorway is a wooden effigy, about half life-size, representing Mr. Sapsa's father, in a curly wig and toga, in the act of selling."—*Edwin Drood*.



Photo by Walter Dexter. **John Jasper's Gatehouse.**
"An old stone gatehouse crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it."—*Edwin Drood*.



Photo by Walter Dexter. **High Street, Rochester.**
"The streets are little more than one narrow street, by which you get into it and out of it."—*Edwin Drood*.

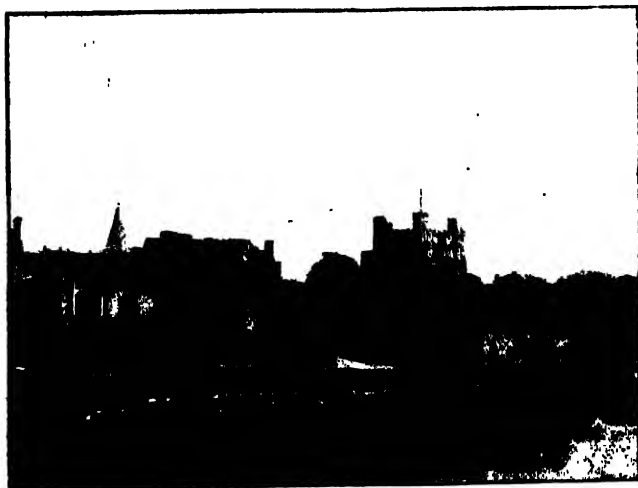


Photo by Walter Dexter. **The River, Rochester.**
By which Edwin Drood walked with Rosa Hud.



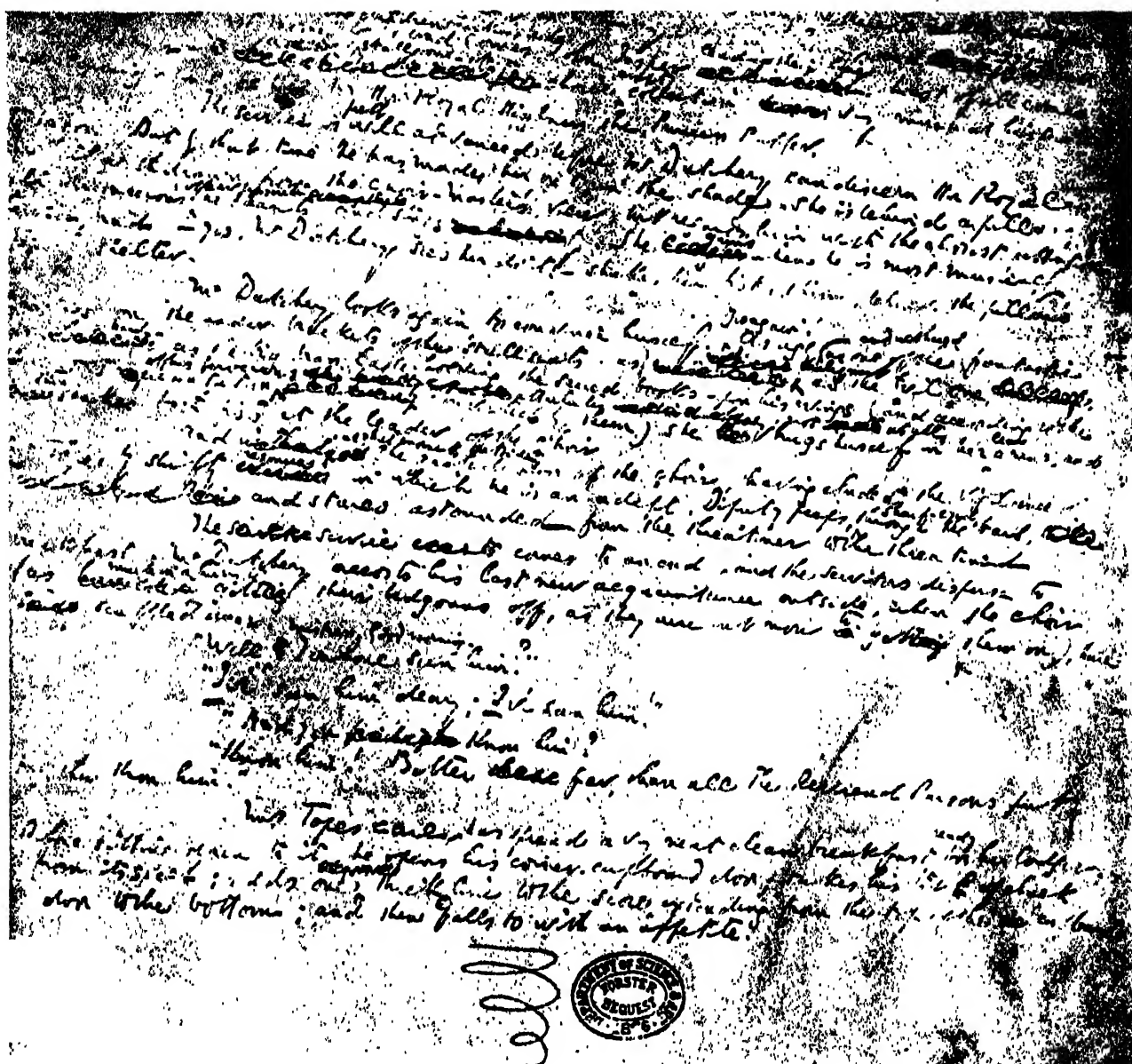
From "A Week's Trip." By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall. **The Crypt, Rochester Cathedral.**



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell. **"The Vines."**
Where Edwin Drood met the opium-woman.



Photo by T. W. Tyrrell. **Minor Canon Corner.**
"Minor Canon Corner was a quiet place in the shadow of the Cathedral, which the cawing of rooks, the echoing footsteps of rare passers, the sound of the Cathedral bell, or the roll of the Cathedral organ, seemed to render more quiet than absolute silence."—*Edwin Drood*.



Facsimile of the last page of "Edwin Drood."

are many bookshops in London where the bookseller would be surprised at a demand for at least one of the three.

The Frenchman has a practical clear-cut mind. Even in an extraordinary story he likes to feel logic and science. The reasoned construction of Poe, the scientific basis for fantasy suggested by some of his tales, and perfected by Mr. Wells, the extreme brilliance and clarity of Hoffmann—these are the elements that attract him. He likes daring, when it is sure. The balloons of fancy must have a trailing rope of science, and then he will be happy to soar as high as they. The brighter the sky, the more fantastic the people of the moon, the better, provided all be confidently reasoned from reality. "If you want our view" said the novelist, "look again at Gautier's study on Hoffmann's tales: I saw it on your shelf." The following short passage is a perfect illustration:

"Hoffmann's marvellous is not the marvellous of the fairy stories; he has always one foot in the real world, and one does not meet in his works with many palaces of carbuncles with diamond turrets. The talismans and wands of the Arabian Nights are of no use to him. . . . It is the possible and the plausible of the fantastic."

"The possible and the plausible of the fantastic"; the same might be said of Poe, and the same of Mr. Wells. There is nothing in them that a well-regulated mind might not believe.

The subject, tossed this way and that, kept us a long time over our coffee. When we went out the dusk was falling, and behind the houses was the last dull glow of a great sunset. "I suppose," said the Frenchman ironically, "you would ask Merimée to enshrine that for you."

"Not at all," I replied, "I would do it myself, if I could be sure of Baudelaire to make a translation."

THE FOUNDRESS OF THE RYLANDS LIBRARY.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

BOOKMEN all over the world have reason to be grateful to Mrs. Enriqueta Rylands, who passed away on February 4.

There are many lovers of literature among women, perhaps more than among men; but for reasons that need not now be discussed, there have been few great book-collectors of the gentler sex, and still fewer who have been the founders of great libraries. There was, therefore, a new departure, at all events so far as this country is concerned, when Mrs. Rylands decided to establish and endow a library as a memorial of her dead husband. John Rylands was one of the merchant princes of Manchester, but his widespread business operations and his immense wealth did not hinder him from taking a keen interest in theology. He printed an index to the Bible and an edition of the Bible to match it, and in conjunction with his wife he compiled a volume of "Hymns of the Church Universal," which was printed for private circulation. Of hymnology he was a devoted student, and I remember well with what pleasure, many years ago, he showed me the collection he had made of these sacred songs, a collection filling thirty-four folio ledgers. They stood on his desk at

the warehouse, and they now have a fitting place in the John Rylands Library, the great temple of learning which his widow has dedicated to his memory. Mrs. Rylands, like her husband, was a staunch Noncon-

formist, and both of them cherished that ideal of a learned ministry and a cultivated laity which is one of the best traditions of English Dissent. When unjust laws debarred the Nonconformists from the national universities, they established academies and colleges of their own. The names of John Gill, of Isaac Watts, of Nathaniel Lardner, of Philip Doddridge, of William Carey, and of a host of others may be cited to show that, amid many difficulties and discouragements, the English Nonconformists made notable contributions to learning and education. Manchester is the centre of a remarkable group of Nonconformist theological colleges—Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist, Methodist Free Church, and Unitarian. It may be that the proximity of these institutions gave to Mrs. Rylands the first thought of rearing a great library to be devoted to the studies that are essential to a learned ministry and an educated laity. These take a much wider sweep than technical theology,



By permission of "The Manchester Guardian." Statue of Mrs. John Rylands, by J. Cassidy, in the Rylands Library, Manchester.

and Mrs. Rylands generously interpreted such needs. Aided by expert advice, she gradually brought together a large collection, mainly of modern books. Then came her great opportunity. Lord Spencer desired to sell the Althorp Collection, and it was bought by Mrs. Rylands at a cost of something like a quarter of a million sterling. This purchase raised the proposed library to a higher plane. It became at once a scholar's library—a place to which the pilgrims of learning would come even from the ends of the earth. For the Althorp Collection contained priceless rarities of the early press—the work of Gutenberg and his disciples who spread the magic art of the printer throughout Europe, the beautiful books of Aldus and the men of the Renaissance, and other literary treasures of the most varied kind. For these books Mrs. Rylands provided a building which is one of the glories of her adopted city. It took years to build. There was no hurried work; the graceful imaginings of the architect, Mr. Basil Champneys, were translated into fact with the best of materials and the best of workmanship—"without haste and without rest." The Rylands Library astonishes the beholder by the perfection of detail not less than by the artistic quality of the design. At one end of the main hall is the statue of the captain of industry who by sagacity and enterprise became a millionaire. At the other end is the statue of the foundress—the gentle and yet regal figure of Enriqueta Rylands—a beneficent and yet somewhat aloof figure, finely interpreted by the sculptor.*

The John Rylands Library is a bookman's paradise. Here in one room he has unrestricted access to the most important periodicals dealing with theology, philology, and history, with classical and Oriental learning, with literature and archeology in nearly every language of Europe.

In the Early Printed Book Room there are more than 2,500 volumes which were printed before 1501, and the visitor can trace for himself the triumphal progress of the transforming art of the printer which has been so important a factor in the evolution of modern civilisation. The Aldine Room contains the largest collection of the books printed by that remarkable family. In the Bible Room are to be seen the most remarkable editions of the Scriptures, from that Latin Vulgate completed in 1455 to the English Authorised Version issued from the Doves Press three years ago; and along with these is the Bible that inspired and consoled Elizabeth Fry, and that from which Gladstone's wonderful voice so often read the lessons in the church at Hawarden.

Literature is represented not only by the long line of Greek and Roman classics, but also by a remarkable array of Italian books. Dante students find here five noble manuscripts, and more than five thousand volumes devoted to the "Divina Commedia." It is inspiring to see on one shelf the first four folios of Shakespeare. Here, too, are the first editions of "Paradise Lost"

and "Comus," and of "The Pilgrim's Progress." So in geographical literature there are the golden folios of De Bry and Hakluyt. The historian will find here the great collections such as the "Gallia Christiana," the Bollandist "Acta Sanctorum," and our own Rolls series. Again, the history of the Churches is represented with great fulness. The development of the English Reformation, the growth of Puritanism, and the varied fortunes of English Protestantism may be studied here in the original sources. And the later phases of criticism, the results of Oriental research, and all that modern scholarship has done for the elucidation of religious thought, are equally well represented. It would be easy to recall and record the titles of hundreds of important books here ready to the student's hand, and it would be pleasant to testify to the scholarly zeal with which Mr. Henry Guppy, the librarian, and his assistants minister to the instruction of the student. The librarian of old was a man who was a guardian of books; the real librarian of to-day is one who desires the widest diffusion and all that books can give to the earnest seekers.

Mrs. Rylands has founded a great library of Literature, History, and Theology. It is not a mere museum of curiosities, however precious, nor a repository of relics, however sacred, but a place where are gathered together all the material that is needed for serious study, for the diffusion and for the increase of sound learning. And it certainly adds to the pleasure of the reader in the John Rylands Library to know that so many of the books have in the past been handled by great scholars and famous collectors. There are always those who, when they see or hear of a noble foundation, are ready to prove how much better the money for it might have been utilised in another direction. When Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, the foolish disciples were indignant and said, "To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor." Yet this act of love will be told for a memorial of her to the end of days. There are Philistines everywhere—some even in Manchester—who can always see the value of an almshouse and sometimes of a school, but whose limited vision fails to understand a library. Mrs. Rylands had a wider outlook. The John Rylands Library and its endowment in her lifetime represent an investment of perhaps a million of money. By her will it receives a further benefaction of £200,000. The yearly income of the library will be over £13,000. Other causes are not neglected in her last testament. Medical charities, churches, colleges, university, schools (from the ragged school upward), will receive benefactions from the gentle hand that is now stilled for ever. But wide and generous as were her gifts, the object next to her heart was the John Rylands Library, and bookmen everywhere will rejoice that this was so. For in an age when the pressure is to things material, and too often to things sordid, a testimony is needed that it is the things of the spirit that really count. The man with the muck-rake in Bunyan's allegory is the type of those who look ever on the ground.

* Both the statues are the work of Mr. John Cassidy, a Manchester sculptor of great talent.

searching out the mean and perishable, and refusing to lift up their heads and to turn their eyes to the Vision Beautiful. They prefer the starving of their souls to the splendour of righteousness. Such a witness to the things of the spirit is this foundation, the pious monument reared by a woman's hand to the memory of her dead husband. It stands in the very midst of work-a-day Manchester, where the streets are full of busy traffic, where the great city is stretching forth its hands filled with the products of its industry, stretching

them forth to the very ends of the earth. It stands there, a home built by industry and wealth for the promotion of learning and literature. "A dream in stone," its function is to teach that the ideal is greater than the real; that man cannot live by bread alone; and that the skill of Manchester's myriad workers, and the riches that their labour brings, are vain and sordid unless inspired by lofty ideals, making men realise that wisdom and righteousness are the life-blood of the nation.

EDINBURGH.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

I.

CITY of mist and rain and blown grey spaces,
Dashed with wild wet colour and gleam of tears,
Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
Gliding, a ghostly Queen, thro' a mist of tears?

II.

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendour,
Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain;
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

III.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,
Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page" THE BOOKMAN Messrs Hodder & Stoughton Warwick Square, F.C.

- I - A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II - A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of six epigrams from the novels of George Meredith.
- III - A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best six examples of Dickens's humour. Preference will be given to the briefest quotations.
- IV - A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *three months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- I - A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been gained by I. M. ROY, Martland Lodge, Oxton, Cheshire.

GEORGE SAND. BY THOMAS STECCOMBE.
They wept like any man to see
Such quantities of Sand. — I. M. ROY.

Other quotations submitted were

THE SHAH-NAMÁ OF FIRDÁUSI. PART I. and A WARNING.
THE SHAH-NAMÁH OF FIRDÁUSI. BY A. K. JES.

'A name which you all know by sight & is well
But which no one can spell and no one can tell.
SOUTHERN
(MISS ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.)

A GARDEN IN VENICE. BY I. EDEN.
Flowers of remarkable size and hue
Flowers such as Eden never knew.
THE ENGLISH LEGENDS.

(MISS J. F. MACDONALD, 50 Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

BOOKBUYING ON THE CLAYS. BY ALFRED RANSOM.
'There is a capture on the lonely shore. — BYRON.
(W. E. WEN, 252, King Street, Aberdeen.)

- II - A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six happiest dedications in recent English literature has been awarded to MISS C. M. ROBERTS, Oakfield, Chester.

- (1) TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM (Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses.) FROM HER BOY.
For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land
For all the story books you read
For all the pains you comforted
For all you pitied all you bore
In sad and happy days of yore
My second Mother, my first wife
The angel of my infant life
From the sick child now well and old
Take nurse the little book you hold!
And grant it Heaven that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need
And every child who lists my rhyme
In the bright fire-side nursery chime
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice.
- (2) DEDICATION TO THE LIGHT THAT FAILED" (Kipling)

"If I were hanged on the highest gall
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!"

If I were drowned in the deepest sea
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
If I were damned of body and soul
I know whose prayers would make me whole
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

(3) DEDICATION TO HUNTER'S POEMS

I, my Wife,
Take dear my little sheet of songs
For old or new
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you
And singing is when all was young
They will recall
Those other, lived but left unsung
The best of all.

(4) ROBERT PROWINGS'S ONE WORD MORE

There they are my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
I take them love the book and me together
Where the heart is let the brain be also etc.

(5) HENRYSON'S DEDICATION TO THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

Those to his memory, mine he held them dear
For chance is finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself I dedicate
I dedicate I consecrate with tears
These Idylls etc.

(6) TO DANTE CABBILL ROSSILLI. BY W. SHARP. Dedication to Sonnets of the Century

From out of the darkness cometh never a sound
No voice doth reach us from the silent place
There is one goal beyond life's blindfold race
For victor and for victim, funeral ground!
O friend, revered I loved, myst thou have found
Beyond the shadowy gates a yearning face
A beckoning hand to guide thee with swift pace
From the dull wave of the enigm'ing fount
Hope dwelt with thee not far, Outh not Despair
But little heed thou hadst of the grave's gloom
What though thy body lies so deeply there
Where the land throbs with tidal surge and boom
Thy soul doth breathe some Paradise air
And Rest long sought thou hast where amiruths bloom

Yet even if Death indeed with pitiful sign
Bids us drink deep of some oblivious draught
Is it not well to know ere we have quitted
The soul-deceiving poppy, opium,
That not in vain awhile we drank the wine
Of life that not all blankly or in error
Of evil went the days wherein we laughed
And joyed in the sun, unknowing night divine
Not so thy doom, whatever fate betide
Not so for thee, O poet heart and true
Who fearless watched us exult more it grew
The shadow of Death creep closer to thy side
A glory with thy blinding life withdrew
And we inherit now its deathless Pride

- III - A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best short story from recent biography has been gained by MISS M. C. JOHNSON, 19 Front Road, Harrogate.

STORY FROM PHASIS OF MY LIFE BY FRANCIS LIGOT, D.D.

We were being examined by Dr. Butcher in the Georgics of Virgil. The line began, Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. A young freshman looked at it and proceeded to say, "Felix was the man who understood the causes of the diseases of the sheep, like the boy who translated Hannabal transivit Alpes summi diligentia. Hannabal crossed the Alps on the top of an omnibus." "I saw a twinkle of humour in Dr. Butcher's eye. He played with this undergraduate as a cat plays with a mouse. Thank you, sir. You say that Felix was well versed in the diseases of sheep. Who was this Felix?" The examinee felt that something had gone wrong. "Do you know at all who his father and mother were?" "No, sir, I do not remember." "Was he in any way connected with Agrippa?" "I should think they were hardly contemporaneous, sir." "Who do you?" addressing the next, "think this Felix was?" To which, with genuine Irish readiness and wit, he replied, "I should say, sir, he was a very happy man."

New Books.

GENIUS LOCI.*

Mr. Symons writes of these Latin cities—Rome, Venice, Naples, Florence, Ravenna, Pisa, Siena, Verona, Bologna—as though (as indeed is in some sort the case) each were a work of art. While he speaks of them they seem to us no longer to exist, but to have passed into literature. This delicate method (if so sheer an impressionism may be called a method) is the means, it might seem, by which one of the most sensitive critics of our time changes the mere reality of such a place as Florence, its unfortunate mediocrity, into the convention in which art alone can live. If you go to him for a sort of literary photograph of the cities of Italy to-day, you will be disappointed. He seems to have come upon them by chance, and purposely to have ignored everything concerning them but their effect upon himself. And in spite of his protests, he is always at his best when he is most personal, when he lets himself go and attempts a spontaneous effect that is almost vocal. When he describes, he describes exquisitely—we see, we know, we understand; but his achievement, splendid of its kind, is nothing beside that other of just vision. It is for this reason, perhaps, that he is most successful with what he has known how to love—with Rome and Venice, for instance, rather than with Florence or Naples.

"To realise the greatness of Rome, it is not enough to have seen the Colosseum, St. Peter's, the churches, palaces, ruins, squares, fountains, and gardens; you may see all these and yet not have seen the most beautiful possession of Rome, the Campagna."

Again:

"Withdraw the sun, and Rome is like a face from which the smile has faded; change the wind, and one's own disposition changes with it. . . . Under a chill rain these narrow streets, with their wrinkled stones in which the rain gathers, become desolate in an instant; and indoors, in the houses without fires, without chimneys, life becomes intolerable. Living, as one is apt to do here, on one's sensations, how can any happiness be possible in the absence of just what makes the happiness of the sensations—gracious weather, the mere liberty to feel without discomfort? By one's fireside in London a storm of rain matters little enough. But what does anything else in the world matter here in a downpour of rain in winter?"

Well, those are instances of the real insight into, the subtle apprehension of what is most fundamental in Italy, the mystery of the sunshine there, a thing so rarely understood as to be almost unexpressed in our literature. To the Northern mind, it is the shadow, the twilight, the wind whispering through great trees, expressed in a Gothic cathedral with its high dim roof, its windows staining the darkness, that suggest religion, mystical thoughts, thoughts, as we say, too deep for words. But in Italy it was never so. The Latin mind has always understood the mystery of sunshine, the profound mysticism of the stillness, the silence of a hot, golden summer day. Nor have the Italians, any more than ourselves, failed to express themselves. How human are these clouds of saints which Italy has given to the world! How sane is everything she has created! And has she not always preferred her churches to be full of light and space and sunshine, so that even in the farthest corner there shall be no darkness at all? It is one of the distinctions of Mr. Symons's book that he has understood and expressed this secret.

Yet it is at Venice, perhaps, that he is at his best. That city of gold and ruin, of many-coloured thoughts, passionate and despairing, gradually sinking into the sea, has captured him. He has loved her till he has understood even that obvious beauty that appeals to the couples who spend their honeymoon in these funeral ways, where the water lips and mouths the cold stones till they are consumed. Only Guardi, perhaps, has painted Venice to perfection.

* "Cities of Italy." By Arthur Symons. 4s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

understanding her greys and her greens and faint, unimpassioned gold. D'Annunzio has consumed her quite with his passionate ideas in "Fuoco." But through her various maze like ways, led by her angel, Mr. Symons tells us how, one night of stars, he came suddenly upon the Piazza di San Marco and first saw the great church, half mosque, half temple, and all a miracle. In a dedicatory letter he has written to this book Mr. Symons tells us (at least, we may overhear him) that he is "one of those for whom the visible world exists very actively." For him cities are "like people with souls and temperaments of their own." And again he says, "I have put myself as little as possible into these pages." Well, it is true the visible world exists for him; but how personally he sees it! If he has really striven to keep himself, his own personality, out of these pages, how little he has succeeded! No one else would have seen just what he saw, in just the way he saw it; still more, no one else could have expressed what he has seen as he has expressed it. No, he is too good an artist not to be personal. Like his verse, his prose is always the expression, and sometimes only a less beautiful expression, of himself, his dreams, his ideas, his visions. It was the city of Rome that had grown in his own soul that he saw in the winter of 1896, and not the wonderful, uncouth, and ruined city by the Tiber, full of tourists and the democracy of modern Italy. Perhaps—who knows?—he might have written even more beautifully of her had he never seen her at all with his bodily eyes. It is impossible to allow the writer of this book the satisfaction of believing that he has merely told us what was really there.

EDWARD HUTTON.

A NEW HUMORIST.*

We have been waiting a long while for some new humorists, and before we had read many pages of "Love and the Ironmonger" we knew that one of them had arrived. The story opens quietly enough: there are no humorous extravagances of simile or phrase, nothing very much in the style of it throughout, perhaps, that you would describe as humorous at all, but you are interested from the beginning; you have not finished the first chapter before you are as amused as you are interested, and from the second chapter, where young George Early goes "in search of bad habits," right through to the end you find yourself moved to irresistible and continuous laughter. The humour of the book lies in the idea of it—in the story itself; Mr. Randall writes with occasional touches of quaint or farcical dialogue or description, but as a rule his language is curiously staid and restrained, and that very restraint and comparative seriousness seem to add to and intensify the grotesque humour of the incidents and situations with which the narrative is everywhere alive.

Old Mr. Fairbrother, an ironmonger of Upper Thames Street, being desirous of benefiting three of his clerks and of weaning each of them from his besetting sin, leaves to each a legacy of £500 a year, on condition that they respectively abandon their habits of drinking, lying, and meanness. Each clerk is informed privately of the condition under which the money is left to him; neither knows what particular vice it is that the will compels the other to avoid, but the lawyer is in the secret, and the legatee who has been found out in three transgressions and had three notices from the lawyer forfeits his inheritance. By mere chance, George Early has overheard old Fairbrother explaining these details, to each of the three clerks separately, shortly before his death; and when he is dead and the fortunate three are drawing their bequests George lets each know privately that he is aware of all the facts, and em-

* "Love and the Ironmonger." By F. J. Randall. 6s. (John Lane.)

barks on a career of merciless blackmailing. Before the fun has been worked out of this position of affairs, Mr. Randall adroitly turns the tables, and the tormentor becomes the victim. George happens to save Fairbrother's niece, Ellen, who had inherited the business, from being run over in the street, he makes the most of his opportunity, wins her love, and marries her. Then he learns that if the three clerks forfeit their legacies they are to be transferred to him and he must fulfil the conditions attached to them, if he fails and loses them he loses also all that came to him when he married his late employer's niece. Thus making him anxious that the legacies should remain where they are, he encourages the three men, who are now his clerks, to be circumspect, but in spite of all he can do, they are tempted by the solicitor's emissary, offend three times, and the lost legacies fall one after the other to George. Thereupon the clerks recompense themselves for their losses by blackmailing him, and it is only after many and ludicrously desperate evasions and adventures that he finds a happy way out of his difficulty.

The plot is as cleverly developed as it is ingenious, and, apart from Jacobs's books, there has been nothing within covers for long past that has been so genuinely humorous and so thoroughly enjoyable.

A PLAIN MAN'S WISDOM.*

It is a paradoxical peculiarity of certain mortals that they do not come into the world until they have left it. Henry Ryecroft was such an one. Another was the late Bagshot, whose notebooks his friend Mr. J. A. Spender, has devotedly searched and produced from them a little volume of comments on men and things which, with its pleasant print and broad margins strown with sign-posts has a very companionable air. Whether it gets the welcome it seems to ask for will depend on the reader's habit of thought. It is not a book that can be criticised dispassionately according to any canon, for Bagshot was no literary artist, but a plain man with an undoubted gift of unconfused expression. I think that he can, at any rate, be acquitted of overmuch platitude. But platitudes are only one's own ideas grown stale; so even that becomes a personal question.

From his own words and from Mr. Spender's setting, we can construct a portrait of Bagshot. He had a share of that quality which we call modernism—and arrogantly hold to our label, even when we find it in Euripides or the book of Ecclesiastes. It is not a very definite quality but may be described, roughly, as a refusal to lose our horizons in the mist of romantic or religious illusion. Beyond this Bagshot was a humane man and kindly, with a sense of humour, alert but not indiscreet, a little inclined to obstinacy; indignant when occasion demanded, eminently sane, and just a little ordinary. Though not over ridden by the conventions he was no Bohemian, and has a hard saying anent the artistic temperament. He was imaginative withal, and in one place gives us a curious insight into that side of his character. He quotes the Scripture, "But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground." Then, "What did He write?" he asks, and calls it a great subject for a religious poem. One may have one's own views about religious poems but it is certainly a broad field for fancy to roam.

Browsing at leisure through these pages one finds much quiet wisdom, and ever and again what seems an absolute truth. (But every one will not underline the same passages.) Of friendship Bagshot has a good deal to say. "Reserve is essential to an enduring friendship," he writes, remembering that the "fatal knife, deep questioning," "probes to endless dole." Later he has another wise word: "He is no true friend who thinks that he puts a friend under an obligation by doing him a service."

He is Liberal in politics (though the doctrine of the *Westminster Gazette* is not obtruded) and finds that "the * * * The Comments of Bagshot." By J. A. Spender. 3s. 6d. (A. Constable & Co.)

most dangerous demagogues are the clever Conservatives who despise the people." Clever men are a characteristic aversion of his. He has made a Utopia for himself, but is less than half serious about it. An amusing conversation is recorded in which he lays it down that in his ideal commonwealth a legacy shall cury with it the testator's personality. The revenue thus grows rich with foregone estates.

Of his religious opinions Bagshot is reticent, but his longest and deepest passage concerns immortality. He is profoundly affected by Aristotle's *ἐφ' ὅσον ἐνδεχεται ἀθανάσιζεν*.

It is the last word on the subject. Whatever he believes about another world, a man must live in this world as if he were immortal. This alone lightens the burden of his years and enables him to look steadily at the future.

On letters, as Mr. Spender says, he touches but lightly. He longs for that "orchestrated literature" which many have dreamed of and Mallarmé essayed to make—a kind of blending of literature and music. On a more practical plane he writes. In literature the very good and the very bad may alike be popular, but talent appeals only to the cultivated. A truth the neglect whereof fills the garrets. Bagshot was a prudent person, who had entered the civil service.

About women he is inclined to be trite, though he has a pleasing story of a lady who telegraphed to her husband to buy threepenny worth of cream on his way home from business to save her books from exceeding £6 a week. He is no sexual psychologist, nor is it apparent that he has ever suffered inspiration. His last word on the subject is his apology.

One marries a girl and lives with a woman. I think I know something about girls but I am sure I know nothing about women.

Being a man of method, Bagshot lays down three "golden rules of worldly wisdom," which, however, like the three things of the Wise King turn out to be four. They are characteristic. "Take all but the most important things at their surface value" is probably the wisest saying in his book.

Bagshot has perpetrated one epigrammatic masterpiece: "The prig is he who renders unto God the things that are Cæsar's." But he does not often indulge in these sparkling adventures. His comments, nevertheless, do not lack salt and he has a witty way of exposing a humbug.

All the peace parties I have known have ardently desired to make war on the Sultan of Turkey. Perhaps they are right; but some of them seem to regard it as a humanitarian picnic on a large scale which is almost certainly a mistake.

To call themselves "miserable sinners" is with many persons a kind of religious good manners just as a man inscribes himself "your humble servant."

Finally, here is a comfortable doctrine, both, one suspects, of the need of self-justification.

The *homo sanus* ought to be sick at sea if he is accustomed to live on dry land.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE WITHER FAMILY.

This elaborate and handsome book, issued, like many others of its kind, with no parade or ostentation, represents the work of many years, undertaken *proletis causa* and carried out in the face of many distractions and disappointments. It makes no literary claim, such a compilation cannot be made hurriedly in the dust and heat that accompany inspiration, but the result is equally praiseworthy when (as in the case of the present volume) the careful and accurate collectanea of years are arranged in an orderly and intelligible manner. The Wither family may be as proud of their historian as he obviously and justifiably is of them. They "may not have produced," Mr. Bigg-Wither says in his modest preface, "any, or many, world-famous men and women; but it is not without just pride that its representatives to-day look back to forbears of

* * "Materials for a History of the Wither Family." By the Rev. R. F. Bigg-Wither, M.A., Rector of Wotton, Hants. 43 3s. (limited to 200 copies). (Winchester: Warren & Son, 1907.)

distinction in all branches of Church and State, of literature, law, and commerce, and especially to a long succession of county 'squires' living on their estates, 'good old English gentlemen,' serving their country as magistrates, their parish as benefactors, honoured by their neighbours, and beloved by the poor." What better epitaph could be wished for a family vault?

If a marginal note on an Elizabethan pedigree is to be believed, the episode which is made to account for the dispersal of the Withers from Lancashire, where they were settled from 1180 for at least two centuries afterwards, cannot be regarded with entire satisfaction. Thomas Wyther I squyer slew one Robert Worsley Kgt and for that deed he with his brethren fled into Cheshire and served the Abbot of Vale Royal in the countie of Cheshire. But there seems to be no foundation for this story, and even if there be an admixture of truth in it the said Thomas was punished in the future of his line—his great-grandsons were monks. Meanwhile his brothers had gone south the youngest to Hampshire, where he settled at Manydown.

It is round the manor of Manydown that the fortunes of the Withers have gathered for centuries, and it is with the Hampshire Withers that this book is mainly concerned: its author was brought up at Manydown, and has lived to see it pass out of the hands of the family. The modern pilgrim who is fond of associations, and likes the dancing heptasyllables of the shepherd Philoctete, may walk thither from Basingstoke by way of the quiet little village of Wootton St Lawrence, where the church is full of pious tablets commemorating Withers of Manydown. The manor park is well timbered to day—five hundred years ago it supplied William of Wykeham with oaken beam for his cathedral at Winchester. The old house has been altered and enlarged by succeeding generations, but its heart consists of an old red brick quadrangle with an open grass plot in the centre, on one side of which is the room where for four centuries a Withers lord of the manor held the court-leet.

George Withers the poet, the best known of the family, was not a son of Manydown. He was born at Bentworth, whose beechy shadows he sang near Alton, but it was only a short ride on horseback to his five boy cousins and the rustic delights of their ancestral park. He at least was a worthy Withers in his love of Hampshire—the present writer can vouch that an April morning can be well spent by the hoar-frost sedge of the Pool of Aile at Alresford, with a copy of *Fair Virtue* in the hand. For similar peaceful mornings, which the young George must have enjoyed in various places near his home, while England was still a nest of singing birds, and before she broke out into the red fury that converted the pastoral poet into a poor satirist and 'rhyming parasite'—we must now be grateful, for it was Hampshire that inspired the first fine cruellest capture which he could never after recover. Withers wrote the beloved *Lilia*, intuitive and ungrammatical, as like an old friend, whose warm heartedness and admirable qualities make us wish he possessed more genius, but at the same time makes us willing to dispense with that want. The lesson of George Withers' life is that one cannot serve both Muse and Country, but it might be argued that his "Coronation Hymn" in Halkinagh still unsurpassed in its kind does him honour both as poet and as patriot.

George Withers' descendants, direct (if there be any) or collateral, may well honour the name of Philoctete, under which he wrote his best poem, and the author of "The Shepherd's Hunting" and "Fidelia." The extreme happiness of the famous "Shall I, wasting in despair," doubtless entitles that song to the position in which all ages since its birth have placed it—it was one of those later Elizabethan or early Jacobean songs that were distinguished by being circulated in broadside form, beneficial to the poem, as it was, and had to be padded out by some

public their full pennyworth. But there are other lyrics of Withers' which attain, to my mind, almost to the same lyrical heights. "Hence away, you sirens, leave me"; the jolly Christmas Carol, with its quaint and interesting hints at forgotten customs, and the charming sonnet, "Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes," which is reminiscent of Catullus *basia mille, deinde centum*.

There have been other Withers, however, as this book shows us, who if they have not attained to national fame, have at least led the lives of worthy English county gentlemen. There was a Withers in England before the Conquest; they are enrolled in Domesday Book; they are among us to day, and the chronicles of their deeds, coupled with the honourable traditions they have founded and ratified, make the dry bones of history live.

HANK SIDGWICK

A MYSTERY.*

This play is pictured by two quotations, from Paracelsus and Herichius, dealing with the possibilities of soul. And indeed the play, which is in Egyptian mystery round the story of St George and the Dragon, written in blank verse that is very weak indeed, has not often the one foot on earth that makes poetry a real thing for living men. It is vague nebulous, swayed by words like "magic," "mysterious," "troubled," and such phrases as "the inner will." We wish the author had not been content with this false sense of meaning that comes from the would-be hypnotic use of particular words. The result of a most careful reading is certainly that the verse is not that of a poet but of a poetical temperament. It is like a cobweb on which the dew has not yet fallen to turn it into jewellery.

It opens before a shrine of Isis in an Egyptian wood—a procession of country people singing a song whose first verse is a fair illustration of the author's style.

Help us, thou lovely Dweller in the Wood
Whose subtle fingers moving fast disturb
The magic roots of every healing herb
In every pore on plant the Secret Good
Hid at the heart of Ill
Comes forth and blossoms at thy potent will.

A dragon whose breath blasts the crops and whose mouth swallows their owners is the object against which help is needed. The happy Princess Sabra is made to hear of this sorrow, and insists on drawing lots with the rest of her maidens for a sacrifice to Osiris. The lot falls on her, a litany is sung, her lover protests, and the last act opens to disclose Sabra in a trance, bound to a tree with a wreath of roses on her head. St George of Cappadocia, who has appeared by chance early in the play and remarked that he was looking for a dragon and a sad princess, comes in and disturbs the tranced princess by announcing that he has found her. She tells him that her soul, which has

tramped through the dark underworld
Has brought back to the daylight with much toil
A magic sword to slay the evil make

St George, after having offered to release her from the tree, goes off with the sword. Sabra's lover comes in, cuts the bonds without asking leave, and his argument with the Priestess of Isis over Sabra's body as it lies on the ground. At last Sabra gets up, country people come in with the news of the death of the dragon, put of course into appropriate language. St George comes in, takes one of Sabra's red roses in due capital letters and blank verse.

The Red Rose of St George, and goes out in silence. The performance closes with a song to Isis. It is really even more elaborate and more spiritual than this. Miss Gore Booth has written six other books, so that it is not possible to excuse her mistakes of fancy for imagination, and high sounds for high meanings, on the plea of inexperience. The book is most excellently meant.

* "The Sorrowful Princess" By Iva Gore Booth. 2s 6d. net. (Longmans)

ENGLISH PROSE.*

It is not the least (though perhaps an accidental) merit in these two prose anthologies that each enhances and illustrates the other. Mr. Masfield deals with pens long at rest, masters of days gone by; Mrs. Binyon with those whom Time has not yet set in their due perspective, whose battle-dust still dims the air; men, too, who are still alive, still carrying on the fine tradition of English prose. With which, then, does the advantage lie—with Mr. Masfield's five centuries or with Mrs. Binyon's one? It is a question that will need pains, modesty, and perseverance to master. But, as with *Little Red-Ridinghood*, one's destination may easily be forgotten in the delight of the journey. These books, then, are the mossy milestones.

In the earlier writers, energy, novelty, richness, impetuosity, are most conspicuous. Mrs. Binyon's are more dexterous, more punctilious; they sought finish and accuracy. Every fact now adumbrates a science; and therefore, in spite of a wider and more exact vocabulary, we moderns are more circumscribed by our knowledge—though even it be only the knowledge of how little we know—than they by their rich, unpremeditated ignorance. We have paid down idiom for complexity, freshness for abundance; and scientific accuracy looks a little coldly on naïveté. Moreover, our latter-day prose seems bent, if not on concealing, at least on restraining the personality behind it; theirs delighted in decking it out with every grace and gift language could muster. And yet, somehow, it is all in vain to say—here, there, is the difference. It lies too deep: the wind bloweth where it listeth; and across the England of the Tudors it set in steadily north-west. They dealt with their mother-tongue, those old Elizabethans, as they dealt with Philip's Armada. They pressed straight forward, like the sun riding amid clouds, seizing beauty as it befell. They caught from their own proud, generous hearts a royal rhythm and wrote massively, ruggedly, vividly, to that. Even were our hearts like theirs, our minds as alert and vigorous, could our tongues reveal it quite so plainly? (And memory angrily whispers "*The Dynasts*," "*The Road to Rome*," "*Durer*," "*Nostramo*"!) We want to tint in the faint environs of each thought. Like Mr. Lord George Sanger with his hundred Shetlands, two handfuls of reins lie between Mr. Henry James's sensitive finger and thumb, and a lash of thirty feet into the bargain. Can English indefinitely survive this continuous subtilising and enrichment? Must decadence at length come? Will this world-wide language, at last, back sullenly into Dictionary and Commentary, where he enshrined and enshrouded the outworn tongues of Greece and Rome? We should like to overhear what old Caxton is whispering to Mr. Pater on the matter. But hard on these questions follows yet another; shall all our living languages presently slip into the infinite and arid Sahara of Esperanto; or—oh, peaceful, happy, not yet disquieting reflection!—into the æther of telepathy?

Neither compiler of these delightful anthologies consents to answer such idle questions. Nor, indeed, does either venture on proffering an original definition of good prose, or a golden key to its attainment. Mr. Masfield, in his excellent preface, passes his chosen briefly in review. He sums up, not arbitrarily, the claims of each. "In his prose John Donne is with the first half-dozen. The rugged mass takes fire, the august rhythms have the grandeur of great poetry." But where, indeed, hides this unearthly sorcery of words, these "bricks," as Stevenson so curiously called them? By what divination are we able to pierce through the printed page like this, into the man's very heart? Take, almost at random, a sentence from Sir Thomas Browne: "Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of

Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose." It is a thought drowsy and vague as with a narcotic; and yet—the magic of that rhythm, what powers and secrets it reveals! the packed complexity of idea, the still, unfathomable imagination, the curious melancholy, that unique sense of beauty. Why, genius its very self dreams there, in just that last brief, lovely cadence.

Time has left us Caesar's face; and scrutinising it, we may in part surmise his greatness. Time has left us Sir Thomas Browne's prose: we surmise no more; we inherit a universe, the starry, marvellous, argosied microcosm of that absorbed, lovable, modest physician of Norwich. How amiably would one's ghost survey upon his crowded shelves its little urn of earthly dust, if only its memory might lie embalmed in the immortality of that tremendous prose!

There is no end to this magic of style. Out of the self-same ten thousand words come Pater and Poe, Newman and Cobbett. Words re-create for us the immense, "icy" intellect of the fat, little-nosed Gibbon; the quick eye and greedy gust of an Aubrey, a garrulous Florio; Milton, Swift, Defoe—the man himself to the very tassel on his cane.

As regards the arrangement of their extracts, both editors have avoided the dullness of a precise chronology. Mr. Masfield has classified his authors in eight divisions—Translators, Critical, Novelists, and so on. Mrs. Binyon has attempted something rarer and more difficult, and has most admirably succeeded. What would be an almost intolerable task with most anthologies to read straight through them—Mrs. Binyon has made a fascinating pleasure by simply so ordering her extracts that a thread, now clear, now dim, strays through each, and strings all together in a loose yet continuous narrative. How easily and willingly will Fancy roam, so even the ghost of a path invite her!

It would have been an additional advantage if, as in Henley's anthology, in both books, chapter and verse had been given for each extract. And so lucid and interesting is each editor's introduction that we would gladly have spared a puppet here and there in order to hear and see a little more of their ingenious showmen.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

MEMOIRS OF MISTRAL.*

This book consists of a translation from the Provençal poet's *Memoirs* of his early life—from his birth in 1830 to the publication of the "*Mireio*" in 1850—together with an extract from the notice of him in "*La Grande Encyclopédie*." There are also some good photographs of Mistral and other Provençal celebrities.

The *Memoirs* are among the most charming ever written by a poet. For not only do they throw a good deal of light upon the origin and development and aims of the Provençal Renaissance in the middle of last century, upon Mistral and his collaborators, but they reveal the poet's early life amidst rustic surroundings so graceful and antique that the picture is like a comment on the "*Idylls*" by Theocritus or the "*Georgics*" by a contemporary. Provence, Poetry, and Love pervade the book. Only out of Provence could have come such savours of sun-warmed earth and human life, such gaiety and exuberance—extravagance, too—as of a sunnier Ireland. The poet's father was a yeoman of the country of Arles who married a second wife at the age of fifty-five, a beautiful girl who became the poet's mother:

"One summer's day on the feast of St. John, Master François Mistral stood in the midst by his cornfields watching the harvesters as they mowed down the crop with their sickles. A troop of women followed the labourers, gleaning the ears of corn which escaped the rake. Among them my father noticed one, a handsome girl, who lingered shyly behind us as though afraid to glean like the rest. Going up to her he inquired, 'Who are you, pretty one? What is your name?'

* "*A Prose Miscellany*." By John Masfield. 5s. (Methuen.)—"*English Prose in the Nineteenth Century*." By Mrs. Laurence Binyon. 6s. (Methuen.)

* "*Memoirs of Mistral*." Rendered into English by Constance Elizabeth Maud. Lyrics from the Provençal by Alma Strettle. 12s. 6d. (Arnold.)

" 'I am the daughter of Etienne Poulinet,' the young girl replied, 'the Mayor of Maillane. My name is Delaïde.' "

" 'Does the daughter of Master Poulinet, Mayor of Maillane, come, then, to glean?' asked my father in surprise. "

" 'Sir, we are a large family,' she answered—'six daughters and two sons; and our father, though he is fairly well off, when we ask him for pocket money to buy pretty clothes, tells us we must go and earn it. That is why I have come here to glean.' "

So Master François Mistral married Delaïde Poulinet. She taught him the nursery rhymes and songs and tales in Provençal. There is a delicious picture of her father, a dissipated, joyous, snuff-taking old man, going to Beaucaire fair and losing the many handkerchiefs which he used to stuff into his pockets and belt; and of François himself, tall and strong, among the winnowers at harvest, facing the wind and gazing into the blue sky, saying seriously, "as though addressing a friendly god": "Come, blow, blow, dear wind." He read but three books, the New Testament, the "Imitatio," and "Don Quixote"—the last because it recalled his Spanish campaign under Napoleon. As he lay dying he asked his son what sort of weather it was.

" 'It rains, my father,' I replied. "

" 'Ah, well,' he said, 'if it rains it is good for the seeds.' "

Mistral had a gallant and lazy old uncle who was the best dancer in the place. He would fling aside his spade, draw out his flute, and set the girls in the neighbouring fields dancing a *sauterelle*. He played also the violin, bassoon, horn, clarionette and tambour pipes. In winter he seldom got up before mid-day: "Where can one be so snug and so warm as in one's bed?" When he was dying he had his flute instead of a bell to call for attendance.

Of Mistral's childhood there are some delicious tales, as e.g. of how he tried to gather irises from the moat, but fell in and was whipped; having donned his Sunday clothes he fell in again and was whipped once more; falling in a third time in his festal suit with gold spots on a blue ground, his mother thanked God that he was not drowned, and put him to bed, where he dreamed of the iris and dragon-flies, and awoke to find that his father had picked the flowers for him, and his mother had placed them on his bed. His tale of how, as a truant, he was hidden in a barrel at night and caught hold of a wolf's tail through the bung-hole and was charioted almost home before the barrel broke, was not believed by his parents; but it is characteristic, and one of the most meridional fantasies we ever read. The country life, stern and hard, "yet always one of calm and freedom," ploughing, sowing, shearing, reaping, threshing, vintaging and olive gathering, forms a fair background to a childhood that is as fascinating as anything in Grimm—as when he goes to see the Magi on the eve of Epiphany, or to school (not, "thank God," before he was eight) at an ancient monastery that was more like the Abbey of Thelema than any mortal school. The school failed; the cook ran away; they lived a short time on potatoes; and then the master's mother said: "My children, there are no more potatoes to boil, you had better eat." The ortolans

and the nightingales sing all the time; the stately Arlesiennes laugh across the pages; the music of the Provençal names make a perpetual burden; and the dawn of love—with pretty Praxède, next whom he sat to be catechised—matches the sultry winnowing, the rays and the sunlight on olive and vine. Nor did this sunlit life end with childhood. When Mistral went to Nîmes for his bachelor's degree the talkers at the little inn took notice of him, and though they thought that the professors would not waste time over the battles of the Saracens if they had to get up and hoe potatoes every morning, they determined to stay in Nîmes till the result was known. He came back from the examination, and the people in the street observed as he passed: "He has evidently got his degree—that one." The good gardeners at the inn knew it too:

" 'Maillanais!' said one of them, 'we are all pleased with you. You have shown those little professor gentlemen that not only ants, but men, can be born of the soil. Come, children, let us have a turn at the *farandole*.' "

So in the courtyard they farandoled, and so M. Mistral farandoles to the end—sometimes with Daulet, sometimes with the rustics who gave him the matter of his verse. It is all Provence, Poetry, Love, and we would as soon have missed "The Mares of the Camargue" as this book.

EDWARD THOMAS.

TWO "STUDIES IN LOVE." *

It can scarcely be doubted that both the books under consideration have been written with high and chivalrous intention, though one of them "The Pulse of Life," by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes—stands far above the other in actual achievement. The latter has been grossly misinterpreted, notwithstanding that its very title should have been a clue to its real meaning, for it has been well named "The Individualist," since, apart from its political setting—which is clever, but negligible and unconvincing

it weighs, and finds wanting, that dangerous form of individualism which desecrates love by making every individual instance of passion a law unto itself. It brings home to every intelligent reader the corrupting and disintegrating effect of that great tide of Neo-paganism which is already sweeping away all that has been built upon the shifting sands of mere convention and social prejudice. That such a tide is at our doors, shaking the very foundations of every hearth and temple not founded upon a rock, is recognised by both authors, though the one is, perhaps purposely, vague and indefinite in his suggestion of how that rock may be discovered, while the other, with a more declared and constructive philosophy, very clearly indicates that the Master who warned society two thousand years ago against unsafe building does not betray those who trust in Him.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure."

* "The Pulse of Life." By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The Individualist." By Philip Gibbs. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

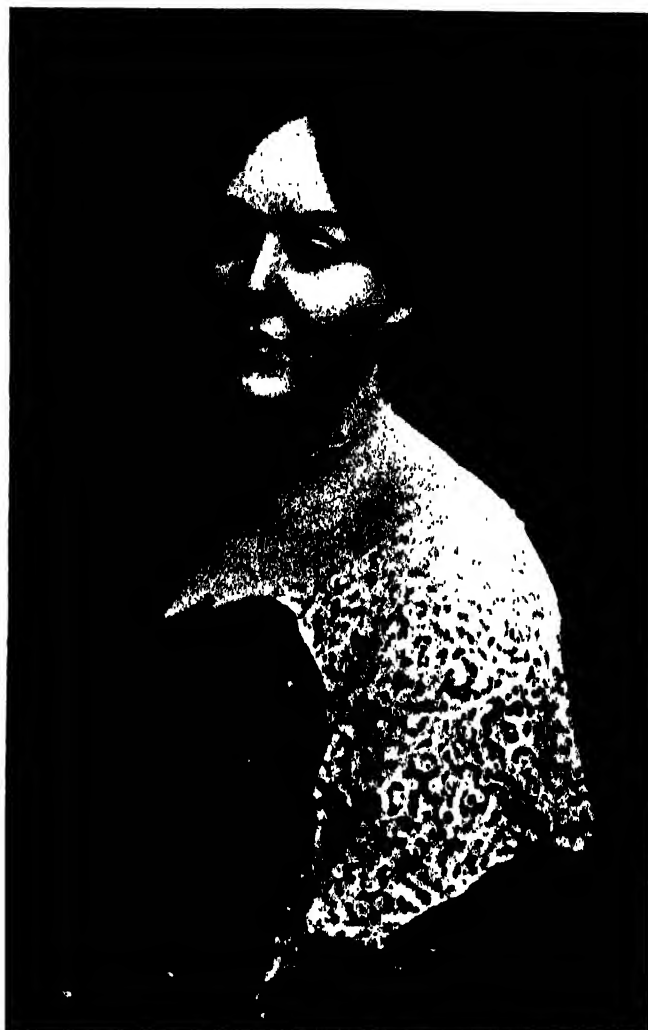


Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

Author of "The Pulse of Life."

That is her philosophy, and we suspect it is a philosophy shared by Mr. Philip Gibbs, though he somewhat obscures the issue on what is almost his final page by allowing his heroine to contrast friendship with love, to the advantage of the former, ignoring the fact that there is a deeper question which controls and includes both, as Browning more than hinted when he wrote :

" O world as God has made it ! All is beauty ;
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further need be sought for or declared ? "

Love is *duty*. It is the lovers who recognise that " stern daughter of the voice of God " who reach the Eternal through the transitory, whatever name they may give to what Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes speaks of as a " beckoning affinity of soul," that which, once felt, even by those who do not attain its fruition on earth, is recognised as a deeper reality than any mortal pain or pleasure which it may involve.

In this latest novel from the hand of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, so rich and complex and well sustained is the manifold life through which love, that is " the pulse of life," continually beats, that the other novel under review suffers by comparison, even though David Heath, the blacksmith's son, the true hero of " *The Individualist*," is a delightful creation. In his arduous and faithful devotion, he is somewhat akin to the Paul Fheygine so powerfully portrayed in " *The Pulse of Life*." Paul, a godson of one of the late Tsar's uncles, began life as a disciple of Tolstoi and, during his compulsory exile from Russia, fell under the spell of a lovely Spanish dancer, a great mistress of her art and supremely fascinating, but a creature almost without soul or conscience, " whose glory " was " in her shame." She, the vampire of his inmost being, was passionately adored by him, and it was only after her death that he found his heart's resting-place in the noble and unselfish love of Anne Leycester, the one woman in whom his soul had found response and to whose self-denying service of others he had long given help and comradeship. In David's case the rôle is reversed. It is Alicia, the woman whom he loves and who has always seemed to him beautiful in soul as well as in body, who has been the slave of lawless passion and, only after bitter suffering and humiliation, comes home to his heart.

No doubt Mr. Gibbs wishes us to apprehend how futile against misery and perdition and the sin which violates right citizenship, is the marriage-philosophy which disguises itself as an angel when introduced by a Shelley or a Mary Wollstonecraft, but shows its true inwardness in the devastated youth of such a woman as Alicia, who, brought up with no better guide, finds herself drifting on a wild sea of emotion, without compass or anchorage—the easy dupe of the contemptible Stretton, the Individualist of the story. If this be indeed his intention, it has our entire sympathy. But, as the author of " *The Pulse of Life* " makes clear in one or two of her most moving and dramatic scenes, love, in proportion to its intensity and immortality, is shy and delicate of touch and shrinks from any least word or gesture that may seem to lay bare too quickly and too cheaply its divine secret. And therefore what seems most unreal in a woman who loves as Alicia loves, is not her unconventionality—what can be more exquisite or lovely than the simple directness and self-surrender of the beautiful young Princess who in " *The Pulse of Life* " counts a disproved convention as valueless as the outward trappings of the royalty she renounces ? Nor is it that supremacy of feeling which through false teaching makes havoc of her life : lawful passion may be pure and noble, a part of that sacred joy wherein " God renews his ancient rapture " ; and though hers was unlawful, we know that she had been bred up in a mistaken philosophy which taught her otherwise. What offends in her is rather a certain vulgarity of unrestraint

which merits the old rebuke of Coventry Patmore when he said,

" Angels may be familiar ; men
Must treat each other with respect."

The contrast is great between Alicia's selfish egoism in the one novel, and such fine self-abnegation as that of Mary Wratten and Anne Leycester in the other.

Both these works of fiction are to the last degree courageous, but only one of them leaves on the mind in fullest measure that sense of purification and exaltation wherewith it is the province of all great art to refresh and illumine the soul.

ANNIE MATHERSON.

THE KING OVER THE WATER.*

Here is a Life of the Old Pretender, *alias* James III. and VIII., *alias* the Chevalier de St George, the joint production of Miss A. Shield and Mr. Andrew Lang. In the preface Mr. Lang explains that most of the research and almost all the writing are Miss Shield's, and that his own part has mainly been that of supervision and condensation. Notwithstanding the condensation, the book runs to nearly five hundred somewhat closely printed octavo pages. Here and there it is easy to recognise allusions, clauses, and sentences which have dropped from Mr. Lang's pen. Had he written the whole of it, the work would no doubt have been more lively in expression, but not more valuable as a statement of facts. Miss Shield has evidently devoted much time and patient labour to her share of the task, and on the whole has done it remarkably well. The melancholy story of the melancholy king is by no means devoid of interest, though much less stirring and much less romantic than that of his elder son. In spite of Thackeray's " *Esmond*," James is strenuously upheld as a high-toned, upright, moral man, and the proofs which are advanced may give pause to those who are inclined to judge him harshly.

For most of the statements references are freely given, but many of these are tantalisingly vague. There is also a lack of precision in the dates. On the first page, indeed, readers are informed that all the dates are given in new style, " unless stated otherwise or given in both styles " ; but this promise is not fulfilled, for occasionally the old-style date alone is given without the letters " O.S." and sometimes when the date is given in both styles one of them is clearly wrong. When the day of the week and the day of the month are both given, they do not always tally. Here, for example, is an unsuccessful attempt to be particularly precise. " On Tuesday, March 3, 1732 (O.S. February 22), Atterbury died." In a footnote this information is supplemented thus :

" O'Brien's letter to the King, dated March 10, says that Atterbury died 'last Tuesday morning.' In 1732 March 3 was a Tuesday. The date upon his grave in Westminster Abbey is February 22 (O.S.). Some histories carelessly give the date February 15. 1732 was a leap year."

Now, in 1732, the 3rd of March, new style, did not fall on a Tuesday, nor did that 3rd of March correspond with the 22nd of February, old style. In the second edition of his " *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*," Dean Stanley gives February 15, 1732, as the date of Atterbury's death, and says that " a monument was talked of, but never erected."

In giving the substance of the Act of Security passed by the Scottish Parliament before the Union, it is said to have provided that Queen Anne's successor to the throne of Scotland should be " not necessarily the new monarch of England, but," etc. This is a lamentably weak representation of the words : " Providing alwayes that the same be not the successor to the Crown of England, unless," etc.

* " *The King over the Water*." By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. With portraits and other illustrations. 15s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1907.)

In discussing a letter in which James refers to a "pretty miss," this statement is made: "Mr. Percy Thornton, who gives the 'pretty miss' letter in his *Stuart Dynasty*, supposes this lady (unnamed) to be a princess; he suggests the daughter of the Emperor, who had no daughter." This is rather hard on Mr. Percy Thornton, who does not suggest the daughter of the Emperor, but "a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine."

Again, the Baron de Pollnitz is alleged to have described James as strikingly resembling both Charles II. and James II.; and it is added that "Pollnitz, for all his intimacy, was capable of calling James II. his 'supposed' father, even though he cited the likeness as testimony of his host's authenticity." Neither the title nor the edition of the work of Pollnitz alluded to is given; but in the third edition of his "Memoirs" there is a passage which corresponds generally, but in it nothing is said about the likeness of the Pretender to Charles II., and James II. is referred to as the father of the Pretender without the qualifying adjective "supposed."

According to Miss Shield or Mr. Lang, or both, the Chevalier was baptized twice, privately on June 11, 1688, when he was only one day old, and publicly on October 15, when he was four months old. This would have been opposed to the usage of the Church of Rome, that church to which the parents adhered so conscientiously. In the "Life of James the Second . . . collected out of memoirs writt in his own hand," it is explained that he "forgot not the ceremony of naming the Prince of Wales, which had not been done when he was christened, but on the 15 of October was performed in the King's chapel at St. James's with great solemnity, the Pope being god-father, represented by the Nuncio, and Queen Dowager god-mother, who gave them the name of James, Francis, Edward." This does not imply re-baptism.

It is claimed that the Chevalier de St. George, though no ascetic at table, was no drunkard, that he was sincere, brave, and tolerant, as well as staunchly moral. It is admitted that in the '15 he was as a wet blanket to his followers; but then, it is urged, the circumstances were such that he would have required the genius of a Montrose to overcome them, though three years before the "ships at Leith dressed themselves with flags and streamers" on his birthday.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE BELIEFS OF AN AGNOSTIC.*

It is strange and a little startling to see Thomas Henry Huxley, the iconoclast, a hero of the secular halls, in so innocuous a series as the *Golden Treasury*. The world must indeed have moved for Huxley to be counted among the respectable. And it is no less strange, if a deal less unexpected, to find that the great Agnostic had more than enough convictions to furnish out three hundred and eighty-five "Aphorisms and Reflections."

Wistful above all that this small volume may, "by the easy method of its contents," attract the attention of those unacquainted with her husband's writings, Mrs. Huxley has chosen her extracts from the "Essays," "Scientific Memoirs," and "Letters" rather with the intention of fully illustrating his mental activities than of making a compact book of aphorisms. Some extracts, certainly not aphorisms, can hardly be called reflections either. There are several (selected no doubt with the object of showing Huxley's lucid and picturesque style of exposition) which are simply instructive, and which, to the scientific student, will read like bits of ancient scientific history. For science has advanced so far since Huxley's day into regions the very existence of which was probably un-

suspected by him, that much of the work which so scared and exasperated his contemporaries has become scientific commonplace and scarcely bears repetition except in schools. The man, however, stands out now all the more clearly. It is true, as he says himself, that the scientific spirit is of more value than its products. The interest of "Aphorisms and Reflections" lies in the spectacle of a singularly scientific spirit, not at its own work, but faced with things in general, philosophy, morals, social problems, human beings.

The greater part of the volume contains a working out in various aspects of two fundamental propositions.

"The man of science has learnt to believe in justification, not by faith but by verification."

"It is a great many years since, at the outset of my career, I had to think seriously what life had to offer that was worth having. I have come to the conclusion that the chief good, for me, was freedom to learn, think, and say what I pleased, when I pleased. I have acted on that conviction, and have availed myself of the 'rara temporum felicitas ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet,' which is now enjoyable to the best of my ability, and though strongly, and perhaps wisely, warned that I should probably come to grief, I am entirely satisfied with the results of the line of action I have adopted."

But like all men of wide and vigorous mental life, Huxley did not fail to contradict himself—he did not, he could not—no man could adhere strictly to his method. Life won't have it. She is not bondswoman to ratiocination, nor is she to be compassed by that common sense which, trained and organised, was Huxley's definition of Science. "The scientific imagination," he says, "always restrains itself within the limits of probability." And again, "Whatever happens, Science may bide her time in patience and in confidence." Can the probable be verified? And is not such a confidence in Science (which has in no way solved the great problems which touch us most nearly) a very decided act of faith? It is one of the charms of Mrs. Huxley's volume that, womanlike, she allows her husband to be inconsistent. Had a man done the work, he would probably have gained a general notion of Huxley's philosophical and scientific views, and then would have selected only such aphorisms as were in accordance with that notion. Mrs. Huxley places on two consecutive pages:

"My business is to teach my aspirations to conform [conform?] themselves to fact, not to try and make facts harmonise with my aspirations."

"The absolute justice of the system of things is as clear to me as any scientific fact. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun, and more so—for experimental proof of the fact is within reach of us all, nay, is before us all in our own lives, if we had but eyes to see it."

Facts, unseen let alone unvented, are made to conform to an aspiration!

The aphorisms on men and things are more remarkable for common sense, acute observation, and neatness of expression than for profundity. Hence their present value. Some are delightfully humorous—dry, and even cynical.

"Magna est veritas et prævalebit." Truth is great, certainly, but, considering her greatness, it is curious what a long time she is apt to take about prevailing."

"The great tragedy of Science—the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact."

"The world is neither wise nor just, but it makes up for all its folly by being damnably sentimental."

"Though under-instruction is a bad thing, it is not impossible that over-instruction may be worse."

"Of the few innocent pleasures left to men past middle life, the jamming common sense down the throats of fools is perhaps the keenest."

The time is past when Huxley's reasoning seemed irrefragable and his conclusions inevitable. His premisses were insufficient, when he came to apply science to life. Everybody's are, of course, but Huxley's dialectic assumed the contrary. His wonderful success in controversy was largely due to his skill in limiting the premisses of a discussion, for in controversy the man who sees a few

* "Aphorisms and Reflections." From the Works of T. H. Huxley. Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. *Golden Treasury Series*. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

sides of the question very clearly can always confound the man who perceives many more sides all dimly—who is, in fact, confused by what cannot yet be brought to full light or made amenable to logic. We realise better nowadays that what we don't know may have quite as much bearing on any problem as what we do, and that not negatively. Churchmen or no, we cannot any longer declare with Huxley that it is impossible to be "a true son of the Church and a loyal soldier of Science." We think we can see wider issues. Huxley was the finest controversialist of his day. He appeals to us now much more as the courageous, plain-spoken, clear-headed fighter who jammed common sense into many a fool, but failed to squeeze philosophical inquiry, or religion, or himself, within the bounds of common sense; who was strong enough to set limits to his thought, and great enough to transcend them; who wrote, "I don't know what you think about anniversaries. I like them, being always minded to drink my cup of life to the bottom, and take my chance of the sweets and bitters." Into those, the more humanly interesting and inspiring sides of his activity, Mrs. Huxley's small volume gives us an excellent insight.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.*

Gorky is essentially a man of his day. He understands and is in closest sympathy with the common people of his own country; he is as quickly sensitive to the wrongs and aspirations, the sufferings and despair, the meanness and heroism of the Russian peasantry, as the instrument is to the hands that play upon it, and his pictures of those cramped, broken, almost hopeless lives are simply and fearlessly realistic in the finest sense of the term. He makes you feel the utter pathos of the ignorance and blind laboriousness to which they are doomed; he makes you feel, too, with a catching-up of the very heart of you, the splendour and fiery hope that are coming with the stirring of thought, the reaching out towards knowledge and the light, that is agitating that sodden mass of oppressed humanity. You see the poor slaves of the factory, bold to the point of swaggering when they gather in a mob listening to one of their leaders, but cowed instantly and slinking off at the first sight of the master whom they have been trained by their parents, or from years of long habit, to fear and obey. It is the young men who are the awakening force; the old men, worn and timorous, can only look on and wonder and doubt. But the most beautiful thing in the book is the character of Pavel's mother. You are brought to know her and her surroundings as you know yourself and your own. The very atmosphere of her close, small, dim kitchen, in which Pavel and his brother-reformers hold their secret meetings—you feel and breathe it whilst you read; you can see the snow through the window, you hear the frost crackling like a claw drawn down the wall outside. And the mother of Pavel boils the samovar, supplies them all with tea, and looks on and listens, proud that her son speaks so well and is regarded with such respect, and yet vaguely dreading these may be wicked men who so conspire against the Government and may draw him into iniquity. By degrees she finds that his comrades are sober, kindly, earnest fellows like himself, and she grows to regard some of them almost as if they also had been sons of hers. Then a slow, blurred understanding dawns upon her of what it all means, and presently she is eager to help, to share the danger—though, at first, she is terribly afraid—and to do for the love of her son, and to win his admiration, what he is doing for the love of his country. It ends in tragedy; it could not have been true had it ended otherwise; but the sheer truth and undying hope that runs through it all make its darkest passages heartening and inspiring. This is a noble and a great book.

* "Comrades." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Hodder.)

MOTHER AND SON.*

We are informed on the wrapper of this volume that "Mr. Eden Phillpotts's latest story of Dartmoor life is the finest conception that any modern novelist has yet found." As if the novelist must go a-hunting after conceptions! As if his conception can be separated from his handling of it! Such a piece of gratuitous information we doubt, of course. Who would not? And in any case, the mother in Mr. Phillpotts' story is a figure fine enough to make the puff in the wrapper seem something of an impertinence. She was, we are told, "a simple woman of the yeoman class, whose nature is attuned to such noble purposes that even after her death her influence survives in the lives of those around her." We are not told whether her greatness arose from, or existed in spite of, her yeoman origin. Those who have had opportunities of watching the skill and dignity with which, more often than not, a farmer's widow will carry on her husband's farm and head his family, would hardly describe Avis Pomeroy as "a simple woman of the yeoman class." They would put it somehow else, without quite so much agreeably surprised condescension. To them, she will appear as a credible type, idealised possibly, and not as the rare specimen of the yeoman class that the puff-writer seems to have thought her. "The Mother," not "A Mother," is the title of the book. Avis is *the mother*, who happened in this instance to be a Dartmoor farmer's widow.

Mothers in literature are hard to criticise with a proper detachment. Men may be disillusioned, cynical, flippant about the world, the flesh and the devil, or love or religion, but there are few who do not preserve some reverence towards motherhood. I am ready, for one, to acknowledge that in so far as Mr. Phillpotts supports my ideal of motherhood, I shall be disproportionately pleased, and in so far as he outrages it, I shall be disproportionately angry. I cannot criticise "The Mother" dispassionately; I don't want to, and I don't know who does. Mothers transcend literary criticism. Literature is a poor thing beside them. It is greatly to Mr. Phillpotts's credit that his picture of the mother does not outrage an ideal so grounded in early associations and therefore so set. And it is quite in accordance with this peculiarity of mankind that Avis Pomeroy, who gives the title to the book, is an almost entirely static figure. She has been wildish in her youth; the remembrance of it gives her patience with her son; but after the story begins, she does not further develop. There she is; and as she is, so she influences those around her. It is Ives Pomeroy who develops; who would for that reason have proved, willy-nilly, the central figure of the story but for the subtlety with which his mother's influence is traced everywhere and at all times.

The story itself can hardly be outlined briefly. In spite of its detail, it has the breadth and richness which arise from many characters, all with their own aims and obstacles. The background both of scenery and people is fully, perhaps too fully, painted in. "The Mother" is the history of a neighbourhood, as well as of the two chief personages. As regards Ives and his mother, however, the situation is adumbrated and their two natures very definitely indicated in the first chapter, in a conversation between Avis and the mother of a man for whom Ives has been jilted.

"Ives be a slow learner [said Avis]. So was I. But when I gathered a bit of knowledge from life, it always stuck fast, Rachel."

"Sorrow's the best schoolmaster, I reckon."

"I don't say that. Happiness has taught me many things too. But nobody as loves justice like him will go far wrong in the upshot. A curious bent of mind sometimes. When his little sister died—my third, you know—Ives, six years old he was then, missed her noise the night after, and asked my old mother where she was to. "She've kissed God, dearie," says the dear old soul in her fanciful way, and the boy sniffed. "Poor Milly—she always hated kissing,"—that was what he said about it."

* "The Mother." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

" 'A good churchgoer, however. You must take consolation in that, Avis.'"

" 'He goes to please me—an' look at the girls.'"

"Mrs. Pomeroy's eyes pictured her boy at worship and twinkled with mingled love and amusement. But old Rachel Bolt was shocked."

Thenceforward we follow Ives through his reckless disappointment, his poaching with Moleskin (one of Mr. Phillpotts's most attractive rural scoundrels), his imprisonment after his mother has, for his own good, given him up to the police, his gradual steadying down and his mother's death, until in the upshot his love of justice and of his mother bring him out not far wrong. And it is always his mother's life, physical and moral, given him at his birth and given for him in his manhood, that we are watching. "Love be very witty," says Rachel Bolt. Seldom, I think, has a mother's love been traced out in so many of its aspects.

Mr. Phillpotts's achievement is the more remarkable because one feels that in some ways he is severely hampered by his method. The emotional plane of a story in which passions are hot and the mother's death even is not the climax, but an episode merely, must necessarily be kept fairly high. For that purpose, simplicity and suggestion would have seemed more appropriate than rhetoric and eloquent statement. Mr. Phillpotts uses the latter method, however, and out of it arises the most obvious weakness of the book. Dartmoor underlies the story, as it should do, but Dartmoor also interrupts it. Mr. Phillpotts knows the place so well, has written about it so much, that his descriptions tend to become stereotyped. At the beginning of most of the chapters there are chunks of eloquent dissertation on the moor, or some part of it, not as the people of the story would feel it, or could describe it, but as the author sees it, and as he only can describe it with every resource of a rather ornamental vocabulary. Such passages do but retard the story. One wonders, on beginning each chapter, how soon the author is going to stop talking about Dartmoor, and let the story begin again. Sometimes, moreover, certain more or less scientific opinions of the author—transient things, like all scientific hypotheses, beside the passions and the old traditional life with which he is dealing—intrude not only in passages where the author himself is speaking, but in the dialogue of the rural characters.

These faults notwithstanding, the story does preserve a relation to life, largely owing no doubt to the excellence of the minor characters who throw the mother and her son into prominence and at the same time keep them real. Arthur Brown, a priggish schoolmaster who marries Ives's sister and acts as a foil to him, is happily hit off as a man you can't warm your hands by. Thus does the exasperated Jill Bolt describe the man she married instead of Ives:

" 'Blast the money! That's gone safe enough and I'm cruel punished ever for thinking of it; though, all the same, God's my judge that 'twasn't love of the money first, but anger at you made me take him. But living with him! If you or any other man only knowed the nature of Samuel. He's invalid food, that man! He makes me sick, I tell you—sick at his tame goodness. You, that be all up and down, and sulks and laughter, and anger and red hot worship—you that I know so well for all we are parted for ever—you can't understand what 'tis to be so holy in character. He ought to be in heaven, and I wish to God he was. Nothing to find fault with—but everything. I hate goodness since I married that man. I hate patience and meekness and giving way to everybody—like hell I hate 'em. Never an unkind thought of any living creature. Never a bit of news never even a crooked word. That righteous and pious there, I could shriek out swear words myself sometimes to anger him, but 'twould be in vain. And his awful flute—like a lost lamb bleating for its mother. I'd thank God on my knees if he'd come home drunk and beat me for a change—anything—anything's better than such a saint—no taste to him—body or soul.'"

The idea at the back of Jill Bolt's mind is similar to that in the light of which Mr. Phillpotts treats Ives. Scapegraces have always been popular in fiction, but to justify the widespread liking for them, they are usually brought to sudden sentimental repentances—or marriage. The development of Ives is more patient, more logical, and

therefore more effective. He is a man, and he remains one. The characters in some of Mr. Phillpotts's novels have a habit of fading very quickly from one's memory, but I do not fancy that those in "The Mother" will do so. Though not invariably life-like, they are very full of life.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS.*

"The title of this book conveys my meaning clearly. It is not an autobiography, nor even a continuous narrative. It is founded on no diary or record. Whatever the contents of the book—whether narrative or anecdotic—they are given just as they come unbidden into my memory, which is not a bad one, though possibly not so exact as I could wish. I have not attempted to be strictly accurate as to chronological order, though the events described harmonise with the period in connection with which they appear. By anticipation, therefore, I fully recognise the defects arising from want of premeditation. Any apologies that may be required of me, I make at once. I am prepared to accept criticism without remonstrance." So Sir Henry Drummond Wolff begins his preface, and so he disarms his reviewers, with that tact for which in diplomatic circles he was renowned. Any gentleman has a right to jot down his recollections, and if his pretensions are so modest as those of Sir Henry, no one has any right to cavil, unless, indeed, there are deliberate misstatements or serious errors. Of these grievous faults, however, there is no trace in the memoirs in question.

While we may refrain from grumbling at Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's discursiveness and his habit of introducing well-known personages about whom he has nothing of any interest to say—this swells the index to no less than fifty-five double-columned pages—we cannot but utter a word of disappointment at the contents of these two handsome volumes. Here is a man who entered the Foreign Office in 1846, acted in various diplomatic capacities in Italy, the Ionian Islands (after they were ceded to Greece), in Turkey, Persia, and other places; was a member of Parliament from 1874 to 1885, and one of the Fourth Party; a founder of the Primrose League; and Ambassador at Madrid from 1892 until the end of the last century—a man who has been everywhere, met everybody, and heard all the stories; and all that is important in his eight hundred pages of recollections might be compressed into two or three chapters of moderate length.

It is certain that the majority of readers will turn to that part of the book which treats of the much-discussed Fourth Party. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has the disadvantage of writing after the publication of "The Life of Lord Randolph Churchill" and "The Fourth Party"; but still he has matters of interest to discuss. Sir Henry it was, of course, who objected in Parliament when Bradlaugh presented himself at the table to take the oath, and it was in the discussion which followed his protest that Lord Randolph Churchill made his first important speech. "The formation of the Fourth Party really dated from that speech," Sir Henry writes. "Mr. Gorst, Lord Randolph, and I sat together and were subsequently joined by Mr. Balfour, whose object it was to cause Lord Salisbury's rights to the succession of Lord Beaconsfield to prevail over those of Sir Stafford Northcote." Sir Henry speaks of the attempts made subsequently to show that Mr. Balfour, though with the Fourth Party, was not of it; and he demolishes this contention—which now is a matter of history rather than of modern politics—by printing some letters of Mr. Balfour, one of which is particularly characteristic of the writer, and moreover sets the question for ever at rest. "You accuse me of two things—dining in —'s society, and repudiating the Fourth Party. I deny both charges. . . . As to the Fourth Party, I did not

* "Rambling Recollections." By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. 2 vols., 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

repudiate it. I denied its existence, which is a very different thing. If there is a Fourth Party, and in so far as there is one, I am a member of it. But I do not, and never will publicly admit that such a thing exists. We must always assert that the name is a joke and a device of the enemy to sow dissension in the Conservative Party. So shall we be able to preserve our independence, in spite of all the front benches in the world: though the Goat rages furiously and ex-Ministers of State gather themselves together against us. What I never can get you to understand is that what we should aim at for our own sakes and that of the party at large— is the largest possible amount of real independence and the smallest possible appearance of it." Since Sir Henry was naturally interested in the Bradlaugh affair, it is somewhat surprising that he should refer to the end of it in this curt sentence: "I believe that in the Parliament returned that year [1885] Mr. Bradlaugh did take his seat."

It is impossible here even to touch on Sir Henry's career as a diplomatist as illustrated in these volumes, and for the same reasons of space no further mention of his political reminiscences can be included, beyond the bare mention that there are here printed for the first time some interesting letters of Lord Beaconsfield. There are frequent allusions to literary personages, and most attractive of the pages devoted to letters are those occupied by Lytton's and Kinglake's views of fiction. "In making a choice of books, I hope you will not overlook the novel," the latter wrote to Sir Henry. "Of course a great novel does not lecture or preach, but for that very reason the more it governs the heart of the reader. What the *Iliad*, what the acted drama has been to mankind, the novel is at this day. It tells one of life—life freed from its humdrum details; life, in short, with the dull parts left out: so that at one and the same moment the happy reader can enjoy the independence of solitude, and the charm of the most delightful society—society caught and seized by the power of genius at its fairest and brightest moments."

"Rambling Reminiscences" contains several good stories, and there is one that is a perfect gem. Sir Henry and Abraham Hayward were dining together, and they invited a Cingalese gentleman to join them. Hayward thought to improve the occasion by giving the stranger an insight into the constitution of English society. "You will find in England," said the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, "that men of distinction, who belong neither to the aristocracy nor to the richer classes, but have made a mark, either in literature or by their conversational powers, are always received in great houses on a footing of perfect equality. You never go to a great house but you will see some distinguished literary man received as one of the most highly honoured guests." The Cingalese said, very naively: "But are these not called sycophants?"

ANOTHER MISS BYRON.*

The heroine of this story lived more than a century ago, when pretty young heiresses were courted otherwise than they are to-day. They were certainly approached through their guardians. Miss Dalyngrange had Mr. Shirley to determine whether a suitor should have the privilege of laying siege formally to her heart. But in other ways courtship was less decorous, and the plot of this story hinges upon the madcap attempt of a disappointed lover to abduct the fair lady, as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen did to Miss Byron in "Sir Charles Grandison." Caroline Dalyngrange, however, is not Miss Byron all over. Sir Walter Scott properly objected to a certain indelicacy in the latter lady's character. Miss Dalyngrange is not indelicate or forward. She is hasty. She jumps at conclusions, and is summing, from a country girl's story, that he—rough it all Gilbert Hardy, is a Lothario, she allowed inspiring. This

her and then ignominiously taunts him in public with his conduct. The poor captain has in reality been guilty of nothing worse than a bit of innocent flirtation, but he is too proud to defend himself against the unjust charge. "Your aim, madam, has been to give me pain, and you have perfectly succeeded. But I remember that a worse thing might have befallen me. It might have been my wife who spoke thus. Your virtue, Miss Dalyngrange, is not of the kind that amends the sinner, but of the kind that destroys. Ten words from you of gentleness and sorrow might have abased me to the depths of shame and remorse. I should have gone then, as I am going now, but I should have gone with an image in my heart that would have drawn my steps upward. You have chosen otherwise." So the injured lover bows himself out of the offended lady's presence. But it is not long before she is obliged to accept his help. A local squire, maddened by her preference of Lord Pevensey to himself, proposes to carry her off and compromise her into marrying him. Captain Hardy gets wind of this plot from its author, and frustrates it by placing her one night for safety in a ruined castle. The squire then lays a false charge against Hardy, who is thrown into prison, and unable to clear himself without implicating Caroline's honour. Her position is doubly difficult. She has now discovered her mistake about Hardy, and also found that she loves him. The complication is unravelled finally, by her courage and by the generous behaviour of Lord Pevensey.

Miss Black has told her tale with sense and insight. Caroline's character is the pivot of the book, and it is drawn admirably. Her maidenly resentment of Hardy's behaviour, her young, hard verdict upon his character, her growing passion for him, and her treatment of Lord Pevensey, are all depicted with considerable skill. The authoress has caught the atmosphere and colour of the period wonderfully well. Hardy is not a Grandison, but he is perhaps none the worse for that. A "faultless monster" would not have won Caroline's heart.

One of the prettiest scenes in the book is the account of the girls bathing their faces in dew upon the morning of the first of May. This, and the opening incident of Hardy rescuing a horse from a burning farmstead, must be pronounced excellent, in every sense of the term, and indeed the entire story, in its descriptions of scenery and sketches of character alike, is an extremely delightful piece of work. There is a freshness of sympathy about its pages which is singularly attractive.

THE COMPANY OF THE POETS.*

The best anthologies are a pleasant expression of hospitality. A man finds his friends upon his bookshelves, big volumes some of them, cumbrous, sometimes dull, but each one endeared to him by some facet of a personality. Some of his friends, too, may be overseas and almost inaccessible, or buried in ancient libraries and not easily to be met. He brings them together in a little book, and, like a god, chooses how each shall contribute the best of himself in the company of the others. The world is invited to take a seat at the foot of the table, and to overhear the men the anthologist loves, in those expressions of themselves that the anthologist finds most enjoyable. And then there are other cases, where the host brims over with his own good humour and anticipation of pleasure, and, taking a seat by the side of the world (at the foot of the table did I say?—anywhere where he may overhear all that is said) and, gossiping in advance, tells the world privately some thing of his guests, and how and why each one is so special, delightful.

Such a host, such an anthologist was Leigh Hunt. He was never so happy as when talking of the poets he loved and he loved them so well that he could never be content with them sing, and trust to chance for an understanding.

* "The Mother and Fancy." By Leigh Hunt. With a selection of poems by Edmund Gosse. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

* "Caroline." By Clementina Black. 6s. (Hodder.)

audience. No; with his eager eyes, with those upward curved eyebrows of imagination, with that dark hair disarranged, with his nervous mouth throwing out the words he must always lay a hand on the world's sleeve, and bring out the sweetness, the depth, the delight that he found in each of the poets at his table. "Imagination and Fancy" is the most intimate of anthologies. His guests, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Dekker, Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats are kept waiting a little while Leigh Hunt defines poetry, and tries in his sweetest, most persuasive way to get the world to ask the same thing from them that he asks himself. "Hark you," he says to the world, "there are two especial things in poetry, imagination which is real sympathy with analogies, and fancy which is a dear capricious spirit that works patterns on the borders of imagination's robe—these two are the possessions of the poets, and those who are sitting above us at the table can show you them in abundance. Now listen; here is Master Spenser about to sing; there will be pleasure royal for us this night." That is something like his way, and it is very taking.

It is quite possible to imagine a world for whom Leigh Hunt's priming talk would be impertinent, a world that would take his guests and the qualities he admired in them for granted. But the world Leigh Hunt addressed was not such. He had chosen his guests with some courage. Keats and Shelley were not Keats and Shelley; they were a young man who had published some books of verse, been abused in a review or two, and died of a consumption, and another young man whose politics had been of an exaggerated kind, who had treated a wife very badly, published books, and had a romantic finish to his life. It required real sturdiness of opinion to set these two by the side of Milton, and Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans whom Lamb had already put in their high place. It was not at all unnecessary that the host should interest the world and keep it polite, and in an enjoying temper. Mr. Gosse suggests (in an admirable little introduction) that perhaps the host was a little too well persuaded to be persuasive, and that the world might well say to itself, looking askance at the eager face, and shaking off the hand upon its sleeve,

"Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honeydew hath fed
And drunk the milk of paradise."

But it is this very enthusiasm that puts Leigh Hunt sufficiently near the level of his guests to be intimate with them and no shy stranger at his own feast.

Here an unhappy memory suggests itself. Who does not know those terrible anthologies made by men unworthy, in the solid popular phrase, "to lick the boots" of the poets they have dragged together; those irksome, uncomfortable banquets, given by some *parvenu*, a *nouveau riche*, who moves awkwardly among his guests, and has invited them not because he loves them, but because it is the proper thing to do. It must be a miserable thing to be a poet compelled to bear the hospitality of a little snob called . . . or . . . or . . . who puts you in his "Lullabies of Love," or his "Songs for the Soul," or his "Garland of Beauty" (I hope to goodness none of these are real names—I believe they are original inventions), simply because Mr. Hazlitt, who is, he hears, a great man, has spoken of you kindly, or because he has seen your name in the list of guests at some worthier table than his own.

There is no doubt about it; *all* anthologies are *not* pleasant expressions of hospitality. The host must belong in some way to the circle of his guests, or the world, if it be well advised, will stay away. But, at the table of Rossetti (the Early Italian Poets), of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of Palgrave, or at this delightful party of Leigh Hunt's, who would not be happy to sit below the salt?

ARTHUR RANSOME.

SHEAVES.*

Whether is it better, one feels inclined to ask, that a man should write light fiction well, or serious fiction meritoriously? To the general public it matters very little which he does, unless he be of the very first rank; and then the general public doesn't care. There are so many novelists, and if Mr. Score-Volumes ceases to please, Messrs. Flubdub and Weeps, and Miss Theodora Afflatus, are always ready to submit samples and await the favour of your kind commands. But the question is interesting, nevertheless, and not so simple after all; for just as many a man's wisdom shows itself best when he is playing the fool, so more knowledge of life, more insight, more wisdom, may be implied in a light novel than may be exhibited successfully in a serious work. It depends so much on whether the writer can best express his real self obliquely—by suppression, so to speak—or directly.

If the author of "Dodo" is not in the first rank, at any rate he counts. Good ladies in their drawing-rooms and gardens anticipate his books with that almost personal devotion which only naughtiness within the bounds of strict propriety can inspire. Nobody better than he can paint irresponsible people—people you would scarcely like to know were they not so well connected—and yet leave you with the virtuous feeling that, all said and done, you are purely a spectator. Thus you have the double virtuousness of sympathising with them most deeply, and also of passing by on the other side. And with a cleverness borrowed from Mr. Benson, you laugh at them as well. Of late, however, he has been becoming more serious. The problem of "Sheaves" is a grave one; incapable, like old age, of solution by common sense. Mr. Benson has recourse to death.

The common sense of Lady Peggy Rye, whose whirling philanthropic life is founded on the practical idea that enough hard work leaves no time for unhappiness, proves to be beside the point at the main crises of the story. Her remarks illuminate the action; she keeps the ring clear for the chief actors; and that is about all she can do. At her country house, her still beautiful widowed sister, Mrs. Allbutt, meets Hugh Grainger. Out of the experience and sorrow of her first marriage Mrs. Allbutt, as "Andrew Robb," has written a grim, great and popular play. Hugh Grainger possesses a marvellous voice, youth and physique; he is the perfect Lohengrin; but so much the artist, or so much the typical young Englishman (of the public school type, of course), that celebrity has no attraction for him. He unveils, however the authoress of the play, and she in turn arouses in him a desire for the vocal triumphs, which duly arrive. When Mrs. Allbutt announces their engagement, Lady Peggy points to the seventeen years' difference in their ages, tells her sister that she will be an old woman almost before Hugh is middle-aged, and as a final appeal says: "You are taking so much, you are taking all the best years of a young man's life, and giving him a life from which youth is past. It isn't fair. It is selfish."

"Once again the glory of eternal youth so shone from Edith's face that Peggy felt there could be no mistake about this; whatever had hit that beacon must be meant for her."

"Then it is to be?" she asked.

"Yes, dear Peggy. I wanted to see you first, as I told you. But otherwise—for all you have said I thought of before, the night before, in fact—I only wonder now why I did not say 'Yes' to him at once. . . ."

"There was no more to say, and it was frankly useless to attempt to speak of anything else. But Peggy lay long awake. She turned from one side to the other and found no rest for her body or her thoughts. All her love for her sister desired her happiness, all her wisdom told her she could not find it permanently here. How could she? In the nature of things how could she? And Hugh?"

In the remainder of the book, Mr. Benson develops the happiness and the pathos of the marriage; the pathos of Edith's position when, with her baby by her, she watches her husband playing with the children and recognises that

* "Sheaves." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

he belongs to their generation rather than to hers; and her magnificent courage, her joy in having lived, when, exiled to Davos Platz, she is dying of consumption. For that is Mr. Benson's way of ending the situation, instead of finding a solution, or at least a *modus vivendi* such as is frequently found in real life.

Scope for Mr. Benson's entertaining satire is given by Mrs. Owen, a leader of provincial culture, by Canon Alington, who hasn't got a mind of his own, but is "a mosaic of other things," and by the Canon's two well-trained little prigs of children, Ambrose and Perpetua. There Mr. Benson is at home, and at his best. But the more serious parts of the story the solution of the problem, the high-pressure love of Hugh and Edith, he seems to have found somewhat laborious work. His style is looser than usual, his grasp of the story less certain. He has fallen into the evil habit of interpolating chunks of descriptive matter, which, though very eloquent in themselves, neither advance the action nor, proportionately to their length, explain it. And if he had fully visualised to himself Lady Peggy and her life, he could hardly have made her live, on p. 33, in a "great barrack of a house in Pall Mall," and on p. 38 in a "huge chocolate-coloured house in Piccadilly." It is unexpected to have to describe a book by Mr. E. F. Benson as a praiseworthy effort. That is undoubtedly what this one is. Either he has attempted too much—and the scheme of the work is large—or else he has not given himself sufficiently to it. One half suspects the latter. There are fine characters, deftly drawn, in "Sheaves," and very delightful passages, but it is much more interesting in detail than successful as a whole.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S NEW POEMS.*

So many of us, sitting down to consider the work of a poet, seem to think it an important part of our duty to grub along in a narrow and niggling fashion, trying to pick out a line here, and a phrase there, that we can disapprove of triumphantly, not because it is lacking in splendour, in harmony, or appropriateness, but because it reminds us of a line or phrase in some other poet. I wonder if this sort of thing does actually amount to criticism, or is it merely an egotistical exhibition of the width of the critic's reading and the length of his memory? It has never struck me as anything better than a bad habit; a habit that grows and degenerates into a troublesome mania if the man who is afflicted with it does not discourage it whilst he is young. Every poet has been tormented more or less by such treatment, but none has been more ruthlessly victimised than Gray. Open almost any edition of his works, and you find that, for every half-page of Gray, there is a half-page of so-called parallel passages, as thus, with the very first line of the "Elegy":

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Footnote:

"Dryden has a line resembling this—

'That tolls the knell of their departed sense';
and not dissimilar is Shakespeare's

'A sudden bell
Remembered knolling a departed friend.'

One of Keats's most competent critics seems to have been bitten with this same madness, and you find him in his footnotes suggesting comparisons between Hyperion's "Most like the struggle at the gate of death" and Landor's "He seems to struggle from the grasp of death"; between Hyperion's "Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel" and Landor's "Every surge Runs with a louder murmur up their keel."

The fault may be mine, but I confess that comments of this type—and most of the poets are barnacled with them—appear to me to be purely fatuous and unillumin-

ating. To speak quite plainly, if two poets use the word "keel," as in that last example, there can be no earthly reason for assuming that the second one cribbed it from the first; the dictionary was open to both. Such pettifogging pedantries invariably remind one of those dreary old bores who cannot look upon a beautiful woman and be happy in admiring her, but must needs go telling everybody, with an air of disparagement, that she is wonderfully like her grandmother, but not so lovely. Nobody ever supposes that she had no ancestors and inherited nothing from any one; and surely her beauty is none the less hers because she is to some extent indebted for it to a great predecessor, whose features you have been studying, in the family portrait gallery.

Anyhow, that is not the wise, æsthetic way of judging anything, either in nature or in art; but it is the cheap, commonplace order of criticism from which Mr. Stephen Phillips has latterly suffered more, perhaps, than any modern man of letters. On his advent he was hailed rapturously, deliriously, as a new planet, an authentic great poet, who was to be set at once like a jewel in the heaven of fame, to sparkle there immortally. Then, very soon, as if these ecstasies had exhausted them or their vocabularies, the critics began to lower their tone, to make much, and too much, of his indebtedness to earlier poets, to quote stray lines and passages in which they caught a distant echo or fancied they traced an elusive influence of Marlowe, Keats, Tennyson. They have been indulging in the same pastime, I notice, over these "New Poems"; anybody could do it—it is so easy; but is it worth doing?

Personally, my delight in Mr. Phillips's work, and my admiration of it, have not waned in the least; for, of course, what was good when I first read it is still as good as it was, but, frankly, I do not think he has been quite fair to himself in putting together this latest volume. There are four poems in it, perhaps half a dozen, that are strong and individual, and touch the high level of his highest utterance; but for the rest—they are either good rhetorical occasional verses, or slight, scrappy, fragmentary experiments, not so much poems as poetical studies and exercises. "Endymion," "Orestes," "The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," "A Poet's Prayer," "The Dreaming Muse," the one-act tragedy of "Iole"—there is beauty, there are gleams of splendour in all these, for Mr. Phillip writes always in the golden language of poetry, as if it were his native tongue; but when you have read them, what do they amount to? You say they are pretty, they are veined with exquisite sentiment and delicate dreaming, and their numbers flow with a cunning and perfect sweetness, but you are sensible of no spontaneity in them, no true passion, none of the innate fire of thought and feeling by which great poetry lives; they are graceful, finely artistic, but they are thin, shadowy, forced; they leave you cold; they get no roots into your memory.

Yet I would sooner have had all these, disappointing as they are, than not have had the bizarre, phantasmal, daringly imaginative "Cities of Hell," the grim, tense ballad of "The Sop," the wistful fantasy of the "Earth-Bond," the mysticism and human pathos that glimmer and darken tremulously through these "Thoughts in a Meadow":

"O why in this breathing field, this meadow of Maytime,
A-flurry with silverous gusts,
Why, O my soul, must thou still with a sadness behold it,
Strangely disturbed from afar?
And why is thy bliss never simple and never entire?
What hinders thee so to be gay?"

"O soul, hadst thou waked on a world but newly created,
If thou wert the first that had breathed,
Then this brooding arch of the blue were beautiful merely,
Perfect the greenness of grass.
But ah, through thine eyes unnumbered dead ones are peering;
To the windows the phantoms throng;
Those millions of perished women, and poets, and lovers
Gaze where thou gazest and breathe;
And by ghosts is the blowing meadow-land unforgotten;
Memories deepen the blue.

* "New Poems." By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"So through tears not our own is the sunset strangely pathetic ;
And splendid with thoughts not ours.
So feel we from far-off hills a soft invitation,
A divine beckon and call.
At the sudden mysterious touch of a stranger we tremble ;
At lightning from eyes in the crowd ;
And a child will sorrow at evening bells over meadows,
And grieve by the breaking sea.

"O never alone can we gaze on the blue and the greenness ;
Others are gazing and sigh ;
And never alone can we listen to twilight music ;
Others listen and weep ;
And the woman that sings in the dimness to millions is singing ;
Not to thee, O my soul, alone."

This poem, and those five or six others, are the only things in the book that really matter ; but then they matter so much that they vindicate Mr. Phillips's greatness as a poet by adding something to it.

Novel Notes.

SALLY BISHOP. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Thurston's weakness is that he takes his critics and himself a great deal too seriously. In a dedicatory epistle he anticipates "the shrug-shoulder smile of critics at my sub-title—'A Romance'"; he tells us that he has broken through conventionalities and thrown canons to the winds by making his story end in tragedy, and therefore the critics will deny that it is a romance. It is so easy to set up imaginary critics and knock the stuffing out of them in this style ; but there is a novel, to name only one, called "The Cloister and the Hearth," and all critics agree that it is one of the finest of romances, yet it ends unhappily. The complacent, rather too pompous note of the preface recurs in the story itself, always with a jarring effect. Mr. Thurston is an uncommonly clever writer, and "Sally Bishop" is an uncommonly clever book ; the analysis of character and motive is occasionally over-elaborate, the phrasing is sometimes laboured and sometimes irritatingly self-conscious, but the interest of the narrative strengthens and rises triumphantly through it all. The picture of clerk-life in London is outrageously exaggerated ; Mr. Thurston is not contented to represent that some clerks, but wishes us to believe that all of them, are worn out and utterly exhausted at the end of each day's work. "Now, when all the hours of the night are before him, his nervous energy has been sapped away. You get no spirit in a tired horse. It shies at nothing, but drags one foot wearily after another until the stable door is reached." Pit and gallery of music-hall and theatre tell a different tale ; so do the tennis-courts and cricket-pitches in the County Council parks. It is when he generalises that Mr. Thurston goes wrong ; Sally's own life as a typist is presented with knowledge and with admirable cunning, and the story of her career, of how she escaped out of the drabness of her surroundings into happiness, and presently all her happiness slipped through her fingers and was lost, is full of the charm and pathos and romance of real life. It is a story of love that ignores the marriage laws ; and the woman pays.

CAPTAIN SPINK, and Other Sea Comedies. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

No life would seem at first sight better calculated to develop a man's latent eccentricities than that of a sea captain. For as Captain Spink put it, his authority is regal. He is autocrat aboard his craft, with no one to say him nay whatever he may choose to do. It is doubtless due to the stringency of sea tradition, the precision of ship's routine, that the average skipper does not achieve eccen-

tricity, but becomes, and remains, what is called a character. Some writers, like Mr. Joseph Conrad, use his pronounced individuality for sounding the depths and possibilities of human nature ; others—and this volume is an instance—prefer to exploit the humorous side of him. Mr. Morley Roberts's seven short stories belong indeed rather to farce than to comedy. Best of them is the one which gives the title to the book. Captain Spink, having carelessly insulted the Spaniards in a Spanish harbour, is fired upon, and on returning to England calls on the "Chief Foreign Officer" to insist on instant war with Spain. He is only pacified by an under-secretary, or something of that sort, who, like himself, is a Gloucester man, and, after offering drinks from his flask, he leaves the Foreign Office shouting : "Double Glo'ster every time !" His interview at the Foreign Office is really a delightful satire on the way a Government Department receives a caller who wants it to do something. "The Lothario of the *Peruvian*"—which is the tale of a captain so handsome that, seemingly, half the ladies of the Pacific coast put off to his ship—becomes very broad farce when the mate turns the hose upon the one woman who is his rightful wife ; and the amount of medicine consumed by Captain Wigges, the hypochondriac, outdoes the greatest possible efforts at belief. But though "Sea Comedies" is something of a misnomer, the volume is excellent reading. It will be a very dull or very literary person who does not get many a laugh out of it.

A LOVE IN ANCIENT DAYS. By T. H. Crosfield. 6s. (Elkin Mathews.)

Did ancient British maidens love Arthurian knights—or rather, to be precise, chivalrous barbarians—in the post-Tennysonian fashion, demurely and with perfect propriety? If not, "A Love in Ancient Days," for all its research and its carefulness in staging and scenery, is unhistoric as regards its main theme. Most historical fiction errs in the same way, of course ; for the modern reader would hardly tolerate the simplicity, not to say brutality, of ancient love affairs. We fancy, indeed, that there would be a fine scandal if one of the ancient maidens visited an establishment where our young ladies are taught the art of life as it isn't lived. Miss Crosfield's story takes place at the time when the Saxons were harrying the Romanised Britons, and had already formed settlements in the South of England. King Arthur was alive then, but does not appear in the story. Two high-born British maidens—Avanwy, thoughtful, cultured and beautiful, and Patricia, an attractive tom-boy—have their home destroyed, and are themselves captured by the Saxons. They are chivalrously treated by Cerdic, the younger son of the Saxon king, and all their subsequent adventures, their escape from, return to, and servitude in the Saxon camp only serve to break down Avanwy's prejudice against the enemy of her people. The picture of the strong fighting barbarian is so far successful that, not being greatly steeped in the "Idylls of the King," we feel it was decidedly unfair to consign him, with his bride, to certain boredom in "the quiet green Christian land of Ierne" ; just as we should have felt annoyed if Mr. Rider Haggard had sent Umslopogaas in white duck trousers to a missionary school. "A Love in Ancient Days" fails to convince us ; it fails to make us want to be convinced ; and it is rendered none the more credible by a preface in which we are told that a young lady has pieced it together out of her dreams of a previous existence of hers. Miss Crosfield writes with considerable delicacy of scenery, maidenly agitations, and such-like. She spares us the prehistoric equivalents of *Gadzooks!* and *By my halidom!* Her present romance should prove admirable for giving young ladies as realistic an idea of the Saxon invasion as they are commonly thought fit to bear, and if she will pitch her next story in a period and a society to which her brand of idealism can appropriately be applied, there is little doubt that she will do much better.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN. By James Douglas. 6s.
(E. Grant Richards.)

It is very difficult to know what should be said of this novel. Its power is obvious, but the power is shown in such different directions that one is almost bewildered by the extraordinary transition between the first few chapters and the rest of the volume. Mr. Douglas starts fair. That is, he is fair to almost all his characters except when they are Orange. He presents a young Orangeman in Belfast, Gabriel Gordon, growing up amid the sectarian passion of that town. Mr. Douglas does not love Belfast. "Ulster is the vermiform appendix of Ireland, and the disease from which Ireland suffers is politico-religious appendicitis. . . . The only real remedy is a surgical operation." Only, he regretfully adds, the foreign body in the appendix is Scotch, and where the Scot goes he stays. One prepares for a clever Roman Catholic novel at this point, for Mr. Douglas is undeniably witty and angry. But, hey, presto! the wand is waved, and for the rest of the book we are in a world of brilliant mist, off earth entirely. Gabriel falls into the hands of Fionula, a Scarlet Woman in a double sense, who leads a Roman Catholic procession, but turns out to have raised a magnificent cathedral in London for humanitarian religion. She presents the infatuated Gabriel to this diocese, with a princely endowment, and a League of Humanity is formed, with the aforesaid Gabriel as the Chrysostom of the movement. Unluckily, he retains some conscience. Fionula's fascination is opposed by the simple love of an Irish girl for the young leader. Here the centre of gravity lies for the rest of the book, Gabriel struggling for his soul, both women suffering, and Cormac, Fionula's devoted admirer, driven to strategy. Mr. Douglas gets highly worked up over this problem, but he fails to convince his readers. The style is far too hectic, and the whole atmosphere of the latter half is heated and unreal. As most readers will surmise, "the unpardonable sin is the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost is Love." The moral is unexceptional. Aideen saves Gabriel, but the latter is a poor, noisy creature, who rants interminably. If the account of the New St. Peter's is an elaborate satire, it is excellent in its humour. But an odd suspicion crosses one's mind that Mr. Douglas has got infected with the gravity of Gabriel's high-flying view. In that case the book is still more humorous.

THE GLADE IN THE FOREST, and other Stories. By Stephen Gwynn. 3s. 6d. (Dublin: Maunsell & Co.)

Of these seven stories, the best are those which bear on Irish life, particularly "The Grip of the Land." The story which gives its title to the volume is the longest in the book, but hardly the most characteristic. Women appear in all the stories, and Mr. Gwynn is very happy sometimes in his characterisation of their foibles. One of the most vivid, though she is not an Irishwoman, is the vicar's daughter in "Cross Purposes." Miss Marchmont "had not yet formulated her beliefs: she thought there was a great deal of truth in the New Testament, and a great deal in the writings of Walter Pater; and she was decidedly of opinion that dogmatic Christianity needed to be supplemented by a course of Maeterlinck." Two of the first three stories belong to the province of light comedy. But Mr. Gwynn passes on to the sister Isle, and his fine pathos is entirely convincing. The book contains studies as well as sketches. There are considerable differences in the elaboration of the various items, as well as in their topics, but the pages are always bright and fresh.

THE DOINGS OF BERENGARIA. By Shelland Bradley. 6s. (Bell & Sons.)

The majority of these sketches have appeared in the newspapers of India, with which country they deal; and thus a Kipling-like precedent is established. They do not,

however, present the Indian scenes in the Kipling manner—they remind one more of Anthony Hope, for they are slight, they deal with Society, and they contain much dialogue. On the whole a pleasant picture of life at Slumpanaggur is presented. Berengaria, the central figure, is a woman—a married woman of much conversational strength—and there are such characters as the usual "Deputy Commissioners" and the "Rudest Woman in Asia." Berengaria is not exhilarating throughout, but on occasion she is thoroughly amusing.

CHRISTMAS AT POVERTY CASTLE. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

It doubtless is a fair assumption that Mr. Tom Gallon is now among the "little masters" of present-day fiction-makers, and it is unnecessary to emphasise the fact that his model is Charles Dickens, for the fact must be obvious to all who study Mr. Gallon's work. He does not emulate the long and complex sentence of Dickens, but he has the Dickens point of view and the Dickens turn of phrase. One example of the Dickensian turn of phrase as found in this novel—or fairy-tale—may be given: it is typical of many. Mr. Gallon is writing of a domestic servant, and he says that she had "one tin trunk and no friends." The thing is not difficult to do, but Dickens began it. . . . The story of "Christmas at Poverty Castle" is slight and pleasant. It deals with a writing-man and his family, housed in a seedy part of Kensington, and in desperate straits for money. How they spent a pleasant Christmas, and who enabled them to do so, are entertainingly and with much geniality set forth. The children in the book are drawn with kindly skill; but is this the kind of criticism that would come from a boy aged ten? The point of view may be that of a boy of that age, but what of the phraseology? The girl-characters of the writing-man are under discussion at his breakfast table, and these are the words credited to ten-year old: "Sloshy! Put one of 'em on horseback, with a band of Red Indians riding like a word you mustn't say after her, and where would she be? That's my test for heroines." There are tests for ten-year-old boys, and this Gallon boy fails to fit them. Still, the book has in it more than a touch of fairyland, and Mr. Gallon may not hold that he means his characters to be such people as really exist.

THE NUN. By René Bazin. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Harold Frederic once observed, in a novel, that no one was so sure to be wrecked as an untricked priest. He meant a priest untricked voluntarily or for some moral fault. But the principle holds true, to some extent, of priests who are thrown by some accident out of their narrow routine, and René Bazin, in this extremely fine story, has applied it still further to nuns. The plot of the tale is found in the recent French law affecting nunneries. The community of St. Hildegarde, consisting of five nuns, is broken up: the four elder ones, devout, unselfish women, have to suffer many privations, and suffer them loyally. But the fifth, a pretty weak girl, called Sister Paschale, is thrown back on relatives who force her into ways of shame, and the tragic story ends with her murder. It is not often that the English public receive so veracious and beautiful a study of the nun's character from the inside. The account of how Paschale left her father, a Lyons silk-weaver, in order to keep herself good by means of a religious vocation, of how the father bravely accepted his daughter's decision, and of how the two parted with unbroken affection—this forms one of the most moving passages which have been written in recent fiction. One opens rather reluctantly a book with this title. The ordinary writer is apt to portray a nun's life either from a sensational, romantic standpoint, or from a sentimental and exaggerated position. In either case, the reality is soiled. René Bazin is too subtle an artist to adopt either

of these methods, and the impression left by these pages is one of almost unalloyed pleasure. There is a delicacy, a self-restraint, an accuracy of feeling, in this book, which marks it out as one of a thousand. This may seem rather overblown praise, but the reviewer is confident that few readers of "The Nun" will fail to rank this pathetic tale very high indeed among the masterpieces of modern fiction. The closing part is indeed horrible. The brutality of Paschale's tormentors is sketched with almost overpowering effect. But this hardly detracts from the impressiveness of the story, taken as a whole.

THE HISTORY OF AYTHAN WARING. By Violet Jacob, es. (William Hememann.)

This is the story of a young married woman, with two adopted sons. Her husband, an elderly man, had undertaken the charge of these youths, but on his death they remain on the estate and in the house, till complications arise. One of the young men, the hero of the tale, is a clean, straight fellow. The other, Eustace, is a selfish philanderer, and Hester's passion for him drives Aythan out of the house. Hester's enmity follows him, until she stoops to conspire against him. But the plot fails at the end, thanks partly to the intervention of a baronet, Aythan's employer. A love story is interwoven with the main plot of the book, and Mrs. Jacob has again drawn the mixture of wild country passion and justice with excellent skill. It is a well-contrived story, thoroughly interesting and skilfully worked out.

The Bookman's Table.

THYRSIS AND FAUSTA. A Pastoral with Other Plays and Poems. By Rosalind Travers, es. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

"We have here to do, if we mistake not," said Dr. Garnett in his introduction to Miss Travers's first volume, "with a powerful and original mind, inspired with deep and even passionate interest in the questions of the day, and phrases of contemporary existence, while at the same time capable of bestowing on them that ideal radiance which redeems them from the commonplace." The contrast between the urban and pastoral spirits, between natural beauty and the barbarism of our civilisation, was the dominant note of "The Two Arcadias." The reconciliation of these two tendencies "with nearer references to modern needs and conditions" was the line of thought anticipated for Miss Travers by Dr. Garnett. And it may be said at once, without any disparagement of this second volume as it stands, that Miss Travers does not appear to have proceeded much farther with the foreshadowed reconciliation. Rather more than half of "Thyrsis and Fausta" is occupied with a pastoral so entitled. As a pastoral it is spoilt by the intrusion of the modern note of pain, self-questioning and the like, whilst as a form for the treatment of phases of contemporary existence, it is obviously inadequate. For we are not Arcadians nowadays. We can spend our play-time in Arcadia; or we can retire thither away from modern life; but live our modern life in Arcady we do not, and cannot. To transport it there for the sake of treating it imaginatively, is to diminish its reality; to express it in pastoral terms is, for us moderns, to weaken its emotional intensity. "Thyrsis and Fausta," despite its general poetic quality, is most memorable for the lyrics which can be separated from it, such as the lightsome and beautiful song of Pan about the daffodils:

"Would you know how daffodils
First came to be?
Bubbles they of sleepy laughter
Breaking lightly free

From the lips of waking dryads,
Stirring drowsily;
Loth to leave their wintry couches
Ere a leaf is on the tree."

Better by far, in relation to contemporary existence, is a grim little play called "The Fire of Life," written mostly in prose, but as poetical in essence as it is ironic in conception. The scene is a workhouse infirmary where men, not having the spirit left to kill themselves, "just rot away." There, while Old Baby, an imbecile, babbles his songs of the wide free world, the shut-up pauper invalids discuss *things*, discuss life, our modern life, with the directness of the uneducated. Suddenly a hopeless cripple who has been the itinerant preacher of a small obscure sect bursts out into a justification, according to his particular beliefs, of the ways of God with men.

"Cry aloud, O heart, for God shall answer thee!
The Lord our God shall make thy darkness clear
As the white splendour of noon!"

he begins, and he ends with

"O friend!
Dost thou not hear?—Lift thy sad eyes above
Our dim and passing misery!—behold!
His hand is on thee now!"

With true imaginative detachment, Miss Travers allows the cripple to say many things which would be trite or stupid in the mouth of an educated man, and undeniably what he says is poetry, written in blank verse that does move. Some short poems which are singularly free from the sporadic gorgeousness of the minor poet, and "Lans Amettæ: In Memory of the Author's Friend, Richard Garnett" make up the volume. There is nothing in "Thyrsis and Fausta" which possesses the sweep and glamour of "The Enemy Within," the drama of ancient Cornwall in "The Two Arcadias," but in saying this we should say also that Miss Travers is more to be praised, and is more interesting too, for her sincere and very largely (though not quite) successful attempt to face modernity, than are the most felicitous poets who content themselves with brooding and hiding life with words.

INTERLUDES AND POEMS. By Lascelles Abercrombie, es. net. (Lane.)

There are people who write verse not because they have anything to say, but because they have a pretty way of saying things. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, on the contrary, seems to have too much to say. He is spendthrift of his ideas; or, rather, he does not limit their measure by the capacity of his vessel of expression. He has come under the influence of Mr. John Davidson in his later manner. But though Mr. Davidson is apt nowadays to pack his thoughts too close, he is master of his means, and even "The Triumph of Mammon" is shapely, if not uniformly beautiful. Mr. Abercrombie has not yet attained to this mastery. He cannot keep the balance between thought and form, and his poetry in consequence is constantly degenerating to chaos. Nor does he mend matters by a willful use of crude phrases and uncouth words.

There is plenty of the stuff of poetry in this book, however, which only needs a master's hand to make it art. In "Blind," for instance, the most dramatic and effective of the interludes, there is this fine passage, which lacks but an indefinable something of being very beautiful:

"You know
She let me put my hands upon her head:
What a wonderful loveliness that is of hair,
Soft, smooth, delicious as the smell of gorse
In sunlight, and for slipping through your fingers
Better than water. Hair—yes, it would be
A nature, I suppose, between sunshine
And water, and yet neither.—There must be
Words equal to the loveliness of hair;
If I could find them!—Golden, do they say?
I wish the words for beauty had been made
By men who knew with hands, and not with eyes."

Mr. Abercrombie shows there, as in many other passages, a fine apprehension of beauty. He has, too, a subtle feeling for the symbolism of colour, for the inner meaning of outward semblances. He has even that sense of ecstasy of which so much great poetry has been born.

"Into my thought had too much gone
The inconceivable room of the blue night,
The blue that seems so near to be
Appearance of divinity,—
And the continual stars."

Much more could be quoted to show how little Mr. Abercrombie is to be ranked with the mere makers of verse. Yet he has hardly written a line that one remembers, wrought scarcely one image so perfectly that one adds it to one's memory's store of beautiful things.

THE TINKER'S WEDDING. By J. M. Synge. 2s. net. (Maunsel & Co.)

"The Tinker's Wedding," the fifth play that Mr. Synge has published, is wrought from the same material as all the others. By this limitation, this loving attention to one beautiful theme, the author has contrived to make characteristic of his writing a quality which is rare in educated art. It is the gift of seeing quite clearly the essence of things and of interpreting it quite simply without embroidery or transmutation. This is perhaps the purest inspiration; yet some of the greatest artists have never known it. We find it in a line of poetry or a single phrase, which burns itself into our memory from the midst of forgettable stuff. It is the true realism and the true symbolism.

This perfect fusion of thought and word is what gives the best folk-poetry eternal life, what makes "Waly Waly" the saddest and most beautiful of songs.

Mr. Synge's art is naturally akin to folk-poetry, for from the folk he has drawn his inspiration. He has lived in the Irish islands, where dwells a people of lonely fishermen. These men speak a primitive language, with no swollen vocabulary, but rhythmical as the wind and the sea, in the narration of whose moods it is so largely employed. Mr. Synge has deliberately made this language his own, and from it wrought an art which seems a new thing because its elements are outside time and the mutable fashions.

These plays are full of beautiful imagery drawn from the sea and the winds and the stars. Yet it is not the imagery of the studio. It is perfectly natural that the tipsy old woman in "The Tinker's Wedding" should say that her head has "a noise in it the like of what you'd hear in a stream and it running between two rocks and rain falling"; or that when she has helped to put the priest's head in a sack she should hear his nose "blowing back and forward as easy as an east wind on an April day." People think in such symbols as these before they have been sophisticated by books.

"The drama," writes Mr. Synge in his short preface, "is made serious—in the French sense of the word—not by the degree in which it is taken up with problems that are serious in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives the nourishment, not very easy to define, on which our imaginations live." "The Tinker's Wedding" is comedy, almost farce. It has none of the avowed tragedy of "Riders to the Sea" or the implicit tragedy of "The Playboy of the Western World." But it is beautiful and true and gives us the nourishment on which our imaginations live.

NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. 21s. net. (Duckworth.)

Downing Street is said to be the most famous street in the world; and No. 10 is certainly the most famous house in the street. It is the hub of the Empire; Cabinets have met there, and it has been the residence of practically every British Premier since the time of Sir Robert Walpole.

Famous as the street is, how many of us really know anything of its history? Mr. Pascoe has gone searching among dusty records, studying maps and plans and deeds and letters; and, as a result of his careful and enthusiastic labours, gives us in this handsome volume all of that history that is ever likely to be known. George Downing, as a child, was taken out to America by his father; as a young man he returned to England and became chaplain to one of Cromwell's regiments of Roundheads. Later, he entered the diplomatic service, and was the Lord Protector's ambassador to the Netherlands; he was, before and after, a colleague of Pepys, and took office readily under Charles II., who gave him a baronetcy; altogether Mr. Pascoe pictures him as a mean and somewhat rascally person, a capable official "who was most capable of looking after himself." He obtained a lease of Crown land in Whitehall, and built Downing Street, and the No. 10 that was to become world-renowned. Mr. Pascoe tells the story of Whitehall from the Tudor days, brings you to the building of the street, and then traces the record of the house through various tenancies, until it became the residence of Prime Ministers. It is a delightfully gossipy chronicle, preserving many anecdotes and something of the biography of the heads of different Cabinets down to the present one. There are numerous plans, portraits, sketches, and illustrations in colour that add much to the value of an interesting and essentially valuable book.

OUR FIRST AMBASSADOR TO CHINA. By Helen H. Robbins. 10s. net. (Murray.)

Although it is with his memorable embassy to China that Lord Macartney's name is most closely associated, and although the awakening of interest in the peoples of the Far East is the main reason of this biography by Mrs. Robbins, we confess that it is in the other episodes of his varied public career that we find Lord Macartney most interesting. Nor is this altogether to be wondered at. For her story of the embassy Mrs. Robbins has gone direct to the journal which Lord Macartney kept, and this, while full of entertaining and valuable information, does not equal the account published by his companion, Sir George Staunton. On the other hand, many other portions of Lord Macartney's public activities—as, for example, his private mission to Louis XVIII. at Verona, on which he was sent by George III.—are now more fully described in the light of hitherto unpublished papers. How Lord Macartney came to be selected for the embassy to China is best to be understood by a brief survey of his career. The son of an Irish country gentleman, Mr. Macartney (as he then was) came to London as a young man, where his handsome presence and intellectual attainments (he was a member of Dr. Johnson's literary club) quickly brought him into prominence. When only twenty-seven years old he was dispatched to St. Petersburg to negotiate a commercial treaty—which he finally succeeded in doing, owing no small part of his success to the impression he had made upon the inflammable but acute Empress Catherine. This service had brought him a knighthood, and upon his return Sir George Macartney thought seriously of devoting himself to a parliamentary career. Some reflections of his upon love and love affairs in Russia show him to have been far from romantic, and Sir George probably had no great affection for Lady Jane Stuart, whom he married at this time. His parliamentary ambitions, however, did not prosper as well as he expected, and though for three years he acted with success as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was much more in his element as Governor of Grenada. The island was captured by the French during his Governorship, and Lord Macartney, as he had now become, was treated with great lack of courtesy, being robbed of his furniture, books, plate, and even of his wearing apparel. He had, however, done so well in the position, that he was next appointed President of Madras by the East India Company. In Madras, probably,

Hodder and Stoughton's Literary Competitions, 1907-1908

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rine's Vicarage, Nottingham.

was done the best work of his life. Not only did he show himself to have some of the qualities of the soldier, but, above all, he introduced what was regarded as a dangerous innovation by his resolute refusal to take bribes from the native potentates. At the same time he held out firmly against the pretensions of the military commanders, and his differences with General Stuart were finally settled only by a duel in which Lord Macartney was wounded. The East India Company, however, thoroughly appreciated his services, and it was they who paid the expenses of the mission to China which Lord Macartney undertook in 1792 in order to procure some advantages for British traders. In her account of this, as we have said, Mrs. Robbins merely reprints Lord Macartney's journal, but she adds some comments at the end explaining in a perfectly satisfactory way why the embassy failed. Macartney's mission to Verona has already been mentioned. But his career was not yet finished, for he was reluctantly persuaded to accept the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope, which he held for some eighteen months till compelled to retire by ill health. We have sketched Lord Macartney's career because, despite his many eminent services, his record is probably less remembered than it deserves to be, and because this seems to be the most likely way of encouraging people to read the pages of Mrs. Robbins's excellently written, if rather partial, biography.

DRY FLY FISHING AND SALMON FLY CASTING. By F. G. Shaw. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

This is described as a second edition of the author's "Science of Dry Fly Fishing," but it is to all intents and purposes a new book, for he has rewritten the whole of the trout fishing portion, and added to the work a life-history of the salmon, a description of the various methods of casting for salmon, and an article on the preservation and conservation of the fish in British waters. "The most essential portion of the dry fly fisherman's art," writes Mr. Shaw, "and the most difficult to acquire, is the power to place at once and with certainty the right fly, delicately and accurately, over his fish." That Mr. Shaw is himself a caster of much skill may be accepted from the fact that he won the Amateur Championship for trout fly casting at the International Tournament of 1904; and his pages show that he has the power of imparting, through the medium of English that is simple and lucid, some knowledge of how anglers may achieve at least some part of his dexterity. It is, of course, problematical that very much about fly casting can be learned from a book, for the real place of the mentor in this matter is with his disciple by the waterside. Still, the excellent photographs and the clearly written instructions of Mr. Shaw should prove helpful. In the trout fishing section, Mr. Shaw concerns himself mainly with the dry fly, and he says it may be most seriously argued and maintained that dry fly fishing takes a place second to no other pastime in the world. He adds that there is no sport in which skill, knowledge, and enthusiasm meet with so certain a reward throughout a season as in dry fly fishing, and that herein lies its deserved popularity. He is not, however, a bigot—not one of those determined dry fly fishermen detested by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, who have only sneers and scorn for the performer with the wet or sunk fly. "Many excellent fishermen," writes Mr. Shaw, "confine their fishing to either the wet or dry fly method, but the most successful fisherman generally will be he who is in reality the master of both." The dry *v.* wet fly controversy has raged furiously for many years now, but Mr. Shaw's finding is that generally accepted by those who know both methods and are not partisans. A great deal of the opposition to the more scientific method, *i.e.*, unquestionably, the dry fly, has come from Scotland, and it is to be feared that all the Scotch detractors do not have intimate acquaintance with that style of fishing. As a rule, to employ the dry fly on the swift-running rivers of the North would be a waste of labour and skill, but who can question but that the methods of the Test and Itchen anglers would often secure a basket on a Scotch

river or loch on days when the wet fly is proving ineffective? Mr. Shaw has remarks on up-stream fishing with the wet fly. What percentage of wet fly anglers fish up-stream, though it is the method recommended by angling writers from Stewart onwards? For several seasons the reviewer has kept a keen look-out on Scotch rivers, and he has rarely or never seen people fishing up-stream, save when there was a stiffish breeze in that direction. In regard to salmon and the much-debated point as to why they seize a bait, Mr. Shaw has the view that their instinct compels them to pursue, capture, and destroy all the forms of life existing in the waters which will be the future home of their young. "Nature," he writes, "despite its immutable laws of supply and demand, is rarely destructive for destruction's sake, and the salmon's attack on moving objects is actuated by the absolutely natural law which dictates the safety and survival of the species." From which extract—typical of much that is in the volume—it will be gathered that "Dry Fly Fishing and Salmon Fly Casting" is not merely a treatise on how to fish.

MEMOIRS OF A SURREY LABOURER: A Record of the Last Years of Frederick Bettesworth. By George Bourne. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Four or five years ago Mr. Bourne published a collection of the conversations of an elderly Surrey labourer, named Bettesworth, and strung them together in the most modest and telling way. The book had so pure a country flavour that it is hard to think of one to go with it, except "Amaryllis at the Fair" and some of the "Lancashire Sketches" of Waugh. Mr. Bourne's writing was an adequate, unaffected medium which only artists can sufficiently praise. Little was deliberately left out except some names of places and persons, yet nothing failed to count, so honestly was it used. The picture of a labourer and his wife thus given, of his work, his recreations, his musings, his recollections, was large, tender, always lovable. We felt that here was a true common man rescued from oblivion without falling into the worse fate of being skied by artifice. It was one of those footnotes to "Leaves of Grass" which authors can safely go on making for many years yet. "Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer" is a continuation of the "Bettesworth Book," from the year 1892 to the death of the old man in 1905. It has so far no competitors as a piece of social history, revealing clearly a thousand things about the way of life of a rural day labourer, his turns of thought and fancy, the peculiarities of idiom, accent and vocabulary in his speech, the working of his mind in all manner of ways—remembering Balaclava, thinking of the dead, commenting on current affairs—and with a plentiful margin also for incommunicable things. This is the manner of it. He is speaking of a man who was religious-mad in an asylum:

"All he kep' on about was the devil. The devil kep' comin' and botherin' of 'n. 'Tis a bad job. I s'pose he went right into it 'studym' about these here places nobody ever bin to an' come back again to tell w'e. Nobody didn't know nothin' about it. 'Tent's as if they come back to tell ye. There's my father, what bin dead this forty year. What a crool man he must be not to've come back in all that time, if he was able, an' tell me about it. That's what I said to Colonel Sadler. 'Oh,' he says, 'you better talk to the vicar.' 'Vicar?' I says. 'He won't talk to me?' Besides, what do he know about it more'n anybody else?"

But no quotation can do justice to the book. There are good things in it, but it is the abundance of it that counts most. There is no artful concentration in it, never a heightening word. In fact, Mr. Bourne may seem to do himself a little harm by showing his hand so candidly in cases where his notes or memories fail, by not fearing to lack point; but then this makes our confidence in him complete. Nor is he only a chronicler: some of his own little descriptions, always relevant, brief, are masterly in truth and in easy, fine expression. We hope that he will not stop here, and believe that he cannot.

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that ever was written."
THE BLUE LAGOON.**

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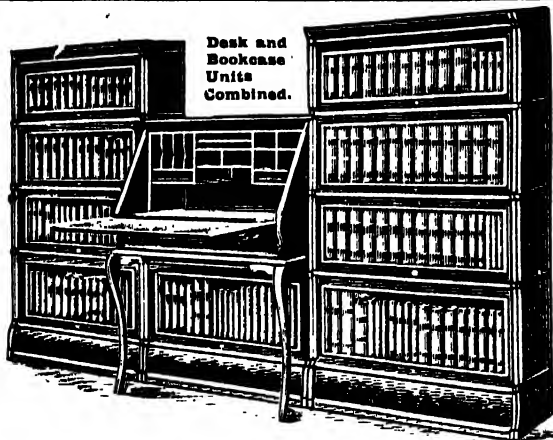
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News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN for May will contain a specially
illustrated article on Herrick.

It is said that the name of Her Majesty the Queen
is to appear on the title-page of a book which will
be published in the near future in the cause of
charity.

We hear that the Grand Duke Michael has written
a novel which is likely to create considerable sensa-
tion. The title chosen is "Never Say Die."

The Joint Account of Henry Frowde and Hodder
& Stoughton will publish in the near future the col-
lected works of Lord Lister.

It is stated officially that Mr. Charles Whibley
has been entrusted with the interesting task of
writing a Life of the late Duke of Rutland, who is
best remembered in political circles as Lord John
Manners.

It is hoped that Mr. A. E. W. Mason will have a
new novel ready for this autumn.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the author of "How to
Study Pictures," has written an important work on
"The Story of American Painting," in which he
describes the evolution of painting in America from
Colonial times up to the present. The book, which
will be fully illustrated, will be issued this autumn.

Mr. Jacques Futrelle, whose exciting serial, "The
Chase of the Golden Plate," is appearing in the
Strand Magazine, has been paying a visit to this
country. "The Chase of the Golden Plate" will
be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Collier
& Co.

Another American author who is now in this coun-
try is Mr. Sam Adams, who collaborated with Stewart
Edward White in "The Mystery," and has himself
just published a new book with Messrs. McClure
under the title "The Flying Death."

The second volume of the "Cambridge History
of English Literature," which treats of the literature
of "The End of the Middle Ages," is shortly to be
published.

Bookmen all the world over will hail with grati-
tude the reissue of the "Dictionary of National
Biography" at something like a third of its original
size and price. Hitherto many literary men, by
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Photo by Bassano.

"Allen Raine."

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fifteen shillings each, its acquisition should be the first end of every book-lover's desire. The work is one of the greatest literary monuments of our time, and its issue in this form is not only a great publishing enterprise but a national service which is bound to meet with cordial welcome and well-merited reward.

The work of that distinguished novelist Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe) has, we are sorry to learn, been greatly hindered by serious illness. For this reason the story upon which she has for some time been engaged, "Under the Thatch," will not be ready for publication by Messrs. Hutchinson till the autumn. Another novel, however, written at an earlier date, "Neither Storehouse nor Barn," has just been published, and is reviewed in our present issue.

The great popularity of Allen Raine's stories has surprised no one more than their author. She lives a quiet and retired life on the Cardiganshire coast, knowing and hearing nothing of the news of the literary world save through books and newspapers. But tributes to her work flow in from all quarters of the world—from the Yukon territory to Jamaica—and from readers of every class and profession.

But what, we understand, has gratified Allen Raine most is the praise given to her simple stories by the Welsh peasants themselves.

The portrait of Mrs. Stuart Boyd, whose new novel, "Her Besetting Virtue," we notice on a later page, is from an oil-painting by her clever artist-son, whose work is familiar to readers of "The Bookman Gallery." Mrs. Boyd is the wife of the well-known artist, Mr. A. S. Boyd, and has already given many proofs of her literary skill. She has written critical and general articles for most of the London daily and weekly papers, and her name is familiar to readers of *Blackwood*, *Harper*, the *Strand*, the *Pall Mall*, *Chambers'* and other magazines. She wrote also that delightful travel-book, "A Stolen Summer." Mrs. Boyd's work is intensive rather than prolific, and she essays to paint no character to which she has not devoted the most ardent and careful study.

In a recent issue we noticed a small volume of stories by the clever author of "Miss Molly," a charming tale that has outlived many more pretentious essays in fiction. We understand that its author, Mrs. Beatrice Allnisen, has a new novel in the press which Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue immediately. It is entitled "Dan Riach: So-



From a painting by Stuart Boyd.

Mrs. Boyd.

Author of "Her Besetting Virtue."

cialist," and is a story of life in an English manufacturing town.

Mr. John Murray is to issue immediately a work that should prove of exceptional interest. This is a life of Letice Morrison, the wife of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, one of the most interesting and romantic personalities in our history. His house at Tew, in Oxfordshire, was the meeting-place of the finest spirits of his time, the "university in a purer air" celebrated by his friend Clarendon. The most famous page of Clarendon's history describes the death of Falkland while charging at the head of Sir John Byron's regiment at the battle of Newbury. "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into with more innocence: and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning is to be taken from him." The work about to be issued was written in 1647 by Lady Falkland's chaplain, the Rev. John Duncan. Clarendon's eulogy of that lady is not less strong than that upon her brilliant and ill-fated husband: "a lady of the most entertaining wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced."



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The Marchioness d'Alpens.
Author of "The House of the Lost Court."

Dona Teresa de Savallo, Marchioness d'Alpens, whose first novel is reviewed on a later page, is a young Spanish lady who counts among her ancestors a member of the Rivers family who fought with the Black Prince. The Marchioness lived for five years in New York and Philadelphia, and has a deep admiration for the American character. Later she spent several years in England, where she has many relatives and was much admired on her presentation at Court.

The Marchioness, who has a perfect knowledge of English, had stories accepted by the magazines while she was still in her 'teens. Her first attempt at full-blown fiction came to an untimely end, being consigned to the fire by an indignant relative who considered that the writing of books was unworthy of Spanish gentility. Thus checked, the Marchioness did not try again until last summer, when she wrote "The House of the Lost Court" during a holiday in this country.

Humorous fiction last year found a brilliant recruit in Mr. Arthur E. Copping, the author of "Gotty and the Guv'nor." While the similarity of their subjects naturally invited comparison between him and Mr. Jacobs, discerning readers could not fail to detect many individual characteristics in Mr. Copping's pretty wit. "Gotty and the Guv'nor" excellent performance as it was, was even more interesting by reason of the promise it displayed. His next volume will be awaited with eagerness. We understand that it will be published in June by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. "Gotty and the Guv'nor" was based on the author's voyage in a fishing smack in the English Channel. The forthcoming volume will describe his adventures,

with an amateur mate, on a voyage to Calais. They visited Ostend, pushed on to Holland, and after many narrow escapes of shipwreck made their way to the Zuider Zee and down the canals, visiting Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Utrecht, and many other places.

"From their Point of View" is the suggestive and inspiring title of a volume of essays by Miss M. Loane dealing with various aspects of the work of helping and ameliorating the lives of the poor. The writer, well known in the medical world as formerly "Sister Agnes" of Charing Cross Hospital, has already several admirable books to her credit. Her "Outlines of Routine in District Nursing" is a veritable *multum in parvo*, well described by an expert as "an invaluable guide . . . every nurse ought to have a copy whether engaged in 'district' or 'ordinary' nursing." Miss Loane's new volume is marked by a refreshingly broad and catholic standpoint, and is a book to be marked and digested by all who are interested in social problems. It throws the light of professional knowledge and of insight and sympathy on such questions as "The Manufacture of the Tramp," "What is Charity?"

"Family Life among the Poor." The great merit and distinction of the work is its sterling common sense. The writer's main object—and it is not unfortunately a common one with the professional friends of the poor—is to deprecate excessive State interference and to assert the importance of respecting the privacy of the homes of the poor.

The Clarendon Press will shortly issue a work of great interest to students and teachers of English literature. This is "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" by the distinguished American scholar, Professor Springarn. The work will make a useful continuation of Professor Gregory Smith's invaluable collection of "Elizabethan Critical Essays." Professor Springarn's three volumes will

not include Dryden's critical work—a notable, and well-merited compliment to the thoroughness of Professor Ker's edition of Dryden's Essays as well as an indication of Professor Springarn's theory that the "prefaces of Dryden" have been "too much relied on" to the neglect of contemporary criticism.

During April may be expected the first two volumes of the uniform edition of W. E. Henley's collected works. These will be the poems, and they will be followed by two volumes of hitherto uncollected essays, two volumes of the famous "Views and Reviews," and a final volume including the plays Henley wrote in collaboration with Stevenson.



Photo by Army and Navy Auxiliary.

Miss M. Loane.

Author of "From their Point of View."

In the July number of THE BOOKMAN it was stated that Mr. James Westell, the well-known second-hand bookseller, was engaged upon an autobiography. We understand that at his death, which occurred in February, he had gathered together his material, though he had not yet arranged it for publication. The executors intend to entrust this task to some competent hand, and the book will shortly appear under the title of "Sixty Years a Bookseller."

The Titmarsh Club, founded two years ago in honour of Thackeray, is beginning to have literary associations. In a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Walter Jerrold, one of the Club's fifty-two members, printed a paper read at the October dinner on "Titmarsh and the 'Dictionary,'" an essay on unfamiliar words used or invented by Thackeray; and now the American Ambassador (the Hon. Whitelaw Reid), another member, publishes the speech he made from the chair on the same occasion to "a group of British wits and authors, [assembled] under the name of the Titmarsh Club," as an introduction to "Vanity Fair" in "Everyman's Library."

Apropos of Thackeray, at a sale of autograph letters on the 11th ult. at Sotheby's there were

offered nine interesting letters written by the novelist to Mrs. W. M. James. Amongst them is an excellent specimen of Titmarshian fooling *à la* Yellowplush: "Aving promised to dine hout on Sattidy the 28th. with Sir Robert Arry Hinglish Bart M.P. I must with regret refuge your polite faviouir for tomorrow and dine with Mr. Punch on that day. But has hour dinner is herly, I will with Kind permishn look in in the hevening and request the refreshment of a *cuppattee*." There is also another unprinted letter, in which reference in a very Thackerayan vein is made to the untimely death of Arthur Hallam: "As I was talking with Brookfield last night about our dear kind gentle boy Harry Hallam, who had the sweetest qualities and the most loving heart, and who when I was ill last year showed me the most kind and delicate proofs of affection and sympathy. . . . He came a hundred miles last year to offer me money in case I should be in want; he came down to see me at Brighton and gave me his arm for my first walk—and lo—he's gone. This seems very incoherent—I don't know why the words came to me, and seem like an insult on poor Harry's grave—and I don't know why I should begin talking to you in this way answering a note to dinner, but we dine and we die, don't we? and we get suddenly stopped on the highroad by a funeral crossing it."

In the same sale was the letter from Disraeli to his father, written on January 29, 1836, in which he says: "The Letters of Runnymede are the only things talked of in London, especially the latter ones. The author is unknown and will probably remain so. One or two papers have foolishly attributed them to me. There is certainly some imitation of my style, and the writer is familiar with my works." Disraeli never acknowledged the authorship of these famous attacks on the Whigs which appeared in the *Times*; but every one takes it for granted that he wrote them. Froude and Mr. Keppel assume it, as a matter of common knowledge, and Mr. Hitchman, a great authority on the political life of Disraeli, published them in 1885 as the work of the young politician.

It is said that the three remaining volumes of "The Political History of England," which are in active preparation, will soon appear. These are Vol. VI., 1547 to 1603, by Professor A. F. Pollard; Vol. VIII., 1660 to 1702, by Professor Lodge; and Vol. IX., 1702 to 1760, by Mr. I. S. Leadam.

An interesting announcement in Mr. John Lane's list is that of the republication of the "Diary

Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the Late Queen Caroline, and from Various Other Distinguished Persons," issued anonymously in 1838. That Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, was the author, was soon an open secret, though every effort was made to hide the fact, and with this object her name was introduced into the narrative, where she was spoken of as "the beauty of the Argyll family." Never, perhaps has even a *chronique scandaleuse* been received with so much disgust. The *Quarterly* attacked it as bitterly as the *Edinburgh*, wherein Brougham stigmatised it as "this silly, dull, disgraceful publication," and lashed the author with all the power of his satire. Greville dismissed it as "wretched catch-penny brawl," and Thackeray's indignation rose to fever heat. He took it as his subject in the well-known "Skimmings from 'The Dairy of George IV.'" in the "Yellowplush Correspondence" and in a lesser-known review in the *Times*. "What matters it if you can read in your family record the history of a thousand years of loyalty and courage, of all that is noble in sentiment, brave and honest in action?—the pride of ancestors is a faded superstition—the emulation of them is a needless folly. There is no need now to be loyal to your prince, or tender to his memory," wrote the great satirist. "Take his bounty while living, share his purse and his table, gain his confidence, and learn his secrets, flatter him, cringe to him, vow to him an unbounded fidelity—and when he is dead, *write a diary and betray him!*"

America frequently sneers at the Englishman as one who does not make the best of his gifts, so far as his worldly prospects are in question. We hope, however, the day is far distant when even the humblest man of letters will announce his desire for work in the terms employed by a gentleman in the advertisement columns of a recent issue of the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books*: "An editor of one of the leading magazines seeks a new berth where experience, sound judgment, and economical management, coupled with industry and an agreeable personality, count for something. Editing for circulation, and making something out of nothing, part of my 'know how.' Apply, etc."

One of the most interesting biographies of the coming season will be that of John Thadeus Delane, the editor of the *Times* for nearly two-score years, from 1841 to 1877, when he retired at the age of sixty. He, of course, was acquainted with most

of the leading men of the day, and the forthcoming memoir, which is by his nephew, Mr. A. I. Dasent, will include much valuable correspondence.

Among foreign contributors to English fiction, of whom Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Maarten Maartens are distinguished examples, has to be included Signor Riccardo Nobili, whose novel, "A Modern Antique," Messrs. Blackwood published last month. Signor Nobili belongs to one of the old Florentine families, and his brother, Vac. Aldo Nobili, is Minister of Italy to Mexico. "A Modern Antique" shows its author to have a wide acquaintance with art, and a knowledge of connoisseurship in many countries. He studied painting for a time in Paris, under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens, and he wrote an admirable account in one of the American magazines of the Paris schools of art. Since then he has led a roving life, making his home chiefly in London and America.

For the matter of his new tragedy, Mr. Swinburne has gone to the lurid annals of the house of Borgia. The Duke of Gandia was the eldest son of Alexander VI. and Vannozza Catanei. One night he disappeared. His father had the Tiber dragged,

proving himself, said the wits of Rome, a true successor of St. Peter, the fisher of men. At last the duke's body was found full of wounds. Who the murderer was is not known, but suspicion rested on the victim's younger brother, Cesare Borgia of terrible memory. Here is a fine theme for Mr. Swinburne's turbulent verse.

By the death of Edmondo de Amicis, Italy has lost her most popular if not her most distinguished novelist. De Amicis, whose literary career lasted for nearly forty years, was far more widely read than Annunzio or Fogazzaro. Some of his books were for children, and "Cuore," his masterpiece, has seen more than four hundred editions, and is used as a manual in the government schools of China and Japan. His days were shortened by the suicide of his young son, since when he had lived in the mountain solitudes over the French border.

For the use of various illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Bowes & Bowes, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Wm. Heinemann, and Messrs. Crowther & Goodman.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

THERE is a sense in which Journalism is the poor relation of Literature; there is a sense in which it is the rich, plebeian uncle that Literature is rather snobbishly ashamed of, but entertains and tolerates because of the money that may be got out of it; and there is a sense in which it is a younger brother of Literature and so like it that you can't always tell the one from the other. We have dropped into an easy habit of looking down upon journalism as necessarily the inferior of the two; yet we all know perfectly well that some of the greatest literature was written as journalism, and a good deal of what passes for literature, because it is respectably born in covers, would be considered contemptibly below the newspaper standard by any average descriptive reporter.

To say no more of literature in general, one certainty is that the best novelists of to-day and yesterday and the day before have served an apprenticeship to journalism, and have been the wiser and the better for it; the necessities of that arduous profession have taken them about the world and given them experience of motley life and character, of places, people, and things of which, for the most part, they would else have gone to their graves in ignorance. The novelist who is or has been a journalist is almost invariably richer in ideas, broader in his outlook and sympathies than is the writing man

who has never walked through life and rubbed shoulders with it intimately, but has been nicely cradled in mere literature and has grown up seeing mankind only from his study windows and at afternoon tea-parties.

Of course, there comes a time when the novelist can with every advantage turn his back upon journalism, and meanwhile you may sometimes hear him complain that he is giving up to journalism what was meant for literature, but, even if he is, he is not really losing by it, since it should enable him by-and-by to give up to literature much that otherwise would never have been his to give. But the fact that this time cannot come unless his books sell adequately puts a certain responsibility upon the critics and the public, and I suppose (leaving the public to take care of themselves) if a critic neglects the duty of keeping his eyes open and saying the right words about the right authors at the right times, he will have to answer for it among his other deadly sins in due season. To my thinking, Mr. Alphonse Courlander is one of the right men, and now is the right time to say right words about him, and I am grateful for this opportunity of saying a few: I have more than enough sins on my list already, without adding to them that of failing to recognise and blow a timely trumpet for a young novelist of high achievement and of even higher promise.

Mr. Courlander was born at Hampton Wick in 1881, and when he was fourteen went to live for two years in Russia; he comes of a sound commercial stock, and his people had hoped to see him develop into a prosperous engineer, but he broke away from all the family traditions and in a wholly unbusinesslike manner turned author, wrote poetry, and published a slim little volume called "Perseus and Andromeda," which I dimly remember reviewing when it came out some five or six years ago. As a first practical step in the way he was bent upon going, Mr. Courlander secured a small appointment on the staff of the *Daily Mail* when he was twenty-one; thence he passed into the office of the *Daily Express*; from which he presently went to accept an appointment as advertising manager in the publishing house of Messrs. Isbister. He took this post as a means of escape from the day-and-night slavery of newspaper reporting, and to give himself leisure for writing fiction of a different kind; and he turned the comparative leisure thus acquired to good account, for in the next few months he wrote "The Sentimental Lodger," which ran serially in *To-Day*, and a brilliant and impressively realistic first novel, "The Taskmaster," which was published by Messrs. Duckworth.

When the Isbister firm withdrew from existence, Mr. Courlander returned into the world of journalism and, in 1904, became a reporter on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*; before the end of the same year, he was made assistant Paris Correspondent of that paper, and went from Paris to St. Petersburg as its Special Correspondent during the terrible "Bloody Sunday" riots; later, going as "special" to St. Malo, he was responsible for the *Chronicle* accounts of the wreck of the *Hilda*. Out in Paris, in the intervals of visiting such scenes as these and sending over some of the most vivid and memorable reports that the newspapers gave us of them, Mr. Courlander wrote his second novel, "Seth of the Cross," and made a beginning with his third, "The Sacrifice."

Then he was transferred to the London staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, and, to say nothing of the innumerable

everyday doings of the descriptive reporter, went out to the Hook of Holland to write a newspaper story of the wreck of the *Berlin*. Shortly after the publication of "The Sacrifice," Mr. Courlander left the *Chronicle*, and rejoined the *Daily Express*, and for them went last year to Narbonne as Special Correspondent during the amazing Wine Riots; but he has somehow found time amidst the hurry and worry and constant distractions of his journalistic work for the writing of the fourth, and, in many ways, the most matured and ablest of his novels, "Eve's Apple," which was issued in February last.

In his first three books Mr. Courlander has chosen

to work largely in sombre tones and colourings; he has handled certain strong, elemental human characters in the grip of circumstance and of those ungoverned elemental passions that fashion the lives of men and women to rugged and lawless or grimly tragic endings, and he has handled them with a vigour and imaginative insight and a feeling for the pathos and the native rough magnificence of his themes that won nothing but praise from the critics, and has given him a sure place in the regard of that growing circle of intelligent readers who can admire what is admirable in contemporary literature and are capable of enjoying it. In "Eve's Apple" he makes excellent use of his Paris experiences, but turns more to the happier side of things and to the



Photo by Picture Press Agency.

Mr. Alphonse Courlander.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

portrayal of characters who have been somewhat more susceptible to the rules and restraining influences of civilisation; the story is vibrant with human passion, and the pathos of disillusion, but it wins through to hope and the best of things at last; it moves, in the main, among normal, present-day humanity, under a clearer heaven, through a less stormy atmosphere than the three earlier novels were dark with; it has the same forcefulness, the same power of creative imagination, the same sincerity and charm of style, but it has a fulness of knowledge, an artistic reticence, a breadth of idea and treatment that carry it to a higher level than was reached by either of its predecessors, and should carry its author easily into popularity.

A. St. JOHN ABDOCK.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

APRIL, 1908.

THE READER.

SOME CAMBRIDGE POETS AND POETRY.

By "OXONIAN."

THE predominance of Cambridge in English poetry is undisputed and unexplained. A flippant theory ascribes it to a reaction against the tyranny of mathematics, an extension of the principle that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

To touch the fringe of so vast a subject as the literary associations of Cambridge would require a considerable volume. Here we can indulge in only a few un-methodical notes on the great men of letters who have walked as undergraduates by the banks of the Cam. For a Cambridge man to assert the pre-eminence of any particular college in respect of the richness of its literary associations would be an indiscretion few would attempt to commit, but to an impartial outsider this is a matter of the greatest interest.

Three colleges are close competitors for this honour—St. John's, Trinity, and Pembroke. The claim of the last might well rest alone on its association with the poet's poet, Edmund Spenser. In a very special sense is Spenser a Cambridge poet. It was there he fell under that influence of Platonism which is reflected in most of his work. The Cambridge of his time stood for Platonism and Puritanism, and Spenser was deeply influenced by both these movements. "Spenser's Puritanism saved him from seizing upon those pagan and sensuous elements in classical literature which proved a pitfall to so many of his contemporaries; it made him blind to the more dangerous aspects of Platonism and helped to concentrate his attention on that which is noblest and most characteristic in Plato—his ethical genius. On the other hand Spenser's Platonism preserved him from the, artistically at any rate, no less dangerous pitfalls of Puritanism." And it was at Cambridge that Spenser met Gabriel Harvey, who was the means of introducing him to the brilliant circle over which Sir Philip Sidney presided. Pembroke can also boast of Crashaw and Mason, and pride itself on having given a refuge to Thomas Gray when he was driven from Peterhouse by the horse-play of the undergraduates.

St. John's has a long and brilliant roll of honour. In the drama it is represented by "Rare Ben"; in translation and scholarship by Fairfax and Bentley; in lyric and light verse by Herrick and Prior; and to the Romantic Triumph it gave William Wordsworth.

If we consider literature generally, it is impossible to refuse the palm to Trinity. There is no branch of science or literature to which it has not sent forth a master-

mind. From Trinity came Francis Bacon, the supreme English example of "pure intellect," so often praised for a philosophical greatness he never really attained, and so constantly undervalued as the model historian he undoubtedly is. From Trinity also came Cowley, the last of the "metaphysicals," and one of the great pioneers of modern English prose. The same college was the *alma mater* of Dryden, the founder of the classical school of English poetry and the first great name in English criticism, and of Isaac Newton, whose genius and modesty have won him a twofold immortality. But the fame of Trinity reached its highest at the beginning of last century, when to Byron succeeded Tennyson and Thackeray and all the illustrious friends associated with these names—FitzGerald, Spedding, Arthur Hallam, to name only but a few.

With Christ's is associated the names of Milton and "Lycidas." It was also the college of Charles Darwin, and gave hospitable welcome to Calverley. Corpus Christi boasts of Marlowe and Fletcher. The literary glories of Jesus are the strangely assorted couple, Crammer and Coleridge, whence the latter departed to enlist in the dragoons. At King's studied Phineas Fletcher, Edmund Waller, and Horace Walpole, to be followed *longo intervallo* by J. K. Stephen, wittiest of University versifiers.

Clare has no great poet to its credit, but in Tillotson it gave us one of the early masters of English prose. Emmanuel claims Sir William Temple; Gonville and Caius Jeremy Taylor; at Magdalene reposes the zealously guarded secrets of Mr. Samuel Pepys; and Queens' figures proudly in the history of the New Learning by its association with the name of Erasmus. The roll-call is capable of indefinite extension. The claim of Cambridge to be the nursery of our poets is sufficiently established if we remember but the names of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. The list includes all the brightest stars in the firmament of English poetry—with the exception of the Oxonian Shelley and the self-taught quartette, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Keats.

It is impossible to treat the whole field of our subject as if it were on one plane or had any unity. The recognised Olympian poets have in many cases been at daggers drawn with their universities. Milton had the unique distinction of being the last undergraduate to receive corporal punishment from the maternal hands of Cambridge; and perhaps



Milton's Mulberry Tree,
Christ Church College, Cambridge.

that is a reasonable excuse for the very elephantine humour of his two elegies on old Hobson, the university carrier. Was there ever a more ponderous forestalment of Tom Hood than those mighty lines ending with the Apocalyptic jest—"his wain was his increase." Shelley, despite his expulsion from Oxford, maintained a more discreet silence on the subject. Tennyson wrote an angry sonnet about Cambridge. William Morris inveighed against Oxford dons. Mr. Swinburne attacked the fame of Calverley in prose, while Byron abused the dons of Cambridge to this effect in verse:

"The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedge bank supine they lie
Unknown, unhonoured live, unwept for, die.
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise:
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunk's or Porson's note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote."

Wordsworth, in one of his greatest sonnets and also in the "Prelude"—probably as a man who never came into conflict with the authorities—was able to devote himself to the beauties and grandeur of the place itself.

On the whole, Cambridge might be said to have justified its existence, if it had done no more than inspire those fourteen immortal lines of Wordsworth on King's College Chapel:

"Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who planned
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
—Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more:
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

It is not a vain expense to build even a university for the sake of a sonnet like that!

It is said that Mr. Swinburne left Oxford without a degree owing to his refusing to recognise the existence of the Divinity examination. But that this did not prevent his recognition of the natural beauties of the place or preclude his life-long friendship with Jowett is now almost as well known as the fact that University College has erected a statue to Shelley. Mr. Watts-Dunton, in three of his finest sonnets, has enshrined some beautiful memories of this friendship and the days when they walked

"through flowery ways
From Boar's Hill down to Oxford, vain to know
What nugget-gold, in drift of Time's long flow
The Bodleian mine hath stored from richer days."

But Mr. Swinburne has given us no poetry on the subject.

Perhaps Matthew Arnold is the only real Oxford poet, therefore, in the sense of this article—that is to say the only voice of Oxford itself; and it is difficult to say whether he or Tennyson has the better of it as an academic interpreter. Tennyson's little cameo, entitled "A Character," was studied from the life at Cambridge, probably from a don.

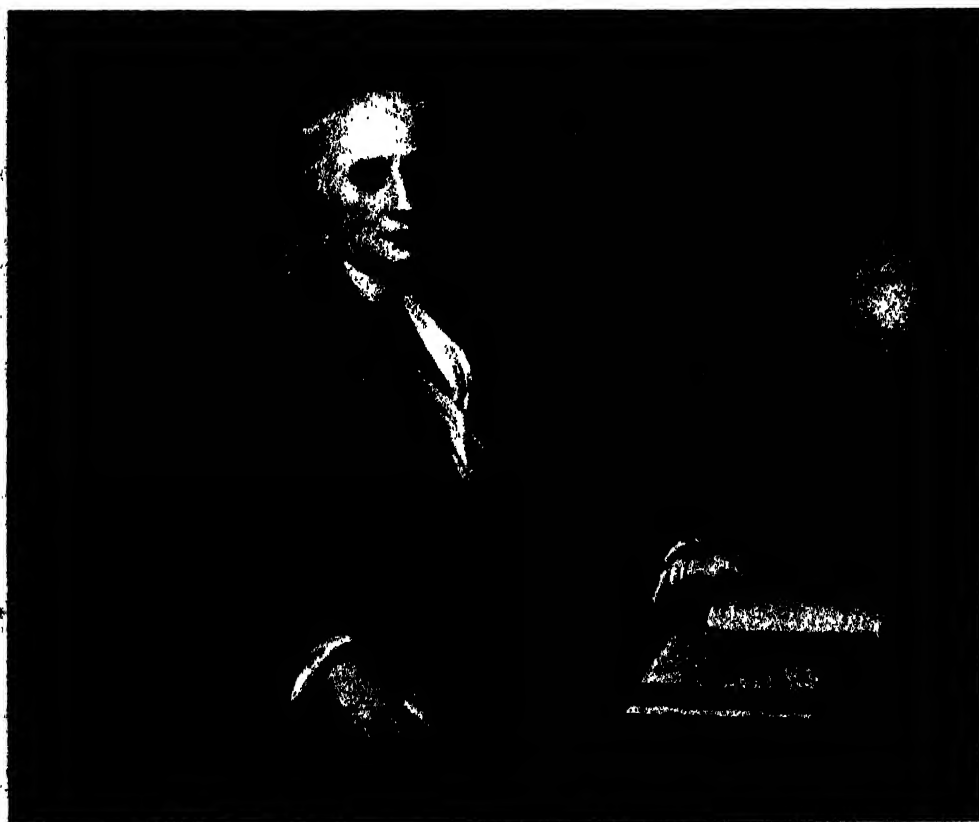
"He spake of beauty! that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smoothed his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful."

However, Tennyson, who went down without a degree, recovered sufficiently from his early spleen to give us "dawn-golden" pictures of Cambridge and its real life.

The "Princess" has much of the Cambridge atmosphere; while "In Memoriam" is— from its subject—necessarily a Cambridge elegy:

"I past beside the reverend
walls
In which of old, I wore the
gown;
I roved at random through
the town
And saw the tumult of the
halls;

"And heard once more in
college fanes
The storm their high-built
organs make,
And thunder-music rolling
shake
The prophet blazoned on
the panes;



From the portrait by Vanderbank in the National Portrait Gallery.

Sir Isaac Newton.



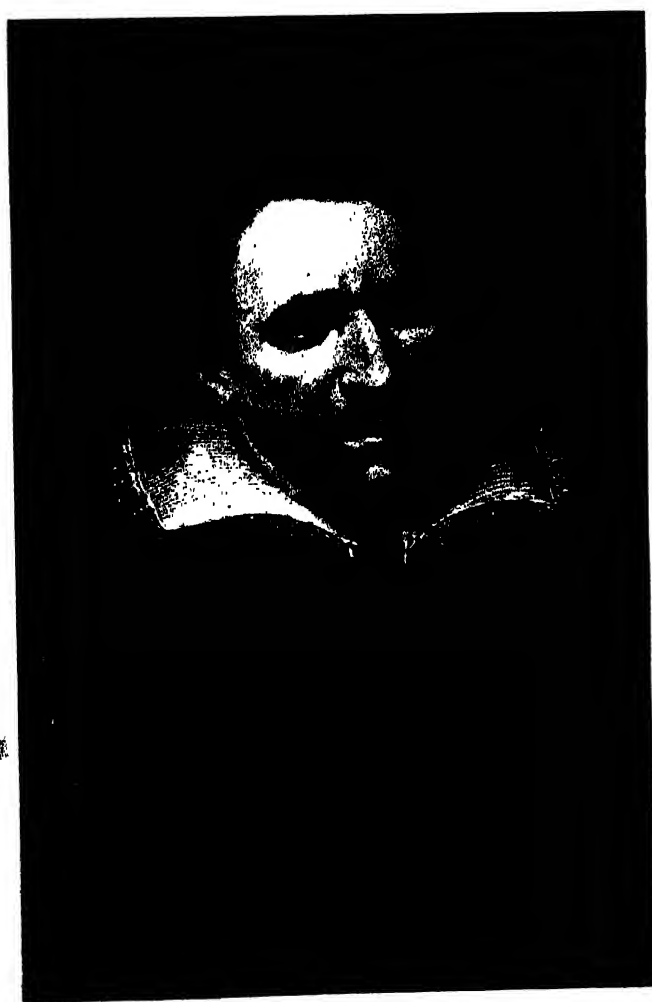
From the portrait by Kneller.

Samuel Pepys.



From the painting by Holbein, Bald.

Erasmus.



*From a picture in the possession of Mr. Knight.
Engraved by E. Scriven.*

Ben Jonson.



An early portrait.

John Milton.



Jeremy Taylor.

"And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

"The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

"Another name was on the door;
I lingered; all within was noise
Of songs and clapping hands and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor

"Where once we held debate," . . .

With Tennyson's extraordinary power of summing up and expressing his age, certainly it is all given to us there—the whole of Cambridge.



Drawn and etched by J. B. Swaine.

From "The Wrestlers" Inn-yard.

The reputed birth-place of Jeremy Taylor.

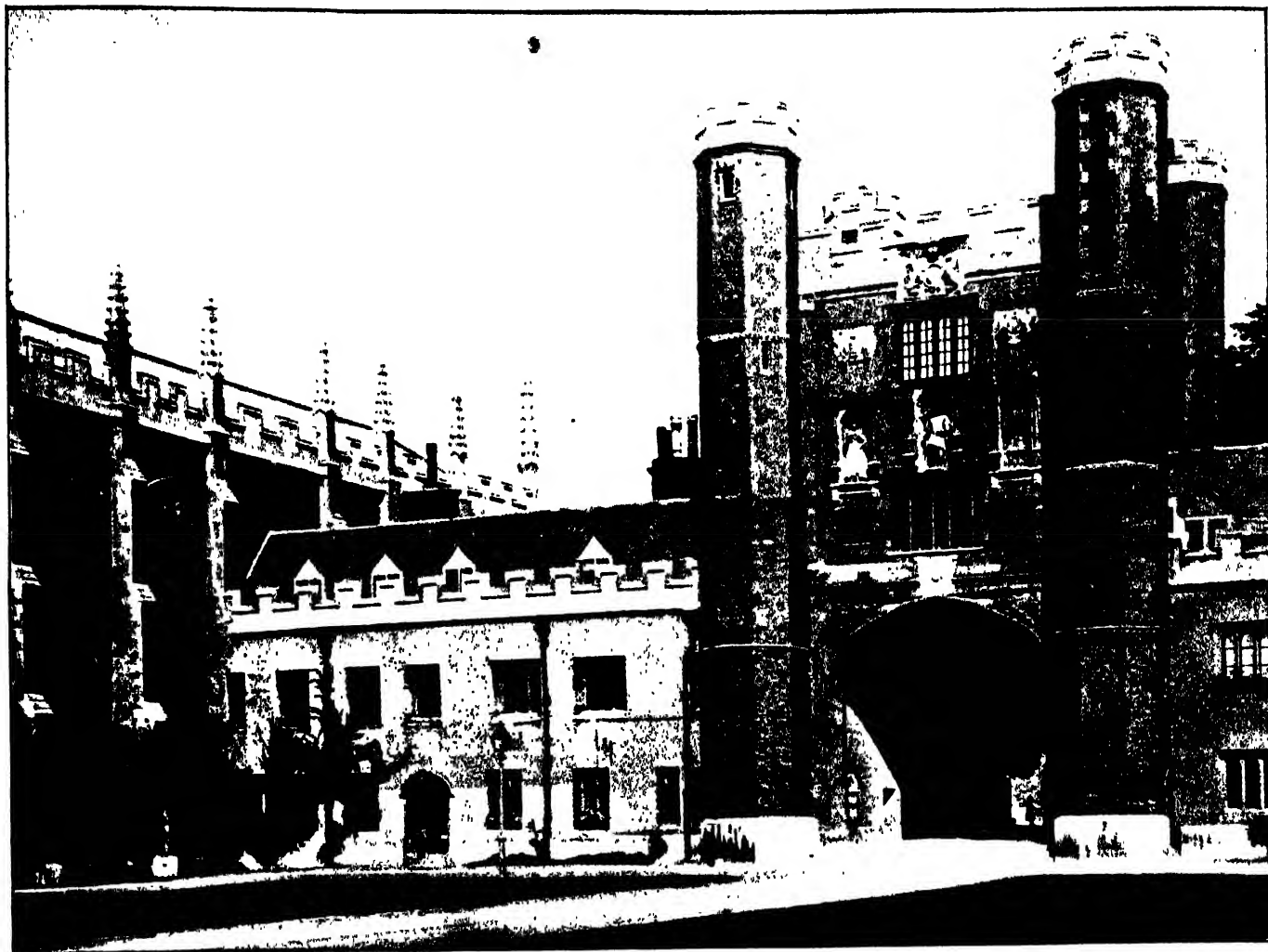
When we come to the still more modern men, in whom the gay spirit predominates and only for short swallow-flights dips its wings in tears and skims away—Cambridge is first and the rest nowhere. C. S. C. and J. K. S. and R. C. I. remain triumphant over all comers. Their Cambridge writings really have formed a little independent literature, filled with the atmosphere, the joys and sorrows of an independent world, a sort of little modern Greece, where athleticism has something that belonged to the Olympic games, and humour something of the classic, because philosophical, sparkle. As a background to the picture of this world we wish to represent, we cannot do better than quote Mr. Shuckburgh's admirable No. 63 of the "Tatler" in Cambridge. He is describing how a Cambridge undergraduate has just received a very desolate and heart-rending poem from one of his friends about some unhappy love-affair:

"I thought this a little more serious than most of my Friend's complaints, because it had somewhat less Love in it. I therefore went on my Way to see him. I found him lying on his sofa, by his Open Window, smoking a Pipe and reading a novel; the room was full of Violets and other Flowers; the Window looked out into a Pleasant Garden, and through it a most deliciously soft and fragrant Spring Breeze was gently blowing; his Face wore that fresh, sleek and glossy Appearance which a Man's face does in the Prime of Youth and Health, when he is smoking his First Pipe after Breakfast, and has not left his Tub more than Half an Hour. By his side stood a Pewter filled with that delicious Drink compounded of Beer and Gingerbeer. He looked the Picture of Indolence and Comfort. After regarding him for a few Minutes in Silence, while filling my own Pipe, I remarked with my usual easy wit: 'Then I suppose Sin and Time have stopped their shooting Match?'"

It is difficult to say why that has a Greek atmosphere; but it is really more Greek than "Atalanta in Calydon"—not, despite the violets or the youth's nickname (which was Narcissus), in the details, but in the whole sunny atmosphere it is Greek and pagan essentially. If Plato wrote nowadays he would abound in passages of that kind. It is not an attempt to reproduce the old: it is merely itself—and therefore all the more purely Greek. If the reader can apprehend our meaning, he will understand that there is no jest about the matter when we declare Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco" to have the same classic charm, a charm heightened by the limpid purity of his style:

"Sweet when the morn is gray:
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch: and at close of day,
Possibly sweetest."

Epigrams, too, have here, in the literature of Cambridge, exactly the old spontaneity and vitality. Porson, who was Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity and afterwards Bishop of Bristol, were the terrors of the University. Some of their epigrams are almost as unfit for modern print as the frankest of classical achievements. J. K. S., however, is always quotable, as here to "One that Smokes":



Trinity College, Cambridge.

Macaulay's rooms are on the ground floor on the left of the small doorway, where the creeper is over the window. Thackeray's rooms are on the right side of the doorway, and Isaac Newton's rooms are over Thackeray's. Newton used the top of the tower for his observations.



A view of Clare Hall, and King's College Chapel.

mortal's that would follow me
 love venture she alone is free
 she can teach ye how to climb
 higher than the spear's chime
 or if venture feeble were
 heaven it selfe would stoop to her.

*From the original MS. in the Library of
 Trinity College, Cambridge.*

Facsimile of the concluding lines of "Comus."

"Spare us the hint of slightest desecration,
 Spotless preserve us an untainted shrine;
 Not for thy sake, oh goddess of creation,
 Nor for thy sake, oh woman, but for mine."

We quote this, however, not as a specially brilliant example, but merely as an obvious heir of all the classical ages. Spontaneous, tossed off between two cigarettes, as no doubt it was, it is a mere gesture of a man essentially at one with Greece and Rome, and not less so because he is at one with modern England.

Mr. Owen Seaman recognised the paganism of the university world, at any rate (though for him it is a Horatian paganism), when he entitled one of his most charming volumes "Horace at Cambridge"; and perhaps one of the finest and purest examples of what we may call the Roman spirit in its highest modern aspect is that splendid piece of reticent, yet all the more eloquent, memorial poetry by the Cambridge poet Mr. R. C. Lehmann to Hugh Benjamin Cotton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died in 1895. We quote from the volume entitled "Anni Fugaces." Often as the cry of "Frater Ave atque Vale" has rung from English lips, it has hardly ever rung with such classic purity of sound and spirit as here:

"So, here in Magdalen, hail again,
 Beneath the Tower, or in the Hall,
 Or through the Cloisters, where a rain
 Of red leaves flutters from the wall,
 Or where in old and happy days
 The Barges echoed with your praise."

And yet again, two years later:

"For summer has not yielded yet;
 Still in stray gleams her tresses glow.
 But, ah! with tears her lace is wet,
 She lingers, but she turns to go!
 And on the air her whisper dies
 'Farewell, damp earth and chilly skies!'

"So let her pass: the shadows fall;
 I set the ruddy fire alight;
 Its glamour flickers through the hall,
 A sober silence holds the night.
 And as I sit, dim shapes of air
 Appear and fade about my chair."

"Two years are gone, your welcome voice
 Makes music still to dull my pain.
 You smile and bid my heart rejoice,
 Your friendship cheers me yet again.
 I call you, and unchanged you stand,
 As first you stood and clasped my hand."

"And thus, recalled at will, you prove
 That Death is naught and Fate is blind.
 Life's brightness in your eyes, you move
 Through the clear chambers of my mind.
 This Nature grants, since death controls
 Our breath, but not the world of souls."

"And you, Oh! friend of former days
 Be with me, make my purpose strong;
 Still through the world's encircling maze
 Help you my faltering steps along.
 The last flames flicker, fade and die,
 Good-night, dear friend, but not Good-bye."

Thus sang the uncouth swaine to the 'oaks & hills
 while yet still morn' went out with sandals gray
 he taught the tender steps of various quills
 with eager thought warbling his Dorick lay
 and now the sun had stretcht out all the hills
 and now was dropt into westward the wester'n bay
 at last he rose and twitcht his mantle blew
 To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new

*From the original MS. draft in the Library of
 Trinity College, Cambridge.*

Facsimile of the concluding lines of "Lycidas."

**Thomas Gray, aet. 15.**

From an original painting by Richardson, in the possession of - Robertson Esq., Cambridge. Drawn by permission of H. Corbould, engraved by J. Hopwood.

**Lord Macaulay.**

An early portrait.

**"J. K. S."**

J. K. Stephen, author of 'Lapsus Calami' and other verses.

**Sir E. L. Bulwer,
first Baron Lytton.**

FLAUBERT ON WRITING.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

A WRITER'S apprenticeship is very different from a painter's. He can, it is true, copy or translate his old masters. Just as a reverent art student, "playing the sedulous ape" to his gods, turns out his Rembrandts, Titians, and Tintoretos, so the writer fitting their manners to his own materials may be at different times a travesty of Sterne, or Hazlitt, or Sir Thomas Browne. But his work is solitary and silent. He sits alone with his ink and his paper in some little room by himself: he cannot work in another man's studio. Ask him questions, watch his attitude towards the art, and learn from his own lips the ideas he has picked up in his pilgrim's progress towards perfection. We know the men brought up by Rubens. But who studied in Shakespeare's workshop? And had Cervantes pupils? Writers teach their art only by their use of it, and wrestle out its secrets by themselves. Those rule-proving exceptions are doubly valuable where letters, or recorded conversations, bring a great writer near enough to look over a young man's shoulder, and let his knowledge have a direct influence on his work.

These cases are rare. Poe's essay on the composition of "The Raven," Godwin's preface about the construction of "Caleb Williams," a few fragments of Stevenson—these are almost the only substitutes for the face to face advice that is the good fortune of the young painter. This is perhaps because it is only lately that writers have become sufficiently self-conscious to wonder or indeed to notice the methods of their work. A careless or facile writer's fragments of honesty about his art would not be worth much. The best teachers are those who have had to take most pains to learn. Dickens on writing would not be very suggestive; nor Fielding, nor Shakespeare. They might be terrible, frightening, because their difficulties scarcely worried them, but they would not help us to overcome our own. The sight of a god does not

make it easy to become one. But it is different with the ideas of a man like Flaubert, simply because writing, for him, was a thing of such stupendous labour. Whether his attitude is antipathetic or not, whether or not we like his work, we can learn something from seeing how it was done. It is fortunate that he was an egoist, and not one of those proud men who make their preparations in private, allow no one to peep behind the scenes, and exhibit only the complete results. In the four volumes of his correspondence we can trace the life-history of each of his books, watch him at work, and overhear the ideas that, if he had been a painter, he might have thought aloud to help some younger artist daubing at his side.

From those four volumes I have chosen a few sentences that seem to illustrate, as well as such things can, the personality that lay beneath his writing, and the methods

of his work. I have put them in a rough sequence.

He was one of the leaders of the school that found its parody in Zola and its most perfect expression in De Maupassant. The first two sentences seem to me the underlying ideas of the realistic movement:

"What dull stupidity it is, always to praise the lie and to say that poetry lives on illusion. As if disillusion were not a hundred times more poetical in itself."

"Fine subjects make mediocre works."

"Look in the glass and laugh. Do not take yourself seriously. Keep always a philosophic irony for my sake."

On style:

"I was five days making one page."

"Style, which is a thing I take to heart, horribly agitates my nerves."

Often, in his letters, he prefaces some piece of vividly described emotion with "nervously speaking."

"I am the obscure and patient diver after pearls who comes up with empty hands and paled face."

"I love above all the nervous phrase, substantial, clear, with starting muscles and browned skin. I love masculine phrases, not feminine."



Statue of Lord Byron.

By Thorwaldsen. Now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

On writing generally :

"Think only of art, for all is there. I have said an irrevocable good-bye to the life of action."

"One must follow art for its own sake, for itself alone, as one plays the violin."

"Success appears to me to be a result and not the end."

"I have in my head a manner of writing and an elegance of language to which I would like to attain. When I think I have plucked the apricot, I shall not be unwilling to sell it, or that people should clap their hands if it is good."

"Find out what is really your nature, and be in harmony with it. 'Sibi constat,' said Horace. All is there."

"La fièvre éte l'esprit." This is an untranslatable phrase. We have no word equivalent to the last, and it is perhaps on account of this that the French deny our possession of the thing itself.

"Work, above all think, condense your thought; you know that beautiful fragments are worthless, unity, unity is everything."

"The author in his work should be like God in the Universe, present everywhere, and visible nowhere."

What whole-hearted devotion to his art is suggested by these short strenuous sentences! Flaubert's respect for the written word is something moving, like a man's religion. He was years in making a single book, months, working daily, over a single scene. I have heard people sigh over the output of modern novels, thinking of the life-blood that has gone to the making of each one of them. But a book of Flaubert's cost him more than the united cares of seven hundred of these novelists, hurrying then pens over the paper, watching the sheets pile up, impatient to send another mis-shapen abortion limping out into the world. It is harder for one man to be honest than for seven hundred to let slip lies. Flaubert's whole creed was to tell the truth. What exactly did he feel? There were the letters that were always flaming before him. It is vivid pain for a labourer to be cross-questioned, and forced to find words for his unrealised meaning. With increased facility of speech we grow more callous and write approximations to the thoughts that, not having accurately described, we do not possess; but Flaubert, with almost fanatic conscientiousness, forced on himself the torture of the cross-questioned labourer. He would say the truth or nothing, and rejected phrase after phrase in his search for exactitude, until he would sometimes almost cry out for anguish. Happier, perhaps, the men with an easier creed.

It is difficult to believe that



From a sketch by J. Spedding, made at Mithouse, April, 1835.

Alfred Tennyson

(Reproduced from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

the older writers bought their success so dearly. Their thoughts cannot have been so biased, for it is the honest expression of every bias, of the background, of the smell, of the feel of an idea, that makes circumspectness of writing so difficult. Flaubert writes :

"The men I read habitually, my pillow-books, are Montaigne, Rabelais, Regnier, Le Bruyère, and Le Sage. I avow that I adore the prose of Voltaire. . . . Now I am re-reading Tacitus. Some time when I feel better I will take again my Homer and Shakespeare. Homer and Shakespeare, all is there. The other poets, even the greatest, seem little beside them."

Of all these names, most were open-handed producers, and the self-analysis of the others was something very different from his own. Montaigne, for example, sitting peaceably in his tower, asking himself with lively interest what were his opinions, was not at all like the almost terrible figure of Flaubert, striding to and fro in his chamber, winging phrases from his nerves, asking

himself passionately, ferociously, what he meant, and almost throttling himself for an answer. And the most precise of character-sketches did not cost La Bruyère the travail of three sentences on the emotions of Madame Bovary. Is it harder than it was to produce a masterpiece? But the very difficulty he experienced, the struggle for articulation, for breath, for words, makes Flaubert such a teacher of the art of writing as could scarcely exist before his day. "Days and nights to the study of Addison" may teach people to write like Johnson, but days and nights in the study of Flaubert should teach people at least to be ashamed of not trying to write like themselves.



Gabriel Harvey

Critic and friend of Edmund Spenser.

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

I AM very much obliged to correspondents who have kindly written me about the Rev. James J. Holroyd, M.A., of White Hall, Colchester, whose bookplate is in my volumes of *John Bull*. Mr. Holroyd Chaplin says: "J. J. Holroyd (b. 1800, d. 1876), Rector of Abberton, Essex, was a younger son of Sir George Sowley Holroyd, the well-known Judge of the King's Bench (b. 1758, d. 1831). The Rev. J. J. Holroyd was the author of 'Three Comedies translated from the German of G. E. Lessing,' published in 1838." Mr. Penderel-Brothurst, editor of the *Guardian*, very kindly mentions an interesting circumstance: "Mr. Holroyd held for many years the Rectory of Abberton, near Colchester, in which he was succeeded in 1876 by the Rev. E. J. A. FitzRoy. And herein is a very odd little coincidence. You have Mr. Holroyd's volumes of *John Bull*; now Mr. FitzRoy was the then editor of *John Bull*. I have Mr. Holroyd's set (8 vols.) of the *Spectator* with his bookplate, and that of his wife's parents, 'Samuel and Sophia Tyssen, Narborough.' The Holroyds were long well known in Colchester for many years." I thank these friendly correspondents.

It has been pointed out by "Septuagenarian" that the sketch from *John Bull* of December 24, 1827, which I printed in February, is a political skit. "The then First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Goderich, is represented as appearing at Bow Street to be tried for sending in his resignation, and to give evidence in which every allusion is to the political situation and political difficulties of the time, the names of prominent members of the Tory party being brought in as possible successors to Frederick Robinson—Lord Goderich." I am grateful for this information, but it does not seem to affect the point for which I was contending—that Dickens drew with remarkable fidelity from the real life of his time, and that many things in his books which are supposed to be caricatures are in reality from the life. In his article on Dickens in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the late Professor Minto has some admirable remarks on this. He points out that Dickens was fond of insisting that genius meant attention. It would be more correct to say that no genius is of much avail for great literary productions without attention. "Dickens could never have gathered together his amazing variety of characters and abundance of incidents without attention. M. Taine in his criticism of Dickens dwells much upon the boundless wealth of his imagination; Dickens himself would have expressed the same fact by speaking of the persistence and closeness of his attention. . . . M. Taine rather gives us the notion that Dickens sat down and trusted to the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination, whereas, ready and active as his imagination ever was, he accumulated materials for it with the industry of a pre-Raphaelite painter." To this I may add that Minto said to me more than once that Dickens had been much influenced by Theodore Hook. I suggested that John Poole, the author of "Little Pedling-

ton," had given hints to Dickens, but Minto's opinion was that Hook had a stronger spell. Perhaps it would be true to say that both Hook and Dickens gave attention to the characters and the manners of their time, and reproduced them faithfully, though the transmuting process of the imagination was more evident in Dickens than in Hook.

The other day I went round the bookshops in Charing Cross Road, as is often my habit on a Wednesday afternoon. In Mr. Dobell's shop I bought "Pickwick Abroad, or The Tour of France," by G. W. M. Reynolds, illustrated with forty steel engravings by Crowquill, and thirty-three wood-cuts. My copy was published by Henry G. Boln in 1864, and I paid for it 10s. 6d. The preface contains favourable notices from the *Age*, *Bell's Life in London*, the *Merthyr Guardian*, and other periodicals, and the author boasts that though many works in a similar strain were issued from the press about the same time, with the announcement that they were to be completed in twenty numbers, they died of pure inanition one after another. "A partial feeling of satisfaction and pride cannot, therefore, be blamed in the author of 'Pickwick Abroad' when he contemplates the successful termination of his labours in the twenty parts to which no other imitator of the immortal 'Boz' has yet attained." There is also a preface to the second edition in which Reynolds says: "On perusing the work preparatory to the issue of the present edition, I see nothing that I regret having written, or that I have thought it prudent to omit." The book is a very substantial octavo volume of more than six hundred pages. It is almost inconceivably hard reading. There is not a ray of humour or a touch of pathos in the whole monstrous heap. Vulgarity is all-pervading; the characters are transformed. Pickwick loses his sound heart and judgment in Paris; Sam Weller becomes a fool; Tupman and Winkle are mere lay figures. Reynolds is not obscene; he is simply coarse and dull. He ekes out his book with short stories interpolated here and there about Vidocq and others. It is obvious that he had neither attention nor imagination. The one character which approaches humour is Mr. Septimus Chitty, who is introduced as "author of several scientific works, professor of Latin and *Belles Lettres*, a member of various institutions, correspondent to many of the British journals, poet to the British Embassy, etc., etc., etc." Mr. Chitty has a drama, "The Creation" part of which he reads to Mr. Pickwick. It starts thus:

"THE CREATION.

A Drama."

"He went on:

"THE CREATION.

A Drama in Five Acts.

BY SEPTIMUS CHITTY, ESQ.,

Author of divers Poems, Professor of Latin, etc."

"The Poet took breath once more, turned over another leaf, and continued in the ensuing manner:

'THE CREATION.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Four Winds.

Chaos.

The Spirits of the Earth, the Air, Fire and Water.
Man and Woman.'

"The author goes on:

"THE CREATION.

Act I.

Scene.—Infinite Space.'

"Eh!" said Mr. Pickwick, dubiously. "Where did you say the scene was laid, Sir?"

"In infinite space, to be sure," answered Mr. Chitty. "Capital idea, isn't it? Such a scene for stage effect."

"So I should think," observed Mr. Pickwick, considerably enlightened; "but pray proceed."

"I will," responded Mr. Chitty: '*et nullus error*'—and no mistake. But where was I? Oh!

'*Scene.*—Infinite Space

Enter the Four Winds.

Chorus of Winds.

First Wind.—Bir-r-r-r-r-r-r.

Second Wind.—Siss-s-s-s-s-s-s.

Third Wind.—Whi-on-u-u-w-w-w.

Fourth Wind.—Puff-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f."

There is a poetical letter from Mr. Snodgrass to his friends in Paris, dated 1835. It contains the lines:

"I have but little news to tell, for England still is quiet,
Although our sister-isle each day be menac'd with a riot:
Things seem to jog on just the same as when you went away,

And Mr. Bentley still maintains of publishing the sway,
While many an author starves within the Fleet or Banco
Regis—

But such can never hap to you with Weller as your Ægis.

"Books pour upon us from the press of this illustrious city,
In giant heaps—romance and verse—historical and witty—

Bulwers and Bayleys—Gore and Galt—Hook, Howard,
Hook, and Hervey

Enough to turn the reader's mind insane or topsy-turvy.
Thus publishers and authors both will carry still the
game on,

While you and Winkle roam afar—a Pythias and Damon."

For one I regret the demolition of Booksellers' Row, and the removal of the booksellers' shops. Booksellers' Row was an ideal place for bookbuyers. You could move quietly from shop to shop and ransack the treasures. Rent was lower than in the new quarter; and thus it was possible to have larger stocks. Perhaps the books were cheaper, though they are now cheap enough in all conscience. I may be mistaken, but it seems as if there are fewer expert bookbuyers in Charing Cross Road than there were in Booksellers' Row. One of the new booksellers estimated his visitors at about sixty a day. I counted in all the shops I was in between four and five on a Wednesday afternoon only sixteen people. In Booksellers' Row you had to secure your bargain at once or it might soon be picked up. I recollect seeing at one end of it a very nice copy of *Town Talk*, the periodical in which Edmund Yates published his fierce attack

on Thackeray. The volume contained several extra documents illustrative of that quarrel. As I had to return by that end of the street, I left the book till I had inspected the other bookshops. Alas and alas! I found on my return that the precious volume had vanished, and the price was only two shillings! I hope, however, that catalogues make amends to the secondhand booksellers, and that they do better than ever in spite of appearances. Indeed, I know one very enterprising firm of secondhand booksellers who do not think it worth while to keep a shop, and do the whole of their business by catalogue. They send out nearly eight thousand catalogues every month.

I also picked up in Charing Cross Road James T. Fields' "Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches," with unpublished fragments and tributes from men and women of letters (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882). Fields' book "Yesterday with Authors" is one of real value. But the biography is very thin and contains little that is interesting. There is, however, one paragraph worth noting in which Charles Kingsley says that if he had to choose one book for a desert island it would be "The Faerie Queen." No book, he said, earned him so completely out of himself. It is mentioned that a favourite verse of Fields was a quatrain quoted by Dr. Johnson, and said by him to have been written by an obscure poet, a clergyman by the name of Gifford:

"Verse sweetens care however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

The biographer adds: "The poem to which the quatrain was said to belong has never been discovered." But it has been discovered. It is from the poem "Contemplation," published in 1753 without the author's name. The author was the Rev. Richard Gifford, of Balliol College, Oxford. Johnson quotes the lines in his Dictionary under the word *wheel*, and it is said that Mr. Gifford mentioned with much satisfaction the fact that Johnson had honoured him. Dr. Birkbeck Hill gives another verse:

"Ev'n from the straw-rooted cot the note of joy
Flows full and frequent, as the village fair,
Whose little wants the busy hom employ,
Chanting some rural ditty soothes her care."

But my main objection to the biography is that it gives no account of the circumstances under which Fields abandoned publishing. We are told that he became very depressed, and then we read:

"TUESDAY, November 1, 1870. We begin this month with different feelings from any I could have anticipated. . . . The weight of this great publishing house no longer rests where it has done. It is a cloud behind us. Mr. Fields is like a different man already."

Fields was one of the Miss Mitford people, and when I say this I shall be understood by many. Francis Bennoch was almost the chief of the circle that gathered round the authoress of "Our Village."

HENLEY, POET AND MORALIST.

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

WHEN William Ernest Henley died nearly five years ago, only fifty-four years of age, but old in the struggle with death, there was heard no voice of a nation's mourning, no sign that a splendid man and poet had passed to the shadows. Adored by his intimates, loved and admired by a few others, to the world without he was scarcely a name. Yet any one asked the constituents of great poetry would be likely to name just such qualities as are to be found abundantly in Henley's verses. In an age fed to satiety with literature of really an amazingly high level, it is only by repeated attacks that an author even so far above the average as was Henley can draw specific and serious attention on himself. A few books of verse, the two series of "Views and Reviews" and some brilliant editorial work are all the literary legacy given us by one of the most original men of his day. Now these—and the plays written with Stevenson and some uncollected essays—are being issued in a uniform and worthy edition.

Henley's prose writings serve a double purpose. In the first place interesting and original criticisms of letters and art in general, they form also a very illuminating commentary on his own verse. If any poetry seems clear and to stand in no need of annotation, it is Henley's. And yet one steeped in the æsthetic ideals of the last generation may do him an injustice. One who is accustomed to judge poets as artists for art's sake only, weavers of words and craftsmen of selected emotions, and tries to set Henley in the same category, will be offended by certain crudities in his work, violences of shape and colour.

But to read "Views and Reviews" is to perceive how one has misjudged the poet's intention. At first one is surprised by such opinions at this time of day. Conceptions such as "moral" and "appeals to the heart" besprinkle the pages with a frequency disconcerting to those who look upon such things as long discredited constituents of art. Henley's tastes in individual authors and their works amaze the superfine modernist. One would scarcely have suspected the author of "The Song of the Sword" of a warm sympathy with "The Song of the Shirt." If his admiration for Dickens be approved or allowed, his admiration for Disraeli will still seem extravagant. Carping at Meredithian subtlety, he reserves his special praises for "Rhoda Fleming," the book of all Mr. Meredith's in which the humanity is least overlaid with intellectuality, but certainly not a flawless piece of work like "Richard Feverel" or "The Egoist." Again, Henley's encomiums of Byron have their logical antithesis in his contempt for Browning (as poet), his conviction that Rossetti "failed in two several arts," and his utter inability to appreciate Congreve.

One re-reads the poems and realises that Henley is no æsthetic who "sits and brooders his dreams." Dream he may, but the dream is never an end in itself. "Think on the shame of dreams for deeds," he writes

Here is no exquisite poet of immaculate culture, but a rugged moralist to whom his message meant more than artistic form. He was preaching a gospel of sincere and strenuous doing. Artificiality in life or art he hated. That is why the flamboyance of Disraeli was dearer to him than the cautious cynicism of Thackeray, why he disliked Rossetti and all decadents and preferred frank sentimentality to neurotic emotion or manufactured passion.

Moralist he was, but no preacher of negative virtue. Life was to him a matter for affirmative living. The delicate eclecticism of Walter Pater, who would have us choose carefully among the mass of experiences that constitutes life, did not commend itself to Henley. Such a view would seem to him a sort of cowardice.

"Shall we dare to shirk
What we live to learn?"

The purpose of life was to him the knowledge of life, the reception in full consciousness of all experiences, good and evil, beauty and horror alike.

"Life is worth living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death."

It was a cruel irony that made this strong man a cripple and an inmate of hospitals. To him action meant so much, as it did to Stevenson, who wanted to be building lighthouses as well as writing "David Ballour." Henley could not fight or discover new lands or build lighthouses or empires, so he did the next best thing, singing songs as inspiring as the full brass of a great orchestra. "The Song of the Sword" should be shouted down the ages. Every one knows "Out of the Night," which evoked from Mr. Arthur Symonds the critical gem that "such a song is the equivalent of a great deed." It was no narrow political prejudice that made him an Imperialist, but the splendid delight of battle, the will to power. It was the same spirit that gave Stevenson such joy of those old admirals "who courted war like a mistress" and has set men of a newer day—Kipling and Newbolt and Masfield—dancing on the grave of decadence. This worship of vitality and scorn of mere existence finds perfect expression in the little poem set as a prologue to "For England's Sake."

"When the wind storms by with a shout, and the stern
sea-caves
Exult in the tramp and roar of onsetting waves,
Then, then, it comes home to the heart that the top of life
Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife—
Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet graves.

"But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
When the rain-rot spreads and a tame sea mumbles the
shore,
Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,
Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old
song—
O you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!"

There is Henley's philosophy, his theory of life and of death.

"In Hospital" and "London Voluntaries" stand out, perhaps, as the two sections of his work wherein the poet is most individual, most unlike any one who went before him. Both express his supreme idea with a realism that is its logical result. The hospital poems have been called his best work. Certainly no one else has made, or could make, such poetry out of operations and grisly accidents. The painfully physical life of the hospital could only be rendered in terms of art by a genius such as Henley's. But wonderful work as we have here, it lacks, rightly indeed and of necessity, the buoyancy which is one of the poet's most characteristic virtues, that "sense of life at its highest," as poetry has been well called. Not till the last of the series - "Discharged" - do we hear the normal Henley.

It is in full accord both with his modernity and with his will to live that Henley should have written "London Voluntaries." Perfectly to interpret the city under various skies, as he has done, is to know London (one of the select things really worth knowing) and to be a great artist. To quote is useless, for each poem is as indivisible as atmosphere or as music, and here would seem to be the unity after which Mallarmé strove without the blur of feature that Mallarmé's method entailed. One cannot do better than give the words of Mr. Symonds, who has plumbed with such precision and subtlety the suggestion and artistic possibilities of urban things:

"In 'London Voluntaries,' for instance, what sense of the poetry of cities, that rarer than pastoral poetry, the romance of streets, if we have but the vision and the point of view! Here, at last, is a poet who can so enlarge the limits of his verse as to take in London. And I think that might be the test of poetry which professes to be modern: its capacity for dealing with London, with what one sees or might see there, indoors and out."

The idea of the fulfilment of a great passion as an essential of life runs through Henley's poems, and inspired some of the best. There is that merciless satire, "As like the Woman as you can"; and again, "Some starlit garden grey with dew," "Between the dusk of a summer night," "It came with the threat of a waning moon," and many more: all the joyous assertion of the divinity of the flesh, all variations on the theme of

"For the strife of Love's the abysmal strife,
And the word of Love is the Word of Life.

"And they that go with the Word unsaid,
Though they seem of the living, are damned and dead."

Sir Leslie Stephen, when he discovered Henley in the Edinburgh Infirmary, spoke of him as a young man who wrote Swinburnian verse. This was scarcely a final criticism, but the adjective is suggestive. Mr. Swinburne was the first for many generations to write of the less ethereal side of love without sentimentality or the desire to point a moral. It is just there that the poets are comparable. Both expressed their idea by symbols. (The nomenclature which reserves the label of symbolism for a particular brand of decadence is misleading: all

true art is symbolism.) Henley's verses, however, have more the colour of actuality than the gorgeous tones of "Poems and Ballads." They carry realism, indeed, as far as it will go in poetry. For it is one of the limitations of metric or rhythmic utterance that it shall not have the naked realism possible in prose; so that even Henley's hansoms and rotting barges have some of the glamour of romance.

And in the frank dealing with the facts of passion the decadent school of poetry is on common ground with the author of "Rhymes and Rhythms." But there is a difference. In both there is something of the same melancholy, the sense of futility and impotence and vanity, of desires and hopes not to be fulfilled, of youth that passes and age that chills. The decadent finds an end in this sadness itself. He is tender of his desolated desires, weaving the broken threads into his delicate tapestry. With Henley the end of all sensation was experience, and he could not console himself with the abstract and the imagined. The end of a passion was its fulfilment, and at frustration he clenched angry fists against fate. For him it was no faded rose to fondle, but

"A regret
So grinding, so immitigably sad,
Remorse thereby feels tolerant, even glad."

That truth could be bitter was no excuse for deserting her to pursue a butterfly fancy. The ungirt loin and the lamp unlit were the deadly sins in his code of morality.

With no Tennysonian or Swinburnian perfection of technique, Henley's verses show at their best a wonderful unison of spirit and form. Perhaps his rhymed poems are on the whole more balanced and artistically right, certainly they are more pleasing to the ear and haunting in the memory; but that irregular, unrhymed verse which he called "rhythm" was suited to his genius in a peculiar degree, - more suited to his genius than to Arnold's. That old viking who assuredly has a place somewhere among Henley's ancestors might well have rushed into battle to the sound of "The Song of the Sword." The poet never wrote better than in "The Spirit of Wine" or "A Desolate Shore"; but he never wrote worse than in "The Song of Speed," - that epitomised caricature of his own finest work.

There is a certain absurdity in the chance or choice that led the wielder of this ferocious weapon to experiment with the artificial metres of France, to set his very Penthesilea among muses tripping and mincing beside Mr. Anstin Dobson's dainty lady. Henley had too much to say to spend his time seeking for monotony of verse endings. Good as some of his rondeaux are, they rarely seem quite to fit the intricate frame in which they are set. Nor are they ever so good as his lighter poems in less restrained measures, like "Gulls in an æry morrice" or "The nightingale has a lyre of gold."

It is no use trying to relieve posterity of the task of settling Henley's place among the immortals. It is at least probable that posterity will remember him, though many writers more talked of in their day shall be forgotten.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six best quotations from modern English verse describing the fascination of London.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best six quotations from modern English prose or verse bearing on the theme, "Whom the gods love die young."

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been gained by Miss M. H. CONGDON WHITE, 39, Manningham Lane, Bradford.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY. EDITED BY H. F. HEMMELT.
THE WORLD'S PEOPLES. BY A. H. KEANE.
THE WORLD'S BIRDS. BY F. FINN.

"The world is too much with us,"
WORDSWORTH.

Other quotations submitted were:

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD. BY H. G. WELLS.

"Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells."

(M. C. JOBSON, 19, Kent Road, Harrogate.)

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF AUSTRALIAN BUTTERFLIES. BY W. J. RAINBOW.

"Some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,"
MILTON.

(MRS. MEADOWS, Norton-in-Hales, Market Drayton.)

LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER. BY F. J. RANDALL.

"Love laughs at locksmiths,"
SHAKESPEARE.

(MISS M. BROATCH, Allison House, Keswick.)

A PROPOSAL FOR A SIMPLIFIED CALENDAR. BY ALEX. PHILIP.

"Snowy, flowy, blowy,
Showery, flowery, bowery,
Hoppy, croppy, droppey,
Breezy, sneezy, freezy,"
GEO. ELLIS.

(MRS. LESLIE, Eddleston, N.B.)

KEYS TO THE DROOD MYSTERY. BY EDWIN CHARLES.

"He thought he saw a garden-door
That opened with a key:
'And all its mystery,' he said,
'Is clear as day to me.'"
LEWIS CARROLL.

(MRS. SIMS, 3, Roughdown, Boxmoor.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for a list of six epigrams from George Meredith has been gained by L. A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough.

1. "One duel on behalf of a woman is a reputation to her for life; two are a notoriety." *Rhoda Fleming*, p. 38 (Edition 1880, Chapman & Hall).

2. "Convictions are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices." *Beauchamp's Career*, p. 115 (Edition 1902, Constable).

3. "Incidents in a drawing-room are prize shots at dullness." *Diana of the Crossways*, p. 125 (6d. Edition, Constable).

4. "Leaders of men have always notoriously been above the honours of grammar." *Evan Harrington*, p. 145 (2s. 6d. 1904, Constable).

5. "A woman who has mastered sauces sits on the apex of civilisation." *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, p. 319 (Chapman & Hall, 1880).

6. "Feudalism is not an objectionable thing if you can be sure of the lord." *The Egoist*, p. 80 (Chapman & Hall).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best six examples of Dickens's humour has been gained by E. FORREST, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool S.

"'It only shows what Natur is, sir,' said Mr. Squeers. 'She's a rum 'un, is Natur.'"

"'She is a holy thing, sir,' remarked Snawley.

"'I believe you,' added Mr. Squeers, with a moral sigh. 'I should like to know how we should get on without her.' Natur," said Mr. Squeers solemnly, "is more easier conceived than described. Oh, what a blessed thing, sir, to be in a state of Natur!" *Nicholas Nickleby*.

"'If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' anybody no matter who just you shut yourself up in your room, if you've got one, and pison yourself offhand. Hangin's vulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, Samvel, my boy, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards.'" *Pickwick Papers*.

"'He was a clerk in a gov'ment office, sir.'

"'Was he?' said Mr. Pickwick.

"'Yes, he was, sir,' rejoined Mr. Weller; 'and a wery pleasant gen'l'm'n too—one o' the peraise and tidy sort, as puts their feet in little India-rubber fire-buckets ven it's vet veather, and never has no other bosom friends but hare-skins; he saved up his money on principle, wore a clean shirt ev'ry day on principle, never spoke to none o' his relations on principle, 'fear they shoud' want to borrow money of him; and was altogether, in fact, an uncommon agreeable character.'" *Pickwick Papers*.

"'Except of me, Mary my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"'That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' inquired Mr. Weller.

"'Not a bit on it,' said Sam; 'she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'.'" *Pickwick Papers*.

"The Captain immediately drew Walter into a corner, and with a great effort, that made his face very red, pulled up the silver watch, which was so big, and so tight in his pocket, that it came out like a bung.

"'Wal'r,' said the Captain, handing it over, and shaking him heartily by the hand, 'a parting gift, my lad. Put it back half-an-hour every morning, and about another quarter towards the arternoon, and it's a watch that'll do you credit.'"

Dombey & Son.

"'Vait a munit, Sammy; ven you grow as old as your father, you von't get into your veskit quite so easy as you do now, my boy.'

"'If I couldn't get into it easier than that, I'm blessed if I'd vear vun at all,' rejoined his son.

"'You think so now,' said Mr. Weller, with the gravity of age, 'but you'll find that as you get vider you'll get viser. Vidth and visdom, Sammy, always goes together.'"

Pickwick Papers.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to Miss MARY RUTHERFOORD, 35, Osborn Place, Aberdeen, and Miss MAJOR, 13, Oakhill Court, Putney.

New Books.

MR. CHESTERTON'S ALLEGORY OF ANARCHISM.*

There are many ways of preaching a lay sermon : and it would be strange if Mr. Chesterton did not take his own. For he combines gifts which are seldom found together. With rare insight he has detected the glory of the commonplace ; he is certain that genius and the ordinary man agree in their judgment about life, death, marriage, morals, and all the things that signify. Therefore he despises in good-humoured fashion the crank, the law-breaker, the "immoralist" - senseless persons who strike an attitude because they can do nothing else. But while cleaving to the old, he arrays it in new garments of a most surprising cut and lively colours. Why should paradox be always enlisted on the wrong side ? Who has a better right to laugh than the man that believes in plain and saving Realism ? Laugh, accordingly, in the very thick of a struggle to defend the Highest Law, our philosopher does, yet not without grimness, for the smoke of the nether deeps circles around him. The echo of that laugh reminds us in its peculiar accent, at once grave and gay, of Robert Louis Stevenson. And, on the whole, it is Stevenson's creed that is set before us, healthy, brave, rather high strung, tender at last with a pity that hides itself in schoolboy fun and frolic.

But all do not construe allegory when they see it : a nightmare is an uncanny sort of vision, and the crowd may not understand. "The Man who was Thursday" begins like any other Anarchist make-up : singularly resembling "The Angel of the Revolution," but ironical, whereas that was no more playful than a thrust with a dagger. We get the thrill and the shock and are led cleverly astray. The "special constables of order" - a conception worthy of Sir Conan Doyle - put us on the *qui vive* ; but for a time bewilder us, as they ought in so good a story. Their purpose - and here Mr. Chesterton means what he says - is to keep watch and ward against the most deadly kind of Anarchism. "Yes," exclaims the "Man who was Thursday," "the modern world has retained all those parts of police work which are really oppressive and ignominious, the harrying of the poor, the spying upon the unfortunate. It has given up the more dignified work, the punishment of powerful traitors in the State and powerful heresiarchs in the Church. The moderns say we must not punish heretics. My only doubt is whether we have a right to punish anybody else."

How few will take this as seriously intended ! The *blasé* reader will smile and rush on, gaping to know what becomes of Syme, the gentleman-detective, who has ventured his life by joining the supreme Anarchist Council, and is bound in honour to fight without help of Scotland Yard. Such racing and chasing ensue that we are caught up in the whirlwind of it, yet always with a point of horror, strongly Stevensonian, perhaps overdone. There are crowds of dark lines in this spectrum, showing finally as burlesque, but leaving an unpleasant trail behind. No doubt, if you want to throw on canvas the "City of Dreadful Night" - which is the true name for modern unbelief and disorder - you must deepen your sable tints : only our nerves cannot well endure them. These insane eccentricities which we reject have weakened us all : a healthier generation will look back on our age of decadence with wonder and no slight contempt. But, anyhow, even by borrowing its own weapons, Mr. Chesterton strikes at the monstrous phantom which is always denying "the decencies and charities of Christendom," and he strikes hard.

In this mixture of the picturesque and the horrible there

is something Japanese. We may remember among the sketches of Hokusai certain huge apparitions like the enigmatic President, "Sunday," or combats of weird beings, præter human and terrifying, over whom the artist flings a ray of sunshine that adds to their strangeness. At length our nightmare, which we have pursued through thick and thin, tumbles into absolute farce. The undergraduate humour of Syme breaks all bounds ; and we feel hurt as we join in that mad chase after "Sunday" across London, where he plays the fool as he drives on. With sudden violence we are carried out of this harlequinade into a drop-scene, parable of what you will, and the philosophy of the book discloses itself. It is the old true Gospel of peace purchased by war, of valour standing up to be slain for its plighted word, of faith against appearances, of redemption through self-sacrifice. Was the message ever brought in a more unconventional garb ? At all events, it is the genuine thing, as well as a challenge to the "science" that "announces nonentity," and the art that "admires decay." Beyond all question our intellectual anarchists proclaim a doctrine of suicide which the young, the ardent, the weaker sort, have acted upon or will act upon. To show us its meaning, with a hearty laugh at its extreme folly, may do the rest of us good. We wake from this nightmare into a world of sanity, and face the dawn with hope.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. LUCY'S REMINISCENCES.*

"On anything relating to Parliament Mr. Lucy speaks as an expert. There is, perhaps, no man living who has had so constant and so close observation of Parliamentary life in its many aspects."

These are true words of Lord Rosebery's. Few will be so misguided as to dispute them. Mr. Lucy is an expert witness on Parliamentary men and manners. Moreover, he gives his evidence as an expert witness - that is to say, with the self-confidence born of knowledge, and that impartiality which is the outcome of a scientific love of truth. Putting his object under a microscope if he be a private member, or gazing at him through a telescope if he be a mighty leader, he discourses on his points with the assurance of the infallible observer, the wisdom of the chartered anatomist.

The only objection one can offer to Lord Rosebery's unsolicited testimonial is that it seems out of place on the title-page of this volume, with Mr. Lucy's portrait directly opposite Mr. Lucy to the life, a smile as of conscious virtue in his eyes, a blush as of becoming modesty mantling his cheek.

The volume which thus dawns upon the reader proves to be full of Mr. Lucy's own peculiar refulgence. At sundry times and in divers places we have become familiar with much of it. Some of the stories with which the routine of Parliamentary experience is lightened are as old as Westminster Hall. We grow a trifle weary even of Lord Randolph Churchill's forgetfulness of Goschen. On the ground that familiarity breeds contempt we could have begged to be excused the suggestion by Mr. Beresford Hope that Gladstone should be called in to "explain away" an unwanted wife. These and other reminders that there is nothing new under the sun might well have been spared. Yet Mr. Lucy retails chestnuts with such an air that they take on the bloom of plums : his authority bids us ignore the obviously nutty flavour.

Another habit of our author is less seductive. While

* "The Man who was Thursday. A Nightmare." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Bristol : Arrowsmith.)

* "Memories of Eight Parliaments. Part I. - Men. Part II. - Manners." By Henry W. Lucy. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

his treatment of the telescopic objects is fair enough—the impartiality of his political view has been already celebrated—he shows himself less than kind to the microscopic objects. The gentleman who “laid himself out to harry Gladstone,” and “was rewarded by a comfortable salaried office” in the Antipodes, may have been aggravating—his pocket-handkerchief, as Mr. Lucy describes it, must have been very trying to observers of artistic taste; but why, after the lapse of from ten to twenty Lethæan years, come down upon him with the sentence: “This was the sort of Bæotian who played at will upon the sensitive organisation of the Prime Minister”? Where, again, is charity or courtesy in the reference to the “native mediocrity made prominent by a certain pomposity of manner familiar in Chairmen of Quarter Sessions” of an inoffensive member of the Commons since translated into a highly respectable peer of the realm? If Mr. Lucy were under cross-examination his occasional acerbity might be pardonable, but he is an expert witness giving evidence in chief. Surely he might without derogation of dignity have extended his impartial benignity over the microscopic as well as the telescopic objects.

These lapses are the stranger because Mr. Lucy is shrewd to notice a similar defect in Lord Salisbury. Of Lord Salisbury he says:

“He was not careful to hide the dislike and contempt he had for mobs of all kinds, not excluding the House of Commons. During his long life he fought all proposals designed to increase the power of the masses. The arbitrary spirit of the statesman of the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth was in his blood, and it came out in his words and acts. If he did not like a man he did not hesitate to say exactly what he thought of him. This tendency occasionally led him into what came to be known as ‘blazing indiscretions’ of speech. Such an one was the likening of Irishmen to Hottentots, and the suggestion that they should be governed on the same general principles. Another was his allusion to a harmless native of India who succeeded in winning a seat at the election of 1895. He jeered at him as ‘the black man,’ a distinction shrewdly seized by the member in question, who lost no subsequent opportunity of appealing to popular sympathy as ‘Lord Salisbury’s black man.’”

Prolonged imprisonment in the Press Gallery and Lobby appears to have acted on the blood of Mr. Lucy as the arbitrary spirit of the statesman of the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth acted on the blood of Lord Salisbury. As Lord Salisbury (according to Mr. Lucy) loved to flout the Commons wholesale, so Mr. Lucy inclines to flout both Lords and Commons in the persons of their minor members. It is not that he “loves a lord”—by no means!—but he is possessed by a noble admiration for a big man. While he applauds Lord Hugh Cecil, he refers to the present Lord Salisbury as “his brother”—that is, Lord Hugh’s brother. Which one is forced to believe is intended for sarcasm. The great Lord Salisbury also was sarcastic. The parallel is therefore complete—at least, sufficiently so to make us wonder at Mr. Lucy.

The book is divided into two parts, the first and more interesting dealing with Men, the other with Manners. The method enables Mr. Lucy to exhibit the extent and particularity of his Parliamentary knowledge. Gaily he chatters of Prime Ministers he has known—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour—of Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. John Morley, Lord Courtney, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Hugh Cecil and his —, etc. Then he goes on to discourse of the Drama at Westminster, its first nights, humour, Irish comedians, obstruction, and rows, its manners, its domestic arrangements, and ever so many other things. He will describe to you Mr. Gladstone, and can remember the percentage of bacteria discovered by scientific investigation to frequent the Lower House. From bacteria he will travel to bulls, Irish bulls, and display a fine inability to forget that Mr. Chamberlain once called a member a cad. In short, his memory is excellent.

To convey any idea of all this wealth is impossible. To supply a sample is difficult. If a sample be required, it

may be supplied of the best quality from the chapter on Mr. Gladstone. The picture of Mr. Gladstone as Leader is excellent. Behold him stung by the gibes of Lord Randolph Churchill!—

“The famous pomatum pot, which played a prominent part on these occasions, had an exceedingly bad time. Gladstone’s eye falling upon it as he fiercely gyrated, he seized it with sudden gesture, brought it to his lips with swift movement, and devoured a portion of its contents as it, instead of being an innocent compound of egg and wine, it were concentrated essence of Lord Randolph Churchill conveniently prepared with a view to his final disappearance from the scene.”

THOMAS LLOYD.

“COME AND FIND ME.”*

The fascination of the Arctic regions is one of the two motives which control the lives of the chief actors in this remarkable and most attractive novel. The other is the passion for gold in Nome, another Klondyke district of the far North. Miss Robins has interwoven both skilfully, but although it is the former which gives the book its title, it is the gold-fever which really occupies the foreground. The unexplored North, luring men from all parts of Europe to penetrate its secret, draws Jack Galbraith, a cultured young American, away from the two girls who love him, until one of them, Hildegard, discovers him at last dying in a far Northern hut. But Hildegard has not gone North from Missouri to find Galbraith. Her errand was to bring back her father from Nome, where he had been tricked out of a rich gold-mine. The story of Nathaniel Mar’s pathetic belief in this gold-deposit forms the pivot of the whole novel. In his early youth he had, during a land-survey, discovered gold-ore accidentally, but a change of profession and the cares of marriage prevented him from ever returning to verify his find, nor could he manage to persuade any one to believe his tale. He seemed to them a romantic dreamer. Even his family refused to credit him. His boys grew up, partly owing to their mother’s influence, to regard him as a fanciful enthusiast, whose illusions merited no more than a quiet tolerance or pity, and it was not until his dismissal from his post as cashier of a bank set him free to seek out Nome for himself, that any chance of securing the gold occurred. Even then he is outwitted, and apparently thrown adrift to die in exile. Hildegard, his daughter, believes in him, however, and heroically braves the terrors of a passage in a gold-digger’s tramp steamer to look after him. Her lover, Cheviot, follows her, and, after long alienation, due to her hot spirit and her girl’s passion for Galbraith, manages to win her heart, while her school-friend, Bella Wayne, a pretty little blonde, has to share the tragedy of Galbraith’s career.

Miss Robins has put into her story the same realistic grip and passion which made “The Magnetic North” so notable a novel. The account of the life on board the steamer is particularly vivid. The mixture of lawlessness and chivalry and gross selfishness in the gold-hunters could hardly be more graphically drawn. But the earlier, domestic part of the book is even finer as a study in character. Mrs. Mar, the hustling, bustling, unsympathetic wife, steps right out of the picture. She is not a figure in a story. She lives. “Mrs. Mar presented the stirring spectacle of a person who was always ‘getting something done,’ and commonly getting a number of things done at once. If it was only while the plates were being changed, she would pull out of the yellow bag suspended at her belt, a postcard, and with an inch length of pencil would briskly write an order to some tradesman, or she would jump up to straighten a picture or set the clock on three minutes, or ‘catch any odd job on the fly,’ as Trevor used disrespectfully to say in private.” Then she would educate her daughter by reading aloud some foreign classic to

* “Come and Find Me.” By Elizabeth Robins. 6s. (Heinemann.)

her, as they sewed or knitted. But the reading was unique. "For if she macerated descriptive bits with a chin-chopper despatch, to get them out of the way . . . she did far deadlier things to scenes of sentiment or passion. These she approached with a sturdy determination not to give in to their nonsense, to make them at all events *sound* like sanity by sheer force of her own impregnable common sense—a force so little to be withstood, that it could purge the most poetic page ever written. It made even Victor Hugo sound as reasonable as the washing list." Mrs. Mar and the Blumpitty family are altogether delicious; their unconscious humour sets off the pathos and sore tragedy of the book. And it is in the crisp interaction of the leading characters, especially Hildegard on the one hand and her girl friend, her lover and her father on the other, that Miss Robins has scored her best points. The conclusion is rather huddled up and even chaotic—Jack Galbraith's death is dragged in inartistically; he never becomes prominent enough to be interesting, which most readers of the opening scenes will regret. But what small trifles these are, compared to the freshness and brilliant vitality which pervade the tale! Miss Robins knows how to set emotional interests against a weird background of larger passions and cosmic forces. Her latest novel is a conspicuous example of original power in creating strong situations, and of deft insight into character. It has the arresting, engrossing note of a true story, and few readers will lay it down, for all its length, without a sense of genuine reluctance.

JAMES MOFFATT.

GOOD SMALL BEER.*

On the title-page the writer of this book elects merely to be known as "The Authoress of 'Old Days in Diplomacy,'" but why she should not put her name there is not very clear, for on the next page is a note signed by her C. A. A. Disbrowe, and nowhere in the book is any attempt made to preserve her anonymity. Indeed, the volume is made up largely of the correspondence of the Disbrowe—or, as it was often called in Georgian days, Desbrowe—family; and there are many letters addressed by royal personages to the grandfather of "The Authoress of 'Old Days in Diplomacy,'" that Colonel Disbrowe, Vice-Chamberlain of Queen Charlotte, who lives in history by a witty remark made about his very plain mistress's looks in her later days: "Yes, I do believe the bloom of the ugliness is going off!"

There is much that is interesting in this book, which, though it treats of days when there was much a-doing, deals mainly with the small beer of life; and it is a pity that the editor, Miss (?) M. Montgomery-Campbell, did not use her blue pencil with greater freedom. We may be very anxious to learn all that is to be known about the personages

of the period, and yet regret that space should be wasted upon such letters as the following from George III. to Colonel Disbrowe:

"The illness of Major Disbrowe not having given the King an opportunity of paying him the last quarter, and as the Major's journey to Bath will prevent his being there at Christmas, the two quarters are being forwarded to him with hopes that the Waters may prove efficacious."

"I received with infinite satisfaction your Dutiful and Affectionate Congratulations on this [Birth?] Day, as also on the re-establishment of Peace. The Prosperity of my Dominions has always been the warmest wish of my Heart, and I look on the preservation of our excellent Constitution, both in Church and State, as essential to that great object."

Nothing could be more laudable than "Farmer George's" sentiments; but it is scarcely worth while to reprint the note a hundred years after it was written.

These "Records of Stirring Times" throw many inter-

esting side-lights on the court of George III. and Queen Charlotte, but the reader will feel that if "Peter Pindar" described it with humorous malice, it is here depicted with the most correct propriety. Never were people so kind as their Majesties, nor folk so considerate as the royal dukes, who, cruel fate! somehow or other are not remembered for their thoughtfulness and good hearts so much as for other qualities. Miss Burney may well have been prejudiced when, day by day, she made her entries in the famous journal which as much, if not more than any other book, has settled our conceptions of this royal family. Every one remembers the passage in her letter that with humorous exaggeration describes the etiquette at court: "In the first place you must not cough. . . . In the second place you must not sneeze. . . . In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir hand or foot," and so on; yet Miss Burney writing in fun never conceived anything so amusing as the "Directions relative to a Message of Form," copied



Queen Charlotte.

From "Records of Stirring Times." (Heinemann.)

into these "Records" from Colonel Disbrowe's memoranda:

"Every Duchess, Marchioness, and Countess, not only of Great Britain, but also of Ireland, are entitled to a message from the Queen on their Lying In or on the death of any relative for whose loss they put on black gloves; if any Peeress of the above-mentioned rank (unless she is such in her own right) marries a commoner or a Peer of inferior degree she loses her pretensions to the Royal Message. . . . In case the Lady (in a situation to be sent to) should not be in Town, Her Majesty sends no message. The stated times for going with the message are, on the Death of a Husband at the end of six weeks, in that of any other relation as soon as the Funeral is over, and on Lying in at the expiration of *three weeks*."

Having thus cleared the ground by stating who shall and shall not receive a "Message of Form," Colonel Disbrowe—to whom we must therefore ever be grateful—had proceeded to write down the full particulars of "The Ceremony":

"The Day preceding the time appointed by Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain for the message, a gentleman usher to whom the office of carrying it belongs, is to write a note to the Lady and

* "Records of Stirring Times." By the Author of "Old Days in Diplomacy." 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

seal it, signifying his wish to know at what hour on the evening of the next Day, she will be ready to receive a message from Her Majesty, at the time fixed he is to go on Her Majesty's leading coach, attended by one of Her Majesty's Footmen" [we trust it was not the Vice-Chamberlain's deliberate purpose to give the Footmen a capital initial letter, and the gentleman usher a small one], "at the Door of the House he is to be met by a Gentleman out of Livery, to be lighted up stairs by Him to the Lady's apartment, where a Chair is to be placed ready for him at the head of the room, on which he is to sit down immediately, claiming a right to do so without being asked, and to deliver Her Majesty's message."

We cannot refrain from observing the course of the visit. The gentleman usher, after all this, merely says: "I am commanded by the Queen to wait on your Grace [or Ladyship, as the case might be with her compliments of congratulation [or condolence], and if Her Majesty knew what time would be agreeable she would come to see you on this occasion." "The Lady Lying In" must receive the message alone or at least with not more than one or two female companions, we learn, and after she had made suitable reply, her nurse is to present cake and caudle; though, if the occasion is not that of *accouchement*, tea only is offered; but, whether it is life or death, Her Majesty's Footmen are to have cake and caudle, or cake and wine, in the steward's room, and the same refreshment is to be carried out to the coachman! It will be observed that the recipient of the Message must have a Gentleman out of Livery and a Steward; and, since Colonel Disbrowe makes no allowance for the absence of these upper servants, presumably all peeresses of that day were women of considerable means. But it is a pity that this document was not printed when Thackeray was alive!

This is but one, though the best, good thing in these "Records," which treat not only of home but also of foreign affairs, and introduce, often in informal fashions, men and women one is always pleased to meet.

LEWIS MELVILLE

TWO DISILLUSIONMENTS.*

Of two books fresh from the press one records a remarkable instance of the attraction of a man of genius towards a woman, followed by speedy repulsion; the other records the pathetic story of the love of a woman of genius, or if not of genius, of high talent, for a man unworthy of her. The infatuation of Shelley for Eliza Hitchener was purely intellectual, but the love of Mary Wollstonecraft for the worthless Gilbert Imlay was an all-absorbing passion that brought her some rapture and much sorrow.

The matter contained in these books is not entirely new, but we are glad to have them in accessible form. Mary Wollstonecraft's letters have been twice printed before, but in the convenient edition now issued with the sympathetic memoir supplied by Mr. Roger Ingpen, they are certain to be more widely read. The heroine of the unhappy story appears to have met Gilbert Imlay in March, 1793. He had served in the American Revolution army as a captain, had written a couple of books, and was eager in the pursuit of business for the purpose of making money. She had imbibed with other revolutionary doctrines a dislike of "matrimonial engagements," and Imlay regarded them as "a sacrilege." This belief did not make him capable of fidelity to the woman who had dared to give up all for him. Their "free union" was not of long duration, and on his part was varied by more than one facile connection. Mary's letters show that at an early period uncomfortable doubts intruded in spite of her warm affection for the man. "The way to my senses," she tells him, "is through my heart; but, forgive me! I think there is sometimes a shorter cut to yours." All through these pathetic letters

there palpitates the woman's desire for a home, for the love of husband and child. "Be not too anxious to get money!" she warns him, "for nothing worth having is to be purchased."

Her overflowing affection was in vain: neither Mary nor her child could secure the unstable Gilbert Imlay, who seems to have been, with many fine professions and "refined" sentimentality, a selfish creature, who sought only his own aims and pleasures, without the slightest consideration for those who might have to suffer for his whims and inconsistencies. Many of these letters were written in Paris whilst France was in the throes of the Revolution, and it is remarkable how few and scanty are the references to the volcanic upheavals even in such a time of anarchy. The daily business of life went forward and there was "marrying and giving in marriage" under the very shadow of the guillotine. One of the few allusions is on page 45, where Mary Wollstonecraft shrewdly remarks, in relation to some alleged mistresses of Robespierre: "Should it prove so, I suspect that they rather flattered his vanity than his senses." In the then somewhat uncertain state of the marriage law a curious question might possibly have arisen as to the validity of her union with Godwin. It is certain that there was no marriage ceremony with Imlay, yet Mary Wollstonecraft was claimed by the American Ambassador at Paris as the wife of a citizen of the United States, and, later, Imlay, in empowering her to act as his representative in Sweden, expressly declares her to be his "wife." Of his life after his break with Mary Wollstonecraft nothing is known. He simply disappeared and left no trace, so that the place and time of his death are alike uncertain.

This stormy period of passionate raptures, of sordid disillusion, and of the anguish of finding that all her wealth of affection had been lavished upon a selfish sensualist incapable of appreciating either her character or her abilities, lasted less than three years, and then, "friendship melting into love," she found for the short remainder of her life some tranquillity, if not happiness, as the companion of William Godwin, who strikes one as an incarnate iceberg in his prime, and as a contemptible creature in his later intercourse with his son-in-law, Shelley.

From the point of view of the literary historian, the Hitchener volume is more important than the other. True, the letters have been used by Prof. Dowden in his *Life of Shelley*, and an edition, restricted to thirty copies, was printed by Mr. T. J. Wise, whose wonderful collections have aided so many studies, but it is very satisfactory to have the full text made available for general use, with the advantage of an excellent introduction by Mr. Bertram Dobell. The fascination which Eliza Hitchener exercised on the young poet is not difficult to understand. She was a handsome woman of twenty-nine; he was a youth of nineteen, who had imbibed unconventional heresies that caused him to be looked upon with horror by the average members of the society around him; women of narrow and uncultivated intellects, and men, some of whom managed to combine the respectability of orthodoxy with sordid and often profligate lives. When Shelley suddenly found a woman of education who had thought seriously on the great subjects that engrossed his attention, and who, if she had not in all things the same views, had at all events the same sympathies, it must have been like the opening of the gate of Paradise. His imagination played around the unexpected apparition that had come within his horizon, and he clothed her with all the gifts and graces. With the aid of this "sister of his soul" he would wage successful war on the entire army of superstition. The experiment of having her in the same house with his wife and his sister-in-law was foredoomed to failure. Harriet Shelley seems to have entered into the scheme willingly; Percy was most anxious for its success. But Eliza Hitchener at twenty-nine should have known better than Harriet at sixteen, or even Percy at nineteen. The disenchantment was speedy, and in

* "Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener." Now first published, with an Introduction and Notes. 5s. net. (Bertram Dobell.)—"The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay." With a Prefatory Memoir by Roger Ingpen. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson & Co.)

a few months the beloved "sister-soul" had become the "brown demon" of Shelley's special aversion.

Apart from their value as psychological documents, Shelley's letters to Eliza Hitchener supply very important biographical data as to his doings both in Ireland and in Wales. Generally he is confident of success, but he has to acknowledge the failure of his political efforts in Dublin. As a practical reformer, Shelley's chief defect was that of being too far in advance of his age. Some of his suggestions are still under the "consideration" of the slow-moving English mind. His "atheism" is seen to be pantheism. Shelley writes to Eliza, "Southey says I am not an atheist, but a pantheist," and there is no doubt that Southey was right. There are very few references to books in Shelley's letters. He was a great admirer of Southey's "Curse of Kehama" a poem which has fallen into a neglect that

I, for one, think unmerited. Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick" is also mentioned, and Parkinson's "Organic Remains of a Former World" shows that the poet's attention had been attracted to geology. "Flower's book" may be one of the pamphlets of the well-known reformer Benjamin Flower, or possibly his "Review," of which eleven volumes appeared. Shelley was still in the apprentice stage of literature, and is seen making plans, some of them on a magnificent scale. No English writer of the first rank ever developed so rapidly. The early work is so crude that it seems almost impossible to regard it as the product of the same hand that wrought the noble verse that has made Shelley one of the immortals.

The present age has no monopoly of the neurotics who seek in suicide relief from distress. Mary Wollstonecraft once, probably more than once, attempted to kill herself. Her daughter, Fanny Imlay, was a suicide. Harriet Shelley—poor girl-wife—ended her life by drowning. How the "brown demon" fared in her later life we do not know. She vanishes from the scene and "leaves not a wrack behind." Truth is stranger than fiction, for if these two books about Shelley and about Mary Wollstonecraft were novels, they would be incredible.

WILLIAM E. A. ARON

APOCRYPHAL APOCALYPSES.*

I am sorry that for the moment I cannot think of a more sesquipedalian title to do honour to the subject. The good Socialist detests the gaunt brevity—and the naked truth—of plain English, so to ears more or less polite they call theft "nationalisation," fraud "administrative municipalisation," and lies "generalisations" or "terminological inexactitudes." It is a Christian privilege indeed to hear him intoning these mystic phrases in his rival temples—whether Ebenezer, or the Blue Pig, or the House of the Commonest of Commons. However, my heading is at least Socialistic enough in that it is alliterative, and that I have not the remotest idea what it means—so let it pass.

Not long ago a catch-halfpenny journal, ever apt at scenting out a "felt want," found that the puzzled public wanted badly to know what on earth this precious Socialism which they were hearing and believing and voting for

* "New Worlds for Old." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Constable.)



Mary Wollstonecraft.

From "The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay" (Hutchinson.)

really was. So it invited the high priests of the cult to kindly explain. A very few days' exposition was enough for the readers: the editor promptly closed the show, and the more than ever puzzled public sank back again for the hundredth time into complacent ignorance, and went on voting devoutly until the next serious dearth of murders and divorces again brings up the problem—and so *ad infinitum*. Yet from behind the murky cloud of witnesses slanted these few rays of light: (1) The "secret" of Socialism—the fundamental dogma and principle on which, and on which *alone*, all its adepts are agreed, is enshrined in this profound yet simple maxim, "Never use a short word if a long one will do—remember, syllables before sense!"

(2) Socialism, then, is polysyllabism—no closer definition do its votaries permit. For thus Socialism which poses and is accepted by the British public as a definite

theory, a tangible system, a religion with fixed and immutable creed, is really nothing of the kind. It is a jumble of inconsistencies, a chaos of conflicting and even of mutually destructive doctrines. The polysyllabic incomprehensibilities, lisped at Fulham, bellowed in the parks, or muttered in Wormwood Scrubs, alone afford it a corporate name and existence. So many, many sects and schools are there: the sentimental, the hysterical, the dour and incorruptible, the *vieille roche* of '80, the *solidaire* of '48, the humanitarian and the cut-throat, the money-or-your-life, and the begging letter-confidence trick schools, the bombastical and the bombistical—with a hundred more. Well, perhaps you are old enough to remember those dismal "happy families" in the big cages which were shown about the streets—the Socialist cat and mice, the rats and terrier, the rabbit and the rest. What a harmonious family circle!—all guaranteed by the wires—the multisyllables and tall talk—"Ind by the showman and his whip," you say. True! but no more o' that! For the happy familists never elected the showman. He is irresponsible authority: in short the *policeman*—at once the dread and the safeguard even of Socialists, past, present and future. Socialism, then, is not a system but a gyroscope.

(3) And its hierophants are chameleons. They change their colours to suit their environment. Some of the writers, mostly the extremists, were evidently sincere, and fervent believers, but all, I fear, were more or less disingenuous. Probably not one but approves and admires the confidence trick. And here for the first time I have to protest. They mean something less and a great deal more than they say. I object to have dust thrown in my eyes—still more such coarse sand so clumsily shovelled. In vain the happy familist cat purrs small and pretends to shrink to the semblance of the *ridiculus mus*. It was amusing to see how often the Labour M.P.'s, for all their practice, failed to hide the teeth and claws. They advertise boldly that English Socialism has no connection with any firm over the water trading under a similar name. This is false. The aims, if not the procedure of all, are identical. From the first days of the International their aspiration has been a world-wide federated movement. Continental Socialism is reckless and outspoken; English is opportunist, reticent, mendacious, and sly. There lies the only difference—a mere matter of the native English hypocrisy,

systematised in our days by the Nonconformist Conscience. The moment biting orders came from abroad our pretty grass-green and sky-blue chamelcons would wax as blood-red as the best. In short, the hierophants are humbugs.

(4) But some not without the charm of inadvertent sincerities. My heart went out to one dear simple soul who shrank from defining or explaining Socialism, and with tearful pen implored us rather to search the Socialist Scriptures—to read up the voluminous, inexpensive, yet shockingly neglected collectivist literature. The public says it really can't. But if it would only just try! It says it won't. Cruel, cruel public! Touched by this pathetic little advertisement, so refreshing after the brazen quackery of the *Times* book-nostrum puffs, I felt almost persuaded to dive into the inky flood, and before the fit had cooled, THE BOOKMAN, by some strange chance—telepathy or waggery—sends me for review Mr. Wells's "New Worlds for Old." To its secrets these lengthy forewords are more than an introduction, possibly a key.

Have I read it? Yes, as reviewers read. No, not as I should have read it, had it flattered my hopes—that is, I have not spent a fortnight in "getting it up" for examination. And why not? Well, the paper cover says, "This book will answer the question every one is asking, 'What is Socialism?'" And the author begins by deploring that somehow or other (I think I know why), "though many good books have been written on the subject," none have ever answered "the very simple-seeming yet really very difficult question, 'What is Socialism?'" . . . Some day, no doubt, such a book will come." (No doubt it will, but hardly from a Socialist pen.) "Meanwhile, this temporary substitute." A-tiptoe we pilgrims enter the shrine of the Holy Bottle—there is no waiting here, gentlemen! (page 3)—the high-priest lifts the curtain and we read the "mighty secret" thus:

"Socialism is a great intellectual process, a development of desires and ideas that takes the form of a project—a project for the re-shaping of human society upon new and better lines. That in the ampler proposition is what Socialism claims to be. This book seeks to expand and establish that proposition."

Amazement, bewilderment, dismay, then merriment loud and long, and we leave the show fairly hoaxed for our penny. But if the oracle thus roguishly defines Socialism as nonsense wrapt up in clumsy verbiage, the Holy Bottle makes no mystery about the Socialists. Who but a Socialist would for years have inquired into the movement, even "in America," conferred with the leaders, "attended and held meetings and experimented in Socialist politics," and yet would have neglected wholly the study of first principles? Who but a Socialist, after all his toil among details, sitting down to answer in a book a plain question, would have grudged five, nay, ten minutes, to thinking out the formal proposition in which he enunciates and summarises his answer—in purging it from error, nonsense, fallacy, and awkward verbiage? I will omit the many obvious strictures on his definition, merely pointing out that it includes under Socialism not only every *non-Socialistic* "project" and movement—Mormonism, the temporal power, militarism, absolute monarchy, anarchism, nihilism, but even the most rabid *anti-Socialism*! Q.E.A.

Now really it is *not* "a very difficult question," though "no Socialist" has ever answered it. It is very easy. Every trained mind accustomed to deal with first principles would give an identical answer, for there is only one. Thirty years ago my pupils were always worrying me with this question, on which their books threw no clear light, so to quiet them I framed as answer certain definitions which, so far as I remember them, I will now offer for Mr. Wells's acceptance. Thus. In its *popular*, vulgar meaning, Socialism is a word used to include all those schemes and systems (mostly communistic) for reconstructing society, which trace their first or second birth to the Revolution of 1789. But this is mere popular usage—vague and illogical.

Socialism regarded as a movement, a project, a propaganda, a revolt—and so Mr. Wells rightly regards it—must be thus defined: *Socialism denotes any and every theory or movement which in a given community at a given epoch aims at disturbing the existing compromise, at tilting the existing balance, between the claims of the individual and those of society to whatever extent in favour of the latter.* Such, I submit, is the only correct and useful definition. Its various elements should be obvious.

There is indeed a second sense, correct but useless—a rhetorical, platform sense, which lurks in the back of our author's mind, as in others, causing sad confusion. Socialists speak of Socialism as a perfect, all-embracing social system, which may, must, will prevail. Regarded thus, there is further confusion between two senses: (a) Pure Socialism, absolute Socialism, the only genuine Socialism, may be defined as an *ideal*, *Utopian*, *utterly impossible social system, wherein the individual will is completely absorbed in the collective will.* Here the word does at least mean something, if only a chimera, like spiritualism or circle-squaring, or like individualism. For, from the first evolution of sex up to the summit of human civilisation, more and more sternly does Nature debar the animal world from absolute individualism and absolute collectivism alike. Everywhere, always she ordains a compromise, stationary or shifting. The social ideal is logical and self-consistent—but in practice how absurd! Just fancy our Socialist in his Utopia saying, "My nose—beg pardon, I mean, of course, *our* nose—tickles awfully. I request a plebiscite of the London citizens (with appeal to the nation, and finally to the human race) to decide whether I may use our handkerchief." Fancy the decision. "Whereas there has been of late too much disfiguring redness of the noses of the State, due to excessive and unauthorised attrition of the social cuticle by presumptuous individual initiative in the use of national linen," etc., etc. And the social unit all the time in agonies, and muttering, "O for one minute of old King Log, and a good scratch!" Ridiculous—yes, but perfectly logical. The other sense (b) is relative Socialism—Mr. Wells's Socialism, if he would but see it. The word is here only an awkward and superfluous synonym for society or the State, and includes *every* degree of compromise between the two impossible absolutes. All men, save monsters like Rayner, are, must be, convinced Socialists. The self-styled, advertising Socialists are really only communistic democrats, whose secret but aggressive individualism aims at an anti-social oligarchy of their own class.

This "very difficult question" thus easily answered, the "New Worlds" needs little comment. It gives a fair view of the opinions and aims of the communist Radicals, and especially of their disciple. However strongly we protest against being robbed and demoralised by premature piecemeal legislation borrowed from a system which has not yet realised or justified its principles, we should always respect the men who, each according to his lights, are striving to find out a cure for our social maladies. The work evidently of an able and practised writer, "New Worlds" has few personal defects—the serious one, as already hinted, a neglect of first principles, by entailing partial views and unsound judgments. Numerous and grave are the faults he shares with his school. Fair and candid in himself, he has caught the infection of formal disingenuity, and that odd mixture of hypocrisy and ruffianism—the wolf in sheep's clothing showing his teeth—but these are only borrowed mannerisms. The book has much merit. It is nearly all interesting—some parts very original and arresting. Personally, while distrusting the author's larger conclusions, I found myself in cordial accord not only with his strictures on existing society, but also with many of his proposed reforms. What if he is a little inconsistent—independent—nay, scandalously individualist? It is but human. For this he has been already bantered in some clever verses, and I see that in his scheme

of universal plunder an exception is made in favour of popular authors. Well, what of that? Every Socialist takes it for granted that his own private doorposts will be safely sprinkled with blood—regal, episcopal, or capitalist—when the Destroying Angel passes over. Y. Y.

CONFESSIO MEDICI.*

This is a vastly delightful book. The old-fashioned adverb is used with intention, for, though the volume be a slender one, the truth in it is in touch with the vastness of this great universe in which our lot is cast, and if it be not quite so broad or so deep as life itself, it is at least informed by more than a little of life's humour, spontaneity, and dynamic force. The humour especially is invigorating and irresistible. Medicus, in his trade, for instance, against the bad system of hospital letters, writes in a footnote: "They are a survival of the bad Georgian way of *patronising the unfortunate*. Nothing can justify them, unless it were the existence of people who would not subscribe even to the maintenance of Heaven, without an Annual Report and the right to recommend four souls for immediate admission if found suitable cases."

And here is a characteristic passage marked by many of the author's most arresting qualities:

"*'I'm so glad you are here,'* says the grand house, all huddled under the blow which has fallen on it; the house hardly knows itself, the invitation-cards over the mantel-piece have an air of mockery, the sounds of the street are insufferable, the very window-blinds are tugging at their cords to be let down. *'I'm so glad you are here,'* says the little house in the slums, *'come along quick, doctor, she's awful bad.'* Of course, we must not be proud that we are wanted. The cat's-meat man, for instance, is not proud that the cats want him, and come twisting out of every area. Still, if I were he, I should try to be glad of such a welcome. But to be wanted by men and women is a very different matter, and may fairly be called a career."

That is literature, and literature of the best, but it is better than literature: it is life.

Some of our author's most earnest pages are witty and telling, but the reader feels always that the wit is merely incidental, the lightest sparkle on the crest of a wave to one who is breasting the great deep. In a few sentences of lucid prose he drives home the gist of what Browning upheld in "Francis Furini" as the answer of man's consciousness to certain fundamental questions:

"I at the bottom, Evolutionists,
Advise beginning, rather. I profess
To know just one fact—my self consciousness,
Call consciousness the soul—some name we need
I know
Somewhat of what this fleshly frame of ours
Or is or should be, how the soul empowers
The body to reveal its every mood
Of love and hate, pour forth its plenitude
Of passion."

"I believe in the reality of myself," says Medicus, "and in the freedom of my will; and I believe that we, addressing ourselves to the universe, are as real as the universe, addressing itself to us." "I never could see," he has said, "why everything should have to be made of matter to be real."

Notwithstanding his own wider horizons, which make the final grace of the book—and that all the more because they are oftener implied than insisted upon—the writer is careful to assert that, "for the sake of our patients, the spirit of practice compels us to work always within the ring-fence of materialism. . . . Euclid takes it for granted,

* "Confessio Medici." By the Writer of "The Young People." 3s. 6d. (Macmillan & Co.)

that he is dealing with lines perfectly straight; we take it for granted, that we are dealing with automatic machines out of order. Both assumptions, alike, are but the forgeries of science." And then he adds, "Look back to the time when you were not the doctor but the patient, lying there and wondering at the mystery of yourself; or to the day of your operation, when that mystery accompanied you as you went under the anæsthetic, and met you as you came out of it. You were you, that day, and your brain was yours, not you. Pick up this thread, and follow its guidance." He translates for us Juvenal's prayer:—"Ask for a brave heart, wholly free from the fear of death; a heart which reckons mere length of days among the least of Nature's kindnesses, and can bear all hardships, and cannot lose its temper over trifles, and covets nothing; and is persuaded that the bitter labours of Hercules have more salvation in them than the lust and luxury of Sardapalus."

Ah, it is all very well for this man to make light of that imitative shibboleth named "culture"—never surely was anycant more odious than the cant of that particular deity—but he can well afford to do that; because with him the reality behind the hateful and much vaunted word breathes from every page he has written, as truly as that "grace of simplicity of purpose" which he rightly says has been the making of the best men in the profession.

Those of us who have friends in "Middlemarch" and count Lydgate among the dearest of them, feel something like personal pride in the author's assurance that if his students will only cultivate Lydgate's acquaintance and ponder his story, they will be spared many pitfalls. He makes a beautiful use of old Paré, giving us the very words of his quaint old French: "*Je le pansay et Dieu le guarit*" (p. 57). Also the heart of many a reader must echo his dictum that "it is all very well, in the vanity of health, to call ourselves a succession of states of consciousness; that nonsense is knocked out of us by a month in bed, where we have time and opportunity to feel sure that we are not." But perhaps what will haunt the memory most enduringly is his verdict on the death of Velox, who wore himself out long before life was over in the service of that healing work which with his whole body he worshipped, sparing no nerve or fibre of himself in its arduous pursuit. "But Heaven gave him, thus disabled in its service, a handsome pension . . . He was paid, in peace of mind, in a clear conscience, in home-love, in a name honoured far and wide, in faith and hope, and in shrewd and mellow wisdom."

ANNIE MATHESON.

MR. BELLOC'S ESSAYS.*

Why Mr. Belloc entitled this little volume "On Nothing" is a problem worthy of Edgar Allan Poe. "It was in Normandy, you will remember," so runs his appetising dedication, "and in the heat of the year, when the birds were silent in the trees and the apples nearly ripe, with the sun above us already of a stronger kind, and a somnolence within and without, that it was determined among us (the jolly company!) that I should write upon Nothing, and upon all that is cognate to Nothing, a task not yet attempted since the Beginning of the World!" What an opulent prospect! What possibilities are not suggested by this halcyon preamble?—little delicate, graceful, perhaps mystical, pensive and peaceful sentimentalisms, or even another Sartor or an English Maeterlinck. How precious any such dish had been, compounded with pure Belloc! But except for this dedication, and just a teasing flash here and there, not a trace of nothing follows, nor much more of its "kindred subjects" either. Indeed all but a few of these little essays deal with the most massive and unannihilatable of all things material; with Houses, Lords, Railways, Rich Men, Debts: but not in the least from the

* "On Nothing." By H. Belloc. 5s. (Methuen.)

"nothing" point of view. Still, after all, ours would have been but a trifling quarrel if *this* Mr. Belloc had proved to be the author of the "Book of Beasts," and of the "Path to Rome," and of "Hills and the Sea."

These books, one feels sure, were simply eloquent and captivating introductions to the vehement, Rabelaisian, precipitate personality that gave them being. Who can withstand them? Each is original, each is unique. But if this book too is a letter of introduction, then it was written at odd moments, by different and sometimes callous hands, not quite whole-heartedly, and at far too great a length. (Exactly to whom is not our speculation.) For some of these little papers are tedious, perfunctory, and affected; a few are coarse in grain, and almost pointless; some are of the purest and rarest fantasy, every facet twinkling with life and brilliance; some are whimsical, bitter, humorous, flat, each in turn; and one or two towards the end of the book are the quiet and solitary reveries of one to whom writing is neither merely a harlequinade nor a challenge, but a commentary on life, as profound as mysterious and as all-engrossing.

"If this page does not appal you, nothing will.

"If these first words do not fill you with an uneasy presentiment of doom, indeed, indeed you have been hitherto blessed in an ignorance of woe.

"It is lost! What is lost? The revelation this page was to afford. The essay which was to have stood here upon page 127 of my book: the noblest of them all."

"There is a part of us, as all the world knows, which is mixed with change and by change only can live. There is another part which lies behind motion and time, and that part is ourselves. This diviner part has surely a stronghold which is also an inheritance. It has a home which perhaps it remembers, and which certainly it conceives at rare moments during our path over the moor.

"This is that Faery Castle. It is revealed at the sound of a trumpet; we turn our eyes, we glance and we perceive it; we strain to reach it—in the very effort of our going the doom of human labour falls upon us and it vanishes away."

These are extracts from two of the nothings, neither worst nor best, but both representative.

It will seem, no doubt, dull and old-fashioned to wish that there were a little less caprice, a little less obtrusion, so to say, of the less significant self in so much of the cleverest and most vivacious work of the day. Kiss—if you must, and her nay is yea, and it's dusk; heaven alone knowing whither next the gleam will beckon—but never, never tell. That, alike for one's muse and one's sweetheart, is the long-tried axiom. But other fashions rule nowadays. It is telling, telling, still telling, whether you kiss or no. No witticism in this book, for instance, falls flatter than that which ends its dedication; that it was written "for gain." One rather pines for a little of the old formality and dignity, the old recognition of what is best left unsaid; the silence on what concerns no man, even regarding that puppet of publisher and public, an author. The reader is being incessantly reminded, in this little book, of his complete and sordid dullness, that he is too insignificant for words. It is hard to be the passive foil of so brilliant a pen. What is worse, such endless, restless egotism tends to stifle the conviction of sincerity, without which no book is worth the gilt on its covers. Yet who could be more sincere than Mr. Belloc? Who fights fiercer for forlorn causes? "On the Return of the Dead," "On a Rich Man who Suffered," "On a Conversation in the Train":—they are keen and agile, acid in phrase and fancy. But gladly we would give a hundred such laborious trifles for one other "On an Unknown City," "On a Faery Castle," "On a Winged Horse." Occasionally, even in these, breaks out a jest, a taunt, a sting that sharply recalls the dreamer to the miserable mock reality of the world from which he has been so strangely and effortlessly spirited away. Mr. Belloc thinks his critics very dull fellows, it is clear; and likely enough on irrefutable grounds. But the Ass is a beast that will seem almost human when

an Angel stands in the way, and a Balaam is in the saddle. Mr. Belloc is a true prophet, and will speak only as the spirit moves him. He will curse, willingly, on and on, with endless animation and verve, but not to order. How is it, then, he seems only to have succeeded here in making that patient creature bray?

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A MODERN EUPHUIST.*

This book, strangely bound in vellum and wall-paper, and still more strangely announced as a classic, contains the outpourings of a man who has endured to middle age a tragic and isolating diffidence. Its form is that of a letter or confession addressed to a second person, and it extends without pause, or break of chapter, for two hundred and twelve pages. The author himself, in a single incisive sentence, lays bare the weakness of his work. "Describing solitude," he says, "I have been dull: I have fixed the rushing flames of emotion in poor flamboyant traceries." That is nearly the whole story. He has been dull—flamboyantly dull, gorgeously dull, preciously dull, but not, I think, honestly dull; and if there must be dullness, let it be honest: give me the worst of Wordsworth rather than the best of "Euphues." When I say the book is not honest, I mean that it is not aesthetically honest. I do not impugn the honesty of the author, or the essential veracity of his story. His book is not honest simply because he has thought first of his "flamboyant traceries," and last of his "emotion." Indeed, it is obvious that the book exists for the sake of the tracery and not for the sake of the emotion. The emotion may be sincere, but the expression is purely histrionic. Like *Astrophel*, the author wishes us to take some pleasure of his pain, and seeks fit words to paint the blackest face of woe; but he does not look into his heart and write: rather does he look into a very well-stored head. The book is a confession; but a confession should be ingenuous, and this is merely ingenious. It should be a cry of the heart; this is an exercise of the pen. The author focusses attention, not on himself, but on a single quality—his paralysing diffidence, and instead of moving us to tears, makes us feel that he is an affluent and enviable person. He should have described how he spilled his soup and said the agonisingly wrong thing; but instead, he quotes Epictetus with dignity and retires in luxury to the gorgeous East. Moreover, his volubility, like an auctioneer's, reveals nothing; for you close the book at the end without the least consciousness of character or significant circumstance. Turn from this to the "Story of my Heart" or the "Child in the House," and you will see what the author has tried and failed to do; and as for the particular quality in question, a mere sketch like Harland's "Responsibility" conveys more of the essential tragedy of diffidence than do all the words on all these pages. The author feels certain that mere Philistines (like myself) will scoff at his malady. We shall not; but we shall deride his remedies. Acutely self-conscious, he flies for cure to introspection, when he should have gone to the Alhambra. Fearful of his fellow-man, he goes for strength to Lucretius and William the Silent, when he should have tried Edmund Payne and George Graves.

As a human document, then, the book is unconvincing. The "rushing flames of emotion" neither rush nor flame, and bear no resemblance to emotions. Turn we then to the "flamboyant traceries." Generally speaking, the book is composed rather than written. The style is elaborate, artificial, cothurnate, and becomes tedious in its unmitigated preciousness. Above all, it is mechanical—there is no man in it. Open your De Quincey, Ruskin, Pater, Stevenson, or any other writer of highly mannered prose, and you find

* "Apologia Diffidentis." By W. Compton Leith, 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

character and personality on every page. The style is the man, and comes from within; here it is mere adornment from without. I adduce a passage of description—the book is at its best in such moments.

"It [the road] followed the bed of a mountain stream, beginning in a mere pleat of the hills, tumbling often in white cascades, and enduring no boat upon its waters until half its course was run. But here it challenged man to essay a fall; for where it burst its way over rocky slopes were channels jeopardous and hardly navigable, sequences of foaming rapids, races of wild water swirling round opposing boulders, and careering indignant of restraint between long walls of beetling rock. Here when the sun had gone down we would embark with a crew of lithe brown men in a canoe hewn from a single tree, seamless and stoutly fashioned to be the unharmed plaything of such rocks and boisterous waters as these. In these rapids the river waked to consciousness of mighty life, tossing our little craft through a riot of dancing waves, whirling it round the base of perpendicular rocks set like adamant in the hissing waters, sweeping it helpless as a petal down some glassy plane stilled as it were into a concentrated passion of movement. The men sprang from side to side, from bow to stern, staving the craft with a miraculous deftness from a projecting boulder, forcing her into a new course, steadying her as she reeled in the shock and strain of the conflict, while their long poles bent continually like willow wands against her battered sides. The steersman stood silent, except when he shouted above all the din some resonant, eruptive word of command; the men responded by breathless invocations to their gods, relaxing no tense smew until the pent waters rushed out into some broad pool where the eased stream went brimming silently, gathering new strength in the darkness of its central depths.

The author has at his command a large and picturesque vocabulary and a fine sense of phrase and rhythm; but he is embarrassed by his riches, and he is terribly long-winded. He should withdraw this book and cut it up into essays; for in pieces of straiter bounds he could lavish his glowing luxuriance of words without dazzling and tiring us. He should give us more matter with less art—indeed, if the pun be permitted, more heart with less art; for it seems that he might write the prettiest prose of this generation.

GEORGE SAMPSON.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Archibald Marshall.

Author of "Many Junes."

Novel Notes.

MANY JUNES. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Methuen.)

The plan of narrating four separate periods or epochs in the history of your hero has its disadvantages, but it manages to preserve a certain continuity of interest and at the same time to get a lot of variety into the successive phases. The youth of Hugh Lelacheur is the idyllic June of his life, spent with his sister in a remote country house. But his sister marries an Australian sheep-farmer, and his father, a retired admiral, loses all his money in speculation. Thus Hugh's plans are rudely changed. He becomes a London clerk, living a quiet, reserved, and monotonous life, which was annually redeemed by a three weeks' holiday every June. During the course of an autumn vacation, he is entangled into what ends as an engagement with an ambitious, foolish suburbanite girl, Mabilia Cheriton. His motive in this was not love but sentiment. He had lost his little niece, and his love for little children stirred again.

"His liking for Mabilia hung between unwillingness to withdraw altogether from her society, and uncertainty as to the wisdom of a closer tie; no man could ever have contemplated marriage from weaker compulsion. But there was one consideration that turned the scale. The thought of little children of his own to twine themselves round his heartstrings aroused desire. This was the boon that marriage should bring to him. It was a compelling one. His heart warmed as he thought of it."

Unluckily, he fell really in love with another girl in the country, before this loveless engagement ended in marriage. The girl refuses to allow him to give up Mabilia, on religious grounds. This is the weak and even stupid part of Mr. Marshall's story. The guardian of the poor girl insists that



Photo by Turner & Drinkwater.

"J. E. Buckrose."

Author of "The Wolf."

Hugh's word to Mabilia put it out of his power to offer love and marriage to a Roman Catholic. Which is, of course, preposterous. Mr. Marshall, however, will have it so, and wrecks his hero's happiness. The loveless marriage turns out childless. Hugh, who has succeeded to his uncle's baronetcy, finds himself tied to an ambitious, vulgar woman, and his Junes of joy are done. The conclusion of the book is depressing, and its plot is, in one vital point, unreal. But the earlier part is instinct with genuine feeling. The crabbed old admiral, the tutor, the loyal servant Dunster, the clerk whom Hugh befriends in London, and the old lady at the opening of the story, are all graphic figures. So is Anne, the fair, kind sister. Mr. Marshall has drawn an idyllic picture of the brother and sister in their early life. Afterwards the shadows gather, a trifle arbitrarily, yet the strong, hapless character of Hugh never loses its attraction for the reader. A few more touches of humour would have lightened the latter part, especially. But the story, even without them, is undeniably arresting.

THE WOLF. By J. E. Buck-rose. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The somewhat enigmatic title of this novel must not mislead the public. It is not a study of wild beasts. The cry of the wolf is the voice of lawless despair in life, which tempts a man to ask, "What is the good of it all?" and to gratify his passions as if nothing mattered. Hamilton, the hero of the book, has an Oriental passion to hand on his property to a son and heir, but hereditary insanity in his family prevents him from marrying. By what is at first a whim, he gets Mark Branscombe to let him adopt the latter's boy. But the relationship is complicated by his growing admiration for Susy, Mark's wife, an admiration which ripens into chivalrous love. The complications to which this gives rise in a little country district are the main plot of a story which is worked out with the same subtlety and humour as "The Toll Bar." The author has once more succeeded in delineating with real skill a woman's character developing under circumstances of difficulty and even peril. It is Susy's sterling nature which helps to keep Hamilton right. In a moment of despairing suspicion, the husband rushes out of doors to shoot himself. Hamilton, who follows, is tempted to let him carry out the fatal deed, and for an instant the temptation almost masters his sense of honour.

"All that life could give if Mark were dead spread out before him in that breathing-space as the past unrolls before a drowning man. All the kingdoms of the earth—not the far-off ones, but the near-beloved kingdoms that he could see from the vantage-ground of an intensified perception—spread out before him then. How he'd reign a king with Susy—Susy, who would come to love him, for his dear queen. The dim sea and sky and sandhills grew unsteady about him. 'What's the good of giving it all up? What's the good?' wailed the wolf-cry. 'In a hundred years it'll be all the same, but you'll have had your day!' Ah, the last argument of that dreadful wolf Despair! 'A hundred years hence - it won't matter—' He watched Mark put his hand to the trigger. The wind lulled for a second to absolute stillness. Then he heard Susy's voice in the garden. . . . If

she'd once been less than good—if she had ever consciously appealed to the bad in him—her voice would have brought some suggestion of it. But her real human goodness, full of faults, had the tremendous power now which it always has."

This is the dramatic climax of the story. But it is prepared by plenty of humorous incident and ordinary by-play. The scenes in the London boarding-house are particularly enjoyable. The author has sketched one or two capital country-folk, and her characterisation is as accurate as ever. This is one of the few contemporary novels of its class which suggest independent observation and experience behind their pages. "The Toll Bar" was good; so was "The Wood End." This, we are inclined to think, shows a greater breadth and glow than either of its excellent predecessors.

WHITE ROSE OF WEARY LEAF. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It were easy to say unpleasant things about "White Rose of Weary Leaf," but one may just as easily and with equal justice say things that are pleasant. The cleverness of the book is undeniable; the interest of its story grows and strengthens as it progresses, and its characters are drawn with insight—they are alive, and amazingly lifelike. Amy Steevens, the leading lady of the narrative, is a sort of up-to-date Becky Sharp; she is "a common person's child," and "had been, not to school, but in a school a different thing. She had assisted in a dressmaker's shop, and in a typewriting establishment. She had been secretary to an author, and companion to an idle lady abroad. She had been on the stage. She had been to Russia with the famous Dr. M— as his amanuensis, and had been sent home in a British steamer when trouble arose. She had seen a battlefield in South Africa, and the results of it in hospital afterwards. She was constitutionally a rolling-stone." At the outset she is acting as companion to the twelve-year-old daughter of the Dands, people of good family who are staying for a while in Paris; and she

loses her situation through following Sir Mervyn Dymond, a co-respondent in a current divorce case, upstairs into his bedroom to prevent him from committing suicide. Whereupon Sir Mervyn appoints her his secretary, and she further smirches her reputation by staying at his house in London, though the relations between them are perfectly innocent. She is fearlessly unconventional, and has to pay for her courage. No one is ever really kind to her, as she complains at last, "except to be cruel, after." She is passionless and not beautiful, yet most men are curiously attracted to her, and she seems fated to fall amongst crude cads who are continually wanting to lay hands on her and to kiss her; and she loathes their touches and their kisses. She lives in an atmosphere of divorce and nastiness, yet she wins and holds your sympathy, and something of your liking, and is the only person in the book who does.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Violet Hunt.

Author of "White Rose of Weary Leaf."

NEITHER STOREHOUSE NOR BARN. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Silas Hocking, and "Allen Raine" (Mrs. Puddicombe) are undoubtedly the four most popular novelists of our day. No novel of "Allen Raine's" has sold fewer than a hundred and sixty thousand, most of them have sold over two hundred thousand, and one has sold over three; nor is her popularity hard to understand. She is a born teller of tales; she writes simply and entertainingly, capturing the general interest at the outset, and holding it with a narrative that is always moving forwards, always opening out and yet always keeping something back that stimulates a reader's curiosity and keeps it awake until the last chapter comes to make the last disclosure. The crowd is always eager to listen when there is a story to tell, and the author has mastered that primitive art of telling it. Here, in this new book, you find Olwen Meyric spending a last night in the empty house where she had lived since childhood. Her father, the vicar, is dead and buried; the furniture has been sold off and taken away; a table and some sort of bed to sleep on is all that remains to her, and in the morning she is to set out on a long walk through Wales to stay for a short holiday with the sister of her old nurse, hoping that in the meantime a reply may come from the aunt to whom she has written, and who is travelling abroad. Five pounds is all her wealth, but she has no fear; her father had been used to say, "See the birds of the air, Olwen; they have neither storehouse nor barn; yet He careth for them," and she has all her father's optimism, and more. On the second day of her tramp, she falls in with George Parry, a young inventor, who had left her native village a little while before, and was supposed to have gone to America, and thenceforward, for nine days, they make the journey afoot together, she putting up, of nights, at a cottage or wayside inn, and he lodging less expensively in an out-house. The story is of this unconventional walk and its consequences; and the consequences are for a while unpleasant, because amongst the various and sometimes curious folk they meet on the road are the subtle, vindictive girl with whom Gwil had had a fleeting, foolish love affair: she is still in love with him, though he has no longer any fancy for her, and she finds means to destroy the intricate model of the invention that was to bring him fortune, and to spread scandalous rumours that goad Olwen into running away from her aunt's house in disgrace, to wander destitute and dependent on the kindness of strangers until Gwil learns something of the truth, and goes in search of her and finds her.

THE HOUSE OF THE LOST COURT. By The Marchioness d'Alpens. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The House of the Lost Court" is a story of our own time; its people are vividly, some of them almost aggressively, up-to-date, yet they live and move through an atmosphere and against a background of old-world mystery and romance. A wealthy American widow and her daughter, Dolores, come over to England to make a lengthy stay, and, looking for a furnished house, rent the fine old Tudor mansion known as Queen's Quadrangles. There are certain conditions attached to the tenancy: they have to keep on one or two of the ancient servitors, and Lady Rosamund stipulates that they shall allow her to remain in residence nominally as their housekeeper. After they are settled down there, they are puzzled by the way in which the neighbours evade them, hold themselves aloof and will not visit them; strange rumours reach them of the black shadow of a tragedy that overhangs the place; there is talk of its being haunted, and a persistent tale of the house having been built with three courts, but now, wander round and search as you will, it possesses only two. Dolores sees the ghost that haunts the grounds, and trying

to satisfy herself that it is not human, finds that it is, and strays by chance into the missing third court of the house that has been undiscoverable for years; with which discovery, and the friendship that springs up betwixt herself and the young sad-featured "ghost," begins the unravelling of a mystery-tale that is as ingenious as it is charmingly and imaginatively written.

HER BESETTING VIRTUE. By Mary Stuart Boyd. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Frances Grant's besetting vice, or virtue, was a generous sympathy, a warm-hearted impulsiveness that involved her in a good deal of misunderstanding and was continually plunging her into unpleasant situations, yet, in the long run, was the means of bringing her to the greatest happiness of her life. She is an orphan, and on his death the uncle she had been living with bequeaths a fortune to her; but it is found that his estate is not so valuable as he had believed: he has left many other legacies to poor friends and pensioners of his, and there is nothing like enough money to pay them all. In order that the other legacies may be paid in full, Frances decides to reduce her own legacy to a matter of three pounds a week; her lawyer-cousin, Tom Chauncery, and his wife Cynthia do their utmost to persuade her from adopting this course, but she cannot bear to think of the disappointed hopes of the other and poorer legatees, and carries out her intention. As a consequence, you see her living cheaply in a shabby Bloomsbury boarding-house, pitied, slighted, and shelved by Cynthia and others of her wealthy relatives; you see her, after her health has broken down, living quietly at an unfashionable sea-side resort, and there having compassion on a reticent, misjudged man who lives next-door to her, and so unwittingly laying the foundation of a very pretty romance, that is to cover Cynthia with chagrin, and crown her own life with a happiness that pursues and overtakes her when she impetuously runs away from it. Mrs. Boyd has a bright and attractive style, and her story makes very delightful reading.

THE HEART OF A CHILD. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Like many another heroine of the modern novel, Sally Snipe lived a very unconventional life, mixed much with men of a raw kind, and shrank from their touches and "hated kissing."

"I've always hated it" (she assured Joe Aarons, when that easy-going, fatherly, family animal was making amorous advances to her). "Johnny Doone was the first who wanted to kiss me, and many times I've smacked his face for him. I like Johnny, but I didn't want him about me. And then, there was the tailor where I worked. His wife walked into him about it, and into me too, though I don't see how I was to have helped it. And loaders in the street, and Luke Cullen, and everybody. I can't think why they can't leave a girl alone. I hate such ways."

You are shown the strange unfolding of her career, the development of her character, from the days when she is a ragged, alert, untamed slum child, living in a foul garret, with a brutal docker for a father, and a mother who dies of heart disease with the marks of his brutality fresh upon her; through the interval when, by the interest of Lady Dorothea Lytham, who runs over her with her motor-car, she is engaged in the show-room of a West End dressmaker, to the happy ending when, having graduated on the music-hall stage, she becomes a star in musical comedy and marries young Lord Kiddernminster. The whole thing is done so well and with such knowledge that it might all be true. Mr. Perry, the artist in dress, and potential head of the dressmaking establishment, is a great creation; Joe Aarons, Edgar Levy, and others of the men who are more or less connected with the theatre are almost as good—they are so true, so clothed in all their natural flesh and blood kindness and meanness and manliness and beastliness

that one is pretty sure there have been those who have unconsciously sat as models for some of them. The story begins realistically, and ends in romance, but the romance is of real life; and through all her drab, squalid, perilous experiences Sally carries the frank, pure heart of a child, and takes no harm. Her character is a fine and masterly study, and "it is her character that counts," as her aristocratic father-in-law says when he has met her and is reconciled to his son's marriage. "She has a man's sense of honour, coupled with a child's unconsciousness of expediency." Every way a remarkable novel, and one that confirms and increases our admiration for its author's exceptional gifts.

EVE'S APPLE. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Courlander's new novel is the story of two women and a man. The man, David Ingersby, is a sincere, earnest fellow, who inherits a fortune from an uncle and is appointed trustee of a considerable sum that the same uncle bequeaths to his second cousin, Helen March. David has done no good as a barrister, and at forty feels he is too old to make a real start in that or any other profession, but he is a fervent humanitarian, and has it in him to do something for the betterment of the poor. When he meets Helen, he finds she is spending her money and time in philanthropic work, and has already founded and is superintending a home for cripple children, and he gladly joins her and becomes her adviser and helper in these undertakings. She is a large-hearted, broad-minded, wise, good woman, and he looks up to her and admires her, and has no suspicion that for all her comradely, businesslike attitude towards him she is quietly and profoundly in love with him. Out in Paris he had met and been fascinated by the youthful charm and piquant beauty of Gabrielle de Tourné, a proud, cold-natured, subtly winsome young girl, who was married to an aristocratic roué for his money. He had pitied her then, and torn himself away from her, fearful of trusting himself; presently, he meets her again in London, and learns that her husband is dead. She shocks him by making no secret of the fact that she is glad to be free, he dimly realises that she despises the poor and has no sympathy with the tasks which he and Helen have set themselves to accomplish, yet in spite of himself he yields to her witcheries, loves her, and his love flames to a blind passion that burns up every other hope and purpose of his life. He quarrels with and alienates his brother, who knows the truth about her and warns him against her, he marries her in face of all he half fears and half believes, and so far from winning her round to share in his great ideals, he is dragged down by her and wrecked and ruined, and she deserts him when in a desperate effort to stave off the final crash he has misappropriated money, including that he holds in trust for Helen, and is on the eve of arrest and a long term of imprisonment. It is a poignant and masterly piece of work; Mr. Courlander shows a real and sympathetic knowledge of human character, and a ripe and felicitous narrative skill in bringing his story through rough and troublous ways to a noble and finely imagined ending.

CLANBRAE: A Golfing Idyll. By Pentland Peile. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Pentland Peile, which we take to be a pen-name, has a pretty wit, and he has written a book which should be a delight not only to the members of the Royal and Antient at St. Andrews and the bronzed Anglo-Indians who make an annual golfing festival of the Rangoon Week at Machrihanish, but to golfers all over the world, for golf is the main and central theme of "Clanbrae"; golf is dealt with in almost every chapter, and golf is the means by which the inevitable "happy endings" are effected. Clanbrae, we are told, is now a flourishing and fashionable West of

Scotland golfing resort, but before the great hotel and the fine golf course came it presented an appearance suggestive rather of wane and decay. The atmosphere of the place—which is typical of many that lie within sight of Arran—is cleverly conveyed; and the "Scotch" (language, that is) of Cranford, the landlord of the Clanbrae Arms, is the real thing. Romance is deftly introduced; but "Clanbrae" is in reality an orgy of golf, and one fancies the author is in full agreement with one of his characters, who holds that there probably "never was a time when some game of the nature of golf was not played." Surely there never was a novel so full of golf! From first to eighteenth hole—we mean from Chapter I. to THE END—it is highly charged with golf; and we have no doubt that Mr. Pentland Peile is as skilful a wielder of the bally-spoon and the mashie as he is of the fountain-pen. At least, in view of his obvious enthusiasm for golf, we hope so.

The Bookman's Table.

LELAND'S ITINERARY IN ENGLAND. Parts IV. and V. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. II. 12s. net. (Bell.)

The same warm welcome which we gave in a former issue to the first volume of this edition of Leland's famous "Itinerary" may be cordially extended to the second. It includes (1) a portion of Part IV., consisting of notes on men and families which Leland made for the purposes of the "Itinerary," but did not work up; (2) his narrative "Itinerary" through the southern and western Midlands; and (3) an appendix containing a collection of his historical and antiquarian researches into the lives of saints and the chronicles in the abbey libraries of Croyland and Bury St. Edmunds, and into the early history of Oxford and Cambridge Universities; together with two undated letters of Leland's, all from the Cheltenham Collectanea. Apart from its great historical and antiquarian value, the "Itinerary" is a delightful book to browse in; and as an example of editing which is detailed, illuminative, and restrained, and not in the least pedantic, Miss Toulmin Smith's work is wholly admirable.

HUMAN JUSTICE FOR THOSE AT THE BOTTOM: An Appeal to those at the Top. By C. C. Cotterill. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The name Socialism covers as many contradictions as the word "religion"; but it has found a new apostle whose definition of its content would make it one with Christianity. Those who are furthest from the so-called Socialism of politics, and think its programme contains "perilous stuff," may nevertheless desire to work in the service of that "Justice, Kindness, Love," which Mr. Cotterill upholds as "Socialism." The chief danger of the book lies in the possibility that young and shallow thinkers may be led into practical error by confusion of names; but the author himself (pp. 12-17) is careful to guard against this.

Mr. Cotterill's deep and passionate indignation on behalf of those "at the bottom" is well founded, as also is his faith in the spiritual nobility and intellectual capacity of the best of those "at the top," who, when they are cruel, are probably cruel from a self-centred want of knowledge and imagination far oftener than from want of heart. But when he writes as though a self-constituted committee of those "at the top" could reconstruct society for ever after a more Christian fashion than its present most unholy jerry-building, it is to be feared that he exaggerates the potentialities of committee work and hardly realises the intermingling dry-rot throughout that entire edifice which he seeks to regenerate with such centralised rapidity.

Nevertheless, this is a noble and deeply moving book. Those acquainted with Mr. Cotterill's uplifting power among boys who used to pass year by year under his care through a great public school can have little doubt that his old scholars—probably many of them now men of great social force and influence—will read with devout enthusiasm his call to this urgently needed crusade, and help to make more widely known his sincere, lucid, and impassioned appeal—an appeal breathing the very spirit of Christ, though refraining from any cheap trading upon that Highest Name. Can any one doubt for a moment that he is right in reminding us that "An immense majority of the people of this country are profoundly dissatisfied with things as they are. . . . This dissatisfaction is instinctive, and the instinct is one of the greatest in human nature. It is the instinct of justice. Things as they are are profoundly unjust, and we know that they are"?

No one who has the smallest real intimacy with the lives of those "at the bottom" can, if worthy of our common humanity, escape moments of poignant shame and anguished sympathy when face to face with the horrible and baffling conditions under which many of those who are our kindred—the common children of our one Father—are crushed into the unclean dust of squalor and temptation. Mr. Cotterill's strenuous appeal is only too greatly needed, and with him we take comfort in the fact that "competition is hurrying furiously to its end; and the ethical process—co-operation—is, with the quiet consciousness of its future, taking its place."

FAMOUS FRENCH SALONS. By Frank Hamel. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hamel has brought together a representative series of the famous French salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He has chosen nine of these centres of reunion, and very cleverly recaptures the atmosphere of them and subtly communicates to his readers a sense of their grace and brightness, their airy wickedness and charm, and then abounding human interest. Beginning with the salon of the beautiful Marquise de Rambouillet, which he describes as "the salon of manners," Mr. Hamel passes to the story of Mademoiselle de Montpensier's brilliant "salon of the Court," to Madame de Sévigné's "salon of friendship," and so down the glittering line to Madame de Staël's "salon of politics," and Madame Récamier's "salon of literature." In the drawing-rooms of such hostesses as these, famous for their birth, their wit, their beauty, or for all three, all the chief literary, political, military, social celebrities of their day met, as everybody knows, to intrigue and gossip and converse, wherefore Mr. Hamel's pages are thickly starred with dazzling names, and rich in witty anecdotes and memorable sayings. It is a full and careful record, lightly and entertainingly written, and valuable as a sidelight on the social history of other days, and for the vivid pictures it gives of the men and women and the manners of the times it passes under review. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits and contains a serviceable index.

STUDIES IN POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke. 8s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

This is a very pleasant volume, consisting of six essays—on Keats, Epipsychidion, the lyrics of Shelley, Sir Walter Scott, another on Shelley in the form of an address to the Shelley Society, and—alas!—the inevitable and now very wearisome discourse on William Blake. It is a pity that the volume opens with this subject, which has lately been misused so terribly. For all the other essays are distinctly fresh and stimulating—that on Scott being particularly good; for it restates very forcibly what was in danger of being forgotten—Scott's claim to a very high rank indeed as a lyrical poet. His fame as a lyrical poet has never quite recovered from the ducking it received under the

Byronic cataract. But the author of "Proud Maisie is in the Wood" has nothing to fear ultimately from the author of "Maid of Athens," nor has the author of "Bonny Dundee" the slightest call to doff his bonnet, or, indeed, do anything more than wave his proud hand and pass by the creator of the wolfish Assyrian. It is the Scott essay that gives a special critical value to Mr. Stopford Brooke's volume at the present moment; and we think it will help to accelerate the change which is coming over the contemporary attitude towards poetry. It is merely the result of a temporary decadent and unhealthy spirit that Scott's poetry has lately come to be regarded chiefly as sustenance for schoolboys. Some of his lyrics are exquisite works of art. "Proud Maisie" has an elfin music unsurpassed in its kind by Shelley and certainly never attained by Byron; and we are by no means certain that there will not be a revival of interest soon in Scott's narrative poetry. From whatever point of view it is regarded, and though it may not be of the highest rank, it is infinitely superior to such works as the "Ghaoul"; and the superior critics who profess to think such works as "Marmion" or "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" artistically crude, and can yet talk subtle morbidities about Poe's "Raven," perhaps the most hopelessly tawdry and meretricious piece of unconscious humour ever swallowed by a gullible public, these superior critics—well, they will have to succumb to sanity, sooner or later, even if they have to be clapped into padded cells for a season. And this happy consummation we sincerely think will be hastened by Mr. Stopford Brooke's very sane and pleasant volume.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS.

There is little of the greyer, sterner side of Scotland in the new volume of the Glasgow Ballad Club's writing, *Ballads and Poems*. (7s. 6d. net). The first impression made upon the mind is one of spring, sunshine, and good-fellowship. Quickly turning the pages, we read that

"Now, of a verity,
I know the jocund Spring is on the town."

So sings Mr. R. K. Risk, while Mr. Walter Buchanan begins his "April Snow":

"Sweet Mother of the buds of Spring,
Fair harbinger of sunny days,"

and Mr. Henry Johnson within a page or so charms us with

"The stirring of Spring
Under the wing
Of bird-life is a wondrous thing!"

Now and again we have the haunting, plaintive note of the far North, as in Mr. Neil Munro's beautiful song "To Exiles" beginning

"Are you not weary in your distant places,
Far, far from Scotland of the mist and storm?"

But throughout the volume the note is generally tender or buoyant, revealing a love of nature, of children, of old memories, old friends, a knowledge of peace and cheerfulness and the bigger things of life. The poems vary to some extent, naturally, as regards their merit, but they are never flinical and over-precious; they all have a manliness about them and the sense of open-air.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Little books of good thought and a fine dignity are being produced under the editorship of Messrs. L. Cranmer-Byng and S. A. Kapadia. They are named "The Wisdom of the East Series," and by presenting the high ideals and philosophies of the Eastern sages, by selection from their writings, in simple English form, these editors are doing much to foster an appreciation and understanding between the peoples of the East and West. The new volume, *The Conduct of Life* (1s. net), is a translation by Ku Hsing Ming, M.A., of one of the four books of Confucius, "The Doctrine of the Mean." Old as we are accustomed to consider the sages of the East, there is the spirit of progress, for instance, in the tail of the following statement: "A man who is foolish, and yet is fond of using his own judgment; who is in humble circumstances, and yet is fond of

assuming authority; who, while living in the present age, reverts to the ways of antiquity, such a man is one who will bring calamity upon himself." This is Confucius, his opinion.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

Without detracting in the least from the grown-up dignity of **Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces** (6s.) by Miss Helen Dawe Brown we consider it a charming book for girls who are a little too old for children's stories and just old enough for a novel. They will consider Mr. Tuckerman a deity, and his manner of receiving into his home his three nieces from Chicago, left to him by will must certainly win any normal girl's affection. The well defined natures of the girls, the difference they made to Mr. Tuckerman's daily life, their respective happy fates, and the charming atmosphere of American simplicity and humour pervading the whole story, will make it pleasant reading for most ages, but it is a decided "find" for girls.

MESSRS.
GAY & BIRD.

In spite of a few ominous little signs of amateurishness in the early pages of Ada Pitfield's book, **Princess of the Sandhills** (3s. 6d.), such as the likening of the head of a supposed fisher-lad to "the head of some Greek god", an inclination to name the picture of a despondent girl standing by a grey sea "Sad Dreams," or something of that sort, the spilling of Jane Austen's name as "Austin," and so forth, the story on the whole is alive and freshly told, though the subject, that of a hasty, loveless marriage and the later coming of love, is a well-seasoned one. "Princess of the Sandhills" will serve as a safe pleasure for the holiday season. Girls will thrill with interest on a warm summer afternoon on the beach, or on a wet, cheerless afternoon indoors, if the Princess is then companion. And Miss Pitfield may plume herself on the fact that not every one can bring that about.

MESSRS. CROWTHER & GOODMAN

"A chapter in the history of London" comes to us from the pen of Mr. Charles W. F. Goss. It is the story of **Crosby Hall** (5s. net and 10s. 6d. net); an interesting chapter and a pathetic chapter, a chapter to cause some of us regret and some of us remorse, for there were many of us who could not afford to save it, but there were many of us who could. In any case it is a chapter which should be in the possession of all who love London, and all who care for historic associations. Mr. Goss has reconstructed for us the scenes of the old Hall's early splendour, and he has followed it through its many vicissitudes. Big events and glamorous personalities move along his pages, and with careful verification he has also collected a valuable fund of information in detail, not the least valuable of the details being the chronological list of occupiers, lease-holders, and freeholders. These pages of history are made doubly bright by nearly forty illustrations from contemporary sources, showing to the eye the beauty of the stately palace which is now destroyed.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

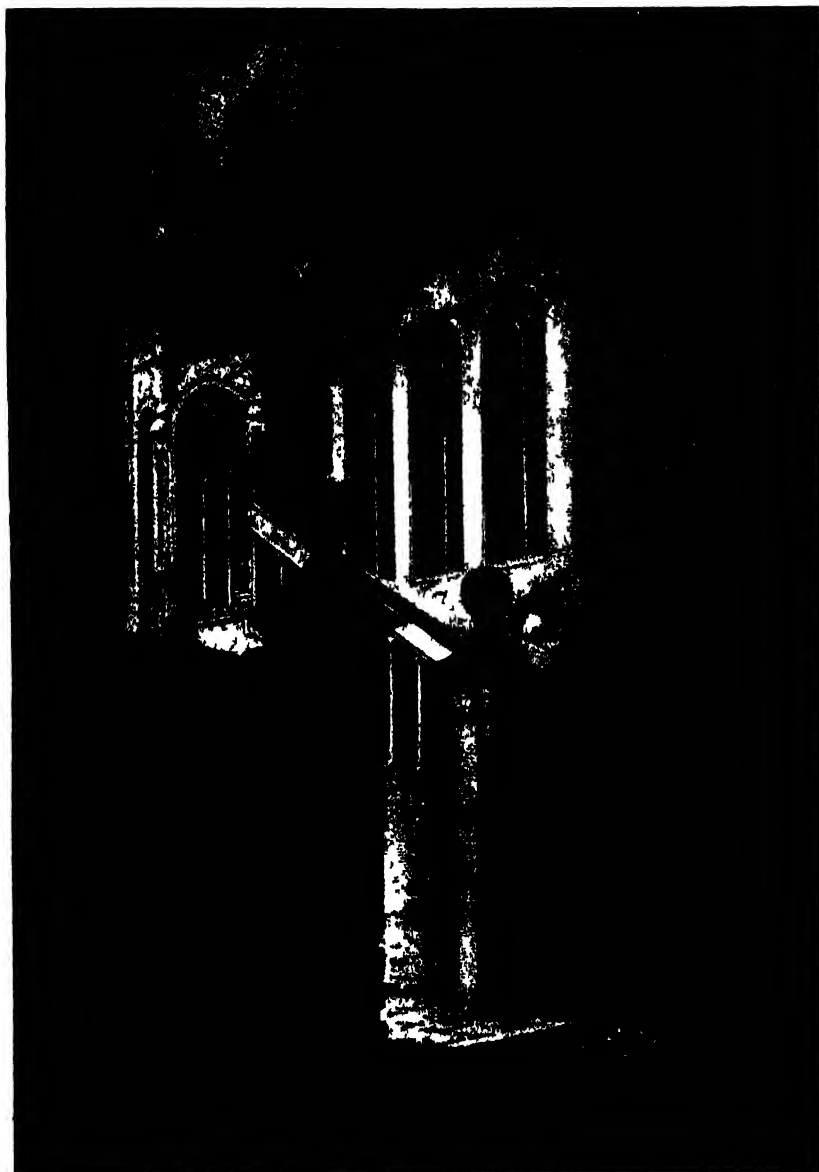
In **The Hunger Line** (1s. net) Mr. Bart Kennedy is filled with spasms of fine enthusiasm and sympathy for hungry Englishmen and women. He has known and seen terrible cases, and he deplores them as all of us who have hearts must deplore them, even if we do not all agree with the way in which the cure is to be worked. The Acts of Parliament on which he comments give us all food for thought, so do facts. For instance, a few days ago two and twenty Englishmen pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, stood in the middle of the morning on the edge of a pavement, watching four foreigners making English streets. It is permissible to ask: Why were two and twenty Englishmen standing idly there? To the thinker it seemed that they would have

been better employed learning to make their own streets. These things are a tangle. When Mr. Kennedy tells the unemployed to "get the land," it does not seem to answer the question. But if this book stimulates thought rather than inflames unthinking men, it will do good.

MESSRS.
ALSTON RIVERS,
LTD.

Diana Crossways," who writes **A Melton Monologue** (3s. 6d.) is (in her book) one of that large army of humanity who cannot dig and to beg they are ashamed. A lack of money forces Lady Diana and her husband to let their place in the country and it is with sincere grief that they do it. Then being at loose ends they sell a farm and buy a few hunters and take a cottage in Leicester shire and console themselves in their poverty by hunting several days a week. Of course the horses are not nearly as good as they should be and the husband and wife, Lady Diana would have you know, are distinctly straitened in means. But though unable to dig and ashamed to beg Lady Diana accepts a good mount now and again, and her little "monologue" is full of whole-hearted love of the sport and amusing comment. Incidentally there is trouble in the writer's heart, for

"Jack" becomes dear to her and—her husband's name is "Freddie."



From an engraving in Storey

Crosby Hall during the Tenancy of Messrs. Holmes & Hall, 1804.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Crowther & Goodman)

New Books of the Month.

FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- 'ABDUL BAHÁ. *Sonnet Answered Questions*. Collected and Translated from the Persian by Laura Clifford Barney. 4s. net. (Kegan Paul)
 Author of "God the Beautiful."—Translated Hinduism. 2 vols. (Philip Webb)
 BICKERSFETH, REV. CYRIL, M.A.—*The Shunammite and Other Addresses to Women*. 2s. 6d. net. (Mowbray)
 CHANNON, OWEN—*That Which We Seek*. 1s. 6d. (Milner & Co.)
 CRAUSEY, ALGERNON SIDNEY.—*The Re-birth of Religion*. 5s. net. (John Lane)
 FITCHETT, W. H., B.A., LL.D.—*The Belief of Unbelief*. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell)

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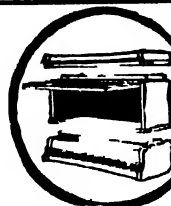
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News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN for June will contain a special illustrated article on Defoe.

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Two years ago THE BOOKMAN reviewed Mr. J. P. Atlay's first volume of "The Victorian Chancellors." Mr. Atlay has now in the press the second volume that begins with Lord St. Leonards, and treats also of Lords Cranworth, Chelmsford, Cairns, Campbell, Westbury, and Selborne. It is stated that the author has had access to material hitherto unpublished in the case of several of the Chancellors.

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the publication of "Court Life Below Stairs, or London under the Georges," which found a considerable public. That, perhaps, remains his best work, though he has since written many books, including biographies of Peg Woffington, Edmund Kean, Lady Blessington, William IV., and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. At the time of his death he had passed for press the proofs of a new book, "Victoria Regina: her Court and her Subjects, from the Accession to the Death of Prince Consort," which will shortly be published.

Many have heard with regret also of the death of Major Arthur George Frederick Griffiths, who served in the Crimea, and later became Inspector of Prisons. He edited several papers at different times, and wrote numerous books, most of which were concerned with the life of criminals, generally presented in the form of fiction. His last book bore the title "Clubs and Club-Life," and this, though weak in those chapters treating of the history of these institutions, contained admirable accounts of the administration of the clubs of to-day.

The French Senate, by 173 to 98 votes, has passed a vote of 35,000 francs for the purpose of transferring the remains of Emile Zola from their present resting-place to the Pantheon, where they will be re-interred with some show of state.

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Miss Jane H. Findlater.

Miss Mary Findlater.

From a portrait by Lady Jane Lindsay.

It is always with pleasure that we read the announcement of a new book by one or both of the Misses Findlater. Their published work holds much that is similar, yet the writing of each sister is distinct in quality. "Crossriggs," which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are publishing, is, like "Tales that are Told," the combined work of the talented sisters; and lovers of that never-to-be-forgotten story, "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," by Miss Jane Helen Findlater, and of that "strong, wise book," "Over the Hills," by Miss Mary Findlater, may count on a volume which is literature as well as fiction.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will shortly issue the Life and Letters of George Bancroft, in two volumes, with portraits. The long life of George Bancroft (1800-1891) almost covered the nineteenth century; and during the greater part of it—as scholar, historian, statesman, and diplomatist—he had a wide personal acquaintance with the great figures among his contemporaries.

We hear that great things are expected of a novel by a new writer, Anthony Partridge, now running serially in the *Daily Chronicle*. In the United States the serial issue has been a great success. The title at present chosen is "The Ghosts of Society," and the story tells of a select company of society men and women who band themselves together to obtain and distribute among deserving charities the wealth of certain millionaires noted for their meanness.

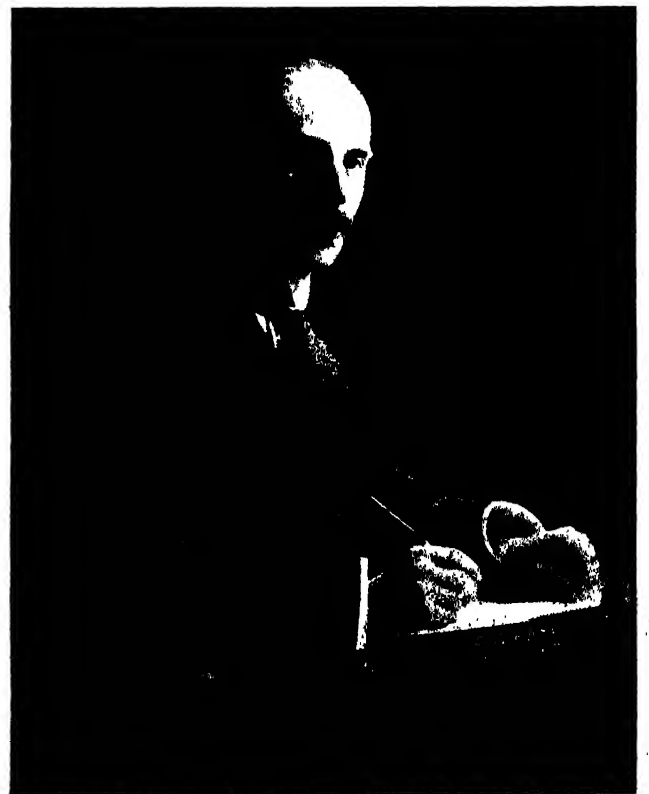
Messrs. Chapman & Hall announce a new book by A. E. Copping, a companion volume to his "Gotty and the Guv'n'r," to be called "Gotty in Furrin' Parts."

It has transpired that "Ouida" left behind her the manuscript of a novel, and this is to appear during the coming season. Will there be a biography of Mdle. de la Ramée, we wonder. A short memoir by some one who knew her well would be acceptable, but not the formal two-volume biography.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has written a preface to "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by Mr. W. H. Davies, the Welsh working-man poet. We detect a compliment to the introducer in the title of the book.

"American Shrines in England" is the title of a book by Mr. A. T. Story that will shortly be published, and it will interest English people as much as their trans-Atlantic cousins. It is to be hoped, however, that it is not to be the first of a series of such books. "English Shrines in America" might be acceptable; but, once started, there is no knowing where this might lead us.

We notice with some amusement that a daily newspaper that prides itself upon its literary page,



Mr. W. J. Eccott.

Whose novel, "The Red Neighbor," is reviewed on p. 71.



Raffaello Simboli.

Signora Eleonora Duse.

A recent interesting photograph.

announces as one of its attractions "prompt, well-done reviews!"

A presentation edition of the ever-popular "Mrs. Wiggs," with many coloured illustrations, is in preparation for publication this autumn.

The American publishers who have been visiting this country speak in depressing manner of the immediate outlook for books in the States. They seem to fear that the country will hardly have time to recover from the financial panic before the Presidential election comes to upset business. And yet, in spite of this gloomy foreboding, one hears that they have placed larger orders than ever for British-made books, and certainly they have competed vigorously for the forthcoming works of the more popular British authors. The struggle to secure the autumn book of a certain lady novelist was, if report speaks true, keen in the extreme, and very high terms were paid.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has written a fairy story something after the manner of "Water Babies." He calls the book "The Flint Heart."

The third and concluding volume of the authorised translation of Albert Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe" will appear in May.

Mr. Sydney Paternoster, the author of "The Blue Motor Car," has written a new novel, which will be published this autumn under the title of "The Hand of the Spoiler."

In view of the recent lawsuit it is interesting to note that a volume of short stories by Mr. S. R. Crockett is to be issued this summer, and his novel "Rose of the Wilderness" in the autumn.

Mr. Hall Caine is publishing his autobiography serially, and we may expect it later in the year in

book form. The writer of the preliminary announcement seems to have received the literary mantle of the great man himself. Thus, it is stated that in this work we shall "find the great heart of a man laid bare"—but surely this should read "the heart of a great man"; we are to be told "of his lowly, lonely early days, and the impressions created in his mind as he looked out across the little world of the Isle of Man with the eyes of a child," and his life's story will be unfolded, even to the mention "of the large and lasting figures in literature and in history with whom he has been on terms of the most intimate friendship." Nothing of importance will be omitted, for in the first few chapters we notice "My First Night Away from Home" and "The Charm of my Grandmother." This causes us to reflect, with a sigh, that it is sixty years since Thackeray wrote of "The Dignity of Literature"!

Some years ago Sir Theodore Martin printed for private circulation a little book on "Queen Victoria as I knew her." The sanction of the King for its publication has been secured, and it will be issued in May.

There is announced for early publication "Memories of Fifty Years" by Mr. Rudolph C. Lehmann, M.P., a member of the staff of *Punch* and sometime editor of the *Daily News*. We hope soon to see in book form Professor Masson's "Memories



Raffaello Simboli.

Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio
at his country home.

of London in the Forties," now being issued serially in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Translations are generally regarded with suspicion from the commercial standpoint, and we therefore feel grateful for Mr. John Lane's announcement of an English edition of the works of Anatole France, whose books are unknown in this country to those who know only the mother tongue.

The present "Herrick" number of THE BOOKMAN is indebted to Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack for several of its most striking illustrations. It is some little while since this firm initiated its "Golden Poets" Series, and the "Herrick" volume in it, with the admirable Introduction by Canon Beecching, is one of the most successful of the deservedly successful volumes. Few contemporary portraits of Herrick were available, but Mr. A. S. Hartrick has caught the likeness admirably in his frontispiece to this edition; and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes evidently found the spring-like, dainty poems well suited to her own romantic fancy and skill. We have reproduced these, necessarily, in black and white, but all who know Mrs. Forbes's woodland and pastoral scenes will realise that they gain much by their colouring in the actual volume. The "Golden Poets" Series now numbers many a standard singer—"Spenser," with Introduction by W. B. Yeats; "Whittier," with Introduction by A. C. Benson, among others; and within the past few weeks a "Browning" volume, with Introduction by Augustine Birrell. While gladly making our acknowledgments to Messrs. Jack for permission to reproduce the "Herrick" pictures, we gratefully pay tribute to the use and adequacy of their charming series of the Poets.

The authorship of "Father and Son," which attracted much attention last year, has long been an



Mr. Ridgwell Cullum.

Author of "The Watchers of the Plains." (See p. 77.)

open secret, but all doubt will shortly be put at rest, for on the title-page of a forthcoming edition of this interesting work will appear the name of Edmund Gosse.

We are informed of the imminent issue of an historical work of great importance. Mr. Arthur Hassall has edited a series of lectures by the late Bishop Stubbs on "Germany in the Middle Ages." "The absence of satisfactory histories of Germany in the English language is as keenly felt now as it was when Bishop Stubbs was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford," Mr. Hassall says with truth in his preface,

and the book will undoubtedly be of great value to present-day historians.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is at present publishing serially a novel entitled, "Salthaven," which will be issued in book-form in the autumn.

The great success which has attended the publication of René Bazin's "The Nun" has led to a demand for other works by the same author, and a translation of his latest book, "The Rising Corn," will shortly be issued.

Mrs. Mackirdy, whose "Soul Market" created a wide sensation, and whose new book of London experiences, "Thirteen Nights," will be issued immediately, is at work upon a volume which she entitles "The Family Skeleton." Needless to say, it deals with the servant problem.

In her new novel, "The Grey Knight," Mrs. de la Pasture has followed the methods so successful in her earlier books. The story is, she says, limited in every detail to experiences which have come within her own personal observation; though the actual characters and plot are, of course, imaginary.

This personal quality can certainly be felt in all this author's work, and in no book more than in "Catherine of Calais," published in 1901. Mrs. de la Pasture, it will be remembered, in her girlhood knew Calais well, her father being Consul there; and her French and half-French characters, with their subtle, delicate charm, are among the most delightful of all her creations. "Catherine's Child," which is now running serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*, though complete in itself, is a sequel to "Catherine of Calais." And this fact will ensure it a double welcome when Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. publish it in the autumn. In our next issue we hope to give a portrait of Mrs. de la Pasture with our review of "The Grey Knight."

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by Glasgow University upon Mr. Neil Munro, the well-known novelist. In presenting Mr. Munro, Professor Gloag, Dean of the Faculty of Law, spoke of him as the most distinguished Scottish representative of the movement—not confined to Scotland—which has been called the Celtic Revival. "In 'The Lost Pibroch,' in 'Gillian the Dreamer,' in 'Children of Tempest,' he has caught the secret of the life of the Western Highlands—its subtle charm, its rainswept melancholy. To hazard a comparison, his work has something of the elusive atmosphere of Corot's painting—an atmosphere partly natural, for the rest suggestive of the spirits of the mist. Again, in 'John Splendid,' he has achieved a brilliant success in depicting characters and events which have already engaged the attention of the greatest master of the art of historical romance. In all his writings, whether he paints for us the Highland mystic, the soldier of fortune, or the more prosaic personages who figure in 'The Daft Days,' he displays a keen sense of the niceties of character, and a style at once cultivated and

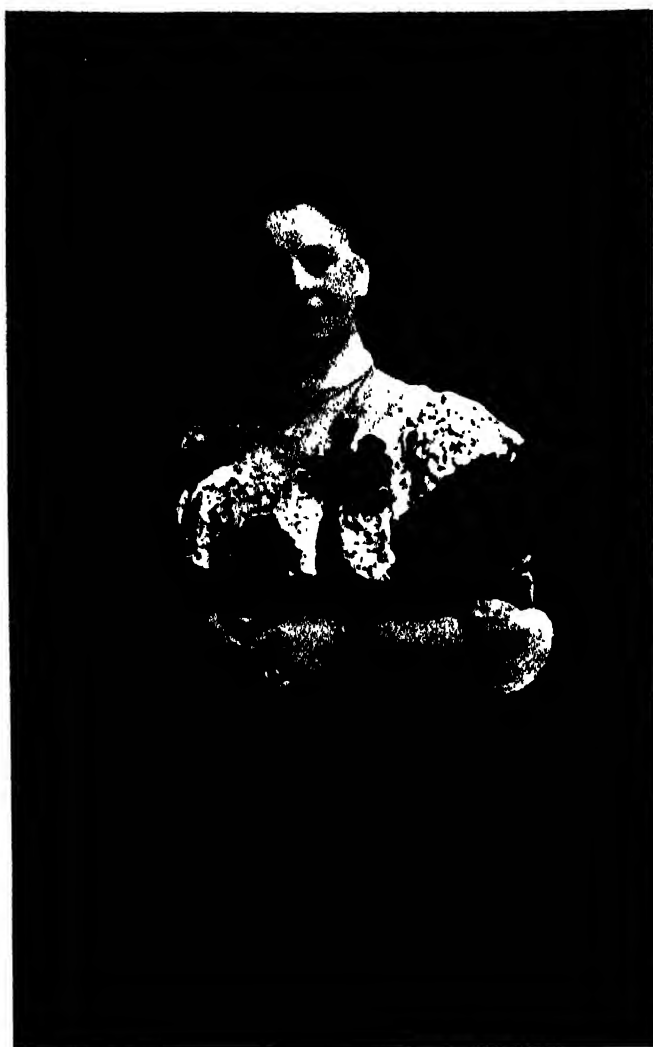


Photo by Crooke.

Mrs. E. H. Strain.

Author of "A Prophet's Reward." (See p.177.)

distinctive. This University, so long and so intimately connected with the Western Highlands, may fitly honour their most brilliant interpreter."

Foremost among the younger generation of novelists is Mr. John Trevena, the author of "A Pixy in Petticoats" and the delightful "Armored of the West." His last book, "Furze the Cruel," was the first of a trilogy, the remaining volumes of which will be "Heather" and "Granite." Mr. Trevena has given us an outline of his intention: "Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather, and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest cruelty, the Heather endurance, and the Granite strength. The Furze is destroyed

by fire, but grows again; the Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain." "Heather" will shortly be published.

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., are making extensive arrangements for the publication of an important new series of cloth-bound novels at the price of 1s. Ten volumes will be placed on the market on June 15: "When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie; "The Cherry Ribband," by S. R. Crockett; "Marcia Drayton," by Charles Garvice; "Allan Quatermain," by H. Rider Haggard; "Phroso," by Anthony Hope; "The Countess of Maybury," by W. B. Maxwell; "John of Gerisau," by John Oxenham; "The Trail of the Sword," by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.; "Beatrice of Venice," by Max Pemberton; and "The New Rector," by Stanley Weyman. These shilling novels will be produced in the most handsome manner with decorative title-pages, end papers, and full gilt backs. In size and general appearance they will be after the style of Messrs. Dent's deservedly popular Everyman's Library. A great sale is anticipated for this series.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

DR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

I REMEMBER reading but the other day a work by one of the most suggestive of our modern critics, Mr. Scott-James, and noticing one passage wherein he commented on the fact that, in any consideration of contemporary literature, it is impossible to overlook the influence of one or two authors now dead, notably R. L. Stevenson. The writer went on to discuss an incident in a book by, I think, Mr. E. V. Lucas, touching "the romance of hansom cabs, the drivers of which move off at a moment's notice to any part of the metropolitan world like knights on a chivalrous quest." An ordinary and a trite sentiment enough, it was pointed out, but nevertheless one which a few decades ago would not have occurred to any one. Mr. Scott-James's own reference to Stevenson's very great influence on contemporary writing is not strikingly original: it is obvious enough to any one who troubles to observe what sort of things people are writing about. However, from Mr. Scott-James I happened to turn to a column of reviews of new books. A novel was under discussion. "Here," said the reviewer, "one feels is the man for R. L. Stevenson." The man was Dr. Stacpoole. It is possible that the reviewer, after the manner of his kind, had said the same thing about dozens of other people. The reviewer in general tends to be either over-enthusiastic or over-captious. In this case I think he was speaking the truth. Dr. Stacpoole is a true exponent of the new romance, for he writes of the things we think we know, and shows us in how much we were ignorant concerning them. The common facts of life are invested by his touch with a new mystery and a new delight. In such lies the spell of real romance.

It happens that just now nearly all of us have become introspective. Every one who is alive to the spirit of the twentieth century dabbles in self-analysis and psychology generally, and any man who is or has been a professional psychologist feels himself in his element. Before he abandoned medical practice for the joys of authorship, Dr. Stacpoole used to take, he says, a good deal of interest in brain disease. Among other startling beliefs he holds that madness consists in obsession by

evil spirits, and if you let him talk to you about it, you will believe it too. Then he is an Irishman, a Celt, and as such he knows that fairies and hobgoblins, elves and cluricaunes and leprechauns, really do exist. He thinks, as many of us do at heart, that evil has a personality, or personalities. Have we not all at times experienced the feeling, as we looked in the face of a man we knew well, and whom we felt probably that we did not care for much, that the face of a devil looked out at us for a moment and was gone?

I can recall a spring afternoon when he and I were walking across the fields near his cottage in the country.

"I am sure," he said, "that there is a maniac in each one of us. Do you know that nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure at this moment than that I should set fire to those three haystacks yonder?" Surely at times most of us have such fancies. "Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such?" Dr. Stacpoole has a power for *suggesting* in his books the uncanny and the gruesome, unrivalled, I think, since Edgar Allan Poe, whose words on the Spirit of Perverseness I have just quoted; though he does not often bring this faculty into use, and in many, perhaps in the majority, of his novels, it is absent altogether. I can call to mind an episode in "The Crimson Azaleas" that



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

impressed me as a wonderful example of the exercise of this peculiar talent. Two men overtake a hideous old blind Chinaman on the Nikko road. After telling them how many rickshaws, at the moment miles away, are coming towards them, he draws in the dust a circle and sundry magic symbols, and begins a sort of incantation. He is summoning the powers of evil. One of the men carelessly draws a small cross inside the circle with the point of his stick. Something inexplicable happens: the next moment the Chinaman is tearing at himself as if scores of evil things were worrying him—he rushes off along the road, still clawing at his breast and shoulders and beating the air. In a few minutes the men he has left see his frantic figure topping the skyline on the road a mile off, then it disappears into the forest. Two days

later they read of a man's body being discovered miles away, "beaten to death by the trees."

Not the least remarkable feature of Dr. Stacpoole's work is its versatility. He began in the ordinary way with short stories, verses, and reviews, mostly for *The Outlook*. That was in the early 'nineties. In 1896 he wrote a charming little romance, "Pierrot," published, with designs by Aubrey Beardsley, by Mr. John Lane. That was his first book, a *conte* of the Paris of 1870, with an element of the supernatural, and a delicate and most original love *motif*. Since then he has written stories for children, studies of English village life, of the Latin Quarter, which he knows well, the lightest of light comedies of London (in "Fanny Lambert"), a wonderful picture of Japan, the exquisite idyll of "The Blue Lagoon," and now on the top of all these an extraordinary detective story, "The Cottage on the Fells." He is now writing two books on Irish life, one of which, "Patsy," will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. There will be a well-marked sporting element in this story, and a highly developed plot. The other new tale is concerned with the fortunes of an old Irishman, an inveterate gambler, his charming daughter, and a racehorse. The plot is one of the features of this story also. Such diversity of theme would seem almost unparalleled, but Dr. Stacpoole has seen a lot of life in most corners of the earth, and he is deeply convinced that the whole world should be the province of an author, "and that if a man hasn't been through the mill he is not much use as a writer."

It should surprise no one to hear that so volatile a personality owes its character to an origin partly French. That came through Dr. Stacpoole's mother. His father was an Irish Doctor of Divinity of Trinity College, Dublin, and an army coach. Lecky, the historian, was at one time a pupil of his. After schooldays at Portarlinton and Malvern, Dr. Stacpoole "walked" St. Mary's Hospital. He has tried doctoring in various places, the most interesting of them he thinks on board a cable-mending ship, wherein he cruised in nearly every quarter of the high seas. He has lived in Paris, and both "The Rapin" and "The Bourgeois" are drawn from his experience of this period. The former of these books, as was pointed out on its appearance, might very well have been written by a Frenchman. Désiré, Prince de Camorra, or Toto, as every one calls him, is one of the wealthiest young men in Paris. His mother wants him to marry Helen Power, a millionaire's daughter. His friends include many of the *rapins* of the Bohemian quarter; Gaillard the poet, who borrows from him perpetually, and publishes little volumes under such titles as "Satanitie," or "The Fall of the Damned." Pélisson, a journalist, and Struve, an art critic. It is difficult to discover the real Toto, he is ever a *poseur*, and when he declares that he must be an artist his

wealthy friends praise his work till he gets really to believe in it himself. He meets Célestin, a little milliner, innocent as beautiful, whose love has hitherto been lavished all on her pet lark, Dodor. When Toto comes into her life he shares this love with the bird. He resolves to live for a year as an artist on three thousand francs, with Célestin and Dodor. He takes a tiny set of rooms, puts on a blouse, and joins M. Melmenotte's studio. He is disillusioned as to his talents, he sickens of the pretence of love in a cottage with Célestin, and urged on by Gaillard, who misses the continual loans, he returns to his old life of luxury with his family and marries the American heiress. Célestin catches pneumonia and dies, but without learning that Toto's heart was never all hers. She is mourned by Garnier, an uncouth genius whom Toto brought home from the art school, and who has loved her truly since he first saw her. This love inspires him to the painting of great pictures, and he becomes famous. Struve, the philosophic critic, takes charge of Dodor. Gaillard, cast off by Toto, founds a newspaper and wins fortune. The whole story is instinct with a Gallic lightness and grace. Dr. Stacpoole has a genius for turning what in other hands might prove a very sordid tale into a thing that breathes an air of perfect innocence.

Dr. Stacpoole acknowledges, as might be expected of him, that he succumbed early to the fascinations of Stevenson and Poe. He thinks that after these, Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue worked upon his youthful imagination more than other writers. Since he gave up medicine he has worked hard and fast. After "Pierrot," Mr. Lane published for him "Death, the Knight, and the Lady," and "Pierrette." Then, published with Fisher Unwin, came "The Doctor," which THE BOOKMAN declared on its appearance to be, through its "abundance of humour and humanity, a clear and convincing success." At intervals after this appeared "The Bourgeois," another story of the Quartier, "The Lady-Killer," and "Fanny Lambert," with which Dr. Stacpoole found the hearts of the public. This book, which went into three editions, was his first success from a commercial point of view. "The Crimson Azaleas," which most of us remember reading when it came out last year, reached four editions; "The Blue Lagoon," only recently published, is in its fourth; and three editions of "The Cottage on the Fells," published three weeks or so ago, are now exhausted.

Dr. Stacpoole's personality is as one sees it in his books, stimulating, fresh, waywardly humorous, and slightly irresponsible. He and his wife have secluded themselves in the heart of the country, the delights of which he revels in during the intervals of hard writing in his "hutch," wherein he makes a point of accomplishing, on an average, two thousand words a day.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1, 1908.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

GREEN, W. CURTIS, and W. GALSORTHY HAVIR. Old Cottages and Farm-houses in Surrey. 215 net.
NORMAN, PHILIP, and W. D. CAROL. Crosby Place, Bishopsgate. 25s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

GIBSON, PROF. W. R. BOYCE. The Problem of Logic. 12s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON. Yorkshire. Painted by Gordon Home. 20s. net.
MARKHAM, SIR CLYMENTS R., K.C.B., F.R.S. The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes. 3s. 6d. net.
OMOND, G. W. T. Belgium. Painted by A. Forestier. 20s. net.
SCHECHTER, DR. SOLOMON. Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology.

Cambridge University Press Warehouse.

COBBAM, CLAUDE DELAVALL, C.M.G., B.C.L., M.A. (Translated and transcribed by). Excerpta Cypria. 21s. net.
GIBB, PROFESSOR JOHN, D.D., and W. MONTGOMERY, B.D. (Editors). The Confessions of St. Augustine. 7s. 6d. net.
SMITH, M. BENTINCK, M.A. (Editor). Chaucer's "Prologue" and "The Knight's Tale." 2s. 6d.
WARD, A. W., Litt. D., Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. WALLER, M.A. (Editors). The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. Buckram, 9s. net; half-morocco, 15s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BRENNER, PERCY. Princess Maritza. 6d.
EDDY, CHARLES. Mrs. Bailey's Debts. 6s.
HEWLETT, MAURICE. The Spanish Jade. With illustrations by William Hyde. 6s.
VAIZEY, MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE. Planting June. 6s.
People's Library. 10 vols. 5d. net.
Royal Academy Pictures. 5s. net and 5s. net.
The Nature Book (in fortnightly parts). 7d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BENNETT, ARNOLD. Buried Alive. 6s.
COKE, DESMOND. The Pedestal. 6s.
HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE. The House on the Borderland. 6s.
MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURN. The Fourth Ship. 6s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CAVERS, F., D.Sc. Life Histories of Common Plants. 4s.
EVANS, A. J., M.A., and F. N. DIXON, B.A. History of Great Britain and Ireland, 1763-1815. 28. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. B., B.A. The Merchant of Venice. 7s.
RUSK, R. R., M.A., Ph.D. More's "Utopia" (Robinson's translation). 7s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

AUSTEN, JANE. Pride and Prejudice. 2 vols. Sense and Sensibility. 2 vols. Illustrated in colours by A. Wallis Mills. 3s. 6d. net per vol.
BESANT and RICE. By Celia's Arbour. (Cheap Edition) 6d.
GASQUIT, REV. ABBOT. The Greater Abbeys of England. With coloured pictures by Warwick Goble. 20s. net; large-paper edition 42s. net.
HYATT, A. H. (Compiler). The Charm of Edinburgh: an Anthology (St. Martin's Library). 2s. net and 3s. net.
LUCAS, ALICE. Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases. 2s. net.
MALLOCK, W. H. The New Republic. (New-St. Martin's Library Edition) 2s. net and 3s. net.
SYRETT, NETTA. Anne Page. 6s.
ZOLA, EMILIE. The Joy of Life. (Cheap Edition) 6d.
Ballads and Lyrics of Love (Edited by F. Sidgwick). Illustrated in colours by Byam Shaw. 6s. net; large-paper edition 12s. 6d. net.

The Clarendon Press.

BOND, FRANCIS. Screens and Galleries in English Churches. 6s. net.
FOSTER, W. The English Factories in India (1622-4), Vol. II (Calendar of Documents in the India Office and British Museum).
LAMBORN, E. A. GREENING. School History of Berkshire. 6s. Illustrations.
STOW, JOHN. A Survey of London. Reprinted from the text of 1604, with Introduction and Notes by C. L. Kingsford, editor of "Chronicles of London."
Thackeray, The "Osgood," edited by Prof. Saintsbury. Vols. I to VI. (17 vols. in all). Over 1500 illustrations.
TUCKER BROOKE, C. F. The Shakespeare Apocrypha. 14 plays at one time attributed to Shakespeare, with critical introductions.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

CAROTTI, DR. GIULIO. A History of Art. Vol. I. Ancient Art. 510 illustrations. 5s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

COMPAYRE, GABRIEL. "Michel de Montaigne" and "Education of the Judgment." Translated by J. E. Mansion, B&S.L. (Pioneers in Education.) 2s. 6d. net.
JOYNE'S and WESSELIHOFF'S Practical German Grammar. 4s. 6d.
WHIMOT-HUXTON, E. M. Told by the Northmen. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Lane.

BOULGER, DEMETRIUS C. Life of Sir Halliday Macninty, K.C.M.G., Commander of Li Hung Chang's trained force in the Taiping Rebellion, and thirty years Secretary to the Chinese Legation in London. 24s. net.
CLEGG, T. B. The Bishop's Scapgoat. 6s.
COLVILL, HELEN HESTER. Ashes. Translated from the Italian of Grazia Deledda. 6s.
COLVILL, HELEN HESTER. Lady Julia's Emerald. 6s.
E. V. B. The Peacock's Pleasance. 4s. net.
FORMONT, MAXIME. The Child of Chance. 6s.
GREENWOOD, GEORGE, M.P. The Shakespeare Problem Restated. 21s. net.
MACDONALD, FREDERICK. The Iliad of the East. 5s. net.
STUART, A. FRANCIS (Editor). Lady Charlotte Bury's "Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting." 16s. net.

Mr. John Murray.

ALTON, HENRY, and H. H. HOLLAND. The King's Customs. 10s. 6d. net.
BARNETT, L. D., Litt. D. The Heart of India. 2s.
CONDOR, COLONEL C. R. The Rise of Man. 12s. net.
DAVIS, F. HADLAND. Jami (the Persian Mystics). ("Wisdom of the East" Series.) 2s.

HUBBARD, MRS. A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador. 10s. 6d. net.
LUCAS, REGINALD. Colonel Sanderson, M.P. A Memoir.
MARTINEAU, JOHN. The Life of Henry Pelham, Fifth Duke of Newcastle.
MILLER, WILLIAM. The Latins in the Levant. 21s. net.
MURHEAD, J. H. The Service of the State.
MUNTIE, AXEL. Memories and Vagaries.
POOR, CHARLES LANE. The Solar System. 6s. net.
TRENCH, G. H. The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ in the Light of Tradition.
WARD, ROBERT DE COURCY. Climate. 6s. net.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

BAGOT, RICHARD. Casting of Nets. 6d.
BATSON, MRS. STEPHEN. The Summer Garden of Pleasure. With 36 illustrations in colour by Osmond Pittman. 15s. net.
BRADLEY, A. G. The Romance of Northumberland. With 16 illustrations in colour by Frank Southgate, R.B.A. 7s. 6d. net.
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE. My Memoirs. Translated by F. M. Waller. With frontispieces in photogravure. 6 vols. Vol. IV. 6s.
DUNCAN, DAVID, D.Sc., LL.D. The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer. With 15 illustrations. 15s.
FEA, ALLAN. Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places: Historic, Romantic, and Legendary Stories. New and Revised Edition. 7s. 6d. net.
FORD, H. G., M.A. A School Latin Grammar. 2s. 6d.
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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1908.

THE READER.

ROBERT HERRICK.

By WALTER DE LA MARE.

FATE, it seems, will sometimes turn a very kindly eye on a poet—when he is well out of sight. She embalms some little story, some trivial fragment of gossip for a souvenir so engaging and so spontaneous that it bids fair to survive even the verses on which he is so lamentably apt to found his immortality. Johnson's mysterious passion for his friends' orange-peel is surely, from a poor peccable human point of view, a more endearing link with him than all the delights of "Irene" or of "Rasselas" can be. Tennyson's cloak, his table-turning, Gibbon's "I obeyed like a son," Hunt's Vandyke collar, Pope's stockings, even Wellington's "Don't be a dam fool, sir," oddly revivify for us the very man himself. We catch, as it were, a glimpse of divine Achilles turning the corner, the unforgettable sunlight on his heel.

But with more than usual graciousness has Fate turned her countenance on Robert Herrick. For, quite hap-hazard, to a lovable old creature on the perilous verge of a hundred, posterity owes by far his most salient remembrances—that his ghost has walked; that at Dean Prior he kept a pig which he taught to drink out of a tankard, and that he had been known to fling his sermon at whomsoever snored. There stands the man, immortalised! Thence all else falls into focus. We see pottering Prue, the faithful old servant of this fickle old bachelor; Tracy's tail wags; we hear his cock crow, his goose gaggle. We confront that confounding and dominant nose, those unparalleled ringlets, that Roman neck, those bold, glassy eyes beneath their yet bolder, vivacious brows; they become the inalienable features of a man unique as ourselves. Though anthologists weary of his lyrics, life will never jilt the poet. While men remember his "daffadills," his "Anthea," his little child's cold-as-paddocks hands, they will remember the whimsical comrade of the little black pig, and will pause in dubious ecstasy of sympathy between divinity and dream, between the fourthly and fifthly of a drowsy sermon of a droning Devonshire noon delivered *viva voce*, and straight from the shoulder.

To Dorothy King, then, sentiment, if nothing else, owes a prodigious debt. Otherwise, however, in mere bare facts and dates, Herrick's record is singularly full. He came of an excellent stock of the county of Leicester. Bishop, knight, and mayor enrich his traditions. He claims kinship too across time future with Jonathan Swift, and faintlier yet with Thomas Babington Macaulay. His father, Nicholas Herrick, one of twelve brothers and sisters, was a goldsmith in Wood Street, Cheapside, and married a sister

"of the wife of Sir Stephen Soame, Lord Mayor of London in 1598." Even aldermen, then, may take heart: poetry, like love, will find out a way. The poet himself was born in 1591 and was not two when his father died, having but just before made his will, leaving estate to the value of about £25,000 of our money; and confiding the guardianship of his young children to his brother William ("afterward from the boring skilfully of a diamond for the king, created Sir William"), also a goldsmith. To this Sir William Robert was first bound apprentice. And to him, afterwards, when his nephew was at St. John's, Cambridge, we owe a series of perhaps the most unconvincing begging letters ever extorted from an ingenuous and gay young man by a parsimonious guardian. These letters were preserved, it should be added, merely as memoranda of moneys despatched, not because Sir William was gitted with a prophetic eye.

"Qu'importe rogat,
Negare docet"

"Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in only one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chang? O no, they cannot, for *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old but yet young saying in our age, as times change, so mens minds are altered . . . the bodie is preserved by toothe, and lyte by hope, which (but wanting either of these conservers) faunt, feare, fall, freese, and die. 'Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a duble lyte into a single bodie. *Homo homini Deus*: man should be soe, and he is commanded so; but, fraile and glass-hk, man proves brittle in many things. How kind Arcisilaus the philosopher was unto Apelles the painter, Plutark in his *Morals* will tell you; which should I heere depaint, the length of my letter would hide the sight of my Labour, which that it may not, I bridle in my Quill, and muddly, and yet I feare too rashly, and too boldly, make knowne and discover [that] which my modestie would conceale."

Herrick evidently believed in plenty of ground-bait; but sympathy exceeds admiration on one's learning that the poor young man was merely soliciting an advance out of his own private funds. Mr. Grosart in his complete edition of the poems prints the whole series of letters. In 1620, being then twenty-eight, and an M.A., Herrick

came up to London—the London of "the Sun, the Dog, the triple Tunne." Nine years after he forsook his old cronies, took orders, and banished himself into loathed Devonshire. There he remained seventeen years. In 1647 he was ejected from his living for his never-veering loyalty to Charles. He returned to town, threw off his cloth, re-donned his wreath of roses, and published in 1648 his "Hesperides," with its fascinating frontispiece attached—



From a drawing by A. S. Hartick.

The Vicarage and Church, Dean Prior, Devon (to-day), where Herrick worked and wrote.



From a drawing by A. S. Hartrick.

The Rev. Robert Herrick.

Helicon and Hippocrene, Cupid and Pegasus. In 1662 he was reinstated, and in October, twelve years afterwards, aged eighty-two, he died.

Herrick's, then, for any man, was a life unusually long; for a country parson unusually varied; and for a poet unusually rich in experience and opportunity. Its worst drawback, so far as poetry was concerned, seems to have been its freedom from care, passion, or any very acute affliction, failure, or disappointment. He never felt the want of money, or of friends. He enjoyed to the full a long youth, and simply embarked thence into a gay, idle, and convivial manhood. So we can safely surmise. It is not clear why he ever entered the Church; but it was certainly not for the sake of a stipend. He complained bitterly of the tedious life of the country. His epigrams are sour as well as poor. He pined for his town wits. Yet though a solitary country winter may seem laggard and gloomy, there was yet for the poet snow and ice, and frost-encrusted woods, there was Sirius on the hillside, and the clatter of the ploughman's smoking team flush with the sunset; while as for spring and summer, there was cream enough and may and lilac enough, and showers, rainbows, twilight glow-worms, dew enough to compare all the Julias, Perillas, and Dianemes that ever walked the fields with. Fortune, however, at length paid heed to his lamentations (or his sermons); broke up his schooldays for a sheer twelve-year-long holiday, and recalled him to Dean

Prior only for the last few years of a long life, when surely he must have been only too willing to live quiet, and think of things done, and babble again of green fields.

But, after all, it is the spirit within a man that chooses placidity; that seeks out strife; that flushes its own fears and afflictions. A man may live well-nigh penniless and friendless, and yet live pretty placidly. Doubt will not thrive in an easy conscience; dangers follow close at the heels of zeal; and if you never love much, nor grieve much, nor despair, neither Helen, nor Sorrow, nor the Devil is likely to appear in dread and splendour advancing along your way. We can but hearken after Herrick in his poetry; and though there is not the least reason for doubting that he was loyal to his convictions and that he faithfully performed the simple duties of his office, though not a breath of scandal regarding him greets our nostrils across the centuries, even a careless reader will perceive he is not here confronting a Newman or a Swift, a Marlowe, Blake, or Vaughan. There's nothing like the life, virility, passion, or concentration; there's no such *man*, behind Herrick's verses. Scan the "Noble Numbers" at random; not very profound or ardent or beautiful sentiments are likely to be the outcome.

"God hath this world for many made; 'tis true;
But He hath made the world to come for few"

"God gives to none so absolute an ease
As not to know, or feel some Grievances."

"The fire of Hell this strange condition hath
To burn, not shine (as learned Basil saith)."

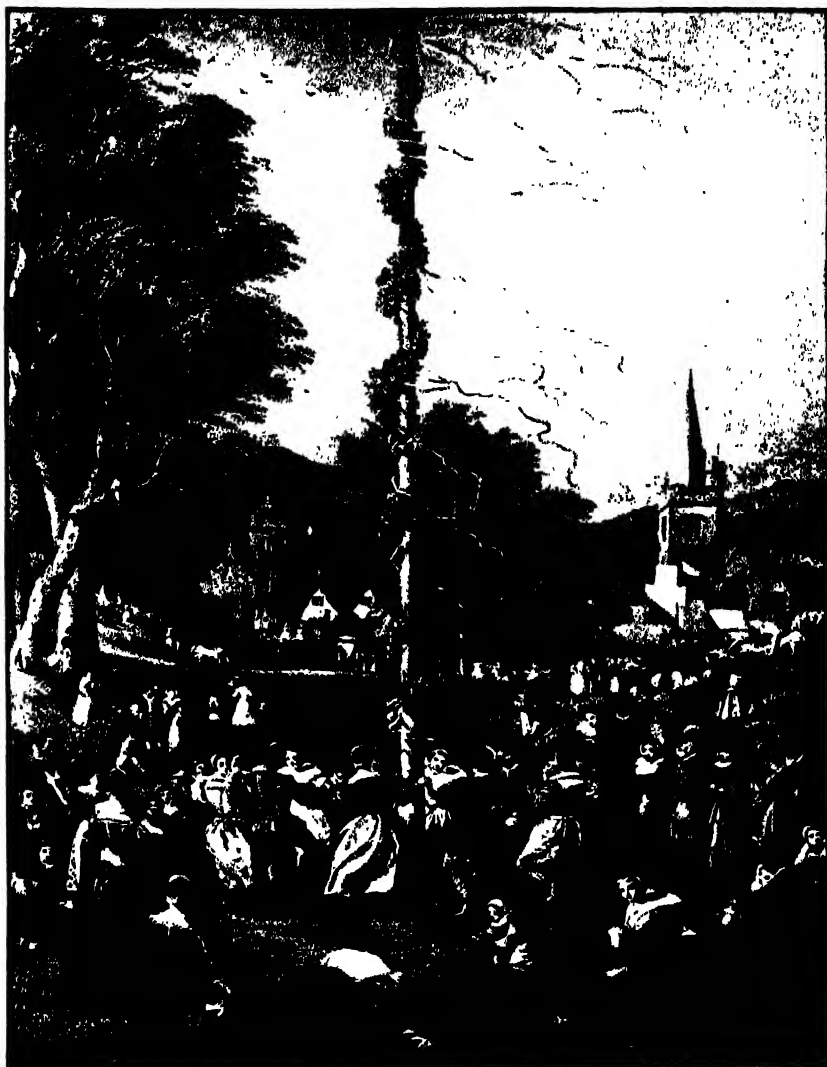


Charles Cotton, friend of Herrick and Isaac Walton.

How very glib the title seems after this! Even the *Litany*, one of his deepest and sincerest poems, edges heedlessly off into a rather feeble joke; and his tenderest, most delicate little lyrics shine incomparably brighter set among other men's. They take a happier dignity away from their context; mean more; cast longer and purer beams; they free the reader of an uneasy sense of facility and shallowness; and better still, from the haunting taint and innuendo of the epigrams.

On the other hand it is possible to neglect nobler characteristics of Herrick, hidden away in his obscurer verses. There come curious and rather impressive glimpses of a graver personality. He never fawns nor flatters, not even to Charles, that most practised connoisseur in the art. He never poses, unless the vine-leaves and the orgies and the divine madness be a pose. And when he addresses his equals he writes with a fine ease and dignity of bearing, and even a certain aloofness. It is clear he was at heart simple and humble, disliked pomp and pretentiousness, despised nothing that was frank and beautiful in itself, and loved well all the familiar and lovable things of life. His exquisite terseness of phrase proves his intellectual honesty. He was no more a hypocrite than a fanatic. One feels, too, he was at need a man of courage, inflammable, an ingenious serviceable man, not generous perhaps, but humane and charitable, and without the least trace of vanity save in the silly, light things that mean as little as they matter. These, perhaps, are not heroic qualities; but they go to make an English gentleman, and are an excellent world's-side to his rather over-fastidious and exotic poetising. They do not excuse, but they extenuate the banefulness of such feeble powers of epigram as were his. His time may be credited with much of this "sorrowful nastiness"; his ease and shallow heart with much; possibly dull parishioners with a little too. He was a guest welcome and at ease among the giants at the Mermaid. His country neighbours delighted in his company. A hypocrite is really welcome nowhere. Moreover, have we not the overwhelming testimony of his pig and its tankard? and we *know* that not less manfully than Matthew Arnold himself he could on occasion fling his sermon true and weightily at the deaf adder down below.

But Herrick is his "*Hesperides*." You survey his portrait, fascinated yet repelled; you dip (with a strong stomach) into his epigrams. Then you remember his "Why doe ye weep, sweet babes?" his "Faire daffadills," his "Whenas in silks my Julia goes," and you despair of finding consistency in man again. For surely this Herrick, who even himself proclaimed himself "too coarse to love," had the finest and keenest sense



The May-pole.

"I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes." *Hesperides*.

of material beauty, the rarest appreciation of what is delicate and pure and flawless, of all the world's poets before and after him. It is the miracle repeated of Ariel haunting Caliban. It is all so effortless, so intuitive, so unclouded.

"Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her."

"Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begunne
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to scale up the Sun.
No Marigolds yet closed are,
No shadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre
Shine like a spangle here."

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which Starlike sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives: yours, yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the Love-sick aire:
Whenas that *Rubie*, which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft care,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of Beautie's gone."

They seem to shed light, these poems, like colourless flowers at evening. A fainter music haunts their sound.



Ben Jonson.

"When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me."

Prayer to Ben Jonson.

Deep feeling would sink little craft like these. Imagination, even, is almost too weighty a quality to lay their secret to. What wonderful eyes they make proof of; what faultless insight; how complete a surrender to the simplicity of taking down what after all could only, as it were, have been overheard! Inspiration is a difficult and unwieldy word, but surely if the dust is inspired when a harebell springs from it, no less was Herrick. One feels ashamed of asking anything else of a man who entertained such light-heel visitors—thought, passion, moral, wisdom, humour. Indeed, quintessentialised these things *are* here in these scraps of music.

The unhappiest marvel is that a poet capable of such bubbles of beauty never found a lucid moment after his joyous flight to town in which to expunge the refuse from his book. Fifty such chosen poems would have assured his immortality; the medley of the twelve hundred in the "Hesperides" has only imperilled it.

It is easy to pull to pieces, and not unprofitable when the subject survives the dissection. And analysing only the best of the lyrics, one suddenly realises how very little is required to match England's most exquisite song-writer. One realises, too, quite as sharply what one *must* be without. Herrick loved all pure, translucent, smooth, pale, shining, delicate, simple things—amber, dew, tears, crystal, scarlet, the snail's silvery spittle, primroses, pearls, lawn, gillyflowers, milk, cherries,

and so on. He delighted (almost to an effeminacy) in bracelets, bands, ribbons, tresses. He had a very active sense of smell (man's latest triumph over the beasts as, I think, Maeterlinck considers it). He enjoyed damask-roses, frankincense, leaves burning, herbs, anything "aromatic." His nose, in fact, was a little *too* active at times. He simply idolised tininess. Almost everything fascinating in his fairy-poems is a dainty harping on this string. The fancy of minuteness—children, robins, caul, grasshoppers, eye-images, beads (even words of littleness such as younglings, kitling, quarrelets, flosculet). But of the fairies who visit and haunt Mr. Yeats he caught not even the faintest glimpse. His are as corporeal as blackbeetles in comparison. He intensely enjoyed snugness, "indoors," fire, greenery, country cates and dainties, gewgaws, old wives' fancies, tales, and ceremonies. He pondered on lips and cheeks, their vermilion, cream, rose; and on eyes, their sparkling and vivacity rather than their stillness, depth, and dream. He pondered unwearingly on flowingness, airiness, lightness, slenderness; and far too often on nakedness. "Far too often," for he seems to have had scarcely a vestige of that noble passion for form that Mr. Sturge Moore reveals in his most beautiful "Rout of the Amazons." He delights, so far as comfort may, in country out-of-doors—maying, harvest, wassailing, dancing; but as for man isolated, laborious, at grip with nature, Millet's, Turgénev's peasantry: for the mystery, the haunting sense of terror, of star-sown space, of that great sweeping mill of God, Time; or even for sinister, treacherous, sorrowful, secret Pan; not much of these things Herrick put into his charming poems. But then he never met Barnes nor Thomas Hardy.

So far as humour goes humour fruitful, earthly, wholesome as rain and sunshine—Herrick's perhaps was his quite singular want of it. He had even more wit! His Epithalamies, after allowing for the fashion of the time, are otiose to the last degree. In his lamentation for Tabitha, the "poor Widdows" are recounting with unconcealed gusto all the good things once poured out



From a drawing by T. Hearn, F.S.A.

**St. John's College,
Cambridge.**

Where Herrick was a fellow-commoner.



**"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness."**

From the Illustration by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Golden Poets" Series

from her unfailing cornucopia, but which, now that Dorcas is dead, will come no more again - the Corne and Wine,

"The Bits, the Morsells and the deale
Of gentle Paste and yeelding Dow,"

the Storax and the Cynamon, when the Chorus breaks in with

"Thy belly like a hull is
Or as a neat
Cleane heap of wheat
All set about with Lillies."

But instances blinder even than this will recur to the student of the "Noble Numbers."

There remains Herrick's wistful hint of melancholy; his gentle insistency on the transitoriness, the change and inevitable end of all things lovely; that the poet too himself must leave at last his verse and the beauty it so exquisitely commemorates. The Max Nordau latent in every one of us remembers that his father met his death by flinging himself from an upper window of his shop in Wood Street. It is the *bonne bouche* of his biographers. Perhaps this sorrowful memory haunted him too. Perhaps he inherited a morbid strain. It is a melancholy, however, neither very rich nor deep; fitful everywhere, beautiful in the Litany, but sometimes a little tedious in its echoing reiteration.

Of Herrick's style, his gift of phrase, his sense of idiom, of words—their collocation, grace notes, responsiveness—it is impossible to speak too enthusiastically. He inherited all Elizabeth's English; Anacreon and Catullus



**"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."**

From the Illustration by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Golden Poets" Series

were in his pocket; Jonson was a friend, Shakespeare that friend's intimate; but none the less he cultivated a perfect little pleasance for himself.

"Ah, my *Perilla*! do'st thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steale away from thee?
Age calls me hence, and my grey haire bid come,
And haste away to my eternal home"

"For I a Boy am, who
By Moonlesse nights have swerved
And all with showrs wet through.

I to my Chimney's Shine
Brought him (as Love professes)
And chaf'd his hands with mine
And dry'd his dropping Tresses."

Not a page he wrote but affords at least one flawless line, one unique phrase. The rhythm, the cadence is the thought. It is as if he had taken his lines and in some strange furnace transmuted them into perfect clearness and completeness. It is his starlike gift. He had the poet's genius; he had the artist's patience too.

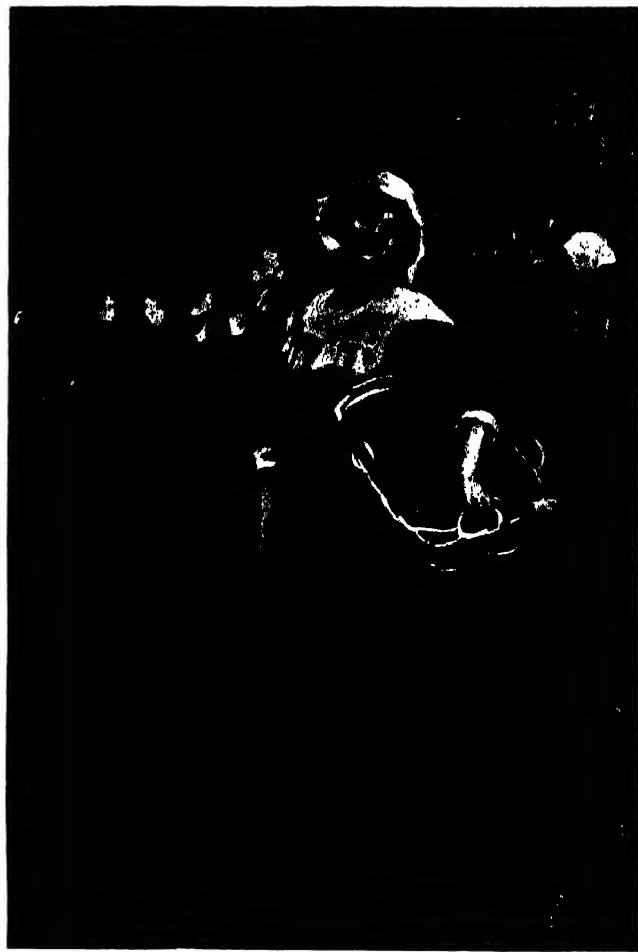
And now, at last, we come to Julia, to Electra, Anthea, (Enone, Dianeme—each name a precious stone. Was every one of these delightful ladies only a poet's blossoming abstraction? Surely Julia, whose every bodily grace, seen and unseen, Herrick has confided to his lyrics; surely she at least once lived and breathed, and blushed and refused. I fancy Anthea did. Yet, unfortunately, all that can be said with certainty is that here indeed he stands last and least of all great poets.



Robert Herrick.

Frontispiece to "Hesperides," 1633.

He loved, if love he did, lip and cheek and breast and eye. He sentimentalised. Now and then he utterly floundered. But either he could or would not see what Shelley saw infinitely more clearly even than any external beauty—the courage, love, deathlessness, un-earthliness of which this is but the mask and lodging. Their numerousness is nothing, merely a baker's dozen. Many a curate flourishing to-day could unblushingly double the list. But the gifts of a poet are rarer than



"Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry-isle."

From the Illustration by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Golden Poets" Series.

susceptible hearts; and where poetry is concerned we hunger for realities. To Herrick women seem to have been little else than graceful pastimes. He will "freese" and "frye" *ad infinitum*. But was it worth *their* while?

It is graceless, cold-blooded, callous, perhaps, to pin your butterfly down; to count its plumes, to catalogue its every tint and iridescence. But Herrick's butterflies are phantom and immortal. The critic's pin will remain but for his own inglorious monument. The ghost is free as air, and flits off gay and unharmed back to youth's unfading roses.

CO-OPERATIVE HISTORY.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

I.

THE public has not had such an opportunity of judging the influence of the co-operative wave which seems passing over the production of history as it has at the present moment. The movement may, perhaps, be thought to have been started by Lavissee in France, rather more than a dozen years ago; but we have in England at the present moment no less than four notable examples of historical collaboration, co-operative, it is true, in very different degrees, either complete or nearing completion. In some respects it can hardly be doubted that this distributive method of attaining to historical

justice represents a reaction against the vivid, personal, and partial presentation of critical periods in history by partisans so eloquent and enthusiastic as Macaulay, Carlyle, Mommsen, Michelet, Taine, and Froude.

Their views have been criticised in monographs, the study of documents has made enormous strides, societies and periodicals have published sidelights on *adversaria* covering a vast ground of more or less original research. These results need to be incorporated from time to time in some fairly accessible summary. By choosing a number of trained collaborators such results can be

brought together and assimilated in a manner at once forcible, terse, and impersonal. Hence we get such useful series as the "Political History of England" in twelve large volumes, the "Cambridge Modern History" in twelve larger volumes, and Helmolt's "History of the World" in eight volumes larger still.

As generalised statements and conclusions up to date from the deductions of experts, these productions are for the most part excellent in their way. But these summaries all involve a great many assumptions and irrelevancies, the true character of which the historical student cannot afford for a moment to ignore, but which, on the other hand, he is much more liable to ignore owing to the specious appearance of impartial finality that such formal summaries inevitably assume than in the case of the vehement and vivid special pleading or bias of the out-and-out and admitted partisan.

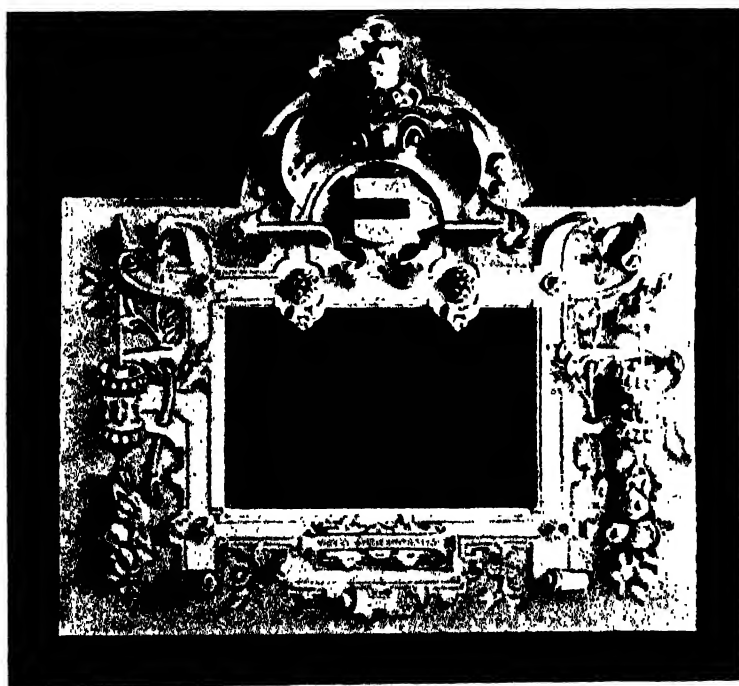
We shall in the long run be interested by the same things in history and in life. We cannot subsist entirely on documents. History is, after all, made by men and women, and we need all the aid we can possibly get from psychology, from humour, from common sense, and from the personal equation in interpreting these same men and women. Every measure of historical values implies some sort of criticism of life. The note of vivid partisanship in "individual" history makes this sufficiently plain. The severely judicial, chastened, and impersonal tone of "co-operative" history tends subtly to conceal the intrusion of the philosophical or ethical preconceptions which pervade the most austere pages, even of historical summary. It tends, in short, to convey the erroneous idea that history consists of a concatenation of facts rather than a more or less dissolving view of aspects of man's life in the past adjusted to a continually fluctuating conception of the whole question of human development. Co-operative history may be thought to supply something in the nature of a compensating balance; but it does so at an enormous sacrifice, not only of artistic coherence, but also of doctrinal unity.

Advantages and defects alike are observable, though in very varying degrees, in the four examples of co-operative history now before us. The twelve volumes of the Longmans' "Political History" may claim, in an exceptional degree, each to possess a distinct individuality and unity of its own. The control exerted external to the writer is to be detected mainly in the scope and the general plan of each particular volume. In both respects it can

hardly be concealed that the central control has had an effect decidedly prejudicial to the completeness of Vol. XII., dealing with the "History of England during the reign of Victoria," by Mr. Sidney Low and Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders. The two previous volumes each covered a period of barely forty years. The present writers are condemned to cover over sixty years, and years teeming with incident and change to an extent almost unrivalled in the history of the world, in a corresponding space.

The result is that after 1886 the narrative shades off into little more than bare summary, while not nearly enough space is available for the revolutions in transportation, defence, educational and civil service reform, or the mysterious changes in the beliefs and sentiments of the people in regard to religion, social reform, imperial obligation, and the destiny of man, which set in so rapidly during the last decade of the Victorian Era. Concerning the subtle constitutional changes of the last half-century, Mr. Sidney Low's book on "The Governance of England" has already shown him an original thinker of no ordinary power. His summary of literary, scientific, and economic development at the end of this book is in many ways a masterly performance. The appreciation of George Eliot would not have suffered from a little more warmth, FitzGerald is a writer sufficiently *tendencieux* to deserve a brief mention, and premonitory symptoms of the revival of intellectual drama should have found a place. One would have hesitated, perhaps, to describe the style of J. R. Green as "Macaulayesque." The importance of Lord Randolph Churchill seems to me a little over-emphasised. The discrepancy in the space allotted to diplomatic history in this volume and its predecessor is very marked. Such personal observations could be extended. They detract in no way from the solid merit and workmanlike style of a volume which will deservedly attract a very large number of "general" readers, and also, as being the one volume

which in a reasonable space (of 520 pages) covers the whole epoch from 1837-1901, of students whose school curriculum, as is ordinarily the case, has left their minds a complete blank as to the recent history of their own country. The bibliography at the end of this volume is a most skilful piece of work, and just indicates to the reader the sound opinion of an expert on the relative values of the works cited in the shortest possible space. Why, I wonder, is my favourite volume in



Monument to Robert Herrick in Dean Prior Church.
Placed there in 1857 by W. Perry-Herrick, of Beaumanor, Leicester.

connection with the Indian Mutiny ignored? I refer to Sir George Trevelyan's "Cawnpore."

But of course the "Political History" illustrates the co-operative principle in history to a very limited extent. A much better example is afforded by the "Cambridge Modern History," which has now reached an almost exactly similar stage in its progress, being just three parts finished. The twelve volumes of the "Modern History of Europe," from 1450 to 1900, will occupy just about double the space of the "Political History," and the price is a little more than double (16s. as compared with 7s. 6d. a volume).

Much more responsibility is thrown in this case upon the editors, whose guiding rein and control is felt in almost every page of the work. The balance of good and bad qualities in these volumes has been already pretty well struck by the reviews in *THE BOOKMAN* and elsewhere. The administrative labour is thoroughly well done, and there is a vast amount of original and expert work scattered about its voluminous pages. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that it lacks the harmonious properties which characterise its famous French rival, the well-known "Histoire Générale" of Lavissee and Rambaud. Relief, in short, has been consistently sacrificed to superficial area. The literary chapters, though admirably done, seem to bear little organic relation to the main purpose, and as compared with the "Political History" the bibliographies are nugatory. Authorities are scheduled as it might be in a cheap book catalogue, and no attempt whatever is made to discriminate or to guide the general reader in his choice of them. The recently issued fifth volume does not, perhaps, quite attain the interest of Vol. X., which dealt with the rival restoration period of 1815-40; but it is a great relief after the dreary complications of the Thirty Years' War, with which Vol. IV. is terribly encumbered. Nothing could well be better than the opening chapter on the government of Louis XIV. by Professor Grant of Leeds. There is none of the familiar compiler's patch-work here. Every paragraph bears evidence of having been carefully thought out, arranged and selected from an ample reservoir of corroborative information. Will it be believed, however, that there is not a single reference in the authorities to the essentially authoritative works of Pierre de Nolhac on Versailles? The immense educative influence exercised by Versailles upon European life, art, and civilisation, and the price of that influence to France, is a subject of first-rate importance most curiously ignored throughout this volume. Another chapter of first-rate value and original importance is that by Professor Firth on the Stuart Restoration. Unfortunately this chapter seems to have been very imperfectly assimilated by some subsequent contributors to the volume, for in Chap. VIII. on the Anglo-Dutch Wars, in which the principle of subdivision is surely carried to unnecessary lengths, we get an entirely different view of the responsibility of the Crown. In this and the subsequent chapters by Mr. Pollock and Mr. Temperley, the conventional Whig view of pre-revolution politics wears a somewhat forlorn and obsolete air. The

presumption of Mr. Pollock that Godfrey was murdered by Jesuits has led to some justifiable if somewhat intemperate criticism in the *Cambridge Review* and elsewhere. We are much more inclined to credit Oates and his crew with Godfrey's removal than the Jesuits. Evidence far more definite than any yet referred to ought at any rate to have been adduced before the theory of Jesuit responsibility was accorded the position it occupies in a work of reference of this order.

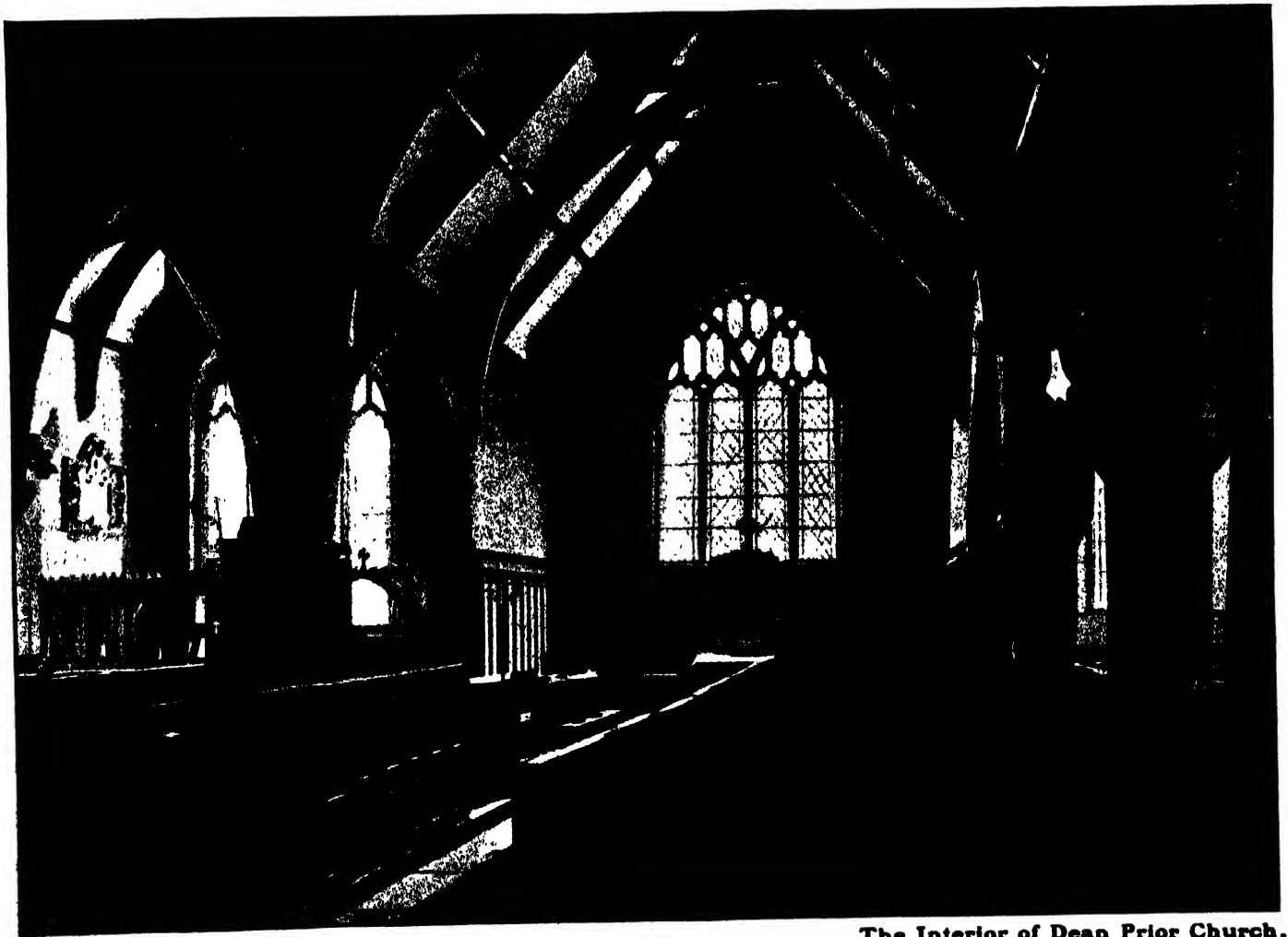
II.

While the history of England and modern Europe is thus in rapid progress under the co-operative method, the History of the World has been completed by a similar process in two imposing series of volumes.

Helmolt's "World's History" or Survey of Man's Record (8 vols. Heinemann) is in some ways the most ambitious of all these enterprises, inasmuch as within the space of about four and a half thousand pages it endeavours to give a fairly full outline of the entire history of man. The incidence of some of the chapters is a trifle eccentric and the method of editing far from easy to explain. The translation is freely done, the style is frequently energetic, and there is an amount of unity about the whole plan which can hardly be claimed for some of its rivals. The last three volumes deal in a necessarily curt and abbreviated way with the affairs of North-Western Europe. The distinctive value of the work to my mind resides in the first five volumes, which deal respectively with Prehistoric Man and the Pacific; Asia, Australia, Japan, and the Indian Ocean; Africa; the Mediterranean and its shores; South-Eastern and Eastern Europe. A special latitude is given to those writing on outlying or recondite subjects of Oriental history, about which most of us know so little. The point of view in most of this work is both independent and original, and there is a freedom from that pendulum action of historical opinion which too often leaves the reader of "The Historians' History" in a state of bewilderment. As compared with that book, far bulkier though it is, Helmolt gives a great deal of information which the student can with difficulty obtain elsewhere. The motto of the American publication might be "an elephant in an A.B.C. teacup." The German editor is not attracted by this boiling-down process. He makes vast incursions into the exotic, the unknown, and in some cases (that of prehistoric man, for instance) into the unknowable. Nor is he content with appraising the past. His contributors show a thoroughly German fondness for the might have been and the may be, joined in some cases with all the modern publicist's viewy and presumptuous familiarity with the immediate future. It is good for us, no doubt, to see ourselves as others see us, and in these volumes, apart from the summary of British history expressly compiled for insertion, and the excellent introduction by Mr. Bryce, the reader will find no undue optimism and no enervating flattery in regard to the destiny of England. On the other hand, he may make up his mind for plenty of fine sentiment



Dean Prior Church, Devon.



The Interior of Dean Prior Church.

Robert Herrick was the incumbent of this church in 1629, was ejected in 1647, restored in 1662, and was buried here in 1674.

of this order: "The age of Louis XIV. and the Napoleons is over. The European balance of power rests henceforward firmly and securely in the unassailable might of the German nation, now united for all time." The Central European point of view is frankly maintained throughout the book, and the reader must be content to feel himself at every crisis in the responsible but firm grasp of the mailed fist. It is in the main a salutary discipline. Another good point of the present compilation is the provision of excellent coloured plates and coloured maps. The colours have, in one case at any rate, got a little mixed. In the map of the world at the end of Vol. VIII. the colours are in the legend at the corner of the map distributed in the usual, or to us at any rate familiar, manner: British possessions red, French blue, German green. When we turn to the map itself, however, we find the British red appropriated to the German colonial possessions. India, Australia, and Canada are coloured a vivid blue, while Algeria and Madagascar are green. It is a bad thing to get into the habit of always (quite unavowedly, of course) expecting the place of honour at the historical banquet. As individual volumes of this History have already been separately noticed in THE BOOKMAN it would be superfluous here to say more, except that for the price it may well be considered a sound investment for any library that makes pretension to an historical department.

We now come to the most elaborate and, in some ways, the most interesting experiment in co-operative history yet made, known as "The Historians' History of the World" (the *Times*), in twenty-five volumes large octavo. Of these we have only received twelve volumes, so that our review must necessarily be very incomplete. Apart from this, however, it is manifest that a review of even half a book consisting of fifteen thousand broad pages can represent merely the outline of a general impression. I must admit that my first feeling on confronting this massive pile of scarlet binding was one of dogged disinclination to be pleased by it. I diagnosed the book as suffering from biblioid Americanismus, another form of megaloid elephantiasis and one very apt to take the deadly form of cyclopediasis. Two things confirmed me in this same prognosis. The first was the discrepancy between the views of the work expressed in the public prints or in interviews with the "doyens of English scholarship," and those bandied about in current conversation. The second was the vainglorious confidence (expressed in the Introduction) which the administration of the work seemed to attach to a combination of envelope files and card-indexes; a combination of stationery as unimportant to the general reader as that of "raising history towards the level of fiction in point of interest, without sacrificing anything of scientific accuracy" (Introduction, p. 21) is chimerical in the eyes of any one who has reflected seriously upon the problems involved in the writing of history. If these are the principles which are to dominate the forthcoming volumes, I said to myself at once that "The Historians' History of the

World," whatever might be its success, was foredoomed to complete failure in the estimation of a truly modern historian. But fortunately for the book, as far as I have been able to judge, these threats are entirely unfulfilled. The mechanism of the compilation is not in the least unduly obtruded, while scientific accuracy makes way at every point, as a foreign parvenu ought to do, for the Master of the Pageant. The attraction of the book consists in the very fact that analysis is subordinated throughout to the subject-matter of history as conceived in the old-fashioned way, the only way suitable, or indeed possible, for a narrative history planned upon this scale. The intercalary essays seem to me of relatively small account, apart from the purpose of advertising the names of certain eminent historians who contributed them. The feature of the book is the broad pasture and the vast horizons offered to the largest and best class of historical readers, those who without too much disturbance from half-baked theories of historical causation love to browse at large among the partial but picturesque chronicles of the past, not confusing them with the truths of the gospel, but relegating them to their proper place in the Old Testament of Historical Revelation. As to the New Testament, it is pretty plain that our present generation cannot aspire to be more than the prophets of it. My erroneous impression of the "Historians' History" had been that it was merely a series of excerpts from famous historians somewhat upon the lines of Charles Knight's "Half-Hours of English History."

But it is really a great deal more than this. For it attempts with considerable success to weld together from materials supplied by all the famous historians of past times a continuous narrative history of the world. Much of the actual writing of these historians has been embodied, but there has been an attempt at editorial recension (though not at any sort of scientific control in the modern sense) throughout, and a light garnish of modern criticism has been thrown over the whole. This speculative top-dressing, one is glad to report, has hardly disturbed the solid substratum of good old narrative history beneath it. The continuity of the book distinguishes it from Helmolt's compilation, and it is weak exactly in those places where Helmolt is strong, namely in the original treatment of outlying races and difficult subjects of historical speculation. Beginning with Egypt and Babylonia (Vol. I.), the programme is continued in a perfectly straightforward way with Phœnicia and Persia (II.). Greece (III. and IV.), Rome (V., VI., VII.), Arabia and the Crusades (VIII.), the Papacy and Italy (VIII. and IX.), Iberia (X.), France (XI. and XII.). The affairs of Asia, America, Australasia, and Africa, together with those of Central and Northern Europe, the Balkan States and the island of Britain, are presumably to be compressed into the outstanding twelve volumes. Having read considerable portions of volumes I., IX., X., XI., and XII., I think I am entitled to say that the narrative interest of the book is very well maintained. The chapter, for instance, dealing with the social and literary influence



May-Day.

After the picture by C. R. Leslie

"Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-maying."



Raising the May-pole.

"Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May."

COUNTRY SCENES SUNG OF BY ROBERT HERRICK.

of France under Louis XIV. compares extremely favourably with that in the "Cambridge Modern History," though the chapter in the last-mentioned work is signed by a personage no less than Emile Faguet, of the French Academy. The bibliographies (or at any rate some of them) are far superior in interest to those of any of the competing works. Errors and misprints abound, of course. It is a pity, for instance, that Louis XIV. should be said to have been succeeded by his grandson, or Thomas Cromwell to have had a share in the death of Catherine Howard. But such things will happen in books of this area. Or take again the following explanation of Waterloo. "Napoleon bothered God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is the universe changing front." On what documents is the "scientific accuracy" of this

statement based? It may be magnificent; it may be Emerson, but it is not history. For my own part I should call the first clause a blasphemy, the second a downright lie, and the third sheer nonsense. Despite this absurdity, I must record an impression that the whole of this volume is impartially and well done, quite apart from the fact that it is extremely interesting—awfully interesting would perhaps be more expressive of the feeling produced in the reader by a long spell of world-history. We should like, if opportunity offers, to extend our criticism at a later date to the subsequent twelve volumes of the History and also to compare the work with the previous attempt by Smollett to present the English-speaking world with a "Universal History."

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

CHRISTOPHER WALTON THE MYSTIC.

BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

I HAVE just bought from Mr. Higham, Farringdon Street "Notes and Materials for an Adequate Biography of the Celebrated Divine and Theosopher William Law Comprising an Elucidation of the Scope and Contents of the Writings of Jacob Boehme, and of his Great Commentator Dionysius Andreas Freher, with a notice of the mystical divinity and most curious and solid science of all the ages of the world. Also an indication of the true means for the induction of the intellectual 'Heathen,' Jewish, and Mahomedan notions into the Christian faith. Printed for private circulation. 500 copies. London, A.D. 1854." At the top of the title-page are the words "To the Christianity, the Philosophy, the Erudition, Science, and Noble Intelligence of the Age." The mottoes are: "The time is born for Enoch to speak, and Elias to work again." "The manifestation of the 'mystery of Christ'—of Deity, Nature and all things (and universal refinement of philosophy and theology) was the *Elias* mission of Behmen, Freher, and Law, and God's last dispensation to mankind." This is the third copy of this book that has been in my possession. Two I have given away to friends, but I found that I could not be comfortable without one, and so I paid a guinea and a half for the third, which is enriched by some notes of the author. On the front cover are the words "Elucidation of the Sublime Genius and Theosophian Genius of William Law, 1856," and on the back cover "Cyclopædia of pure Christian Theology and Theosophic science with their experimental discoveries." There is a pamphlet bound in which I shall notice presently.

"Dictionary of National Biography" by the Rev. Alexander Gordon. It should be said that the series of theological memoirs with which Mr. Gordon has enriched the Dictionary yield in care, learning, and originality to no articles in that invaluable work. He tells us that Christopher Walton (1809—1877) was born at Worsley, Lancashire, and ultimately made a fortune as a jeweller and goldsmith on Ludgate Hill, remaining in business till 1875. He died in 1877. He was a Wesleyan Methodist, and through the specimens in Wesley's Christian Library he was introduced to the writings of William Law. Law led him to Boehme, and he found a key to Boehme in the diagrams of Dionysius Anderson Fuller. He became a great collector of mystical works in print and manuscript, and in 1854 he published the book I have mentioned. Mr. Gordon says: "The book is disorderly beyond description, yet a treasury of biographical and bibliographical information without index or table of contents." Walton printed also an Introduction to Theosophy which was intended to reach thirty volumes, but only parts appeared. In 1875 he deposited nearly the whole of his unrivalled collection with Dr. Williams' trustees at the library then in Grafton Street, now in Gordon Square, stipulating that it should be kept apart as the Walton Theosophical Library, and be always open to students in this class of literature. Walton's residence, 9 Southwood Terrace, Highgate, was always open to similar inquirers. Mr. Gordon tells us that "in person he was of large build; in manner sententious but kindly, and absolutely destitute of humour."

This strange book is well known to all English students of mysticism as one of their source books. Of the author little is known beyond what is told in the article in the

Christopher Walton's book is the greatest curiosity in arrangement that has ever been known. He admits this in his preface, and gives reasons for publishing which show good sense:

"If you wait till you can do a thing perfectly or even according to what you may deem the lowest degree of propriety of execution, you will never do it at all. Do all you can in the circumstances: and be not discouraged though you cannot compose the work according to the order, style, rules, or classic models of rhetoric in which it should be presented, or as Mr. Law himself would have done it."

The most valuable part and the greatest curiosity of the book is the life of Law, which is commenced as a note at page 334. The note begins—

"As a relief to the uniformity and matter of these pages, we present currently therewith, the following Notes and Memoranda, relating to the personal history, birthplace, family and friends of the subject of the proposed biography; which though belonging more appropriately to that work, may not be unacceptable to the readers of this preliminary treatise."

This note, which is printed in diamond type, proceeds on to page 628, nearly three hundred pages of very small type. Sometimes it is allowed to fill almost the whole page, the text occupying only one or two lines. Archdeacon Hare's Notes are easily surpassed by this extraordinary production. It is in every respect difficult to read, but there are very valuable documents in it and much information which has partly been utilised by Canon Overton. Walton got hold of the manuscripts of Francis Lee which were in William Law's possession, and he also obtained some of Law's transcripts of writings by D. A. Freher. Francis Lee, who was born at Cobham in Surrey on March 12, 1661, and became a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was one of the more remarkable English mystics and was known as Rabbi Lee from his intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature. He married the daughter of Jane Lead, the mystic, and lived for a time in her house. Jane Lead's books are now very difficult to come by, but some of them, like "The Ascent to the Mount of Vision" and "The Heavenly Cloud now Breaking," were once eagerly read. Lee stood by his mother-in-law to the last, and Walton thought that the mystical poems inserted in her works were written by Lee. It seems, however, that they were more probably the work of Richard Roach. In the Walton library there is an account of Jane Lead's last days by Lee which has never been published in English, though it was partly translated by Canon Jenkins in his article "Miracles, Visions, and Revelations" published in the *British Quarterly Review*, July 1873.

The history of Behmenism in England has yet to be written. It is much to be desired that a mystic like Mr. A. E. Waite or Mr. Arthur Machen should undertake it, but the task will not be easy, for many of the materials are still in manuscript. In an unpublished letter of Lee existing in Walton's library he tells us that the work of Jacob Boehme on the soul was produced in England a little before the martyrdom of Charles I., and came into his hands.

"He read it through with the greatest admiration, and soon discovered that something excellent was concealed

under his enigmatical teaching. Two brothers of noble extraction (by name Altham?) who first fought against the King and then joined his cause, greatly favoured Boehme, and as they had access to this most pious monarch did not lose their opportunity. With the assistance of our English friends up to the time of the return of Charles II. the rest of the works of this divinely taught author were produced under the auspices of the Earl of Pembroke, who received our friend Pordage into his house in the most friendly manner. When, however, Charles II. returned, neither he nor his court gave any countenance to such writings. On the contrary, satires ridiculing Boehme and his doctrine were his delight. Nevertheless the Duke of Buckingham, who was a familiar friend of the King and also an alchymist, as was the King himself, took the opportunity of promoting these works in order to satiate the hunger for gold. Nor ought I to omit the fact that Pordage's son was taken into the household of the Duke of Buckingham (as it seems to me) on this account . . . and indeed a chemist has told me that he has derived more profit from a single book of this author than from a hundred or more others."

Jane Lead was a Behmenist who derived much from the writings of the Molinists and Cardinal Petrucci. What a strange story this is—the appeal to the mystical piety of Charles I., and the later appeal to the greed of the Duke of Buckingham.

John Pordage (1607–1681) was Rector of Bradfield, Berks, to which he was presented by Elias Ashmole, who thought highly of his astrological knowledge. Richard Baxter describes him as chief of the Behmenists, but in Mr. Gordon's opinion he was not a man of robust intellect and his insight into Boehme's writings was feeble. Pordage was charged with heresy and accused of pantheism and intercourse with spirits. Ultimately he was ejected as "ignorant and very insufficient for the work of the ministry." This took place in 1655, but at the Restoration he was reinstated. Walton makes several references to him, but he had a low opinion both of Pordage and of Jane Lead. Of Jane Lead he says:

"It would not perhaps be difficult to dissect Mrs. Lead's character, and demonstrate the philosophy of her prophetic assumptions from a consideration of the constitution of her mind, the character of the piety of the Cromwell-Mugletonian fanatic days in which she lived, her intricate study of Boehme's works then first published in English, and the popular spiritual topics of her age."

Of Pordage:

"Were the writer called upon to give an opinion concerning Dr. Pordage's works from the published treatises in English, he would judge them of little worth in a theosophical point of view; and as to their being the fruits of a special divine illumination, he could not entertain such a question at all."

The books of Pordage, Bromley, Lee, Roach, Lead, and others are now very rare, but when they come in the market they are eagerly bought. A writer in the *Saturday Review* of twenty years ago or so had a really sound knowledge of English Behmenism, and was one of the very few who appeared to know much of Law's translators. I should be deeply indebted to any reader who could tell me the name of this writer.

A PRE-RENAISSANCE FRENCHMAN.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

SOME days ago I walked into a little grey French town set on the side of a hill above the Loire. Small cobbled streets twisted this way and that, up and down, between the old houses, and, walking under the gateway, the Porte d'Amont, with its low arch and narrow windows overhead, I felt I was stepping suddenly from the broad practical France, whose roadside crucifixes are made of iron a hundred at a time, into a forgotten corner of that older France whose spirit is left clinging about the new, like the breath of lavender about a room where it has once been kept.

In the inn where I left my knapsack there was a miller who drank a bottle of wine with me, and talked of old Jean Clopinel, who was born here in Meung those centuries ago. "And it was a big book he had the writing of too, and a wise book, so they tell me, and good poetry; but it's written in the old French that's not our language any longer; I could not read it if I tried, and why should I? They know all about it in the town."

Indeed, the town seemed a piece of the old French itself, with its partly ruined church, and the little chateau crowned with conical cap-like towers, the broad Loire flowing below. I thought of the "Romance of the Rose," Jean Clopinel's book, the book that meant so much to

the Middle Ages, the book that was modernised by Marot, the book that is deliciously alive to-day. I thought of Jean Clopinel, and his description of himself, put as a prophecy into the mouth of the god of Love:

"Then shall appear Jean Clopinel,
Joyous of heart, of body well
And fairly built: at Meun shall he
Be born where Loire flows peacefully."

I made up my mind to look at the old book again, when I should have left the road, and be within reach of a larger library than a single volume of Defoe.

Jean de Meung is so typical a mediæval writer in verse. He was less of a poet than a scholar, more pleased with a display of knowledge than of beauty, and always ready to put plainly out such observations upon life as keep a reader smiling to-day at their shrewdness and applicability. His continuation of the "Romance of the Rose" is a strange contrast with the beginning that was written by Guillaume Lorris. The first part, earlier by forty years than the second, and about a fifth of the length, is a delicious allegory on love with the sweetness and purity of "Aucassin and Nicolette", the second opens solidly with a good round speech by Reason, filling something like two thousand lines, and ransacking antiquity to fit her wise saws with classic instances according to the new fashion of the time.

Taine finds this garrulous Jean "the most tedious of doctors"; but it is difficult not to throw yourself into his own delight in his new-won knowledge, hard not to enjoy his continual little revelations of character, as when you read:

"Let one demand of some wise clerk
Well versed in that most noble work
'Of Consolation' foretime writ
By great Boethius, for in it
Are stored and hidden most profound
And learned lessons: 'twould redound
Greatly to that man's praise who should
Translate that book with masterhood,"

and know that he made the translation himself.

The whole world was at school then, and eager to be taught. Lorris, poet though he is, reminds his readers that his embroidered tale hides something really valuable, that it is "fair wit with wisdom closely wed," knowing well that he could find no better bait to keep them with him to the end. And Jean, when it comes to his turn, admirably expresses the contemporary point of view. He has no doubts at all between the worths of manner and matter. He justifies the classics by saying:

"For oft their quip and crank and fable
Is wondrous good and profitable."

The permanent value of knowledge is always before him, and, having learnt a great deal himself, what wonder that he should empty it all out, only now and again giving the tale a perfunctory prod forward before continuing his discourse. I cannot be bored by a man who in the thirteenth century is so independent and so



La Porte d'Amont,
Meung-sur-Loire.

frank. It gives me pleasure to hear him defend plain speaking, and, protesting against calling spades implements of agriculture, prepare the way for Rabelais. What matter if the Romance suffer a little, and the Rose lie pressed beneath a weight of learning? He talked of women's table manners so well that Chaucer could do no better than borrow from him. He attacked women-kind in general so mercilessly that he won a stern rebuke from Christine de Pisan, that popular authoress of a century later, just as Schopenhauer might be censured by Miss Corelli. He looks at kings, and, turning away, remarks that it is best, if a man wishes to feel respectful towards them, that he should not see them too close. Nor does he forget to let us know his views on astronomy, on immortality, or his preference of nature over art in sculpture and in painting. All these things and a thousand others he puts into the continuation of a poem on the art of loving that begins with a spring morning account of a dreamer's vision of a rose and a garden, and Mirth and Idleness, Youth and Courtesy, dancing together as if in a picture by Botticelli.

I went down that night just after sunset, and crossed the river in the dusk. Resting in the middle of the bridge and looking over the dim reflections to the far-distant bank, with its grove of huge trees, and the tower of the church with the outline of the gateway on the hill behind just showing against the sky, I dreamed that I was back in the old days, and that up there on the hill, in the little town of Meung, was Jean, Doctor of Divinity, poring at his books. I remembered the bust by Desvergues, that beautiful scholar's face, and thought how strong a personality his must have been to leave after six hundred years and more the memory of himself and the feeling of his time so vividly impressed upon the town. For even now, though they do not read his book in Meung, they know all about it, and talk of him with open eyes and that reverence in speaking that children use when they talk of a headmaster whom they do not often see. I could not help feeling that their attitude was traditional. It has been the same for all these years,



L. Berné.

**Monument of Jean de Meung,
Meung-sur-Loire.**

By Ch. Desvergues.

and perhaps, long ago, the townsfolk passing in the narrow streets hushed themselves before one door, and whispered "Yes: he is in there writing a book; there are not many who can do that," while old Jean Clopinel inside dipped from folio into folio as he took gem and pebble from the dead tongue, and put his vivid thought and gleeful knowledge in black letters on the parchment, in black-lettered French, the speech of his own people, that all might see how fine a thing it was to look into antiquity and to be wise.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the three best pen-portraits of dogs in modern fiction.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the six best "touchstones" from English poetry.

Matthew Arnold in his Essay on Poetry writes:

"There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry."

One of Matthew Arnold's own "touchstones" is quoted from "Henry IV."

"Can'st thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?"

- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The

Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Mr. Alfred Hollis, 8, Bramcote Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

HOSTILE REVIEW BY "Y.Y." OF MR. WELLS'S
"NEW WORLDS."

"'Tis folly to be Y.Y."—GRAY.

Other good quotations submitted were :

COME AND FIND ME. BY ELIZABETH ROBINS.

"Beckon me not into the wintry air."—KEATS.

(Mrs. L. McKinney, 6, Wordsworth Avenue, East Ham.)

MRS. MULLIGAN'S MILLIONS. BY E. McNULTY.

"Plutus, as sponsor, stood at her font,
And Midas rocked the cradle."—HOOD.

(Miss K. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool.)

PITMAN'S "WHERE TO LOOK."

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not."—SHELLEY.

(Grace A. Miller, Partasaph, Holywell.)

ON NOTHING. BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

"Nothing will come of nothing—speak again."—*King Lear*.

(Miss M. Tumpowsky, 100, Petherton Road, Canonbury.)

SIGNIFICANT ETYMOLOGY. BY DR. J. MITCHELL.

"Philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark."—COWPER.

(Mrs. Adam Forrester, 55, High Street, Dalkeith.)

MEMORIES OF EIGHT PARLIAMENTS. BY H. W. LUCY.

"I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when it's not too late."—BYRON.

(Miss M. L. Swain, 32, Cavendish Terrace, Gillingham.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAKING LOVE. BY H. GORST.

"Who can direct where all pretend to know?"—GOLDSMITH.

(Miss Kathleen Butler, Infield, Barrow-in-Furness.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best quotations describing the fascination of London has been gained by MISS B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough

1. "The sun's on the pavement,
The current comes and goes,
And the grey streets of London
They blossom like the rose.

"Crowned with the rising sun,
Vistas fair and free;
What joy that waits not?
What that may not be?

"The blue-bells may beckon,
The cuckoo call—and yet—
The grey streets of London
I never may forget.

"O fair shines the gold moon
On blossom-clustered eaves;
But bright blinks the gas-lamp
Between the linden leaves.

"And the green country meadows
Are fresh and fine to see,
But the grey streets of London
They're all the world to me."

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

2. "The cherry-trees are seas of bloom, and soft perfume, and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high, and all the world's a blaze of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

"The nightingale is rather rare, and yet they say you'll hear him there

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo,
And golden-eyed tu-whit, tu-whoo, of owls that o-gle London.

"For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout, and all the chestnut spires are out,

You'll hear the rest, without a doubt, all chorussing for London."

ALFRED NOYES.

3. "As I walked through London . . .

A sudden consolation, a softening light

Touched me . . .

And to my heart I cried :

Here can thy trouble find shelter, thy wound be eased !

For see, not thou alone,

But thousands, each with his smart,

Deep-hidden, perchance, but felt in the core of the heart !

And as to a sick man's feverish veins

The full sponge warmly pressed,

Relieves with its burning the burning of forehead and hands,

So I, to my aching breast

Gathered the griefs of those thousands, and made them my own ;

My bitterest pains

Merged in a tenderer sorrow, assuaged and appeased."

LAURENCE BINYON, *Consolation*.

4. "I like the roar of cities. In the mart,
Where busy toilers strive for place and gain,
I seem to read humanity's great heart,
And share its hopes, its pleasures, and its pain.

"The rush of hurrying trains that cannot wait,
The tread of myriad feet, all say to me :
'You are the architect of your own fate ;
Toil on, hope on, and dare to do and be.'

"I like the jangled music of the loud
Bold bells ; the whistle's sudden shrill reply ;
And there is inspiration in a crowd—
A magnetism flashed from eye to eye.

"My sorrows all seem lightened and my joys
Augmented when the comrade world walks near ;
Close to mankind my soul best keeps its poise.
Give me the great town's bustle, strife, and noise,
And let who will hold Nature's calm more dear."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *The City*.

5. "Green is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown ;
They droop and pine for country air ;
The plane-tree loves the town.

"Here, from my garret-pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark
And spread her shade below.

"Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play ;
The dun fog wraps her round about ;
Above, the smoke curls grey.

"Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn ;
But she has listened to the voice
Of city breezes borne."

AMY LEVY.

6. "Athwart the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried ;
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;
His light in all the city tarried :
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

"Oh sweetheart, see! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides !

"A rumour broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm—
The heart of London beating warm."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *London*.

Excellent sets of quotations were sent in by Miss M. Huntley, Hampstead; Miss M. C. Jobson, Harrogate; Mr. L. F. Goldsmid, Clapham; Miss Mollie Kennedy, Banbury; Mr. E. Percy Adam, Nottingham; Miss Dora Maw, Heaton Chapel.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the six best quotations bearing on the theme, "Whom the gods love die young," has been gained by Miss KATHLEEN BUTLER, Infield, Barrow-in-Furness.

1. "Even if death catch people like an open pitfall and in mid-career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope and their mouths full of boastful language . . . is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this kind of death also in their eye. For surely at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young."

R. L. STEVENSON, *Æs Triplex*.

2. "Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being,
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile . . .

"All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name,
There a boy he dwelt through all the singing season
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came."

R. L. STEVENSON, *In Memoriam: F. A. S.*

"He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above;
He loved them: and in recompense sublime,
The gods, alas! gave him their fatal love."

WILLIAM WATSON, *Keats*.

4. "Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay;
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose. . . .

"Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man."

A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: To an athlete dying young*.

5. "Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their vintage prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."
FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyam* (1st Edition).

"If I had left him, After some June He would have faded, Faded away . . . Athen to springtime, Joyless and grey . . .	"Now I have taken him All in his prime, Saved from slow poisoning Pitiless Time, Filled with his happiness, One with the prime."
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HON. RODEN NOEL, *The Water-Nymph and the Boy*.

Excellent quotations were also submitted by Mrs. Leslie, The Manse, Eddleston; Mrs. C. Wright, Sutton; Miss M. C. Jobson, Harrogate; Mrs. Drayton, Exeter; Miss Paterson, Fleet, Hants.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, The Watch House, Winchelsea, S.O., Sussex, and MR. V. C. WRENCH, The Leys, Banbury.

New Books.

THE COVENANTERS.*

This work is in two handsome quarto volumes. The binding is tasteful, the printing perfect, and the numerous illustrations well selected and beautifully executed. The text is the fruit of long continued study, wide reading, and praiseworthy research in manuscript and recondite printed sources. The writing is vigorous, though it lacks the literary charm and grace which pervade Dr. Smellie's "Men of the Covenant." There are indeed a few clumsy sentences. Perhaps the following is the worst:

"Purgative teaching of this character countenanced the reckless populace, who seemed to take a delight in enforcing the old papal laws for cleansing heresy upon the Papists, now heretics themselves, in wiping out time-hallowed rites and pleasing rites which are not mentioned in Scripture, and even in illustrating Holy Writ itself by affording to the sparrow, nesting in the ruins of abbeys and monasteries, a refuge:

'Ev'n thine own altars, where she safe
Her young ones forth may bring.'"

In spite of Dr. Hewison's care, misprints and errors have crept into his pages. Thus 1843 is given, instead of 1838, as the date of publication of Peterkin's "Records of the Kirk of Scotland." S. R. Gardiner is transformed into R. S. Gardiner. The birth-place of Charles I. is transferred from Dunfermline to Linlithgow. Christopher Goodman is spoken of as "coming to Scotland to enter the second charge at St. Andrews": but he was at Ayr for some

* "The Covenanters: a History of the Church in Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution." By James King Hewison, M.A., D.D. 2 vols. 32s. net. Edition de luxe, 3 guineas net. (Glasgow: John Smith & Son.)

time before he was appointed to St. Andrews, and there was no second charge in St. Andrews while he was there. Reference is made to "Lord Advocate Stewart, of the Restoration period," although Sir James Stewart did not become Lord Advocate until after the Revolution. In referring to David Laing's edition of Knox's works, mention is made of "Thin's reprint (Edn. 1805)." Unless I am greatly mistaken, Thin only reprinted the title-pages. November 24, 1589, is given instead of November 23, as the date of the marriage of James VI. Probably Dr. Hewison has been misled on this point, as Sir Archibald Dunbar was, by the statement of Calderwood; and yet Calderwood, by printing David Lindsay's letter *in extenso*, furnished conclusive proof that the 23rd was the true date; and of that date there is ample corroboration.

In discussing the defeat and cowardice of Claverhouse at Drumclog, Dr. Hewison says: "Sergeant James Nisbet boasted of slaying seven troopers that day." This would have been a marvellous feat, and might well have excused boasting, for, on that day, James Nisbet was little more than twelve years old. He, however, made no such boast; but related that "they said my father killed seven with his awn hand." His father was the redoubtable "John Nisbet of Hardhill."

Occasionally Dr. Hewison misses the point, as in this other statement concerning Drumclog:

"The victors captured and gave quarter to a few prisoners. There was one exception, which Hamilton 'reckoned amongst our first stepping asyde.' On Hamilton's return from the pursuit, he found a group of fighters debating whether a certain prisoner should receive the promised grace or not. They referred the matter to their leader. The merits of the case are not

available to show what the wretch was—soldier, informer, or deserter. The order of the day being 'No quarter,' Hamilton had no alternative, if the council of war was to be authoritative among them, and sent 'that poor man' to death."

There was no council of war in the matter. Hamilton's own words are: "I being called to command that day as head gave out the word that no quarters should be given." Nor was the "group of fighters debating whether a certain prisoner should receive the promised grace or not." Hamilton's language implies that this man had not received quarter: "Sundry was debating for quarters, others not, non could blame me to decide the controversie, and I blesse the Lord for it to this day." The incompleting copy of Hamilton's letter (in the Laing Collection of MSS.) shows that what he "reckoned amongst our first stepping asyle" was neither a promising nor desiring to give grace to the prisoner who was put to death, but the sparing of the five prisoners who without his knowledge received quarter.

In these volumes Dr. Hewison reveals a tendency to use exaggerated language, as in the following description of the famous scene in the Little Kirk of Edinburgh in the spring of 1596:

"The Assembly well knew that this zealot [John Davidson], the excommunicator of Montgomery, could stir up the most case-hardened of the crowd of 'choice professors,' who to the number of four hundred sat listening to his jeremiad. For four hours he bombarded them with prophetic denunciations, until, broken into penitence, they burst into 'sighes and sobbes with shedding of tears.' After this bitter humiliation the versatile orator raised up the choice professors by some staying reflections on the text, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink'—a bitter morsel to starving men—until, of these four hundred, only one stony heart remained unmelted."

The authority given for this is "Booke of the U. Kirk, 869." On turning to the passage indicated, it will be found that, so far from Davidson having to bombard the ministers and choice professors for four hours, before, broken into penitence, they burst into sighs and sobs and tears, the whole service lasted less than four hours, as it began at nine in the morning and "continued till near one afternoon." James Melville's testimony is to the same effect: "The action," he says, "lasted about the space of thrie houres and mair." This of course included the time occupied by the prayers, the reading of two chapters in Ezekiel, and the space allowed for private meditation. Neither James Melville nor "The Booke of the Universall Kirk" indicates that Davidson "bombarded" his hearers with "prophetic denunciations," although he urged them to compare themselves with the prophets referred to by Ezekiel, and to consider whether there might not be as many false prophets, and as few true and sincere, as in those earlier days. "Yet he was very moving in application to the present times, so that within an hour after they entered in the kirk, they looked with another countenance."

In one passage, Dr. Hewison records Davidson's unselfishness and munificence; but in another describes him as a "veteran critic and master of invective," and alleges that he and Robert Pont "had long been chartered libertines with their tongues." Somewhat similarly, Andrew Melville is extolled for his learning, his high-toned principle, his energy as a teacher, his self-reliance and independence, as, in short, "the type of the best Scot." Nevertheless, in more than one passage he is unfairly dealt with, as, for example, in the following:

"This Committee [of Assembly] convened a meeting of ultra-Protestant friends, clerical and lay, in Cupar, sufficiently near Falkland Palace to permit a deputation of their number to go and interview the King when in residence there, and to return to the meeting. James Melville, a gentle character, noted for speaking 'in a mild and smooth manner,' was their mouthpiece. But his perfervid, choleric uncle, Andrew, remained outside the chamber door as a ready mainstay. Professor James had not well begun his mild address when the testy King proceeded to rate the pastors for meeting in Cupar without his licence, and for fomenting sedition, till the high words reached the ears of the irascible eavesdropper, who burst in, gave the King a broad-

side, 'bore him down and uttered the commission as from the mighty God.' Text and oath flew across each other, but the eloquent Principal, frenzied with his one idea of the Roman danger, was not to be silenced. Drawing closer to the person of the Sovereign, he gripped the sleeve of the King's coat and styled him 'but God's sillie vassal. . . .' Melville proceeded to declare that Christ, in spite of his enemies, reigned when King James was only in baby-clouts; that the Protestants were the buttresses of the throne"; etc.

The authorities cited for this are M'Crie's "Life of Andrew Melville" and James Melville's "Autobiography." In neither of these is there any foundation for the assertion that "text and oath flew across each other." That is simply a modern rhetorical embellishment. The expression "baby-clouts" is a poor substitute for "swaddling-cloutes." But had these been the only deviations, the above quotation would not have been made, not even as a favourable example of the writer's style. The unfairness to Melville is couched in the expression "the irascible eavesdropper," and in all that that expression implies. Melville was no eavesdropper. This rhetorical embellishment is due, I am persuaded, not to any desire on Dr. Hewison's part to belittle or to disparage Andrew Melville; but rather to his desire to be impartial, and to his having misunderstood James Melville's words: "Entering in the cabinet with the King alan, I schew his Majestic," etc. The passage may be seen in the Wodrow Society edition of Melville's "Autobiography," pp. 369-71; or in the Bannatyne Club edition, pp. 244-6. Any one who carefully reads the whole passage will perceive that James Melville did not mean that only he and the King entered the cabinet, but that the deputation of four had a private interview with his Majesty. Andrew Melville was in the cabinet as well as his nephew, and so there was no occasion for his being an "eavesdropper"—a rôle he would have despised.

David Black, one of the most devoted and energetic ministers with which St. Andrews has ever been blessed, was summoned before the King and Privy Council at Falkland in 1595, and at Edinburgh in 1596. Dr. Hewison distinguishes the two cases; and yet he includes among his authorities for the first—"Privy Council Reg., V., q.v.," although it is not recorded in that Register. That reference, however, may be due to a mere clerical slip. But there are more serious slips in the paragraph concerning that case. It is hardly accurate to speak of David Black as "the newly appointed minister of St. Andrews"; and the manse he claimed was not "in the possession of William Balfour of Burley," inasmuch as William Balfour was not the Laird of Burley, but only his brother. The Laird, however, was the delator and accuser, and was present at the meeting of Privy Council. When Dr. Hewison stated that "To this meeting the Melvilles and Balfour came," he might have added that Andrew Melville was summoned as well as Black. After describing the lively encounter between Burley and Andrew Melville, it is explained that "the King was glad to patch up the peace, and with a jest he added that Melville and himself 'were both little men and their heart was at their mouth.'" Here again Dr. Hewison has misunderstood James Melville's language. The King's jest of the little men was intended to apply to Melville and Burley, not to Melville and the King.

Having stated that Burley filled "the King's ear with a sinister report of Black's slanders upon the memory of Queen Mary," he might have mentioned that Black explained that he had commended his Majesty's mother "for manie grait and rare gifts, and excellent vertues," and had touched very sparingly and soberly the judgments which had come upon her "for refusing the wholesome admonitioun of the Word of God." After the witnesses were produced and examined, it was found that he had spoken "mikle guid of the King's mother," and had also spoken of "the judgments of God upon hir, in hir fall." As Black was one of the most outspoken of the sixteenth-century ministers, and, like Knox, never hesi-



**The Tolbooth of
Edinburgh.**

Prison of the Covenanters.



**The Netherbow
Port, Edinburgh.**

Prison of the Covenanters.



**The
Bass Rock.**

Prison of the Covenanters.



*From a drawing by
George Cattermole*

**Subscribing the Covenant in Greyfriars
Churchyard in 1638.**



**Dunnottar
Castle.**

Prison of the Covenanters.



**The Canongate Tolbooth,
Edinburgh.**

Prison of the Covenanters.



**The Whigs' Vault in
Dunnottar Castle.**

Prison of the Covenanters.

FAMOUS SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE COVENANTERS.

tated to call a spade a spade or a fig a fig, it is to be regretted that the details of the "mikle guid" which he spoke of Mary Stuart have not been recorded.

Regarding the literary output of Scotland, Dr. Hewison says: "According to Mr. H. G. Aldis's List of Books printed in Scotland before 1700 (Edin. 1904), only three hundred and twenty-four printed books, pamphlets, and proclamations, printed and published in the sixteenth century in Scotland are extant." That is the number given by Mr. Aldis up to the end of 1599; but, as the sixteenth century only ended with the year 1600, the number is really three hundred and forty-one. Three things, however, should have been noted by Dr. Hewison: (1) Mr. Aldis only printed his list as a "preliminary hand-list"; (2) that, of the three hundred and forty-one items printed before the close of 1600, only twenty-nine were printed before the overthrow of the old Church in 1560; and (3) that very large impressions of books of every kind were then printed.

In his account of Andrew Melville's literary productions, no reference is made to the recent discovery in Paris of his Latin version of several of the Psalms in MS. And in dealing with the Simsons, only three of Andrew's sons are mentioned as authors, Alexander, the minister of Merton, being ignored. Regarding the private libraries of ministers the following is interesting:

"The whole library of John Wyram, Superintendent of Fife, . . . was estimated to be worth £1 13s. 4d. James Melville of Kilrenny had books worth £2; David Fergusson of Dunfermline, £8 6s. 8d.; Buchanan of Ceres, £25; Scoogie (*i.e.* Scrogie) of Flisk, £33 6s. 8d.; and John Durie of Montrose, in 1600, £8 6s. 8d. Until the age of the Jacobite bishops, some of whom had large libraries, none of the sixteenth-century ministers had collections of books like that of Archbishop Gledstanes, valued at £111, of Bishop Forbes (1634), valued at £225; or that of James Nairne of Wemyss (1678), who left one thousand seven hundred and forty-three volumes to the University of Edinburgh."

It should be borne in mind, though this is not explained by Dr. Hewison, that the above sums are given in money sterling. Had they been given in money Scots, they would have sounded twelve times more. It should also be remembered that in many, if not most, of the cases, the books were probably under-valued, either wilfully or ignorantly. Dr. Hewison might have given a few extracts to show the respective prices at which certain books were valued in the inventories of the old Edinburgh printers and booksellers. Two bibliographical errors in the appendix may be pointed out. Sir Thomas Craig did not issue his "Jus Feudale" in 1659, for he was dead half a century before that date. Nor was Bishop Russell's biography of Archbishop Spottiswood published with the 1655 edition of Spottiswood's "History," for Bishop Russell was not born until the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Though I have dwelt on the errors and defects in this work, it is nevertheless a notable contribution to the literature of the subject, notable for the freshness of its treatment, the honesty of its purpose, and the forgotten facts it brings to light.

D. HAY FLEMING.

LORD CROMER'S "EGYPT."*

How very few Englishmen of the present generation—one in a thousand would be far too liberal an estimate—have any clear understanding of the reasons for the presence in Egypt of British troops and civilian officials at the present time! Even of members of Parliament only a small percentage could be relied on to give a correct outline of the circumstances which led to the alien British superseding the alien Turks in administering the affairs of the native Egyptians. Yet there is perhaps no chapter in our history better worth perusal, and never has it been, nor can it ever be again, so authoritatively and impartially set forth as in Lord Cromer's narrative of events *quorum pars magna fuit*.

It is the story of the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered

* "Modern Egypt." By the Earl of Cromer. 2 vols, 24s. net. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

sixty-four years ago, when Kinglake wrote in "Eothen" that "the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful." To falsify that prophecy was the deliberate and consistent policy of successive British ministers; never were any rulers more honest in refusing to interfere in the affairs of another country. Even in 1876, when Ismail Pasha's criminal folly had brought his country to bankruptcy, and France, Austria, and Italy each appointed a commissioner in the interest of the bondholders, Disraeli's Cabinet declined to nominate one. It was a Foreign Office principle that investors in foreign stocks should run their own risks: "Her Majesty's Government would not accept any responsibility." Then, when the pressure of public opinion became too strong for simple inaction, and it became evident that if the British Government held aloof Egypt would become a French province, Lord Salisbury, Foreign Minister in 1878, yielded so far as to instruct Lord Vivian to act in concert with the French representative, Baron de Michel. Here was the parting of ways. The first and unforeseen result was that the British Government incurred a share of responsibility in the oppression of the fellahs. Intervention was strictly confined to putting pressure upon the Khedive to meet the obligations of the public debt; these could only be met by wringing flesh taxes from a miserable peasantry by means of the lash and other more refined kinds of torture. Complicity in such a system was impossible for Englishmen. Internal reform became essential, but that was out of the question under an autocrat of Ismail's character. Month by month the undertow became stronger, drawing England further and further into the troubled sea of Egyptian politics.

The difficulties of the British Government were great. Their political interests in Egypt were of a nature which precluded total inaction. . . . Unless care were taken, the prophecy might be on the point of fulfilment, and the Anglo-Saxon race, in addition to responsibilities which were already world-wide, would have thrust upon it the burthen of governing Egypt. British diplomacy, which may at times have been mistaken, but which was certainly honest, did its best to throw off the Egyptian burden. But circumstances were too strong to be arrested by diplomatic action. Egypt was to fall to Kinglake's Englishman. Moreover, it was to fall to him although . . . not only did he not want to go there himself, but he struggled strenuously and honestly not to be obliged to go. The Moslem eventually accepted the accomplished fact, and muttered "Kismet"; but the European, blinded by international jealousy, not unfrequently attributed the whole affair to a deep laid plot, and found in British policy as regards Egypt another convincing proof of the perfidy of Albion.

Year by year, step by step, the obligation became more cogent. Minister after minister declared *ne plus ultra*, and presently found himself without honourable escape from deeper liability. England could have no hand in exacting payment of just debts without an effort to mitigate the frightful sufferings inflicted upon the taxpayers. Ismail proved an insuperable obstacle to any such mitigation, so England and France insisted on his deposition (1879). Mutiny after mutiny of the army assumed a nationalist character under Arabi in 1882. Lord Granville, earnestly anxious above all things to avoid armed intervention, found himself a partner with M. Gambetta in the Joint Note of January 8. A British minister may not issue such a note without showing he has power to enforce it, so the fleet went to Alexandria, with instructions to the Admiral, Lord Alcester, to cause work to be stopped on Arabi's new forts. The work went on and Alexandria was bombarded. The British occupation of Egypt had begun, Lord Granville assuring the Powers that it should cease "as soon as the state of the country and the organisation of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority will admit of it." The battle of Tel el Kebir settled Arabi's career, and he went into exile.

Meanwhile, in August, 1881, Mohammed Ahmed had proclaimed himself Mahdi, or the Deliverer, in the Soudan. He found his strength in the misery of the people, who, in these remote parts, only knew the Khedive's Government

through the visits of corrupt tax-gatherers plying the cour-bash. In 1883 the southern province were in open rebellion: the Egyptian army was hopelessly disaffected and, besides, wholly unfit for service: nevertheless, General Hicks was sent out by the Egyptian Government to stem the Mahdi's northern progress, and to relieve the garrisons of Kordofan and the Equatorial fortresses. Three days after Hicks's column marched, Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer) succeeded Sir Edward Malet as British Agent and Consul-General, holding strongly the opinion that the Egyptian Government had not the means of regaining authority over the Soudan, and that their only safe policy was to evacuate the southern provinces. But Baring had strict instructions to abstain from advising the Egyptian Government as to their course of action in the Soudan, or assuming the slightest responsibility in regard thereto. Two months later came the news that General Hicks and his army had been totally destroyed.

"It is to be regretted that Lord Granville did not, by timely interference, save the Egyptian Government from the consequences of their own want of foresight. Had he, acting on the views expressed by the various British authorities in Egypt, stepped in and forbidden the despatch of the Hicks expedition to Kordofan, not only would thousands of lives and the large sums of money which were subsequently squandered have been saved, but he would have deserved the gratitude of the Egyptian people, and would have saved his own country from that interference which he so much dreaded, and which was eventually precipitated by the negative policy adopted in the early stage of the proceedings. Lord Granville appears to have thought that he effectually threw off all responsibility by declaring that he was not responsible. There could not have been a greater error. The responsibility of the British Government for the general conduct of affairs in Egypt did not depend upon a few phrases thrown into a despatch and subsequently published in a parliamentary paper. It was based on the facts that the British Government were in military occupation of that country, that the weakness and inefficiency of the native rulers were notorious, and that the civilised world fixed on England a responsibility which it was impossible to shake off so long as the occupation lasted."

Though Lord Cromer has not shrunk from condemning that policy of drift to which the ministers of a democratic state are ever prone in foreign affairs, it must not be supposed that his criticism is indiscriminate, that he does not make full allowance for the difficulties of successive Foreign Ministers, or that he is at all disposed to screen the errors which, as the man on the spot, he now believes himself to have committed. He is as free to admit responsibility for having tendered advice which led to misfortune as he is slow to dwell upon those occasions when his advice was overruled with disastrous effect. For instance, in recounting the fate of General Baker's expedition to the relief of Tokar, he writes:

"Either General Baker should not have been sent to Suakin, or, if sent, he should have received no discretionary power to advance; in fact, it would have been better that he should have received positive orders not to advance. I was principally responsible for this mistake; that is to say, I could have prevented General Baker from going to Suakin, and although I knew the risk I was running, and although I thought seriously of imposing a veto on the expedition, I eventually decided not to do so."

Passages of similar tenour occur frequently in these pages. As it was impossible for Lord Cromer to efface himself from the narrative of events in which he played the leading part, he explains his own conduct with the same exact impartiality that he accords to the acts and motives of others. Never did the history of any people or period bring out more clearly how feeble is human counsel—how fallible is human foresight—in controlling international relations. It is not possible to bring within the limits of a single paper even a rude outline of Lord Cromer's eight-and-twenty years' administration. The book must be studied closely—a task rendered easy by the author's lucid style and orderly arrangement. There is not a dull or superfluous paragraph in the whole eleven hundred pages. But no notice of this work would be satisfactory without some allusion to the tragedy which still, in the memory of most Englishmen, overshadows the story of the British occupation

of Egypt. Readers will turn most eagerly to the chapter relating the fate of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum.

In the winter of 1883, when the policy of abandoning the Soudan had been finally forced upon the Khedive's Government, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank to conduct the evacuation. A strong section of the British press was urging that "Chinese Gordon" was the man of all others for the task. Lord Granville telegraphed on December 1 to Lord Cromer asking whether he would have Gordon: Cromer replied No, he thought no Christian officer should be sent to Khartoum. On January 10, Granville repeated his offer of Gordon, and received the same reply. On the 14th Granville telegraphed again, and this time Lord Cromer consented reluctantly, "if Gordon will pledge himself to carry out the policy of withdrawing from the Soudan as quickly as possible."

"Looking back at what occurred after a space of many years, two points are to my mind clear. The first is that no Englishman should have been sent to Khartoum. The second is that, if any one had to be sent, General Gordon was not the man to send."

On January 21 Lord Cromer wrote to Lord Granville: "It is as well that Gordon should be under my orders; but a man who habitually consults the prophet Isaiah when he is in a difficulty is not apt to obey the orders of any one." And so it turned out. No sooner did Gordon reach Khartoum than he threw his instructions to the winds. He was under strict orders to bring away the garrison of Khartoum at the earliest possible moment; he refused to leave the other remote garrisons without relief; to do this he must "smash the Mahdi," and to that purpose all his efforts were directed, although this was directly contrary to his instructions. On November 10 he wrote in his journal: "If any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down I will not obey it, but will stay here and fall with the town and run all risks."

Cromer's estimate of Gordon was right. He was not the man to conduct evacuation; but lest it be thought that Cromer was insensible of the nobility of Gordon's character, let this brief notice conclude with his tribute thereto:

"In the course of this narrative I have alluded to General Gordon's numerous inconsistencies. I have pointed out errors of judgment with which he may be justly charged. I have dwelt on defects of character which insulted him for the conduct of political affairs. But, when all this has been said, how grandly the character of the man comes out in the final scene of the Soudan tragedy. History has recorded few incidents more calculated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. . . . Many a man before General Gordon has laid down his life at the call of duty. Many a man, too, has striven to regard death as a glad relief from pain, sorrow, and suffering. But no soldier about to lead a forlorn hope, no Christian martyr tied to the stake or thrown to the wild beasts of ancient Rome, ever faced death with more unconcern than General Gordon. His faith was sublime."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.*

A book by Professor Churton Collins is sure to be well and solidly composed. He is the incarnation of the all knowing Quarterly Reviewer of forty years ago, and he preserves all the traits of the great allusive and antithetic tradition: when the quarterlies stood upon an eminence of their own and looked over the heads of all but crowned heads, ministers, bishops, fellows of the Royal Society, of Oxford and Cambridge, and one or two odd savants. Books of which the general reader has never so much as heard are referred to magisterially as scandalous, jejune, brilliant, or famous. Adjectives are piled up with a Macaulayan certitude, and deviations from the reviewer's particular range of information or reference are regarded as inexpiable crimes. Such reviews often made a stir when they appeared. They were

* "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." By J. Churton Collins, Professor of English Literature in Birmingham University. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

remembered for as much as a dozen years, and referred to reverentially as *loci classici* on such and such a subject. They were not seldom reprinted. These essays are a case in point. The case, however, for reprinting such essays is much weaker than it was. The relative position of such work is much altered. The quarterly articles of fifty years since are transformed to-day into substantive volumes. The old material is diffused and recombined in new forms; and there seems very little point in turlishing up the old material in the old shape. The general reader will hardly find his account here, and for the student there is very little that is really new. Of Voltaire's two and two-thirds years' sojourn in England of 1729-30, of Montesquieu's two years' stay of 1729-31, of the issue of the *Henriade*, of the importance of Voltaire's *Lettres Anglaises*, of his appreciation of Pope, Addison, Locke, and Butler, of how Montesquieu and Voltaire derived their ideas of public virtue from English society, and of the former's dictum that one should travel in Germany, sojourn in Italy, and think in England, he will feel that he was in a general way fully conversant before. Supplementary detail would of course be welcome, but of supplementary detail there is exceedingly little in these three hundred pages of very large print. Upon the mental diathesis of Rousseau as conditioned by the crazy quarrel with Hume, Mr. Collins is able to throw no particularly valuable light. To compare his case with that of Tasso seems to us far-fetched. It probably had more in common with the morbid states of Cowper,

Turner, Hugo, Ruskin. But to decide in such a difficult case would probably require the expert skill of a professed alienist. One of the chief *pièces de conviction*, according to Mr. Collins, is the portrait by Wright of Derby, a fine Rembrandtesque piece of work here reproduced. But he surely interprets it far too fancifully. We can see unmistakably only the portrait of an intellectual man worried almost to somnolence by something he is reading. It might be an advocate nodding over a tiresome brief. As to how far Rousseau's perversity was due to inflated vanity and how far to the malign influence of Thérèse, who found England inexpressibly dull, it were hard indeed to decide. Both Montesquieu and Voltaire were extremely frank when provoked on the subject of English failings. But they at least did us the compliment of studying our language, our institutions, and our ideas with admiring assiduity. Both were much flattered by their election to the dignity of F.R.S. Rousseau remained contemptuously

aloof and described the language of Milton as a *terrible baragouin*, too rude for his polite ears to decipher. Needless to say, the book is written with dignity and solidity, but it is, four-fifths, a recompilation, and we are fain to admit that having set out with the best intentions we have perused it with languid interest and concluded it with the hope that Professor Collins will go on to give us something more original and more worthy of his well-known essays on Swift, Bolingbroke, Theobald, and Menander. A few slips confront the eye in passing. Ahlen on page 7 should be Ahlden, Pollnitz (*passim*) should be Pöllnitz. Adrienne Lecouvreur is hardly recognisable as Adrienne Le Conoreur (p. 285).



Rousseau's Cave, Wootton Hall

Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." (Nash.)

A MASTER'S WORK.*

The chief persons in Mr. Swinburne's new play are Pope Alexander VI., his mistress Vanozza, and their children, Lucrezia, Cesar, and Francesco Borgia—Francesco being Duke of Gandia. It is written in blank verse, and divided into four scenes; its centre is the assassination of the Duke by his brother's order. Cesar and Vanozza talk together, the son full of blasphemous banter and boasting, the mother a little tearful and anxious to know what her bold son is going to do—

"What hungers
in thy heart,
And whither thou
wouldst hurl the
strenuous life
That works within
thee."

He throws out a hint when he replies: "Canst thou dream I had rather be Duke" (than Cardinal). Then the

Duke enters, and a little afterwards the Pope. Alexander scents discord and bids the brothers be friends. "Friends?" says Cesar: "Friends? Our father on earth, thy will be done." Lucrezia comes in and there is more banter with a quarrel growing under it between the brothers. Cesar is no sooner alone than his agent Michelotto enters.

"Cesar: I do not ask thee where my brother sleeps.
And where to-morrow sees him yet asleep.
Mich.: Ask of the fishers' nets in Tiber."

In the second scene, Michelotto kills Francesco as he comes singing out of a harlot's house. In the third Lucrezia and Alexander talk. He is ill at ease, and asks her if anything has made night "heavier with presage."

* "The Duke of Gandia." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

An officer comes in to announce a waterman of Tiber, who describes how he saw men come and sling a corpse into the stream. Francesco's body is brought in. The fourth act contains the next meeting of Alexander and Cesar, the father accusing the son of the murder, speaking at first bitterly and fearfully as if his own turn might come next, until Cesar bursts out, bidding his father combine with him to make a united Italy. Then Alexander merely wishes Cesar "could have spared" his brother. The play ends:

"Alex. : I would I saw thine end,
And mine; and yet I would not.
"Cesar : Sire, good-night."

It is an odd performance, forty years after *Rosamond*. It can hardly be said to do more than provide opportunities for tableaux, and create an atmosphere by no means new of Borgian immorality and politics. Cesar's speeches, in particular, allied to becoming costume and gesture and voice, would give delight from the stage. When, for example, he bids his father join him in making Italy one, his words have the ingenuity and movement of Mr. Swinburne's mature blank verse:

"I and thou,
One, will set hand as never God hath set
To the empire and the steerage of the world.
Do thou forget but him who is dead, and was
Nought, and bethink thee what a world to wield
The eternal God hath given into thine hands,
Which daily mould him out of bread, and give
His kneaded flesh to feed on. Thou and I
Will make this rent and ruinous Italy
One."

But notice that "One." Some scores of times Mr. Swinburne gives way to the trick of using a word, often of only one syllable, as at once the first of a line and the last of a sentence or clause. Used as Shelley uses it in

"Is this the scene
Where the old earthquake demon taught her young
Ruin?"

there is no bolder means of laying emphasis on a word. It is an old trick of Mr. Swinburne's, but it is used so often that it is the most conspicuous thing in the play. Clearly, the piece can add nothing to such a reputation as his, but trifling as it is, it is as clearly a master's work.

HEREDITY.*

Professor Thomson has written an important work on an important question. A bibliography of fifty pages, with references to about five hundred writers, suggests problems at once difficult and fascinating, and the author has done full justice both to the difficulties and the fascinations of his subject.

"Heredity" is a term that crops up constantly both in conversation and in literature; yet the word is usually recklessly used, and the idea carelessly and vaguely conceived. The subject is so vast and so inchoate that the "man in the street" has merely glimpses of "the cloudy borders of its base," and is apt to mistake the mist for the mountain. The novelist, the priest, the politician, all use the idea "to point a moral and adorn a tale," but of the real relevancies and laws of heredity they know very little. To enlighten an interested ignorance is one of the objects of Professor Thomson's book, and so lucid and illuminating are his pages that the ignorance he fails to enlighten must be very incorrigible and very crass. "The new facts," he asserts, "are of especial interest to medical practitioners, to educationists, including clergymen, to social reformers, and to actual or prospective parents"; but it is difficult

to imagine any mind to which they are not of interest, or any big social question to which they are not relevant: they are equally pertinent to Female Suffrage, to the Licensing and Education Bills, to the Black Problem, and to Chinese Labour. They are equally valuable to the farmer, to the dog-fancier, to the statesman, and to the bacteriologist.

Yet, fascinating, and interesting, and wide-reaching as the subject is, and many as have been the brains at work upon it, the science of heredity is still in its infancy, and bristles with unsolved and intricate problems.

Heredity is defined by Professor Thomson as "the genetic relation between successive generations," and the science of heredity endeavours to discover the general laws of development and growth which result in the likenesses and unlikenesses found between parents and offspring, ancestors and descendants, so that we may be able to foresee, and perchance control, the characteristics, mental and bodily, of coming generations.

Why do children resemble their parents? Why do they differ from them? What has been and will be the net result of these likenesses and unlikenesses? In how far are they germinal, and in how far environmental? In how far are they inevitable, and in how far can we regulate them? All these, and many similar questions, come within the purview of heredity.

Probably the most important practical question of heredity is the question whether acquired characteristics are transmissible and transmitted, and specially round this question has controversy raged. "A grave responsibility," says Herbert Spencer, "rests on biologists in respect of the general question, since wrong answers lead, among other effects, to wrong beliefs about social affairs, and to disastrous social actions."

The doctrine that acquired characteristics are inherited, was first formulated by Lamarck, and is therefore sometimes known as "Lamarckism." According to this doctrine the giraffe acquired its long neck because its ancestors gradually lengthened their necks by stretching them, and transmitted to their offspring the resultant longer necks.

The doctrine that acquired characteristics are not transmitted has been promulgated particularly by Weismann, and is therefore sometimes known as "Weismannism." Weismann's own words are as follows: "Characters can only be inherited in so far as their rudiments are already given in the germ-plasm."

The question is still open, but Professor Thomson, after a most comprehensive and impartial survey of the evidence, sums up that "there is no convincing evidence in support of the affirmative position, and that there is strong presumption in favour of the negative." Professor Thomson further points out that this verdict "lends greater importance, on the one hand, to a good 'nature,' to secure which is the business of careful mating; and, on the other hand, to good 'nurture,' to secure which for our children is one of our most obvious and binding duties."

One of the most interesting parts of Professor Thomson's work deals with the law of ancestral inheritance. It is now quite established that, among the higher animals, the offspring acquires characteristics from both parents and from its ancestors, and some years ago Galton formulated as follows his "Law of Ancestral Inheritance": "The two parents contribute between them, on the average, one half or (0.5) of the total heritage of the offspring; the four grandparents, one quarter, or (0.5)²; the eight great-grandparents one eighth or (0.5)³; and so on." The importance and interest of this law is self-evident.

In Chapter X. there is a full and lucid exposition of Mendel's famous law—a law of the utmost value to breeders, and in some respects "worthy to rank with those that laid the foundations of the atomic laws of chemistry."

Finally, Professor Thomson discusses the social aspects of biological results, and asserts that "there can be no doubt that it would pay the British nation to put aside a million

* "Heredity." By J. Arthur Thomson. 9s. (John Murray.)

a year for research in eugenics, or the improvement of the human breed."

Professor Thomson is to be congratulated on a book comprehensive, accurate, lucid, and just—a book of value not only to the scientist and specialist, but to every thinking man. It is probably the best book on the subject in the English language.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

GEORGE THE FIFTH.*

George Bryan Brummell reigned by right of conquest. He subjugated a society which was select, not very intelligent, and considerably debauched. Had it been more intelligent Brummell would probably have been cold-shouldered out of existence; had it been ruder and rougher his chance of departing on the abrupt and undignified compulsion of assassination would have been great. The Court of Queen Mary at Edinburgh might have blown him sky-high with Darnley. Charles II. might have been amused for a time by his airs and graces, but would have discovered ere long the nakedness of his wit. The Regent was probably the only monarch, or budding monarch, in English history capable of providing a proper background for the gambols of a creature with so meagre a mind, so daring a capacity, so complete a self-assurance, so magnificent a mastery of the weapon of impudence.

The character and achievement of Brummell could be studied from many points of view. It is open to any modern Swift to scorch the man's memory with satire. A new Rabelais may render it genial with boisterous laughter. M. Anatole France can, if he cares, wrap it round with fine irony. We can fancy Father Bernard Vaughan or one of those spiritual daughters of Savonarola who write our denunciatory novels drawing a terrifying comparison between the Beau in his prosperity and the Beau in his wretched decline, showing how idleness does not prosper and assumption is "taken down." These and others that might be suggested are either mentally diverting or morally profitable ways of regarding the strange history of George the Fifth, but doubtless there is no better way than that chosen by M. Roger Boutet de Monvel, who just tells the story—simply, gracefully, and with a minimum of bias or reflection (as a good Frenchman should)—leaving us to lift up hands of horror, to smile complacently at the superiority of our own beaux and our own times, or to regret that some colour has departed from that patch of earth on which Society disports itself—whichever we will.

The French authority of the book is revealed in nothing more significantly than in this inclination to leave the facts free to make an impression as variable as the character of the readers. Your French writer can moralise if he be so minded—none better; but he is unsurpassed in the power of keeping his subject out of fetters. M. de Monvel only falls from grace when he arrives at his last two pages, and there, one is sorry to find, he condescends to notice the practical people who "will naturally fail to see that his (Brummell's) mode of life contributed anything to the general sum of human happiness," and who may be expected also to "characterise as immoral the means which he used to pay his debts." Having sacrificed so far to that portentous monstrosity, the "utilitarian spirit of the age," M. de Monvel kicks down the altar. "But Brummell, Beau Brummell," he cries blandly but decisively, "was it possible for him to submit to ordinary laws, and can we descend to the level of the pedant or the usher by judging him as we judge the ordinary man?" This is so good and true that it leaves us unprepared for the crushing wit

of "Let it not be forgotten that Brummell was a dandy, and that the characteristic of a dandy is before all else to be good for nothing." Barbey d'Aureilly shot nearer the mark when he observed—"George Brummell was a great artist in his own style. He gave pleasure by means of his person as others give pleasure by means of their works. His value consisted in himself."

Mr. Lewis Melville, in "The Beaux of the Regency," agrees to a very great extent with this view of the King of the Dandies. To him, as to M. de Monvel, Brummell is "le Dandyisme même," and he declines the moraliser's pulpit as absolutely as the French writer. But he shows more inclination to take up arms in defence of his hero, less aptitude for regarding him coldly as a subject. He complains that those who have written of Brummell, with notable exceptions, have taken him *ou grand sérieux*, and "have not been able to enter into the spirit of his humour." Mr. Melville sees in Brummell not only a magnificent *poscur*, but one who "was never so happy as when amusing himself at the expense of the fools and lops." Certainly this is the easier conception. It avoids much difficulty, saving us the effort of comprehending an impudence and egotism so abnormal as are expressed in the Beau's most famous sayings. To set him down as a humourist who chaffed others and himself at one and the same time is to put a higher value on Brummell's intelligence than those generally accepted. But it diminishes his importance as an artist by hinting that he was very largely an actor, a mere player on the weaknesses of others, and not the pure creator of a new importance in the trivial. Yet there is so good a warrant for the appeal to humour that a holder of the artistic throng is rendered quite uncomfortable, and feels thankful that Mr. Melville does not labour the point. A compromise does not seem beyond the bounds of the possible. Let us by agreeing that Brummell was no humourist rescue him for art; then, to placate the holders of the opposite theory, allow that his sense of human weaknesses was keen enough to force him to play upon such frailty with a talent which for want of a better word may pass as humour.

Mr. Melville might object to M. de Monvel's employment of the phrase "good for nothing" in connection with Brummell. If so, we can sympathise with his resentment without losing a certain pleasure in the phrase.

The practical person in his most material development has a habit of thinking that between the good-for-nothing and the artist is a distinction but no difference. Time would be wasted in comforting him. It may well be argued, however, that Brummell was the greatest of dandies because he was good for nothing save his art. Herein lies his immeasurable superiority to Count D'Orsay, often described as the Last of the Dandies. D'Orsay had interests beyond the fit of his coat and the arrangement of his cravat. In M. de Monvel's book, as it to confound D'Orsay, has been inserted his portrait of Byron. He sketched! Brummell had no energy to waste on such foppery. Sufficient for him to bestow the portion of intelligence with which nature had endowed him on the sublime task of appearing fair; a task that included the minor duty of keeping society in its place of subservience to George Bryan Brummell, its king and tyrant, though its hanger-on. Considering the success with which the feat was accomplished during a long term of years; remembering also that (in the tailor's opinion) the Regent himself was but a good second to the Beau; one finds a difficulty in forgiving the neglect and utter lack of charity shown by His Majesty King George IV. towards the poor distressed exile whom he had embarrassed by brute force rather than cunning or skill. We say embarrassed, not conquered; for Brummell, kicked out, frowned on, imprisoned, turned into a useless Consul, often deprived of ready money (though he retained a marvellous knack of discovering a friend to fleece) was never trodden under foot. In every difficulty he preserved his dandiacal soul, sending consternation through

* "Beau Brummell and his Times." By Roger Boutet de Monvel. With a chapter on Dress and the Dandies by Mary Craven. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"The Beaux of the Regency." By Lewis Melville. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

the Caen gaol by insistence on washing and decorously dressing his person, consoling his last lunacy by posturing (himself the brilliant throng) as the observed of all observers. On the beautiful harmony of his life -- which the practical person calls silly and tragic -- M. de Monvel speaks a wise and welcome word: "For the benefit of his future biographers, we may point out what difficulty he would have caused us if he had compromised the fair consistency of his career by the smallest profitable or sensible action, what regret we should have felt if he had stupidly shattered his future by some tardy reformation!" Some may read irony into the sentence -- we cling to our own description -- wise and welcome.

Whatever else Brummell was, there cannot be the slightest doubt that he deserved the title Mr. Melville has awarded him -- the Supreme Dandy. Mr. Melville has unearthed a number of tributes to his supremacy -- some from the man's own acquaintance, others from himself in the form of expressed ideals of what a dandy should be. As to the former, those who saw the man for the first time after hearing stories of his elegance and grandeur were amazed by his simplicity of adornment. The latter -- the tributes from the Beau's own lips -- are



The Exquisite.

By George Cruikshank. (From "The Beaux of the Regency," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.)

essentialised in his correction of the ignoramus who remarked that So-and-so was so well dressed that people turned to look at him. "'Then,' said the Beau decisively, 'he was *not* well dressed.'" Great words, full of the very poetry of clothes!

Moreover, Mr. Melville quietly demonstrates this supremacy by introducing us to the company which crawled at Brummell's heels. Men with noble names -- many of them, but how inferior to the leader! Vulgar in their lives and their amours -- gay rollicking dogs -- they serve admirably in these pages as foils to throw into more radiant prominence the chief figure. At the same time -- to be fair to them -- we must admit their interest. Mr. Melville has ransacked memoirs for their liveliest sparkles, and his book abounds in good stories, flashes of wit, scraps of scandal such as few of us can despise, to say nothing of a series of caricatures of the kind which our great-grandfather found so prodigal of gallery and laughter.

Before parting with Brummell the scrutators of his destiny and achievement should not forget the boons which this good-for-nothing, this artist, this most complete monarch, has conferred upon his fellow-men. What has Fox left but a memory wherein gaiety, good temper, and clo-



From a caricature.

The Marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.

Charles James Fox is holding Mrs. Fitzherbert's left hand, and Colonel Hanger's head can be seen between them; Lord North is seen sitting fast asleep. (From "Beau Brummell and his Times," by kind permission of Mr. Eveleigh Nash.)

quence glimmer like ghosts? What has Gibbon left but a history that no practical person dreams of reading? What has George IV. left but material for innumerable biographies each at variance with the rest on the quality of his heart and matrimonies? Whereas the Beau has given us clean shirts and collars—things that everybody can see and enjoy—With all his heart and soul he believed in “clean linen and plenty of it,” and that in an age which did not worry the laundress over-much. Without taxing our generosity or burdening our conscience we may credit this great man with setting a fashion still honoured by the modern man, and through him bountiful in blessing to those two lustrous professions, the laundry and the haberdashery.

THOMAS LLOYD.

Novel Notes.

THE RED PERIL. By Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

When Mr. Coulson Kernahan sets himself to write a sensational novel, he may be relied upon to do the thing thoroughly. He has the art, or the trick, or whatever else you may prefer to call it, of piquing a reader's curiosity at the outset and then cunningly drawing him on from chapter to chapter with new and unlooked for developments of danger and mystery and adventurous enterprise. Inspecting an empty house at Brighton, having returned to it after dark bent upon making up his mind whether he will take it, Arthur Maxwell surprises a party of conspirators, an American, two Germans, and a Pole, who are hatching a scheme that “is not good for England, but it is good for Germany.” His presence is discovered, and through four breathless chapters his life is in imminent danger, especially when they find upon him a letter from a friend of his whom they have reason to regard as their most formidable enemy. The scheme, briefly, is one, with a league of unscrupulous American financiers at the back of it, for bringing about a war between this country and Germany and cornering the food supplies of the world, and bound up with this is the sale to Germany of the secret of manufacture of a new and terrible bomb that bursts without a sound and spreads death where it falls by means of poisonous gases. In the course of his daring attempts to thwart this conspiracy, Maxwell falls into the hands of the German military, and the latter part of the book, in which no less a personage than the Kaiser himself plays a prominent part, is concerned with his captivity and the manner of his escape, and the averting, for the time being, of a disastrous war. Mr. Kernahan seems to favour some policy of conscription in England, and sounds a note of warning at the close that cannot be sounded too loudly or too often. This is a brilliant piece of imaginative work, full of interest and excitement, and fashioned with the knowledge and ripe craftsmanship that Mr. Kernahan brings to everything he writes.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Upon a consideration of Mrs. Thurston's very great success one would have postulated her ability to dispense with the Adelphic conventions upon which she has fallen back for the closing scenes of her latest novel. Till her last chapter, she is drawing from the life: the Daisys and Marys and Owen Powers of a provincial town like Waterford are as she shows them to us, Stephen is recognisable, if rare, and Isabel, until that fatal chapter, is possible. It is very true that young girls sometimes fall in love with married men, who have in time been known to emerge triumphant from a

keen mental struggle resolved, Crichton-like, “to play the game.” We take no exception to the main outlines of Mrs. Thurston's theme. With a little effort we can swallow everything that she offers us, saving that unfortunate tumblerful of “cool red liquid.” The Fly on the Wheel is Isabel, a maiden of mixed Irish and Spanish descent, who comes back from school in Paris engaged to Frank Carey, to whom Stephen is giving, as with the rest of his younger brothers and sisters, his start in life. Isabel, being penniless, is esteemed in Waterford circles an indifferent match, and Stephen threatens Frank with a stoppage of supplies unless the engagement be broken off. To this end he interviews Isabel, Frank having proved rebellious, and accomplishes his object. Not without falling in love himself though, unconscious of it as he is perhaps at first, and awakening in the bosom of the damsel a fire of passion that quickly extinguishes any feeble spark of affection she may ever have entertained for the rather hardly used Frank. Stephen has already contracted, for reasons of expediency, a marriage with the frivolous and empty-headed Daisy Norris. He is beginning to lose his head when Father James, the guardian of the family honour, contrives to reason him into a proper course. Isabel, heart-broken and without hope, declares the only approximation to happiness left her to be the consciousness that she “hates him so absolutely much,” and drops poison into Stephen's wine-glass. The good father points out that her lover is suffering equally with herself. She takes the glass from Stephen's hand, and drains it. We might afford the book higher praise than to characterise it as something rather better than “The Mystics.” Viewing her work in a certain light, we would say, in justice to its author, that it displays many qualities which we can justly characterise as admirable.

MISS LUCY: A Character Study. By Christabel Coleridge. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a pleasant story of country life in the Midlands, and the style is unambitious but effective. The central figure is Miss Lucy Leigh, the grand-daughter of a baronet, and she marries a poetic gamekeeper, a man of ideals. They have three children, and the lives of these children are told with easy skill. There are complications on account of the mother being an aristocrat and the father a peasant, but in the end all comes well. It is a book that is fairly free from excitement, and its interest is provided chiefly by character studies which are ingeniously interwoven with the tale. Miss Coleridge writes in the manner of an experienced craftsman, and her sentences, though simple, have about them nothing of the amateur. They are also free from word-painting, and the descriptions of scenery, like the conversations, are direct and telling.

FLOWER O' THE ORANGE. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Methuen.)

In this collection of short stories Mr. and Mrs. Castle display the delightful qualities that have given them a name as writers of romance. There is an air of charm about each brief tale; and only the most pacific will object to the prevalence of sword-play—a matter on which Mr. Castle writes with expert authority, he himself being a fencer of subtle ability. Here and there, however, even those who love fights and the clash of steel may find too much technicality in the description of a duel. The scene of the story which gives the title to the book is laid in Galloway, and the hero is Simon Carmichael of Eagerness, one of the old fighting lairds of Scotland, whose return to Galloway after the death of his wife, from whom he has been separated, is celebrated by a dinner, which is described with rare zest. It is then that we meet Flower o' the Orange, a young lady whose effectiveness might have been

more complete had she not displayed a Castle-like anxiety to stab a man with a knife. In the end there is an alliance between Eagerness and Flower o' the Orange, and this is led up to with delicate skill. One of the ablest stories is "Hagar of the Farm," which deals not with swords, but with human love.

THE WATCHERS OF THE PLAINS. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is rapidly taking a foremost place among living writers of romantic adventure. His stories are all of the open air and the stir and stress of life in the picturesque northern wilds of America. The central character of "The Watcher of the Plains" is Nevil Steyne, a sinister, fascinating figure, a man who banished himself from his own country when his father quarrelled with him and left his inheritance to a younger brother. At the outset, he receives a letter from this brother saying he has never acquiesced in the father's injustice, he has put aside half the estate, its profits have been accumulating for him all these years, and he is now coming out with his wife and daughter to see him and persuade him to return home. Instead of being touched by his brother's affection, Nevil sees only that if these three who are coming were to die in the wilderness he would inherit not half but the whole of what he feels should be his. He has long since incurred the contempt of the settlers by throwing in his lot with the Indians; he marries the daughter of a chief; and in good time he moves his adopted tribe to one of its periodical risings, and his brother and sister-in-law, coming over the plains with a scanty escort, are designedly the first victims of the outbreak. Their daughter, a child of twelve, carried off unconscious and apparently dead, is rescued by Seth Sampson, and nursed and adopted by Seth's foster-parents, and it is her survival, and the ultimate revelation of her identity, that mars Nevil's schemes. There are some vividly realistic pictures of life on the Indian reservations, some stirring descriptions of perilous enterprise and grimly savage fighting and a fascinating love story that is the sweeter and more charming for the ruggedness and menace of danger that are its background and environment. Mr. Cullum has the virile imagination, the gusto and cunning narrative gift of the born teller of tales.

A PROPHET'S REWARD. By E. H. Strain. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mrs. Strain has written an uncommonly interesting romance of eighteenth century Scotland. Colonel Stirling has been away with the Pretender in France for thirty-two years, and returns to his native land, weary of long wandering and futile strife, willing to settle down in peace. He is regarded as the heir of his Uncle James, and looks to be welcomed by the old man; but passing near the school before he arrives at the Big House, he stops to speak with the schoolmaster, a strange, dreamy, crippled fellow who has a weird gift of second-sight. Gazing at him, before he has been told who he is, the schoolmaster mutters, "Ay, ay! The Laird's nephew from France. He thinks he's by wi' troubles and wars, but there's troublesome times in front o' him as well as ahint him. He that comes lookin' for a sure welcome may find himsel' cast oot in the cauld; he that hopes naething from his nearest kin may find warm hearts to welcome him." And so it turns out: Uncle James is a bitter and bigoted Jacobite, and will have no dealings with a man who is abandoning the cause, and turns him out of doors; whilst the Colonel's sister and her husband, his political opponent, receive him with open arms, help him to recover his estate and to begin life afresh. The story is leavened with a charming love interest, but tells, in the main, of the baffled, brave endeavours of a man who sets himself to rouse the people to put an end to existing cor-

ruptions and injustices and to bring about certain righteous and needful reforms in the country's laws. He is the prophet of the tale, and meets with the prophet's usual reward.

HIS FINAL FLUTTER. By Henry Potts. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

As in his previous novel Mr. Henry Potts has written a story which combines romance, horse-racing, and criminal law. The best character in the book is Nathaniel Jones, the clever little lawyer's clerk. He it is who discovers that Mr. Robert Sykes, Jim Lewinson's rival for the hand of Nellie Marsden, is really a Soho bookmaker who is leading a double life in more ways than one. He it is, too, who frustrates the efforts of Sykes and his party to lame the horse upon which Jim Lewinson has built his hopes of winning the Cesarewitch, and gives the most telling evidence at their trial. In all these activities Nathaniel Jones goes about his work with the coolness and skill of a Sherlock Holmes. As may be expected, everything comes right in the end, but not before several awkward situations have been faced.

As a novel of the turf this is one of the best which has appeared for some time. Racing men will delight in a story told by a man so thoroughly acquainted with his subject, while opponents of horse racing should be equally interested in a novel which so ruthlessly exposes much of the chicanery incidental to this pursuit. Mr. Potts has hardly a finished literary style, but this book is a distinct advance upon his previous effort, and if he can get rid of a certain jerkiness and abruptness, he ought to make a name for himself in his own particular line.

THE FIFTH QUEEN CROWNED. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Nash.)

"The Fifth Queen Crowned" is so good that one wonders why it is not better. The diction glows with imagination; there are brilliant and vividly picturesque bits of description; dramatic scenes handled with a shrewd sense of the drama of them; and the leading characters—Henry VIII., Queen Katharine, the Princess Mary, Cranmer—are realised with an amazing insight, and fashioned into living human creatures; but Mr. Hueffer has a fatal aptness to run to words, he dallies to describe, to expound, to explain, when he should be making his point with a crisp, decisive stroke. He is never tedious, because he writes so well; but he spoils his effects at times by writing too much. That is a thrilling and excellent dramatic moment when to save her women from further torture Katharine comes into the Council Chamber and shames the King and her enemies by confessing to all they have made up their minds to prove against her, but she should not have been allowed, at this crisis, to unburden herself in a speech that runs to nearly five pages; a good speech, but unnecessary and undramatic, and one is wickedly tempted to smile on reading at the end of it, "The King had staggered back against the long table; his jaw fell open; his head leaned down upon his chest." This is how not to do it; and one protests because Mr. Hueffer knows so well how to do it, and proves that he does by the crisp, telling terseness with which he ends the story on the next page.

THE HUMAN BOY AGAIN. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is a delight to have further stories in the style of "The Human Boy," the success of which was so great and so well deserved. The new sketches of life at a boys' boarding-school are dedicated to "Mark Twain, Father of 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' those Human Boys"; and the book is worthy of a disciple of the American humorist. Those who know Mr. Phillpotts only as the

author of such works as "Lying Prophets" and "Children of the Mist," those powerful novels of the West of England, may be surprised to find that one who could write these serious works could write also "The Human Boy Again," with its ingenious and mightily amusing tales of schoolboy tricks, pranks, and experiences. Like "Stalky & Co.," the book confines itself wholly to a few schoolboys and their masters, but it is a "Stalky & Co." with the savagery left out and geniality substituted. One of the most amusing tales is about a boy who was steeped in Sherlock Holmes and came to terrible grief through his attempts to apply the methods of the Master to a theft of a pencil-sharpener; and another good story concerns itself with the bankruptcy of a boy who, when told he must pay "so much in the pound," said that that was all right, but that he hadn't got the pound. It is to be trusted that Mr. Phillpotts will give us more "Human Boy."

THE RED NEIGHBOUR. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

One expects good work from the author of "Fortune's Castaway" and "His Indolence at Arras," and in "The Red Neighbour" one gets very good work. The time—like that of the second-mentioned novel—is that of Louis Quatorze, and the scene France. The figures are chiefly aristocrats, most prominent among them being the Marquise de Polignac and the Marquis, who is at the War Office with De Louvois, and subtly-clever portraits of such people are presented. But the most picturesque figures are the Red Neighbour, the clever, low-born woman who moves through the story from start to finish: the dashing and unscrupulous Count de Roubaix; the quack doctor Levani—a fellow of infinite impudence and resource; and the swindling army contractor, Bocal, who comes from the Midi and has many sayings of this quality: "Lend a man money, and he cannot move against you. Lend him more, and he will move for you." Part of a highly effective plot has to do with the relations of Bocal with the Red Neighbour, who aims at bigger business than the getting of ladies of birth into her power by selling love-philtres and cosmetics to some, and poisons to others. She is charged with being indirectly responsible for the murder of a citizen, having, it is said, sold poison to his wife; and the scene with the Red Neighbour in the torture-chamber is one of the grimmest and most powerful in the book. The intrigues, including love-affairs; military operations between the French and the Germans; and the corrupt schemes of the army contractors, are described with rare zest and raciness. To those who have read any work by Mr. Eccott, it is almost superfluous to add that "The Red Neighbour" is remarkably well written.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FELS. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

When in pursuit of a master criminal, the author declares, "you are not following the traces of feet, but the workings of a brain." The common criminal may be taken by the methods of a Sherlock Holmes, who is just the sort of person one would choose to follow one if one were a criminal. His method would possibly capture a bricklayer who had murdered his wife, but no one else, least of all a criminal of such mental acuteness as the sculptor-murderer of Dr. Stacpoole's story. We are shown in the character of Klein the study of a fiend, a maniac who is not only a consummate artist in stone and bronze, but is possessed of an acute and calculating intelligence, and a periodic lust for blood which must at all costs be satisfied. The account of Klein's methods of procedure when he is accomplishing one of his favourite murders displays a wonderful ingenuity in the author, and it would be unfair, having regard to the novel features of his plot, that we should give it here. The tale

is an absorbing study in criminal psychology that we can hardly imagine to be the work of an author who has achieved so notable a mastery in an utterly different department of fiction, and it is the fact that traces of the hand that gave us the delightful "Blue Lagoon" are nowhere in evidence. Yet the thing is done, as in the case of Dr. Stacpoole's last book, about as well as we can hope to see it done. It is really nothing more than a detective story, but it is the detective story apotheosised. The mathematical solution of a problem seemingly quite impossible of any solution at all inevitably invites a comparison with "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and the indescribably eerie atmosphere of certain portions of the book may also be found reminiscent of the author of that greatest of stories from the fiction of crime. We hasten to add our opinion that Dr. Stacpoole has done a great deal more than keep within lines suggested by the work of Poe. He has brought to the task an originality of conception all his own, and the rather slender thread of "love interest" running through the story is treated with that delicacy in which he has proved himself a past master.

The Bookman's Table.

THE POETS—CHAUCE TO TENNYSON. Impressions by W. Stebbing. 2 vols. 8s. net. (Frowde.)

Poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson includes a panorama more extensive than eight hundred pages can possibly adequately display; and Mr. Stebbing has rightly called his volumes *Impressions*. As serious criticism, his essays have little value; while as general impressions, they are interesting and illuminating. Even as impressions, however, his essays are not entirely successful. An impressionist may be bold, but he must also be discreet; and Mr. Stebbing, if we may use a slang phrase, "lays it on a bit thick." He suspects this himself, and in his preface he remarks: "Perhaps I am rather vain of my liability to a passion of enthusiasm, and invite participation." Alas! the vanity sometimes effects the sanity, or at least the sobriety, of his judgments. He is a genuine enthusiast, but we should be more inclined to participate in his enthusiasm if he "enthused" a little less. He revels in superlatives: eight hundred pages glow with them; and though he is sincere and paints what he sees, yet he wears such rosy spectacles that he does not quite see what he paints. Often, too, his painting is not only too rosy, but also blurred. A sentence like the following is not uncommon: "The brain reeling thence soothes itself notwithstanding the encroaching waves even here of wrangling politics, in the Ode to the Departing Year with its proud invocation."

Praise is a privilege, but it is also a responsibility, and in the present day there are too many "vain of a liability to a passion for enthusiasm." Mr. Stebbing's enthusiasm is harmless in so far as it affects the reputation of the poets, and it is delightful in its *naïveté*; but still it does not convince, and after a few hundred pages it begins to cloy, and defeats its own purpose.

The quotations—from about 150 poets—are well chosen, and merely as an anthology the book has considerable value, though it is somewhat strange that Sydney Dobell and Christina Rossetti should be grudged a place amid the elect.

It is always pleasant to meet with an enthusiastic poet-lover, and one would like to praise Mr. Stebbing's impressions as cordially as he has praised his poets; but we can only say that we could have praised the critic more if he had praised his poets less. The chief lack of the book is lack of sense of proportion.

SIXTY YEARS OF PROTECTION IN CANADA. By Edward Porritt. 5s net. (Macmillan.)

In writing this book Mr. Porritt makes no secret of his sympathy with Free Trade. He deplores the lack of political ideals and principles at Ottawa, and finds the reason for this in the Protectionist movement, which, he says, supported by little more than two thousand manufacturers, has obtained a hold "over both political parties, and especially, since 1897, over the leaders of what was once the Liberal party of the Dominion." Any adequate criticism of Mr. Porritt's most able and interesting book can hardly be attempted outside a professedly economic journal, and it must be enough here to indicate the scope of his work. After an introductory chapter on "The Grip of the Protected Interests on the Government and the Press," Mr. Porritt goes on to discuss the repeal of the Corn Laws in this country, and shows how from this sprang four distinct movements in Canada the movement for a reciprocity treaty with the United States, the movement for a National Policy, the organisation of a Free Trade League, and the agitation for annexation to the United States. Each of these is in turn discussed by Mr. Porritt, but of course most stress is laid upon the National Policy which was first really put into operation by Sir John Macdonald, and has now been adopted and extended by the Ministry of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This policy is treated very fully, and Mr. Porritt comes to the conclusion that

"it can never be practicable to interlace a Protectionist system in England to a Protectionist system in Canada or in any other British Colony in which manufacturers are protected." Mr. Porritt's work has been most carefully done, and his book should be read by those who agree or disagree with him alike.

THE CHARM OF THE ENGLISH VILLAGE. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. Illustrated by Sydney R. Jones. 7s. 6d. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield is already known by his books on old English sports, parish clerks, and English villages. He now describes some of the same things, but regards them chiefly from the point of view of the lover of the picturesque; of history he gives little or nothing. He takes a wide field—too wide a field for a book of this size; for he includes Worcester, Devon, Dorset, Oxford, Berkshire, Kent, Suffolk, Northampton, and Cheshire. It would have been well could he have confined himself to the county which he seems to know best—Berkshire. Out of that he could have made an admirable composite village as a type. But the artist has gone far and wide, and Mr. Ditchfield follows him about with a few words of comment on a variety of old churches, manor-houses, cottages, inns, bridges, roots, walls, doorways, fireplaces, windows, gardens, inn-signs,

barns, pigeon-houses, pillories, crosses, etc. Mr. Ditchfield is not a descriptive artist, but an antiquarian, and he is inclined to mingle the technical and the picturesque in a not wholly satisfactory way. But here certainly is a great deal of important and charming information to be had with little trouble. He begins with the village in general.

"No country in the world," he says, "can boast of possessing half the charm and picturesqueness of our English cottages and hamlets. Wander where you will, in Italy or Switzerland, France or Germany, and when you return home you will be bound to confess that in no foreign land have you seen a village which for beauty and interest can compare with the scattered hamlets of our English land."

He scornfully admits that "the romance of the Rhine, the vine-clad slopes, may produce a certain amount of attractive-

ness"; but he is an old-fashioned patriot of a refreshing, whole-hearted kind. Under the heading of "The Village Church" he distinguishes roughly between the different periods of architecture, and points out some remarkable examples. Then he passes to manors, farms, and rectories. "Cottage Architecture," a survey of old methods and some typical examples, is especially good. He proceeds to details, decoration and interiors; to gardens; inns, shops, mills, crosses and greens, barns and dovecotes, roads and bridges, sundials and weather-cocks. The tone is enthusiastic, not to say idyllic throughout, and indeed there is little in this to be wondered at, for the specimens given by the artist are, as a



Mansell Lacy, Herefordshire.

From "The Charm of the English Village"

rule, singularly beautiful or curious in their several kinds—perfect thatch, noble fireplaces, quaintest nonwork. As those pictures number some scores, it will be seen that the book well earns its name.

Notes on New Books.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Frequently, and almost of necessity, the churches of our land are the only survivors of their towns' history in stone. They are built to withstand time and change, and they fulfil the design. In cities this is not so entirely the case, of course; there are many more historic buildings to hand on the proofs of earlier days. But even in cities churches have more chance against the despoiling hands of unworthy citizens, who, when a bank or a warehouse would be convenient where a palace or a mansion stands, tear down the valuable witness, forgetful of their debt to posterity. So it is history—a history in stone—which Mr. T. Francis Bumpus has given us in his most excellent two volumes on *London Churches Ancient and Modern* (6s. net each), and he has written it with a double charm—the charm which he possesses as an antiquary and as an ecclesiologist. It is not merely of the structures of stone and brick he writes, he is evidently in sympathy with the buildings as places of worship as well as interesting architectural achievements. There is scarcely a Londoner to whom Mr. Bumpus's book will not be a revelation of the glories of his city. When we add the fact that this author can tell an anecdote with spirit, and make his very notes humor-

ous, when humour is not out of place, we have hinted that in accurate information and for entertaining reading the volumes are rich.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE & CO.

In the "Westminster" Series many a "technical romance," if we may so term it, has been told, and Mr. W. Goodchild's volume on *Precious Stones* (8s. net) is a singularly fascinating addition to the number. It is a serious and authoritative work on the origin, nature, composition, and treatment of gems, more than on their magical and decorative qualities; but besides being a detailed history and scientific description of each precious stone, it tells many a fact and anecdote which charm the mere lover of pretty jewels and create in him a deep interest in the more technical side of the matter. Sincere congratulations are due to Dr. Goodchild for this attractive storehouse of knowledge which he has placed easy for our use. Mr. Robert Dykes, too, has keenly interested us, and at the same time roused all our fears and suspicions, by his chapter on artificial stones.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS.

There will always be, and rightly, a public ready for a new anthology, or a book of compilation from the poets and essayists. A new treasure-house of this kind has been compiled by Mr. W. Garrett Horder, who has already proved to us that he possesses a fine literary taste and a power of selection. His new volume, *The Sunlit Road* (3s. net), is a daily companion to cheer the path of all who care to begin each morning with a brave, or a heartening, or a sympathetic, or a suggestive, or a consoling thought from some wise poet or prose-writer. The selections are short without being mere snippets, and in addition to their merit of being extremely well chosen they are noticeably fresh and unhackneyed; they bespeak wide reading and come to many of us with the pleasant thrill of the appropriate idea clothed in unknown phrases.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Many will find *the* book they have long needed in Cassell's *A B C of Gardening*, by Walter P. Wright (3s. 6d. net). It is truly an "encyclopedia of practical horticulture," so arranged that a glance at it at the moment of gardening will give the necessary help respecting planting and tending, and ministering to the ailments of vegetables, trees, and flowers. It is generously illustrated with little representations of plants, and diagrams showing their proper treatment; and a useful appendix suggests the best types of flowers and the names to ask for. For elaborate instruction many other volumes are to be had, but for concise help on salient points this *A B C* will be found invaluable.

Another gardening book published by this same firm is *Gardening for Women*, by the Hon. Frances Wolseley (5s. net). This is not only a fascinating book for the gardener and the nature-lover, but it is a book of practical help and suggestion and guidance to parents who do not know what profession to give their "out-of-door" daughters; and it is a volume full of hope and inspiration to the daughters who are anxious to "do for themselves." The whole range of the profession of gardening by women is discussed and dealt with; advice, practical help, and a wealth of information are given, including cost of training, dress, and the many sides and needs and advantages of the work.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Leroux, the new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes (6s.), is founded on a fine situation. One of the laws of the French Republic allowed that any one of its soldiers might, if he please, choose for a wife one of the aristocrats condemned to death. The soldier Leroux, a fine fellow, takes advantage of this law, and Mrs. Forbes has made a dramatic story out of the circumstance and the vicissitudes of the stormy period.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of such a series of volumes as Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s "People's Library" (8d. net per volume). The handsome row of four-and-twenty books just sent to us, well printed, well bound, and tastefully produced, may well be a source of pride to editor and publisher. Good literature in handy form at a marvellously low price is what this library gives us, and the inclusion of works of men and women of genius so diverse as Shakespeare and Carlyle, Hans Andersen and Jane Austen, Burns and Fenimore Cooper among others, prove that the entertainment, though always good, is framed to suit all tastes. To speak of selection only, the "People's Library" could not be bettered.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ABBOTT-SMITH, E.—The Glory of the King: Short Meditations for Easter (Mowbray)
Before His Face: A Manual compiled by G. G. Magee. 2d. (Mowbray)
BEVERIDGE, A. T. GORDON, M.A., M.B.—Hold Fast or Let Go. In Defence of Christianity. 1s. 3d. net (Wells Gardner)
BRITTON, R. W., M.A.—Angels: Their Nature and Service. 1s. net (Mowbray)

- BRODRICK, M.—The Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. 3s. 6d. net (John Murray)
BULLOCK, REV. G. F., M.A.—The Hymn of Praise of the Incarnation. 1s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
BULLOCK, REV. G. F., M.A.—The Prodigal Son. 1s. net (Mowbray)
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GORHAM, CHARLES TURNER.—The First Easter Dawn. 4s. 6d. net (Watts & Co.)
GRUBB, EDWARD, M.A.—Authority and the Light Within. 2s. net (James Clarke)
HEALY, SAMUEL.—Prayer Book: Prayers for Busy People. 3d. net (Mowbray)
HELPER, REV. CYRIL, M. A.—The Revelation of Love (Wells Gardner)
HENSON, H. HENSLEY, D.D.—Christ and the Nation. 5s. net (Fisher Unwin)
HOLLINGWORTH, HENRY, M.A.—Advice for Meditation (Mowbray)
LINKLATER, REV. ROBERT, D.D.—Defence of the Church of England as against the Church of Rome. 1d. (Mowbray)
MASTERMAN, J. HOWARD B., M.A.—The Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches. 2s. 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)
MILLER, ALEXANDER.—Heaven and Hell Here. Vol. II. 4s. net (Stockwell)
MORGAN, G. CAMPBELL, D.D.—The Analysed Bible. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each (Hodder & Stoughton)
MOULLE, H. C. G., D.D., Bp. of Durham.—Christ's Witness to the Life to Come, and Other Sermons. 3s. 6d. net (Seeley)
OESTERLEY, REV. W. O. E., D.D.—The Evolution of the Messianic Idea. 3s. 6d. net (Pitman)
ROMANES, ETHEL.—Bible Readings. With Comments. 3s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
SHARPE, REV. A. R., M.A.—Holy Communion. Faith, Belief, and Conduct. Confirmation and Afterwards. Heyford Papers. Nos. 3, 4, 5. 3d. each (Mowbray)
SIMPSON, J. G., M.A.—Christian Ideals. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
WELCH, REV. F. A., M.A., D.C.L.—The Love of the Master. 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
WHITBY, F. F.—Baptist Principles. 2s. net (James Clarke)
Brevissima For Busy People. Short Meditations on the Gospel of St. John. Edited by Rev. D. T. W. Pisdale, M.A. 1s. net (Mowbray)

FICTION.

- ANDOM, R.—The Enchanted Ship. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)
ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, ELIOTS.—Richard Langhorne. 6s. (Blackwood)
BAILEY, H. C.—The God of Clay. Illustrated. 6s. (Hutchinson)
BALFOUR, ETHEL.—A Winning Loser. 3s. 6d. (John Onseley)
BEGBIE, HAROLD.—Tables of Stone. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
BIRKHEAD, ALICE.—The Master-Knot. 6s. net (John Lane)
BOWEN, MARJORIE.—The Sword Decides. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
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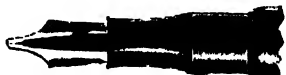


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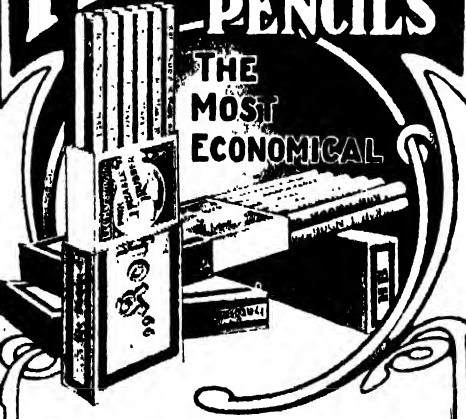
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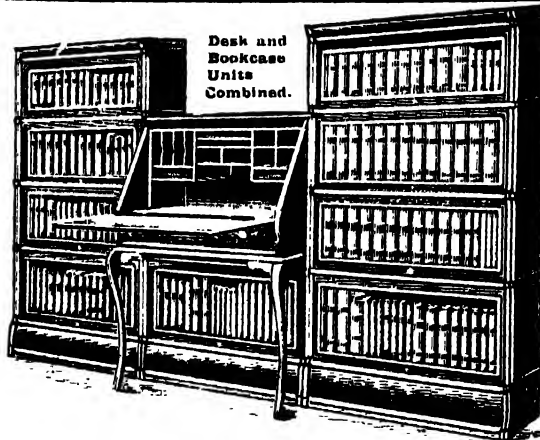
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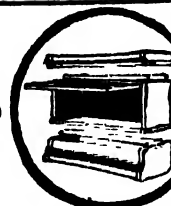
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

A biography of Lord Kelvin, by Professor Andrew Gray, his successor in the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University, is about to be added to Messrs. Dent's "English Men of Science" series.

At last we are to have a collected edition of the songs and poems of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, the author of the famous "Father O'Flynn." The author, who is in his sixty-second year, will himself be responsible for the edition, which will contain many songs and lyrics at present not easy to secure.

Mr. Aylmer Maude has written a life of Tolstoi, which will be published in the autumn, on the occasion of the Count's eightieth birthday. Mr. Maude is one of the greatest English authorities on Tolstoi and his works, and the biography will be, if not "official," yet authoritative.

It is announced that Mr. S. Parnell Kerr has written a book on "George Selwyn and his Times," which will shortly be published. The subject is interesting but it will require very special knowledge in the author if it is to be anything more than

a book for the general reader, as the ground has already been well worked. There is the well-known four-volume "Selwyn and his Contemporaries" by Jesse; and much of Selwyn's correspondence has been printed in the Historical Manuscripts Commission's Fifteenth Report, appendix, part vi. (1897); while in 1899 Mr. E. S. Roscoe and Miss Helen Clerke published "George Selwyn: His Letters and his Life." We hear, however, that Mr. Parnell Kerr will include in his monograph many hitherto unprinted letters written by Selwyn to members of his family.

Dr. W. J. Dawson is projecting a new library which he calls "The Reader's Library," and which will consist of careful selections from the greatest English writers, with prelatory essays, critical and biographical notes. The object of the series is to present in concise form the greatest products of English literature. It is expected that the first two volumes in the series will appear this autumn.

Miss Ellen Terry's autobiography will be issued in a few weeks; and there will appear in the autumn the "official" biography of her great fellow-worker, the late Sir Henry Irving. It was stated some time ago that the latter book would be written by Sir Henry's two sons, who are authors as well as actors; but we understand that the work has been entrusted to a well-known chronicler of matters theatrical. It is further rumoured that Sir John Hare, now on the eve of his retirement from the stage, is engaged upon his memoirs.

Miss Nétta Syrett, whose new novel "Anne Page" we review in this issue, describes the book as "the story of a woman to whom happiness came late in life, and was bought at a great price. It is a retrospective story, for Anne is almost an old woman when the reader first makes her acquaintance. By this time she is rich, surrounded by beauty, and loved by every one in the Warwickshire village which she has made her home. All traces of the storm and stress of her earlier days have disappeared, and only gradually is the history of her life unfolded."

We understand that Miss Syrett is writing another novel which she hopes to finish by the autumn, and that she has several plays "merely waiting for production!"

No one has been more assiduous in making known the literature of modern France to English readers than Mr. Arthur Symons. To return the compliment, a selection of his poetry, literally translated into French, has recently been issued at Bruges in the *Collection d'Antéc*. M. Louis Thomas is responsible for most of the versions, though a few are the work of Verlaine and others. M. Thomas has also con-

tributed a long introduction, biographical and critical, in the course of which he applies to his subject Baudelaire's words on Gautier: "C'est l'amour exclusif du beau, avec toutes ses subdivisions, exprimé dans le langage le mieux approprié." Mr. Symons himself dedicates the volume to M. Emile Verhaeren. "C'est toujours vers des choses françaises que mes sympathies sont allées," he characteristically writes.

Those who have no French should be very grateful for the translated edition of M. Anatole France which Mr. John Lane proposes to publish. One's first acquaintance with the ironies of "Thais" or "L'Étui de Nacre" provides a sensation too good to be forgone. The only question is whether readers of translations ever get it. The delightful matter may be theirs, but the manner is more elusive. "Our language is capable of many and beautiful things; but can it quite reproduce that effortless perfection which is the supreme quality of the best French prose—the prose of Guy de Maupassant and Anatole France?"

Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt, whose new anthology of prose and verse, "The Charm of Edinburgh," has just been added to Messrs. Chatto & Windus's St. Martin's Library, has completed another volume, "The Charm of Venice," which will be published in the same series this autumn. Mr. Hyatt has two or three other such books in hand, and is contributing "The Winds of Heaven," an anthology of the four winds, chiefly in verse, to Messrs. Routledge & Sons' series of "Wayfaring Books."

Mrs. Burnham, whose Christian Science novel, "The Opened Shutters," will be remembered, has a new novel, "The Leaven of Love," ready for immediate publication.

The Oxford University Press announce a new edition of Stow's "Survey of London" in two volumes, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. C. L. Kinsford, who was responsible for the Oxford edition of the "Chronicles of London."

It is not long since that in these columns we made appreciative reference to Mr. H. H. Champion, in reference to his valuable services in founding Australia's only literary paper, the *Book-Lover*. Mr. Champion, in the last issue of this periodical, reminds his readers that at one time he was Sir James (then Mr.) Knowles's assistant on the *Nine-*



Photo by Bassano.

Mrs. de la Pasture.

Author of "The Grey Knight," reviewed on p. 117.

teenth Century, to which review he was for some years a frequent contributor. In 1890 he wrote an article on the great Maritime Strike which attracted much attention. "Mr. Knowles then asked me to come and act as his assistant for three hours every morning, which I willingly did," Mr. Champion writes. "After a few weeks he was taken with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and for some months the *Nineteenth Century* was left almost entirely to my management. It was rather an amusing task, as every morning brought a heap of new visitors, discussing all the subjects of the day, and besides letters offering contributions, the written articles received at the office daily amounted to just over fifteen. James Knowles was by far the best man to work with that I have ever known. He may have had faults—perhaps one of them was the idea that he could write blank verse—but he was in every way the best employer I have ever seen."

Mr. Francis Gribble, who published last autumn "George Sand and her Lovers," is now writing a book on "Rousseau and the Women he Loved."

Mr. G. D. Arnou, the famous *Punch* artist, has completed a series of paintings for a new illustrated edition of "Handley Cross" which will be issued this autumn.

The Index Expurgatorius of the London County Council is a fearful and wonderful thing. That care must be taken in selecting books for young readers is obvious, but it is difficult to see what principles have governed the compilers of the Index. If ever there was a boys' book, we should have thought it to be "Don Quixote," but that is banned in company with the rollicking "Charles O'Malley" of Lever, and Scott's "Kenilworth," and Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." The County Council scholar is not to have, to select but a few names, "Vanity Fair," "The Woman in White," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Adam Bede," "Barchester Towers," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Caxtons," or "Coningsby." It only remains for the authorities who drew up this list to compile another of books they think suitable.

We understand that Mr. J. S. Fletcher's new novel, "The Harvest Moon," shortly to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is a study of a very engaging feminine personality developed on new lines. The heroine is the daughter of the last of a race of Dutch settlers who came over to England in the



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher.

time of Charles I. to drain the fens. She has the blended qualities of Dutch and English. The scenes of the story are laid in Yorkshire, in Bruges, and in Rome.

Messrs. Methuen will shortly publish another work by Mr. Fletcher entitled "A Book about Yorkshire," which attempts to do for "the county of broad acres" what Mr. Baring-Gould has done for Devon and Cornwall. Without being a guide-book, "A Book about Yorkshire" will give a very full account of the Three Ridings—their legendary and historical associations. The book is to be handsomely illustrated with photographs and with sixteen illustrations in colour by Mr. Wal Paget and Mr. Frank Southgate, R.B.A.

Germany was the first country to publish cheap editions of famous books, and Messrs. Reclam and Messrs. Cotta were pioneers in this direction. Recently a new library at ninepence a volume has been inaugurated, and we cannot refrain from a note of admiration at the broad basis upon which the literary adviser of the Leipzig firm, Herr Rudolf Presber, is establishing it. The first twenty-five volumes (all, of course, in German) include Goethe's "Werther," Hoffmann's "Die Elixiere des Teufels"

Thackeray's "Great Hoggarty Diamond," Mürger's "Vie de Bohème," Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans," Bjornstjerne Bjornson's "Synnövé Solbakken," Jean Paul Richter's "Dr. Katzenbergs Badereise," Tolstoi's "Les Cosaques," Dickens's "Christmas Stories," and Pushkin's "La Dame de Pique." The taste of the German general reader is more catholic than that of his English brother; or is it, perhaps, that our editors underrate the interest in continental literature?

There cannot be too many editions of any author of classic renown, and though competing publishers may frown, the public extend a hearty welcome to all. We note with pleasure the announcement of an Oxford Press edition of the works of Thackeray. It is not long since THE BOOKMAN praised the twenty-volume "Macmillan" edition of Thackeray, edited by Mr. Lewis Melville, the merit of which consists in the facts that it is more complete than any other edition, that it is reprinted from the authoritative editions, that it contains the entire tale of illustrations by the author, Leech, Cruikshank, Doyle, and other artists, and that each volume is introduced by a biographical and bibliographical "Note" by the editor. The Oxford edition, which will be uniform with the Dickens of the same publishers, will consist of seventeen volumes, edited by Professor Saintsbury, whose introductions will be, it may be assumed, critical rather than biographical or bibliographical.

It is always interesting to know what is being read across the Atlantic, and no apology is necessary for quoting from the announcement of the circulating department of the New York Public Library the list of books most in demand: in "Adult Fiction"—Beach's "The Barrier," Burnett's "The Shuttle," and Glasgow's "Ancient Law"; and in "Non-Fiction"—Ibsen's plays, "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne," and Landor's "Across Wildest Africa."

The firm of Plon-Nourrit has published a fourth volume of the "Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne," treating of the years 1831 to 1848; and we understand that this final instalment, like the three previous, will shortly be presented in an English translation.

It is several months since THE BOOKMAN announced that Messrs. G. J. Howell & Co. were about to publish by subscription an *édition de luxe* of the

novels of Bulwer Lytton. The issue has in the meantime been steadily progressing, and eleven volumes of this "Edinburgh Edition," with illustrations by Mr. E. F. Sherie, have already appeared. The twelfth, "Eugene Aram," is in the press. Well bound, and well printed on good paper, the "Edinburgh Edition" is the best form in which Lytton has been presented.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN will be much interested in the following particulars kindly sent by Mrs. de Horne Vaizey of her newly published novel, "Flaming June":

"The scheme of the story was suggested by a visit to a well-known health resort where exactly such a spot exists as I have described under the name of 'The Park.' A dozen prosperous, commonplace-looking houses, set, side by side, at the end of nowhere, and fiercely guarded against intruders by lodge-keepers at either entrance. Looking at these houses in their cloistered seclusion and imagining the type of person who would choose to live therein, the idea arose of bringing a bright young American girl from her free, breezy home hie to pay a visit to a spinster relation living amid such strangely contrasted surroundings.

"Having spent a great part of my life in that

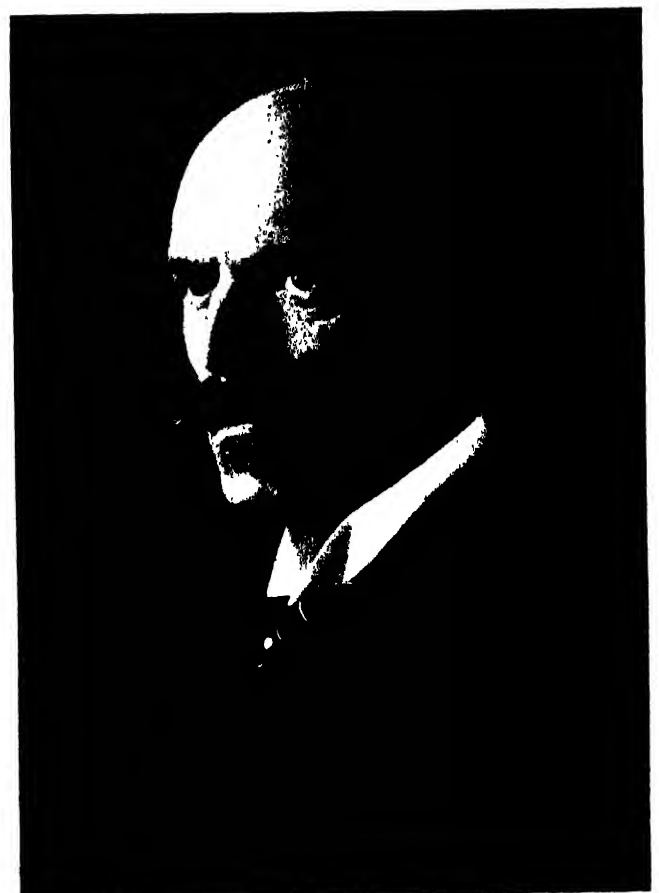


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.
A New Portrait.

great seaport of the north which forms one end of the Atlantic ferry, I possess many Americans among my most intimate friends, and the MS. of 'Flaming June' was dispatched as it was written to be revised and criticised by five sisters in New York. Having run the gauntlet of such a censorship as this, I am at least satisfied that my portraiture of an American girl is sufficiently correct. 'But won't your proper English readers be shocked by our Cornelia?' wrote the eldest of the sisters. I liked that 'our Cornelia'! Well, I am prepared to find that a good many people will not care for my heroine when they first make her acquaintance; my hope and belief is that she will have won their hearts before they bid her good-bye.

"Apropos of this belief, I may recount an amusing little incident which happened near my own village when 'Flaming June' was appearing in serial form. Two old ladies, whose name has been courteously hidden from me, ordered the magazine especially to read the story, being pleased to approve of the 'wholesomeness' of my previous writings. Two months passed, and they paid another visit to the shop, returned the magazines as unfit to be kept in the house, countermanded further orders, and announced that they were 'surprised at Mrs. Vaizey!'



Photo by Harrison, Woodhall Spa.

Mrs. G. de Horne Vaizey.
Author of "Flaming June."

The local bookseller with glee retailed the story to each new-comer, and—so strange a thing is human nature!—with one accord the parish clamoured to know where and how the book could most speedily be obtained. So was 'Flaming June' first advertised—on false pretences, I am glad to know!—but there remains a sequel to the incident which gave me much pleasure. The dear old ladies returned yet again to the bookshop a month or so later on, to set forth that on consideration they had decided that there was nothing worse than unconventionality of speech in the story, that they wished the last numbers of the magazine forwarded to them without delay, for 'they could not rest until they knew what became of Cornelia!'

"With respect to the publications: a book 'Big Game' will shortly be published by the Religious Tract Society, and I am at present finishing a novel to be entitled 'Chrystabel Victrix,' for which I have so far made no publishing arrangements."

Mr. Cecil Aldin is illustrating in colour a new edition of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas," which will form one of the most attractive gift-books of the year.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is a keenly enthusiastic officer in the new Territorial Army, and has embodied his experiences in that capacity and his views on this military development in "An Author in Arms," several chapters of which have been appearing in the *Daily Mail*. Lord Roberts has written a preface for the book, and it will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie almost immediately.

We are to have a new library edition of Jane Austen's works, to be edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson, with illustrations by Mr. Wallis Mills, an artist on the *Punch* staff.

We are informed that the late Mr. David Christie Murray left sufficient material for a memoir. He was a many-sided man, and his recollections will surely be interesting.

To Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Constable, and the proprietors of *Punch* we are indebted for courteous assistance in the illustration of this number.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

IT would seem to be an easy enough matter to catalogue most novelists; you describe them as realists, idealists, humorists, romancists, sentimentalists, sensationists, and the thing is done. A simple, artless system, and generally it works like a charm; when his critics have duly tabulated him, they expect the novelist to keep in his place, and not to intrude upon other columns that are reserved for writers of the other varieties, and as a rule he succumbs to the name that has been bestowed upon him and behaves himself accordingly.

For the average reading public always prefer to know where to find an author and what to expect of him; if he gives them romance to start with, they accept it as a pledge that this is a reliable sample of the goods he is prepared to supply them with for the remainder of his days, and if ever he goes astray and turns out anything that is not romance they are disturbed and disappointed, and tell each other it is not at all in his style, and if he does it again they begin to lose faith in him and his circulation will dwindle, unless he is fortunate enough to win the suffrages of a different public who approve of his altered ways. If Mr. Jerome or Mr. Jacobs, for instance, should publish a serious problem novel, many of us would read it with a dazzled eye and have an uneasy notion that there must be a lot of

subtle humour in it; we should suspect irony and sarcasm where they were not, and feel irritated with the author, as we do with a man who makes a joke that we cannot see and yet feel that we ought to laugh at.

Mr. William Somerset Maugham began his literary career as a sombre and powerful realist; everybody said he was a realist and has gone on saying it in the pious conviction that what he was he ever must be, and now it comes upon most of us with something of a shock that whilst we have been too consistent to change our opinion of him, he has rather disrespectfully neglected to live up to his label, and the grimly realistic novelist of eleven years ago is to-day a writer of romantic, imaginative fiction and one of the most popular living authors of breezy farcical comedy.

It is eleven years since "Liza of Lambeth" startled the town and was fiercely denounced on the one hand as unpleasant, brutal, repellently gloomy, and as warmly

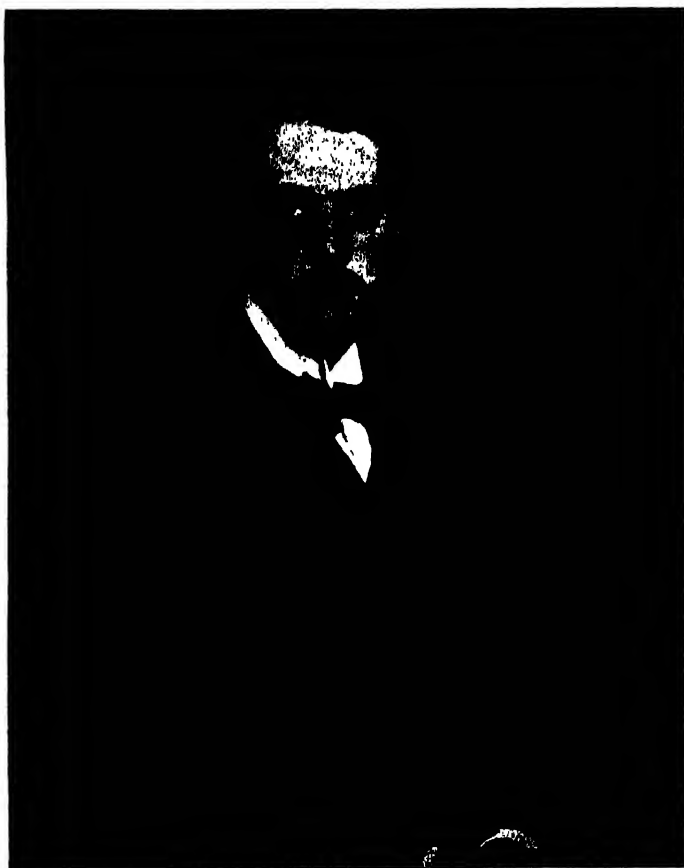
praised on the other for its vivid and intimate truthfulness to certain phases of London life. There was the usual swarm of sapient wind-bags who loudly accused Mr. Maugham, as they accused Mr. Arthur Morrison and Mr. Edwin Pugh, of grossly misrepresenting the poor and writing of them as if they were all unhappy and wholly given over to bestiality and sodden misery; but there was also the wiser, quieter audience capable of recognising that he was not offering a panoramic view of the whole of life as it was lived in lower London, but a faithful portrayal of a darker, sadder side of it that as certainly exists as does the happier side that inspires Mr. Pett Ridge. Of course the controversy that raged round it helped to obtain for "Liza of Lambeth" a

measure of the success it unquestionably merited, but it was not the kind of book to be really popular. Your gloomy novel that is not even wrested to an ideal ending never is popular, and nobody was more acutely aware of this than was the author himself. He had not written it with his eye on the market, or with any particular purpose, but simply because that story happened to come to him.

Educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Heidelberg University, Mr. Maugham was destined for the medical profession, he studied at St. Thomas's Hospital, and in due season took his degrees as M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., but never

practised. He had never seriously intended to practise; it was the wish of his people that he should study medicine, and he did so, but his ambition all along was to write for the stage, and he had a persistent notion that he could acquire the knack of doing so if he made up his mind to it. But having a saving grace of common-sense and being eminently practical he foresaw that he must face the usual difficulties of getting his plays read and produced, and turned to novel-writing as a means of earning his bread and butter and in the hope of making so much of a name at it as should move the autocrats of the theatre to feel that it was worth while at least to consider his dramas.

There is no conventional story to be told in Mr. Maugham's case of the many rejected manuscripts from the magazines, or of disheartening drudgery in the byways of journalism; whilst he was still at St. Thomas's



From the painting by Gerald Kelly.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

he sent to Mr. Fisher Unwin the stories that eventually appeared under the title of "Orientations," and that astute publisher retained them, but said he would sooner make a start with a novel. Whereupon Mr. Maugham wrote "A Lambeth Idyll," which was promptly accepted and issued under its now familiar title of "Liza of Lambeth." He followed this next year with "The Making of a Saint," and people who think a writer should possess only one mood and work always in the same groove were surprised to find that he had run off the lines on which they had expected him to travel, and was not writing again about the London slums. In 1901 came "The Hero," and a year later the novel that is in my judgment the strongest and most brilliant of his books - "Mrs. Craddock." Admirable as it is, every publisher of any consequence rejected it; even Mr. Heinemann declined it at first; then on a second consideration repented. The study of that natural, elemental, passionate, starkly female creature, Mrs. Craddock, is an amazingly bold and subtle piece of psychology, and her story is inevitably clouded with tragedy; but if the tale in itself is not pretty and pleasant, there is a higher pleasure to be got from the stern truth and the art with which it is told.

These later years have yielded two other novels and a book of Spanish travel. Before the publication of "The Merry-Go-Round" a dramatic version of the same story was, I believe, acted by the Stage Society, and this year, turning his back on realism in the commonly accepted meaning of that tormented word, Mr. Maugham has given us "The Explorer," a romance of adventure that, though it is edged with irony, is veined with pathos and sentiment, and has a high souled idealist for its hero.

Meanwhile, whilst he was thus adding to the height and breadth of his reputation as a novelist, Mr. Maugham was by no means diverted from his original inclination to the stage. He had tried his luck with the managers, and lost the toss every time. In 1902 he had a little one-act piece produced in Germany; and a year later he wrote "A Man of Honour" for the Stage Society, thinking this might assist him with the managers, but instead of doing so it lessened his chances and was merely a new obstacle in his path, for "The Man of Honour" had no laughter in it and prejudiced them against him, they appear to have taken for granted that it was thoroughly representative of what he could do and meant to do, and that consequently nothing of his would appeal to the theatre going public or could be made to pay.

Thereafter, Mr. Maugham went to work and wrote the three delightful comedies that are now running simultaneously in London - "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," and "Mrs. Dot." In writing these he frankly confesses that he set himself deliberately to make what the world at large was prepared to pay for. He had a conviction that it was very easy to please if only one would take the trouble to do so, and that, moreover, no dramatist could ever establish himself in England, as things go, unless he either did this or could afford to finance his own plays. He took care that there was nothing in these three comedies that could cause a

momentary pang of anxiety in the breast of the most timorous of managers; his sole intention was to amuse; and the nightly enthusiasm of overflowing audiences at three of our principal theatres testifies that he has triumphantly achieved his purpose.

It took Mr. Maugham four years (a very short time, compared with the experiences of other dramatists who are now among the famous) to get his first play, "Lady Frederick," put before the public; the other two went off more readily. At present he has no thought of writing others on the lines of these three, and it remains to be seen whether what he proposes to follow them up with will not be better in kind and even more popularly successful. That he will not make his plays, any more than he has made his novels, all on the same pattern, however good that pattern may be, is sufficiently obvious from the fact that he has written "The Explorer" both as a drama and as a novel, and the play is being produced by Mr. Lewis Waller.

Happily Mr. Maugham has too keen a sense of humour to cultivate anything in the nature of a pose; he takes his roaring success as quietly and with as little elation as a man draws wages that he has more than earned and therefore receives without astonishment; he is unassuming, but not diffident; he has no affectations and says he has no ideals, but if you take him too literally in that you will misunderstand him. "I must say," he told an interviewer lately, "I think there is a tremendous amount of nonsense talked about the serious drama. All that high-falutin' chatter about ideals! A playwright's and a missionary's appear to me to be two distinct and quite separate callings which should not be permitted to overlap. I cannot understand why a serious play should be held to be pre-eminently greater or more important than a humorous play, a comedy, for instance. Nor do I admit for a moment that the former is more difficult to write or demands a consideration peculiar to itself." He declares that his one aim as an author is to amuse, and that he would excuse almost anything but dullness, and, as might have been expected of a man of his literary capacity and broad sanity of judgment, he has no sympathy with the egotistical, self preening talk of those superior persons who ascribe their failure to an inability or noble disinclination to "write down" to the presumably meaner apprehensions of the vast majority of mankind.

Mr. Maugham is a young man, not yet half-way through his thirties; in the eleven years since he made a beginning he has gone far, and the wariest of prophets need not hesitate to predict that he will go very much farther. Many of us, myself for one, would honestly regret the success of his plays if it were to tempt him to devote himself to the stage entirely; but there is no danger of that. He is looking forward to writing now, with a comfortable mind, just the sort of novels that please himself, whether there happens to be much money in them or little, and has already completed one, a tale of mystery and imagination that deals with the Black Art, and that will be out somewhere in the early weeks of next year.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1 to July 1, 1908.

Cambridge University Press.

- ÆSCHYLUS.—The Seven against Thebes. With Introduction, Critical Notes, Commentary, Translation, etc., by T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.
 COOPER, C. H. Annals of Cambridge. Vol. V., 1850-6. With additions and corrections to Vols. I-IV and Index to the complete work. Edited by J. W. Cooper, Litt.D.
 FLETCHER, GILES and PHINEAS. Poetical Works. Edited by F. S. Bos, M.A. Vol. I. 4s. 6d. net

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

- BESANT, WALTER, and JAMES RICE. By Celia's Arbour. (Cheap Edition) 6d.
 CROKER, MRS. B. M. Proper Pride. 6d.
 GIBBON, CHARLES. The Dead Heart. 6d.
 HOLLAND, CLIVE. From the Foreland to Penzance. Illustrated in colours by Maurice Randall. 1s. 6d. net; large-paper edition, 21s. net

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

- BANSOR, H. W., M.A. An Introductory Course in Chemistry. 2s. 6d.
 CAVERS, F., D.Sc., A.R.C.Sc., F.L.S., Professor of Biology at Hartley College, Southampton. Life Histories of Common Plants. An Introduction to Botany. 3s.
 DIXON, F. N., B.A. History of Great Britain, 1703-1815. For Teachers' Certificate Examination, 1909. 2s. 6d.
 GOGGIN, S. E., B.A. Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." For Teachers' Certificate Examination, 1909, etc. 2s.
 HOGAN, A. E., LL.D. Government of the United Kingdom. For Teachers' Certificate Examination, 1909.
 RUSH, R. R., Ph.D., M.A. Mori's "Utopia." For Northern Univ. Matric Examination, 1909; Teachers' Certificate, 1909, etc. 2s.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

- AMUNDSEN, ROALD. The North-West Passage. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.
 BURROUGHS, JOHN. Leaf and Tendril. 4s. 6d. net.
 HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL. Little Brown Brother. 6s.
 SINCLAIR, MAY. Kitty Tailum. 4s.
 THORNDIKE, ASHLEY H. Tragedy. 6s. net

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

- Beethoven's Letters, by Dr. Alf. Ch. Kahschke. Translated and Edited by J. S. Shedlock, M.A. Many Illustrations and facsimiles.
 GRAY, PROFESSOR ANDREW. Life of Lord Kelvin (English Men of Science). 2s. 6d. net.
 Everyman's Library. 2, new volumes. 1s. net cloth; 2s. net leather.

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- STOKES, HUGH. The Art Treasures of London. No. 1. Painting. A complete survey of the art of oil-painting as seen in the public galleries of London. 52 illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
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- COMPAYRE, GABRIEL. Montaigne, and the Education of the Judgment. ("Pioneers of Education" Series). 2s. 6d. net.
 SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. Julius Caesar. Reprinted from the First Folio, with Introduction and Notes, etc., by W. H. Hudson. (The Elizabethan Shakespeare). 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

- LAIR, M. JULES. Louise de la Vallière. Translated from the French by Miss R. C. Mayne. 16s. net.
 WHITE, PERCY. Love and the Poor Sinner. 6s.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

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COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

JUNE, 1908.

THE READER.

DANIEL DEFOE.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

SAINTE AUGUSTINE (a literary person of some importance) enunciated the only law of criticism when he crushed the Donatists with that magnificent sentence "securus judicat orbis terrarum." He spoke, it is true, as a religious critic; but in art as well as in religion, time will tell. Oblivion scattereth blindly her poppy, and of some great works nothing remains but the memory; but where much survives, it is the best that is remembered and the worst that is forgotten. Posterity makes havoc of our preferences. We may praise most lavishly or condemn most vigorously; we may frame persuasive canons of art and authoritative laws of taste; but the only law is this, that what the world likes is good and will live, and what the world doesn't like is bad and will perish. The world-jury cannot be packed, and its verdict is final; but you must give it time to consider. Now the world has long since made up its mind that Defoe spells "Robinson Crusoe"; but Defoe's own generation read it otherwise—not because his contemporaries depreciated that immortal adventure, but simply because "Crusoe" appeared at the end of an incredibly busy public life. The heroic bibliography compiled by William Lee names some two hundred and fifty works either certainly or probably Defoe's, all popular works in the full sense of the word, eagerly bought and eagerly read; but the world has sifted this heap, and nothing remains but "Robinson Crusoe" cherished as a treasure, and a few others, cherished for Robinson's sake, or for historical rather than literary value. The world has done well—"Robinson Crusoe" stands high, not only among Defoe's books, but among all books. It is not local, it is not national, it is universal. The world has done well—and yet the outstanding fame of "Crusoe" has certainly called attention from rather than to his other books. Lamb pointed this out, and instanced the parallel case of Bunyan and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

There is no remedy. We can only say that while "Robinson Crusoe" puts Defoe among world-authors, other works put him high among English authors—that had "Crusoe" never been written, the story of the Plague (for instance) would be more read than it is now. He might not have been known to the millions, but he would certainly have been known to the thousands.

After "Robinson Crusoe," the next thing, perhaps, that his name suggests to most people, is the line of Pope:

"Fearless on high stood unabashed Defoe."

"Fearless" being an exaggeration: he was never "cropped," but he was certainly pilloried. How came he to get that ignominious advertisement? The literary life of Defoe is the political history of England from the Revolution to the accession of George II.; for while we know him best as a novelist, his contemporaries knew him best as a journalist. We might call him, without exaggeration, the inventor of journalism, as we understand that valuable art. The early newspapers contained news and little else. The purchaser of the *Daily Courant* or the *Evening Post* bought his slender sheet to learn the news and the talk of the town; the purchaser of our expanded modern journals certainly buys news, but as well he buys opinions, criticisms, information—chiefly opinions. The newspapers of Anne's reign contained no "leaders," no editorial columns, no special articles called "The Truth about so-and-so" (we always know that it means "Half-truth"), no moral attacks on "Sordid Fiction" in one column, next door to spicy details from a "high-life" divorce case in the next. In the absence of these advantages, the pamphlet drove a roaring trade, just as, in the absence of our political campaigns, the political sermon drew eager crowds to church. Defoe was an indefatigable pamphleteer, and in the *Review* invented the periodical distribution of opinions and arguments. He supplied a need of the times. The tangled reign of William III. gives us, not indeed our first definite parties, for there were Moderates and Progressives in Simon de Montfort's time, but certainly the first definite emergence of party as a system of government. Party strife to-day is a mere

friendly tug-of-war compared with the life-or-death struggles of the early eighteenth century, and it was during these struggles that Ministers felt the need of a friendly press, while sturdy scribblers felt the joy of battle. Defoe, being conscious of his fist and his pen, plunged into the conflict. He had already shown dispositions. He was born at the Restoration; and as a



The Old Manor House (Back View)

near Tooting Junction, where Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe." His study is supposed to have been the room over the porch.

young and militant Dissenter (he was intended for the Nonconformist ministry) he had rejoiced in the Catholic persecutions of 1680, and had trailed a puissant pike for Monmouth at Sedgemoor. By the time that William was safely on the throne, Defoe was settled in the hosiery business, and, like many another business man, was a keen politician. Were he living to-day, he would be a vigorous Radical and free-trader—certainly a Progressive member of the London County Council, and the "Essay on Projects" (1698) indicates that he would have leaned towards Socialism. The favourite diversion of the day was King-baiting. William, whose greatness as monarch and man is real enough to have survived the worship of Whig historians, was in an unfortunate position. He had more or less been definitely "engaged" by Parliament to displace the hereditary monarch, and he was made to feel his position. The great Whig nobles, who wanted to rule through him, quietly patronised him, and the Tories, whose hearts were over the water, openly sneered at him. His unpopularity produced a reaction and won him many sturdy champions, and Daniel Defoe, late hosier, now brick and tile merchant, drew a trenchant pen on William's side. He wrote in favour of William's unsuccessful and unpopular war against Louis XIV., and, after the Peace of Ryswick, in favour of keeping a standing army; and when, on the death of the childless Spanish King, William wanted

to draw sword once more against aggressive French imperialism, Defoe aided his cause in many vigorous pamphlets, though the feeling of the day was against another war. He wrote in vain. William was unpopular, his outlook was Continental rather than English; and in the heat of controversy the sturdy Briton of the day called the King and his friends by the worst name, almost, that can fall from English lips—"Foreigners." Defoe took up the taunt and answered it in one of the most famous of his productions, the verse-pamphlet called "The True-born Englishman." It should be read: the criticism is still valid. Who, he asks, is this pure-bred Englishman, who gives himself liberty to despise foreigners? He begins with the familiar lines—

"Wherever God erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation."

It is worth noting, by the way, that George Herbert has the same thought in his "Jacula Prudentum": "No sooner is a Temple built to God, but the Devil builds a Chapel hard by"; and Burton, earlier still, has written, "where God hath a Temple, the Devil will have a Chapel." The Devil, Defoe tells us, implanted some vice in every nation. To Spain he gave Pride, to Italy Lust, to Germany Drunkenness, to France Passion, to England Ingratitude—a surly spirit that has been punished by an influx of conquering undesirables from the Continent with all their native vices. With Cæsar came Romans,

Gauls, Greeks, Lombards;
then followed Saxons, Danes, Scots,
Picts and Irish.

"All these their barbarous Offspring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies they of all mankind.

From this amphibious, ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natured thing, an Englishman."

As for our "Norman nobility,"

"'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman bastard did arrive:

Yet who the hero was, no man can tell,
Whether a drummer or a colonel:
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended dark original."

The invasion continues. The wars with France introduce more

foreigners, the Tudors more still. James I. came

"With troops of Scots and scabs from north of Tweed,"
who,

"With native truth, diseases, and no money,
Plundered our Canaan of the milk and honey."
Charles II.

"carefully re-peopled us again
Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign"
with many unmentionable foreign persons, from whom, ignobly, descend English peers. He concludes the first part with one for the commoner:

"The silent nations undistinguished fall,
And Englishman's the common name for all.
Fate jumbled them together, God knows how;
Whate'er they were, they're True-born English now,"



Daniel Defoe.



The Famous ROXANA

Frontispiece to Defoe's novel of that name.

and with one for the noble :

" Fate has but very small distinction set
Betwixt the counter and the coronet,
Tarpaulin lords, pages of high renown,
Rise up by poor men's valour, not their own ;
Great families of yesterday we show,
And Lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who "

The second part criticises the national character in the same sturdy way. The rhyme is no more than butter-woman's rank to market ; but observe his vigour, his raciness, his true journalist's sense of what will tell. His pointed personal verse got home where polished reasoning would have failed, and the pamphlet sold in thousands. Englishmen like to be told of their faults if it be done with vigour and humour. Several pamphlets crying for war followed ; but the King whom Defoe had served so valiantly was nearing his end ; and when the inevitable war really came, he died, leaving his crown to the sister-in-law who had been the rallying point of his enemies, and his sword to the great and sinful man whom he trusted least and hated most.

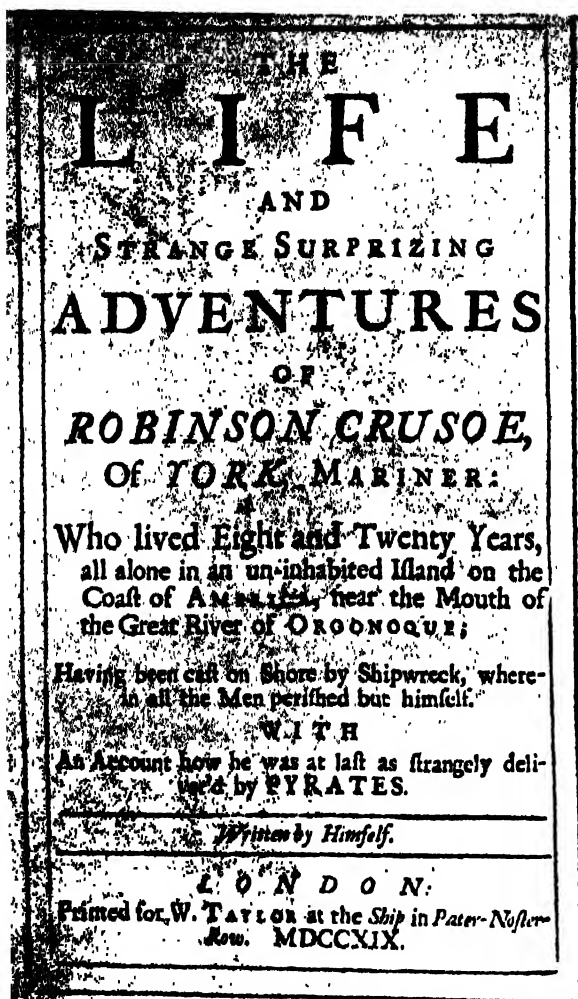
Under William III. Defoe's Whiggery and Dissent were safe. How would he stand with the Tory and High Church Anne ? The beginning was unpropitious. We think of Anne's reign as an age of materialism, of worldly literature, of vigorous politics, of successful war. It was all these ; but as well, it was an age of keen and practical religion. Poor benefices bless the flourishing fund called

Queen Anne's Bounty, and in her reign fifty new churches were built in London alone—you may tell them by their surpassing ugliness. The Tories were Churchmen, the Whigs strong in Dissenters ; and many a struggle between Whig and Tory was really a struggle between Church and Chapel. The Test Act of Charles II.'s reign made the Church of England communion obligatory upon all office holders. How, then, could dissenting Whigs qualify ? Simply by taking the Church Sacrament formally, and then returning to Dissent again. This rather dishonest practice was called Occasional Conformity. Defoe, as a sincere Dissenter, had already written against it in 1698, his case really coming to this : —if Dissent is religious truth, then Occasional Conformity is sinful ; if the Church Sacrament is religious truth, then Dissent itself is sinful. Time-serving Dissenters felt uncomfortable at this plain speaking from one of themselves ; but the practice of Occasional Conformity continued. The accession of Anne gave the hot Tories and High Churchmen their chance. A Bill to suppress the practice passed the Commons, but was lost in the Lords, where the Whigs were still powerful. Defoe was inclined to welcome the measure (on its religious side) as a purge to rid Dissent of its false brethren ; but his fellow Non-conformists hardly admired his attitude. The stroke had missed ; but it might fall again. While the extreme High Churchmen were exulting in their power, and Dissenters trembling at imminent persecution, appeared



Robinson Crusoe.

Frontispiece to the first edition.



Title-page of the First Edition.

A copy was sold at Sotheby's on May 1, 1891, for the record price of £397.

a violent pamphlet called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." The author was obviously a persecuting Churchman of the most uncompromising type, another and worse Sacheverell. He began by reminding readers of the cock who, without perch, had to roost on the floor of a stable full of horses, and who addressed his mighty bedfellows with the words, "Pray, gentlefolks, let us stand still, for fear we should tread upon one another." The writer applied the fable. The poor fearful cock was the party of Dissent, now begging for toleration and consideration. Fine people, you Dissenters (he argues), to talk of consideration :

"You have Butcher'd one King, Depos'd another King and made a mock King of a Third; and yet you could have the Face to expect to be employed and trusted by the Fourth."

Had James I. but dealt faithfully with these Dissenters we should have been spared the troubles of the last hundred years. What toleration and consideration did Dissenters show to Churchmen in Oliver's time? Shall we not have our turn? The State has an undoubted right to execute known laws upon any part of the nation it governs, and since the Queen is sworn to defend and protect the Church of England, she is bound therefore to suppress the Church's enemies. It is

perhaps scarcely advisable to revive the stake and the faggot, yet it is right to preach "Delenda est Carthago."

"'Tis vain to trifle in this Matter. . . . They that will go to Church to be chosen Sheriffs and Mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe Law were made, and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a Conventicle should be Banished the Nation, and the Preacher be Hanged, we should soon see an end of the Tale, - they would all come to Church, and one Age would make us all One again."

Thus he concludes :

"Alas! the Church of England! What with Popery on the one hand and Schismatics on the other, how has she been Crucified between two Thieves. Now let us Crucify the Thieves."

The pamphlet fluttered all the religious dove-cotes. The trembling Dissenters trembled more at this display of High Church truculence; and the High Churchmen themselves, while they approved of the pamphlet thought that their zealous brother had gone perhaps a little too far. But who was the zealous brother who thus out-Sacheverell'd Sacheverell? The Highflying Churchman unmasked, and discovered Daniel Defoe Dissenter! The pamphlet was a joke—so good, so elaborate, that neither of the extreme parties saw the point. Dissenters thought such joking resembled talking of the rope in a house where one had been hanged; and the Highfliers little relished their arms being thus carried by unanswerable logic to a ridiculous conclusion. The Ministers (led by Nottingham) resolved to prosecute and, when Defoe went into hiding, offered a reward for his capture. We learn from the advertisement that he was a middle-aged, spare man, about forty, of brown complexion, and dark brown hair under a wig; with a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near the mouth. He surrendered, and was fined pilloried, and imprisoned. His exposure was a personal triumph. The True-born Englishman who spoke his



The Old Manor House, Tooting (Front View).

This old house, associated with Defoe and "Robinson Crusoe," is shortly to be pulled down.

mind was a man to admire, and London mafficked round the pillory, and drank the victim's health. Brilliant editors of to-day, conscious of the beauties of advertisement, must regret the abolition of this admirable instrument of torture. The unquenchable journalist himself produced a "Hymn to the Pillory" which was sold in the streets as he stood in the machine. It repeats the triumph of the "True-born Englishman." The pillory is shaped like a T, so he greets it with --

"Hail, Hieroglyphick State Machine,
Contrived to punish Fancy in."

He is unjustly punished, like many another that has stood there--Bastwick, Prynne and Selden.

"Here by the errors of the Town,
The Fools look out, the Knaves look on."

Those who should stand there are described--some by thinly disguised names. Again, though the pillory is abolished, the criticism still applies. Here is an admirable couplet

"Let none the Indignity resent,
For Crime is all the Shame of Punishment."

From the pillory Defoe went to Newgate, where he mingled with the throng of ne'er-do-wells who gave him so much material for his later novels. There he lay from 1703-4; but he had permission to write, and he continued to attack the Highfliers. The most remarkable production of his imprisonment was the periodical *Review*, a brilliant piece of personal, single-handed journalism, giving elaborate discussions and arguments (spiced with gossip) instead of the usual news. Mr. Stead alone of present-day journalists could come near the knowledge and power of the *Review*, and Defoe began it in Newgate, a feat comparable with Cobbett's management of his farm by letters from the same incredible spot. One peculiarity of the *Review* was that it dealt continuously with special subjects. Thus, the first volume deals with the war, Marlborough's successes, and the necessity for crushing France; the second with home affairs, particularly the elections; the fourth with the union between England and Scotland, and so on. The *Review* lasted till 1713.

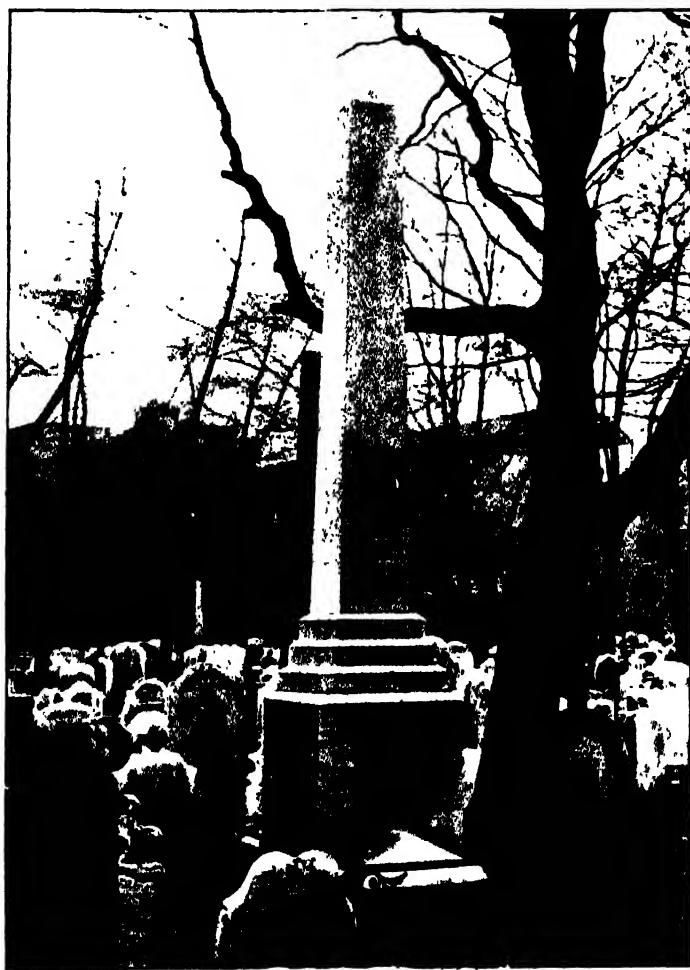
Soon after the paper

was launched the political situation was changed. Defoe's enemies were in danger. Marlborough's military successes made the position of anti-war Tories like Nottingham rather difficult. The Highfliers were flying out of favour. Nottingham and other extremists fell, and their place was taken by moderate Tories like Harley and St. John. Harley released Defoe; and the latter entered upon a less honourable stage of his career. The Minister knew the value of a shrewd fellow and clever writer, and there is no doubt that Defoe was released upon conditions. At any rate, his independence was gone. The Whig and Dissenter, pilloried and imprisoned by one Tory Government, was bought by the next, and became its secret instrument. He does not appear openly as a Harleian Tory. He is still (outwardly) the true born Englishman, an honest plain-spoken rogue, a thorn in the side of all Governments. Thus, when the question of Union between England and Scotland was being debated, and anti-English feeling in Scotland was running dangerously high, Defoe went to Edinburgh at much personal inconvenience and danger, as he explained, and became a valiant fighter for the Union. His good faith was suspected, and he became virtuously indignant:

"I am charged with partiality, bribery, pensions, and payments. . . . If paid, gentlemen, for writing, if hired, if employed, why still harassed with merciless and malicious men, why pursued to all extremities at law for old accounts, which you clear other men of every day? Why oppressed, distressed, and driven from his family, and from all his prospects of delivering them or himself? Is this the fate of men employed and hired?"

Very pretty. The "tears in the voice" are quite moving; but the fact remains that he *was* paid for writing, that he *was* in receipt of a pension, and that he had gone to Scotland as the secret agent of Harley's Ministry. The reference to his debts and his cruel creditors is masterly; as Minto says in his admirable monograph: "When he was despatched on secret missions, he could depart wiping his eyes at the hardship of having to flee from his creditors." However, there is no doubt that in advocating peace and union with Scotland, Defoe was writing not only from his cue, but from his heart.

But the Tories were



Defoe's Tomb in Bunhill Fields.

Erected by the boys and girls of England in response to an appeal made by the *Christian World* newspaper.

hastening to a fall; and when Marlborough and Godolphin, declaring themselves Whigs, manœuvred Harley out of office, Defoe, without compunction, entered the service of the new Government, lauded the Treasurer and the Captain-General to the skies, and drubbed the Tories most vigorously. Then in two years came another swing of the pendulum. The prosecution of the Highflter Sacheverell gave the London mob another chance of mafficking, and the Whigs were jeered out of office. Defoe went back to Harley with admirable composure. It is true that Harley was his benefactor, and had released him; but he had discovered the convenient truth that his duty as a public writer was to the State and the Sovereign, and that he could therefore consistently serve any Ministry honoured with the Sovereign's confidence. We shall not be surprised, then, to find that when Anne's death brought Harley's final downfall and the great Whig triumph, Defoe stood by the winning side, and secretly backed up the Whigs in a Tory journal. He was again to learn that irony is a dangerous instrument; for, having written grave pamphlets pointing out the advantage of the Pretender as king and the benefits of French rule in England, he was prosecuted—this time by the Whigs as a Jacobite!—but he escaped by pardon under the Great Seal.

But here, fortunately, Defoe the journalist gives place to Defoe the novelist. In 1719 appeared the first part of "Robinson Crusoe"; in a few months more the second part, and in another year the dreary third part—the "Serious Reflections." The success of the new vein was tremendous. During the next four years appeared "Duncan Campbell," the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Captain Singleton," "Moll Flanders," the "History of the Plague," "Colonel Jack," and "Roxana." Heavens, what thews and sinews! as Stevenson said of another. The same hand is visible in all. Defoe had succeeded as a journalist because he had instinctively gauged the capacity of the man in the street; he succeeded as a novelist by the same instinct. Read anything of his, whether pamphlet, poem or novel, and you see the honest fellow, the ingenuous, plain-speaking, plucky and resourceful sportsman that every Englishman believes himself to be. Within our British bodies dwell three persons—the politician, the business-man, and the big boy. Defoe captured all three—the first with his vigorous plain speaking, the second with his statistics and precise financial details, the third with his sense of the picaresque. People have called him versatile because he began as a journalist and ended as a novelist, and scattered works of rather unworthy or Smilesian wisdom in between. With as much lack of reason, stupid theatrical criticism calls an actor versatile because he appears one day with a padded belly as

Falstaff and the next in his native leanness as Shylock—the difference being merely external. Defoe was not versatile. He triumphed in fiction by the methods of journalism—by realising and intensifying the probable with circumstantial and corroborative detail. In sensational journalism you do not invent the initial fact, you invent the appropriate details. The brilliant writer who harrowed us some years ago with the Legation massacres at Peking did not invent the fact that there was trouble in that city; he invented the things that we were ready to believe—the heroic defence, the slaughter, the tortures inflicted on the women, and the dramatic shooting of an Ambassador's wife by her husband to save her from a more dreadful death. He did not mention the fact that certain people (supposed to be slaughtered) did very well out of the loot, because that spoiled the story, and we did not want to believe anything so sordid. Defoe was an old hand at this game. A terrible storm happened in November, 1793, while he was in Newgate. Soon afterwards came from his pen a moving picture of the havoc—nothing impossible, all plausible,

and well-seasoned with fact, with narratives of eye-witnesses, corroborative letters and so forth. A reported eruption in the West Indies he treated in the same way—the method being seen at its best in that wonderful narrative of the Plague, where with no apparent effort he forces the pity and terror of the thing upon the reader. His power of inventing fact and detail is really wonderful; but he could not invent character. Crusoe, Singleton, Jack, and the rest, are all one and the same person, unmoved and unmovable, with Defoe's tradesman-eye to the main chance, punctually repentant of sin, and replete with correct bourgeois moralisms. Crusoe is as comfortable as an alder-



The Old Tombstone of Daniel Defoe.

(Reproduced from "The Life of Daniel Defoe," by Thomas Wright, by kind permission of Messrs Cassell & Co.)

man, and the references to his horrible situation provoke pained surprise in the envious reader. Friday never once comes to life. He is the elementary Englishman's conception of a "native," a cross between the poor heathen of the missionary books and a Christy minstrel without song. Roxana is intended for a splendid harlot, Moll Flanders for a less fortunate specimen: they are the same person, and both of them talk like a balance sheet. It is characteristic of Defoe that one of Crusoe's first acts is to make a debit and credit account of his good and his evil. Nothing in "Moll" is so thrilling as the part where Defoe the journalist describes the departure of six poor souls for the gallows. The gift of creation Defoe has not; the gift of incident he has, and, besides this, the gift of honest prose. Disraeli makes one of his characters say that if you would influence the people you must write the language of the people as Shakespeare and Cobbett did. Defoe has this gift of strong plain speech: he has for companions Swift, Cobbett, and Bunyan. When I was little more

than a lad I had a book into which I copied passages that pleased me. There stand the massacre at Magdeburg from the "Cavalier," the description of Montserrat from "Captain Carleton," the loss and recovery of the money from "Colonel Jack," the thunderstorm from "Captain Singleton," and the execution morning from "Moll Flanders." I turned to this book the other day, and found these passages cheek by jowl with such splendours from the "Modern Painters" as might be expected to fascinate a youth. The plain and unadorned Defoe stands the comparison very well.

But, after all, Defoe, as I said at first, spells "Robinson Crusoe." What is the fascination of a book that any elementary geographer, naturalist, or ethnographer could tear to pieces? The question goes into the soul of books, and no man can answer it. Let us note two things, however. First it gives the fascination of adventure—adventure that is a certitude to the boy, and still a hope to the man. We can all remember how the progress of discovery alarmed us lest all the uninhabited

islands might be found and peopled before we should be old enough to go and get wrecked. When we grow up we merely change our hopes from one isle to another—from Juan Fernandez to Hy-Brasail. And then there is the fascination of solitude and wonder—wonder that is the child's own kingdom. The daily sun and the nightly stars are more wonderful to a child than the midnight sun and the midday stars to a traveller at the North Cape. We lose the sense of wonder, and get instead the sense of beauty; but we get fittully and by measure what the child gets constantly and copiously. We must rush to Niagara or the Himalayas to get the thrill a child will get from the pond and bushes on the common. You remember that Crusoe came unrepentant to his island, and in his solitude trembled, and found God. Defoe tamely explained his story away as an allegory of his own life. It is an allegory, but a deeper one than Defoe intended. His island is that immeasurable solitude, a child's mind—a solitude of strange voices and mysterious footprints, and reverberating with the awful thought of God.

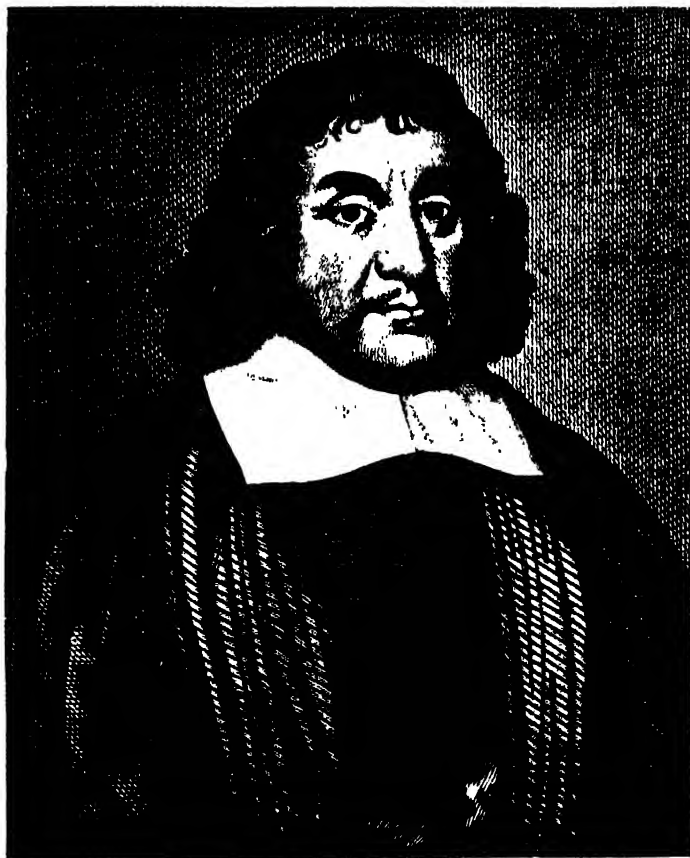
THE TERCENTENARY OF THOMAS FULLER.

BY W. F. A. AXON.

THREE hundred years ago—early in June, 1608—there was born to Thomas Fuller, "the painful preacher of Saint Peter's," Aldwinckle, a son to whom he gave his own name. This second Thomas Fuller, born into a troublous age, has earned for himself a remarkable, and indeed unique, position in English literature. "Next to Shakespeare," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "I am not sure whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous: the degree in which any given faculty or combination of faculties is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality wonder! Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material he worked in; and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for the

beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." This is high praise. The extent of Fuller's writings has hindered his fame. The modern printer can compress the whole of Shakespeare's legacy to the world within

the compass of a single volume, but Fuller, in addition to some quintessential books of small size, is the author of folios that defy condensation. There are eleven hundred and fifty-nine folio pages of the "Church History of Britain"; and a thousand and two folio pages of the "Worthies of England," whilst "Abel Redivivus" fills over six hundred quarto pages. Hence there has never been a uniform collection of Fuller's writings; and whilst some of his books have gone through many popular editions, others have continued to be more or less difficult to obtain. His poems were not edited



Thomas Fuller, ætat 53.

until 1868, and our gratitude to Dr. Grosart for this gathering cannot prevent us from regarding the edition as unsatisfactory. His "collected sermons" were not brought out until 1891, when the editorial work, left incomplete by the death of Mr. John Eglington Bailey, was finished by the present writer, who hopes later to realise a long-standing desire to prepare the "Worthies" in a satisfactory edition. Whatever Fuller thought worth writing is well worth reading. Even his dust is gold dust. Charles Lamb read through three of Fuller's folios "in almost as few days," and returning them to Gilman, wrote: "Pray do you or S. T. C. immediately write to say you received back the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel which I part from bleeding." Most readers of Fuller feel an affection for him which finds expression in some endearing phrase such as that which Lamb has here employed.

Let us glance at the record of Fuller's life as it has been lovingly set forth by my lamented friend the late Mr. John Eglington Bailey, in a book that will always remain the standard biography of the wise and witty divine.* Fuller was the son of a peace loving clergyman, who, in spite of his earnest preaching and his avoidance of extremes, did not altogether escape the attention of the Star Chamber that double-barrelled instrument of regal and prelatical tyranny. Two sons and five daughters were added to the Aldwinckle rectory. Fuller's first schoolmaster was Arthur Smith, who claimed kinship with Captain John Smith of Virginia, and who acted as curate at that church in the long absence of Robert Browne, the founder of Independency, but "was not apt to teach." Later, the boy had a better instructor in his father, who destined him for the ministry. When his relation, Bishop Davenant, was talking with the elder Fuller, the boy would sometimes join in the conversation in a manner "beyond expectation of his years." Already he had "a very working head: insomuch that walking and meditating before dinner he would eat up a penny loaf not knowing that he did it." This hearty appetite he retained through life; but whilst he had the good fortune to escape sickness, he did not attain longevity, for he was baptized on June 9, 1608, and died August 16, 1661. Great industry and some genius he must have had who, dying at fifty-three, was able in the course of a troubled life to write so much and so well as Thomas Fuller. At an early age—about twelve—he was ad-

mitted to Queens' College, Cambridge, of which his uncle, Dr. John Davenant, was then the President, and also Bishop-designate of Salisbury. This was a favourable beginning for Fuller, and his tutor was his cousin Edward Davenant, who was "not only a man of vast learning, but of great goodness and charity." From Davenant, who had some sensible ideas on the cultivation of the memory, his nephew may, perhaps, have had the discipline that made him so remarkably proficient in the art of recollection. There was not much waste of daylight in old Cambridge, for the prayers, sometimes followed by a sermon, in the college chapel began at five in the morning. The course of study appears to have included Greek and Latin, Hebrew, Logic, Ethics, Rhetoric, Mathematics, History, and Chronology. "Thus taking these sciences in their general latitude he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts; only he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in; I mean for that predominant profession of law, physic, divinity or state-policy which he intends for his principal calling hereafter" such is Fuller's own account. Here we may suppose Fuller would see King James on his visit in 1622-3, when he was feasted at Trinity College and listened to the Latin oration of George Herbert; here, too, he would hear the bells and see the bonfires which testified the public joy at the failure of the proposed "Spanish match." He took his B.A. degree at the age of seventeen, and proceeded M.A. in 1628. His uncle's endeavours to secure him a Fellowship at Queens' failed, and in 1629 he became a Fellow-Commoner of Sidney-Sussex College. Here among his friends were Robert Litton (an ancestor of Lord Lytton), Walter Montagu (who joined the Church of Rome), Thomas Gakaker and Jeremiah Whitaker (the Puritans), and Joseph Mede ("most learned in mystical divinity"). It would be pleasant to think that Milton and Fuller were acquainted with each other. Jeremy Taylor, then a student, he knew later. Fuller's first preferment came from Corpus Christi College, which appointed him to the perpetual curacy of St. Benet's Church, Cambridge, where he soon made his mark as a preacher, but his ministrations were unhappily interrupted by the plague and the consequent scattering of the students. One of the parishioners who died was Hobson, the famous Cambridge carrier whose "choice" has passed into a proverb.

Fuller was no exception to the general rule that a young author begins with verse. It cannot be said that there is any inspiration in "David's Hainous Sinne, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment," but it shows his early liking for alliteration and for fantastic phrases. The poet has not yet been born to make Bathsheba a heroine of immortal verse. Fuller in his earliest as in his latest books is fertile in puns and odd conceits and tricks of language. He certainly was not without some poetic sensibility, but he certainly was not a poet. He is seen to the best advantage in his epigrams and in the translations of couplets and other brevities that are scattered through his works. In 1631 he

* When Mr. Bailey was a student at Owens College (which has now developed into the University of Manchester), he attended the lectures of the Rev. William Gaskell (the scholarly husband of the famous novelist), who in class suggested that an adequate biography of Fuller was needed. The seed fell on good ground; Mr. Bailey devoted his leisure to collecting the material, and spent his summer holidays in visiting the scenes associated with Fuller's life. The book, which appeared in 1874, is a model of scholarly and appreciative biography. However many "appreciations" may follow, the quarry from which they must be dug is the "Life of Thomas Fuller," by John Eglington Bailey.

became a Prebendary of Sarum, and in 1634 Rector of Broadwindsor, a rural village where Fuller had the opportunity of displaying all the virtues of his own picture of "the good parson," with his genuine piety and his dislike of that "affected gravity, which is rather on men than in them, whereby some belie their register-book, antedate their age to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness." In 1635 he took the B.D. degree and married a wife. She bore him one son, and died. This loss may have had an influence in taking him to London, where he was a member of the Convocation of 1640, which discussed the "Observances." He was frankly Anglican and Royalist, but had little sympathy with the extreme men, and used his influence for peace. His sermons at the Savoy were so much esteemed that he had two audiences, one within the Chapel Royal and the other outside catching his words through the open window. He knew the dangers that beset popular preachers. "Let them," he said, "not pride themselves with the bubble of popular applause, often as carelessly gotten, as undeservedly lost. Have we not seen those who have preferred the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt before heavenly manna? Lungs before brains, and the sounding of a voice before the soundness of matter?" Even when the King had gone to Oxford and the war began, Fuller preached at the Savoy from the text "Blessed are the peacemakers." It is a serious appeal to the nation to refrain from violent measures. Evils are admitted, but he contends that "the best and only way to purge these errors out, is a fair and peaceable way; *for the sword cannot discern between truth and error; it may have two edges but hath never an eye*" He warns them against the dangers before them: "So let none in what house so ever, in the King's House, or House of Lords, or House of Commons, or strongest castles, or walled towns, or fenced cities, flatter themselves with a fond conceit of their safety, for if civil wars continue long, they must expect as well as others to be devoured, yea, none can promise great persons so much happiness as to be last undone. For aught any one knows it may come to their turns to be first, as being the fairest marks to invite malice and envy against them." There is something of a prophetic strain in this, though Fuller would have been horrified if he had seen in vision the greatest even in the King's House slain upon the scaffold at Whitehall. Fuller refused to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant, and joined the King's forces at Oxford, where he preached before the King, and, good Royalist as he was, much in his sermon would be unacceptable to many of the Cavaliers. He became chaplain to Hopton's regiment, and in this military employment had, as he says, "little list or leisure to write, fearing to be made an History, and shifting daily for my safety. All that time I could not live to study, who did only study to live." He took refuge in Exeter, and his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" is the first book ever printed in that city. His property was sequestered by the Parliament, his MSS. destroyed his library seized. The Earl of Middlesex,

however, made good the loss to some extent by giving him the library of his father, Lionel Cranfield. It is to these wanderings whilst the curse of war lay on the land that we owe the collection of the materials for one of the most delightful books in our language—"The History of the Worthies of England." He was present at one of the sieges of Basing House, and encouraged the garrison in their successful resistance. After the surrender of Exeter he returned first to London, and then, "weak in health and dejected in spirits," sought rest at Lord Montague's seat at Boughton, near Northampton. He returned to London, and the order that prohibited him from preaching was not very rigidly enforced, and he even delivered a funeral discourse on the execution of Charles I. The very title, "The Just Man's Funeral," shows his constancy and courage. Lord Carlisle nominated him to the perpetual curacy of Waltham Abbey; and, to the credit of the "Court of Triers," the Republican body for the examination of intending preachers, he passed without difficulty, and indeed managed to do a good turn for another sequestered clergyman. Fuller was famous for his powers of memory, and the Triers asked for some example of his skill, whereupon he, as we can imagine with a merry twinkle, told them that if they would restore this minister he would never forget their kindness as long as he lived. From the peaceful retreat of Waltham Abbey came forth much of his literary work. And here, in 1654, he married his second wife, who was a daughter of Viscount Baltinglass.* After troublous years there came more prosperous times for him. He became chaplain to Lord Berkeley, who made him Rector of Cranford; he resumed his places as Lecturer at the Savoy and as Prebendary of Sarum; and was created D.D. at Cambridge by the mandate of Charles II., who, it was said, designed him for a bishopric. In 1661 he journeyed from Salisbury to London, and fell ill. Having promised to preach at the marriage of a friend, he said, "But I am resolved by the grace of God to preach this sermon, though it be my last." It was even so he preached it on August 12, had to be assisted from the church, and died on August 16, 1660.

Fuller is described as a somewhat corpulent man, with a ruddy face, curling hair, and a slight moustache. He was a good and cheerful talker, and "for information a perfect walking library," a man of kindly spirit, a lover of moderation whose lot was cast in a time when peaceable virtues were difficult and dangerous.

Fuller challenges our judgment both in prose and verse, and deals with subjects both sacred and profane. He has least claim to remembrance as a poet. His poems are overburdened with quips and conceits that

* Robert South, in his satirical speech as *Terræ-filius* in 1657, refers to Fuller as a bachelor of theology, a doctor of joking, and a professor of the arts of memory and mendicancy. The last gibe is aimed at the number and ingenuity of the "dedications" with which Fuller decorated his books, and is the least pleasing feature of them. The picture of the portly, ruddy divine, with his "Church History" under one arm and his little wife hanging on the other, has a lifelike air.

are less easy to harmonise with verse than with prose. Yet there are occasional flashes of inspiration, felicitous images, and glowing phrases. But it must be confessed that he dwelt at the foot of Parnassus. As a preacher he offers a welcome contrast to many of his time. There are comparatively few sermons of the seventeenth century that have not lost their vitality, but Fuller's retain a vividness that shows them to be literature as well as theology. He was a man of wide reading and prodigious memory, but he was the master and not the slave of his erudition, differing in this from some both of his day and ours. "Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading and a staple author" is the advice he gives, and this may have saved him from being merely a conduit of learning.

Fuller was one of our earliest essayists, and was a skilful "character" writer. The "Holy and Profane State" contains pen-pictures of the good husband, the good physician, the good child, and these roseate pictures have companion etchings of darker hue, so that the reader may be admonished what to avoid as well as what to admire. Fuller's loyalty is so unbounded as to lead him to declare that "the King is a mortal God." The fulsome manner in which he treats royalty is one of the things that strikes the modern reader dumb with astonishment. The doctrine of the "divine right" was a living force in his days. The "Holy State" is throughout witty and in the main wise. The "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" and its companion volumes are prayers and essays; the theology is practical and fitted for everyday use. The peacemaker's aspiration is heard: "How many churches and chapels have been laid waste in England by this woeful war! And which is more and more to be lamented, how many living temples of the Holy Ghost, Christian people, have therein been causelly and cruelly destroyed." There are admirable characterisations, as that of the court jester whose "body downward was a fool, his head a knave, who did carefully note and cunningly vent, by the privileges of his coat, many State passages, uttering them in a wary twilight betwixt sport and earnest."

In Fuller's historical writings we may place the "Pisgah-Sight," a geographical outline of Palestine, the "Holy War,"—which deals with the Crusades—the "Church History," the "History of the University of Cambridge," the "History of Waltham Abbey," and, most important of all, "The Worthies of England," of which the greater part was in print at the time of his death. What he says of this last may be said of all his historical writing: "Know then I propounded five ends to myself in this book: first, to gain some glory to God; secondly, to preserve the memories of the dead; thirdly, to present examples to the living; fourthly, to entertain the reader with delight; and

lastly, which I am not ashamed publicly to profess, to procure some honest profit to myself." He is a witty moralist who feels that the "bare skeleton of time, place, and person must be flashed with some pleasant passages." These "pleasant passages" may be verbal quibbles, as when he tells us that Philemon Holland, that prodigious translator, "was translated to a better life." Quite as often they are acute observations on life and manners. Fuller wrote before there was much, if any, thought of a science of history, and wide as are his sympathies, his interest in the records of the past is chiefly ethical. He seeks for edification, but not in the foolish spirit of those who sacrifice truth, and are afraid to portray the shadows on the features of a saint. The picturesque qualities of Fuller's style are evident in the few lines in which Henry de Essex's fortunes are narrated. "Betwixt coward and traitor," he lost a battle for the English, "but he that had the baseness to do had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a Knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the King, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life." This is one of the passages that earned the praise of Charles Lamb, who indeed was a kindred spirit to Thomas Fuller. The book gives much more than its title promises, for beyond the biographical details, we have a collection of local proverbs and the particulars of notable objects, products, and manufactures of each county. Fuller is never afraid of a digression, and can always assign a reason, serious or humorous, for the introduction of extraneous matter. And indeed the matter is so good that no one has the heart to think it inappropriate. The world of literature has always room for a man like Fuller. He was merry with "becoming mirth," and in his wittiest extravagance there is nothing to injure or lead astray, but, on the contrary, much that will strengthen that which is good and help to sweeten the inevitable bitternesses of life. Had Rosaline known Fuller, she could not more justly have pictured him when she says:

" . . . A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger ears are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

LES PLUS JOLIS VERS DE L'ANNÉE.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

THIS is the title of a little book that has been published in Paris. It is to be made a regular institution. Each year will be issued a volume of a hundred and fifty pages, containing a selection from the prettiest verses of the year before. The idea is like that of the old singing-matches of Germany and Wales, only that, print carrying farther than the voice, the poets will have a larger audience. Such books are extraordinarily interesting to any one who cares to watch the movements of an art in his own time. Their publication is also a kindly action towards posterity. How suggestive, for example, to us are those old "Literary Garlands" of the early nineteenth century, where we find Coleridge's "Youth and Age" on the next page to a set of verses by L. E. L., or a village piece by Miss Mitford. This French anthology raises at once the question of feminine poetry, that I have heard so vehemently argued in the shady walk of the Luxembourg gardens where the poets and critics of the younger generation walk arm-in-arm of an evening. An astonishing number of the makers of "the prettiest verses of the year" are women. Now L. E. L. and her friends wrote poetry that men could have written better; but there has lately appeared a poetry entirely feminine. The Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, one of that committee of women writers that almost corresponds to the French Academy, Mme. Hélène Picard, Mme. Anie Perrey, write verses that could be written by no man, verses of a wholly feminine inspiration. I have heard it urged in the Luxembourg gardens, and M. Séché, the editor of the anthology, repeats the argument, that women have so recently been able to see themselves as themselves, that they will make a new poetry completely distinct from our own. And indeed we turn in this volume from their verses to the impeccable work of Verhaeren, and feel that we are looking at an art in two distinct stages. The poetry of Verhaeren is conscious, masterly, finished, the poetry of the women unconscious and experimental, groping continually after feelings that have never been expressed. And yet the examples of each, like the best examples of all stages of any art, are not incongruous. Giotto and Leonardo are different, that is all, but it is interesting to see them contemporary. Comparisons like that are made possible by such anthologies, and I could wish that such a scheme could be realised in England.

But annual anthologies of living poets are now perhaps a little foreign to our genius. They need for their success a sociability in literature that we no longer possess. We are not gregarious to the French degree, nor in the French way. We live singly, so far as our art is concerned, seldom, until we are successful, in large groups of energetic friendship. When your great English poet of eighteen or nineteen comes to town, he finds a London that is occupied with anything but

poetry. The young Frenchman drops naturally into a Paris that concerns itself with little else.

Paris, the Paris of the young French poet, is like the London that came to an end with Hazlitt, the London that Johnson knew, that Shakespeare knew, the London of the literary taverns and coffee-houses. Roberto Greene would be less out of place in Paris than at home. A young man coming up from the provinces, with his roll of poems in his pocket, finds it easy, like Chatterton in London, to get into conversation with the wits. He also finds it easy to starve; but he starves in good and plentiful company. He can put on his corduroys and black squashy hat and slouch along the boulevards of the less fashionable side of the river. He can grow long hair and a poet's beard, without incurring the slightest ridicule. Certain quarters of the town belong to him, and he is only disturbed there by the English tourist. He moves from café to café till he finds one that is not so showy as to suggest any great fascinations of wickedness to the traveller in search of such things. Here he will sit over his coffee, or, if he follows certain masters of the last generation, his absinthe, or, if he is philosophic, his beer, and with cigarettes, or clay pipe carved into a skull, cultivate in the glory of his smoke and youth the look of the man who knows life, feel a very poet, and meet plenty of others who will help him to believe that he is what he feels.

In the little streets behind his cafés there are small cabarets where the chansonniers sing their songs, and where, if he makes friends with the proprietor, he may please himself by hearing them sing one of his own. It is true the songs are not very good. They are either a succession of not particularly decent jests, or else they are sentimental reiterations of the old theme "an clan de la lune." But the chansonniers are the legitimate descendants of the *trouvères*, a little come down in the world perhaps, but still of the family. And in these cabarets our young man will be treated as a poet and not as anything else. This is all changing, no doubt. The "Noctambules," the most famous of the cabarets, has been for a long time a visiting-place of the English tourist, and the "Cabaret de la Bohème" is likely to share its ignominy. It has been taken up by well-dressed and practised comedians of the usual kind, who try to make it as fashionable as the other. But only six months ago it was frequented by the truly great, a motley crowd of youths bearded, tufted, merry-eyed, and every one a genius at least by courtesy. Six months ago when Stéphane Morel had it, that elderly Gringone, with his humorous face under his hanging black hair, his corduroy coat so brilliantly buttoned round his middle, his corduroy trousers bagging from the top, drawn in coquettishly at the ankles—six months ago it was a different place. Stéphane was no respecter of persons. He would fire joke after joke at

his visitors as they came in, cracking his fingers, and winking his monstrous melancholy wink. There was no distinction between the audience and the performers. If the young geniuses lolling on the benches were happy and liked a tune, they sang. If the geniuses kept quiet, why then the performers sang by themselves. And always there was Steplane, the spirit of the place, an artist in life if in nothing else, leaning on the wall close to the piano, making faces at himself in a looking-glass, or contemplating his chansonniers with so beautifully counterfeited an amazement that I have more than once seen a "bon camarade" stop short from sheer self-consciousness. In places like this - we have nothing like them in London - the young man soon finds for himself a circle of friends who, laugh as they may at everything else, are never anything but serious on the subject of their art.

In the studios too—I have never known a French poet of nineteen or twenty without hearing of three or four of his acquaintances who were to be among the greatest geniuses in painting that the world had ever seen—he loses no more than in his cafés and cabarets the feeling that art is the one serious concern of life. He goes to brave soirées where there are coffee and biscuits perhaps, and coke, subscribed for by the company, burning in the stove that the poor painter cannot

afford to light on ordinary days. There he laughs and shouts and plays with the rest, with an abandon impossible to us. I have seen a sculptor well on his way to recognition smear his face hurriedly with red chalk and charcoal, and frisk madly about on all fours imitating a bull-fight for the pleasure of his guests. But on the subject of art there will be no joking at all. In the rowdiest evening everybody becomes suddenly quiet while a young poet recites from a paper the verses he made last week, or while a little man, recovering from breathless foolery, sings, accompanied by a flute-player on the studio stairs, one of the old Provençal songs that soothed him in his cradle.

Nor do things change as he grows older. He moves his evening conversations from café to café, his frivolities to richer studios, as he progresses or his friends progress. At last he will be found in the Café Vachette, talking to as distinguished a set of men as he could hope to meet without crossing the river and becoming a fashionable author. He will have become welcome at a few salons. It is very seldom that he will have chosen to become a solitary. Everything is done together and in concert, so that a book of "the prettiest verses of the year" seems a proper expression of the French spirit. In England, somehow, it would not ring quite true.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six best examples from English poetry illustrating the following criticism: "He (Wordsworth) was well aware of the remarkable and beautiful effects of contrast which can be produced by the close juxtaposition of Anglo-Saxon words with those of Latin origin."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of works planned or undertaken by eminent writers of any country but never written.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I. - A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MISS EDITH GRAY, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.

TINMAN. BY TOM GALLON.

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."
GOLDSMITH.

Other quotations submitted were :-

CONFESSIONS OF A TRADESMAN. BY F. T. BULLEN. *

"A fellow that hath had losses." - *Much Ado About Nothing*.
(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE IRONY OF MARRIAGE. BY BASIL TOZER.

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tried." SPENSER.
(Miss C. E. Abbott, 81, St. Mary Street, Weymouth.)

THE SWORD DECIDES. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

"What! Shall we have incision?"—2 *Henry IV.* II. iv.
(M. C. Jobson, 19, Kent Road, Harrogate.)

EMOTIONAL MOMENTS. BY SARAH GRAND.

"I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed Ghost."—COLERIDGE.

(T. H. Ashcroft, Jersey.)

HEREDITY. By J. A. THOMSON.

"I cannot cut my kin at will
Or jilt the protoplasmic germ;
I am sister to the microbe still,
And second-cousin to the worm."

OWEN SEAMAN.

(Mrs. M. G. Wilson, 20, Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on Tyne.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best pen-portraits of dogs has been gained by Mrs. CHARLES WRIGHT, Fairmead, Sutton.

1. "My St. Bernard dog accompanied me, though a score of times I have told him that he had much better not come; I have announced fiercely that he is not to come. He then lets go of his legs, which is how a St. Bernard sits down, making the noise of a sack of coals suddenly deposited, and, laying his head between his front paws, stares at me through the red hairs that make his eyes so mournful. He will do this for an hour without blinking, for he knows that in time it will mummify me. My dog knows very little, but what little he does know he knows extraordinarily well." "He has even been to the club, where he waddles up the stairs so exactly like some respected member that he makes everybody most uncomfortable. I forget how I became possessor of him. I think I cut him out of an old number of *Punch*. He costs me as much as an eight roomed cottage in the country."—J. M. BARRIE, *The Little White Bird*.

2. "A street dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gambolling in the mud, charging into butchers' stalls, a cat hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond, but with his rise into society he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he hunted no more cats, and conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognise the upstart!"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Memories and Portraits*.

3. "Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog, coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. He was of the bull terrier variety, concerned through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed it was a tail *per se*, it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton, the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler. When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house. On the latter much study and watching, we found

was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *coup de force* as a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bung* authoritative having been as masterly and telling as his last. With all his inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail."

DR. JOHN BROWN, *Rab and his Friends*.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the six best "touch-stones" for English poetry has been awarded to Miss ANNIE G. MCINTOSH, 60, Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

1. "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the toples, towers of Ithum?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss."
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, *Dr. Faustus*, S. xiv.

2. " . . . 'Daffodils
That come before the swallow darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim
And sweeter than the hobs of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath'" *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

3. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well" *Macbeth*, III. ii.

4. "Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

BYRON, *A Fond Kiss*.

5. "The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration and the Poet's dream!"
WORDSWORTH, *Lines suggested by a Picture*.

6. " . . . Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."
KEATS, *To a Nightingale*.

Excellent lists of quotations were submitted by Miss Audrey Jennings, Isalng, Miss M. McCombie, Aberdeen, and Miss L. M. Burland, Shepherd's Bush, W.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by REV. GEORGE MACKENZIE, Coates Mansie, Coatbridge, and MR. M. R. RIDGEY, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.

New Books.

HERBERT SPENCER.*

In writing the Life of Herbert Spencer Dr. Duncan was faced with a great difficulty. A greater part of the material was already given to the world in autobiographical form—a fact which entailed upon Dr. Duncan no little dexterity and discrimination. It is no small praise to say that the biographer has got round many awkward corners very tactfully, and the result is a book which, while faithful in the main to the portrait drawn in the Autobiography, gives greater prominence to the human and sympathetic side of Spencer. Those who affect to despise philosophy will of course take a superior pleasure in dwelling upon Spencer's personal singularities, but those who are interested in the deeper movements of thought will estimate them at their proper value as the penalty paid by the philosopher for a life of intellectual loneliness in which the mind, so to speak, gets out of focus and fails to see events of ordinary life in their true proportions.

The student who shuts himself off from his fellows, no matter how high his aims, is sure to suffer. In his day Mill held as high a position in philosophy as Spencer, and yet, thanks to his constant contact with the outside

world, Mill preserved a balance of nature which gives to his writings in a remarkable degree what may be called persuasive reasonableness. Carlyle, like Spencer, led the life of an intellectual recluse, with the resultant blemishes in his character of irritability and egotism. In both cases the habit of introspection, of dwelling too exclusively on self, produced an angularity of nature which detracts greatly from the charm of their personalities.

Apart from the recluse habits mentioned, may not the introspective habit be traced to hereditary sources? Both Carlyle and Spencer sprang from a religious class with whom introspection was a necessary duty. Among a people with whose religion was the predominating and all-controlling factor in life, anxiety was centred on the welfare of the soul. In Carlyle's case we see this reflected in "Sartor Resartus," in which in different phraseology we have reproduced the Calvinism of his forefathers. This is not so traceable in the case of Spencer owing to the fact that he broke with the orthodox creed before it had time to lay firm grip of him. But in both cases the introspective habit was there, and in the absence of religious belief, when it could no longer busy itself with the health of the soul, it occupied itself with the health of the body. When Spencer's forefathers asked "What must I do to be saved?" he asked, "What must I do to be well?" Had Spencer been a man

* "The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer." By David Duncan, LL.D. 15s. (Methuen & Co.)

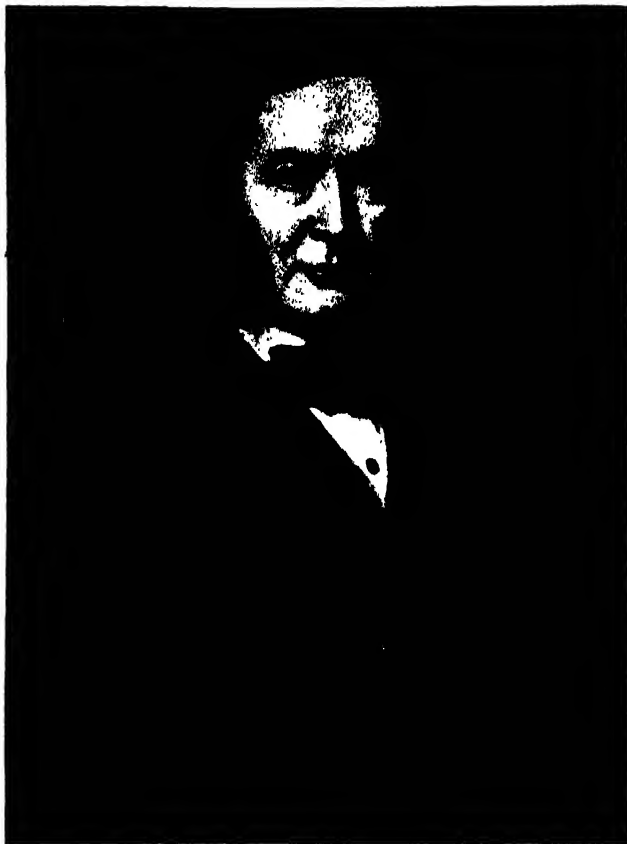


Photo: Emory Walker.

John Thadeus Delane.

(Reproduced from photograph plate of the original painting, the frontispiece to "The Life of John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times*," Vol. II. By kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

of science pure and simple, constant study of objective existence would have been his intellectual salvation, but his bias was towards philosophic thought, which accentuated his subjective tendencies. I once asked the late Professor Masson if Carlyle really suffered from a weak digestion. With a quiet smile he remarked that Carlyle could eat as hearty a meal as anybody. Spencer did not look like an invalid, but his habit of continually analysing his symptoms made him feel and speak like one. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the luxury of invalidism so much that he did not care to be told that he was looking well. On one occasion when he was telling me of his unsatisfactory health I remarked upon his robust appearance, only to get the plaintive rejoinder that his friends always made the same remark, as if his friends were doing him an injustice.

When we come to consider the fundamentals of character and mental power, these things are but spots on the sun. On the ethical side Spencer was the soul of honour, integrity, and justice; indeed his defect lay in applying his moral ideals too ruthlessly to the trifles and conventionalities of life. Every incident, small and great, had to be brought to the test of first principles. When writing my book on his philosophy I asked him to read the proof sheets. He promptly consented, but a day or two afterwards he withdrew his consent, on the ground that when he had consented he quite forgot that it was against one of his fixed principles. His fixed principles brought him into needless conflict with his friends, and as the reviews which have recently appeared show, afforded sport for the Philistines. A Nonconformist by heredity, he carried nonconformity to an excess which made life a daily martyrdom.

Take Spencer on his own ground, and how great he was! He created a new epoch in philosophic thought. Apart from the original work he did in the spheres of cosmology, biology, psychology, and sociology, just glance at his services to religion. To those who look upon Spencer as purely a destructive force, that may seem a startling remark. Look at the facts. When Spencer began to write, phenomenalism was the fashionable word in philosophy. Differing on many points, leading thinkers like Comte, Mill, and Bain were at one in holding that by its very structure the

mind was incapable of passing beyond phenomena. What was called causation was explained as mere antecedence and sequence. Everything was relative; conceptions regarding the Absolute were dismissed as metaphysical and religious superstitions. Spencer came upon the scene. As the result of rigorous psychological analysis he showed that the mind cannot go a step in reasoning till it postulates the Absolute as the root principle of phenomena. He called this the unknowable, but by showing that the mind is compelled to start with an intuitive belief in something beyond phenomena and without which phenomena cannot be conceived, Spencer cleared the ground for a theistic conception of the universe. In the Absolute, or as he sometimes calls it the Infinite and Eternal Energy, all things, according to Spencer, live, move, and have their being. Clothe Spencer's Absolute with personality, as some of his disciples have done, and you reach Theism.

Spencer's prejudices against the current creed and his associations with members of the materialist school prevented him from giving a theistic tone to his philosophy. His determination to rest in mechanical explanations prevented him from reducing his system of philosophy to harmony. For instance, in his earlier years he strove hard to reduce life and mind to mechanical processes. But when revising his works in his old age, he frankly admitted that "life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms." In regard to mind he made the admission that "a unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion." By no conceivable transformation of forces can we get consciousness. What can it be but a ray from the Absolute, a part of the Infinite and Eternal Energy? In regard then to mind as well as to nature Spencer came round in the end to Theism.

Spencer's claim to greatness rests on the fact that he inaugurated a new philosophic era. He started the evolutionary way of contemplating existence. Before Darwin he was an evolutionist, though but for Darwin's popularisation of the principle Spencer's ideas would have been slow in reaching the general public. A thinker of the first rank is known by the amount of literature which his writings call forth. Descartes, Locke, Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Hegel—these thinkers as the direct result of their epoch-making works called into existence a whole library of controversial literature. The voluminous literature which centres around the philosophy of Spencer is strong testimony to the originality of his system of thought. Spencer was much too eager to proclaim his originality. He prided himself on his independence of other thinkers. His knowledge of the German philosophers was very slight, and as a result when he came to reply to critics of the neo-Hegelian type he was not well armed for the fray. He had a lofty disdain of opinions which clashed with his own, but this did not prevent him from getting entangled in controversies in which the personal element obtruded in somewhat undignified form. Instances of this are given by Dr. Duncan, who, like the rest of his friends, regretted that Spencer did not recognise the virtue of silence. In forming an estimate of Spencer these blemishes shrink into insignificance. He was one of the giants of the Victorian era. He belonged to the highly endowed race of thinkers who from the Pisgah height of Speculation have revealed to the human mind glimpses of ever-widening intellectual horizons.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

A GREAT EDITOR.*

Mr. Dasent is a successful quarryman, but no sculptor. He had an inchoate mass of facts to disinter when he

* "John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times*: His Life and Correspondence." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With portraits and other illustrations. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Murray.)

undertook this biography of Delane. Those who cannot appreciate should not underrate his difficulties. What he has done is to bring to the surface and present for public information a fine large block of hard fact. What he has not done is to carve from the block the image of a man.

The careful reader of these two volumes will obtain some knowledge of how Delane worked, of the extent of his influence, of the figure he made in the world; but no realisation of why he was held in such account will be possible. On this point the seven hundred pages will be found much less informing than a scrutiny of the two portraits which serve as frontispieces. We see a burly healthy-looking man, whose occupation might be guessed as the pleasant one of drawing large rents from a country estate, and showing a keen personal interest in the condition of crops and livestock: a shrewd landlord undoubtedly, revered by his tenants and more than capable of telling them the way they should go and exacting obedience. But when we know this is the greatest editor England ever saw and begin to search in his lineaments for the secret of his power, we find, or think we find it in the quality of assertiveness noticed in the supposed landowner and gentleman farmer. Assertiveness is not necessarily blatant and offensive. It may depend on brains, as it too often depends on lack of brains. There is no need to say which was the case with Delane. The assertiveness we discover in the portraits is that of a strong man, sure of himself and his intentions, able to judge wisely before he ordered mightily, yet when his judgment went astray still confident in command.

It is true the portraits both represent Delane in maturity—one at forty-three, the other at forty-four; so that the habit of authority might at that period of his life have produced the air of majesty. Had there been a portrait of him at twenty-three, the ridiculously early age at which he became editor of the *Times*, it would have been interesting to note the development of the Jovian aspect. The acquisition of a throne at twenty-three will enable a man to develop anything if the seeds are there. Of course they were in Delane, and were assisted to magnificent fruition by the sun of opportunity. There have been able editors since Delane, but none so Olympian. On the steps of the modern editor's throne sits the shade of Democracy—*sedet æternumque sedebit*, and will allow him neither to rule the people nor to impose his will on the people's guides. Never more will Cabinet Ministers look to a Delane for guidance, nor come to him like King's messengers with choice news in their wallets.

Unprotected by the guardian shade of Democracy, Prime Ministers—Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli—and Foreign Ministers—Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville—corresponded with this lucky editor on the state of their political feelings and the probabilities of their policy. Meanwhile, Lord Torrington kept him informed of the doings at Windsor, accepting pats on the head for his graphic correspondence with dutiful complacency. The "Windsor Special" Lord Torrington called himself, and his letters are among the most entertaining features of the book. Disraeli writes to complain of a review of one of his own books, then to suggest a reviewer for another; gets snubbed; repents in sackcloth. Ministers dare to withhold information, and when it is printed as public news, profess astonishment. "Unusual precautions" are taken to prevent a Queen's speech from being disclosed. It appears nevertheless in the columns of the *Times*. "The editor," explains Lord Aberdeen to Palmerston, "told my private secretary, who refused to give him a copy, that he would endeavour to procure it elsewhere, and that he did not doubt he should succeed." Succeed? He received three separate offers of the text of the Speech! As one reads again and again of such things one grows into a habit of wondering, not that news came to the paper, but that Cabinet Ministers did not crawl on hands and feet when they brought it.

Delane's predecessor in the editorial chair, Thomas Barnes, was a stay-at-home editor. Delane spent half his waking hours in the society of the great, the other half at his office. If we speak of his talent for assertiveness, we must not forget that it was accompanied by masterly unobtrusiveness and backed by absolute devotion to his post. His name never appeared in his own paper: there was a standing order that it must be knocked out of any list in which it might be found; and very rarely a controversy with Cobden is the only notable instance did he trespass on other people's prints. As to his devotion to duty, his zest for politics, he rushes off to the Continent to observe events for himself; on the outbreak of the Crimean War he takes a trip to the field of hostilities, but "to his lasting regret, missed the battle of the Alma by only a few days." His letters while absent from the office on work or pleasure show how keenly he scrutinised every issue of his paper. Not only are the articles praised or condemned; misprints and faults of "make up" are carefully pointed out.

The Crimean period makes perhaps the most readable portion of the book. Delane played a part of which he had good reason to be proud. To begin with, by sending out Russell as special correspondent he created (it is not too much to say) the modern conception of war news. Then he allowed Russell a free hand in criticising the scandals of our military provision, and thereby struck a noble blow for justice, humanity, and the national interest. Boldly he stuck to his ground, and though Ministers raved, his victory is written in men's memories of the Crimea or Crimean history. For himself, he must be held in recollection as a model editor. Would that Mr. Dacent had been able to make us better acquainted with him as man to men!

THOMAS FLOYD.



A MOONLIGHTER AT BUSHEY.

PROFESSOR H-RE-M-R, A R.A., INSTRUCTING MASTER HENRY IRVING AND MASTER GUSIE HARRIS HOW TO ILLUMINATE "THE INCONSTANT MOON." ("The Moon was not like the Moon ordinarily seen on the stage"—*Vide general journalistic opinion on the "Herkimer Opera."*)

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From "My School and my Gospel," by Sir H. von Heikemei. (See p. 112.)

AN ADVENTURE IN CRITICISM.*

Literary values have altered, says Mr. Scott-James in his chapter on "The Personal Note in Criticism"; and the truth of the statement is pretty obvious. But in illustrating it he lends support to the much more thorough-going contention that literary values have become of no account, not because there are none of them, but because they are so many and so diverse that practically they destroy one another. Three critics may control opinion where a thousand are as nobody.

"At the present day, there is a flood of conflicting opinions, not as of old upon theology, but upon literature and all the arts. *Quot homines, let sententiae*. . . . And the reason of this change is that literature has become democratised; it has been disseminated among widely differing classes of the community, the majority of which care for books just so far as they prove agreeable to the individual tastes of themselves the readers."

Particularly is this true of fiction, which, as the popular literary form of the time, necessarily occupies the greater part of Mr. Scott-James's attention. Every reader judges it by a different standard, and every critic too. *What I like* provides the standard in both cases, though the critic doesn't as a rule like to be told so. One asserts that "The essential thing in fiction is a good story"; another that "You must be true to life"; another that "The reader should be amused"; and so on. Meanwhile we feel, and sometimes venture to say, that neither a good plot, nor truth to life, nor mere amusement, nor yet any combination of the three, is the all in all of good modern fiction. We cannot agree on the broad lines, let alone on details. The fiction market is like a boxing tournament without ring or rules, in which the boxers, the critics and authors, come to fisticuffs all over the theatre and the spectators join in. By disentangling romance from modernism (not theological modernism), by putting forward romance as the hope of the literary future, Mr. Scott-James settles no controversy, provides no definite standard, but he does provide a ring to fight in; and that alone is no inconsiderable achievement. If literature is really democratised, and likely to remain so, whether the purists like the situation or not, it follows that the bases of literary judgment must be broadened. It becomes necessary to search out, and to work from, those qualities in literature which appeal to the majority, to the masses as well as the classes, to the Corellites as well as to the disciples of Pater. Demos and the "literary" must find their meeting ground. (When they cease making mouths at each other, they will probably be surprised to see how much they have in common.) The feeling for romance, however suppressed by modern conditions, is one of the most widespread among men, and one of the least liable to be distorted by circumstances. On the ground of romance nearly everybody can meet. And herein lies the importance of Mr. Scott-James's work—though I fancy that many truly romantic people would hardly recognise the babe Romance in Mr. Scott-James's intellectual perambulator.

However, it is there. Needless to say, neither his conception of romance nor his detection of it in modern life and literature is exactly new. Both have been in the air, so to speak, for some time. Maeterlinck has treated them both in his aloof philosophic manner in "Le Trésor des Humbles." Mr. Scott-James's task—a very sufficient one—has been to condense these ideas out of the air; to make them applicable, to apply them, to literature. It is evident that he has found some difficulty in defining romance, for it is a thing to be perceived, not explained.

"It implies the state of mind in which we approach life and literature, and see the world transformed before us, so that it is intense and alive and responsive to the thrill of the soul which by its very nature cries out for more than concrete pleasures, for more than the beauty which is mere beauty of husk and

shell. . . . A thing is for us no longer merely a thing; we cannot help looking for the further sense of the myriad things which lie behind it, and this again leads us to a deeper mystery which defies solution. . . . It is no longer the man of science and the metaphysician only who seek for causes; the tendency to seek for causes has been popularised, and the mind becomes more and more unsatisfied just in proportion as physical science continues to explain some things in terms of others. . . . This is what I mean by saying that romance, spiritual romance, becomes a test by which we may try art and literature. It enables us to see why most of us must be less satisfied by the poetry of Pope than that of Wordsworth and Browning. . . . And it is my contention in this work that there is in contemporary literature a force which, if it grows and continues, will humanise and spiritualise the modern world and turn it from its despair, and that it will do so in the courageous, transcendent spirit of a romance which admits the developed consciousness, and with it travels to the threshold of the infinite."

All of which sounds rather high-falutin' in words, but is not so in meaning.

Mr. Scott-James has endeavoured to trace the romantic element through contemporary literature and to show how far it has delivered, and should further deliver, us from the pseudo-scientific materialism of the latter half of last century. He divides his authors somewhat arbitrarily into Decadents, Ingenious Philosophers, Fugitives, Borderlanders, and so forth, but fortunately such expedients for dividing the book into chapters do not interfere with the course of the argument. Some of his criticisms are very apt. For instance:

"A more plausible Utopia [than Mr. Wells's] is suggested by the small child who is taught to pray, 'Please, God, give me a new heart!'"

"In Mr. James's work we feel too often that people are intensive. They may have been analysed to the last degree; so that we come to know more *about* them, but do not always see more deeply *into* them."

And again, he sometimes commits himself to opinions which, to say the least, would bear a deal more discussion. He exhibits, too, more *pathos* than is fitting in a work of this scope, against authors whom he doesn't like—decadents, materialistic inventors of "clap-trap philosophies" and poor Imperialist Mr. Kipling, whose day of fashion may be gone, but not his day of influence. These, however, are details which each reader will delight in pouncing on for himself. The importance of "Modernism and Romance" lies in its broad lines, its main thesis; and there it is worthy of all praise. It is to be hoped that Mr. Scott-James has correctly diagnosed the forces of the time, and indeed that his fine adventurousness in criticism is itself a symptom of the time, to be followed by more such symptoms.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

THE GUIDES.*

Apart from a rather irritating tendency to drag in threadbare tags and quotations, Colonel Younghusband is to be congratulated upon the most interesting book which he has written. Nor does it detract from the merit of his performance that his subject was one which, even in the most unskilful hands, could hardly fail to excite and hold the attention. Barely sixty years have passed since Sir Henry Lawrence, feeling the need of a "mobile body of troops, both horse and foot, untrammelled by tradition, ready to move at a moment's notice, and composed of men of undoubted loyalty and devotion, troops who would not only be of value in the rough and tumble of a soldier's trade, but would grow used to the finer arts of providing skilled intelligence," entrusted the task of raising such a corps to Sir Harry Lumsden. No more fortunate choice could possibly have been made. Possessing, as Colonel Younghusband justly says, "all the finest attributes of the young British officer," Sir Harry Lumsden was the ideal

* "Modernism and Romance." By R. A. Scott-James. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

* "The Story of the Guides." By Col. G. J. Younghusband, C.B. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

commander for such a corps. Within a short time the Guides had earned for themselves such a reputation that "there were sometimes as many as thirty of these [soldiers of fortune and young bloods] receiving no pay, and maintaining themselves and their horses, while awaiting a vacancy." Upon a vacancy occurring the candidates had to shoot for the place, and the fortunate winner would "jump into the air, velling and prancing, brandishing a sword, and at frequent intervals letting off a gun, nominally into the air, while most of his friends did likewise, embracing and congratulating him in the intervals." Nor were such orthodox methods of enlistment always followed. One of the finest soldiers who ever served in the corps was the notorious highwayman and outlaw, Dilawar Khan, who serenely accepted Lumsden's offer of a place in his regiment and died in the service of the British.

Of the many feats of the Guides, both individually and collectively, it is only possible to mention one or two. From the very first they had ample opportunity of showing their valour, and the famous day in 1807 in the attack upon the Malakand, when three of their number won the V.C., is typical of their history. When they were first raised the second Sikh war was on the point of breaking out, and during the following years the Guides were employed almost continuously upon what was then the north-west frontier of British India. Again and again they defeated immensely superior forces of the enemy by sheer dash and resolution, while the capture of the powerful fortress of Gornidgha by a mere handful of one hundred and forty men of all ranks was, perhaps, the most brilliant exploit during the whole campaign. Great as their fame already was, the Guides increased it during the Mutiny. Their great achievement was their famous march to Delhi. Leaving Mardan at six hours' notice, the Guides marched the five hundred and eighty miles to Delhi in the hottest season of the year in the incredibly short time of twenty-six days and fourteen hours. They reached Delhi at the end of a thirty-mile march, and yet, within half an hour, they went into action. Six hundred strong when they set out, the Guides lost three hundred and fifty men in casualties, and during the siege the whole strength in British officers was renewed four times, and all these were either killed or wounded. It was not without reason that, upon their return to Peshawar, Sir Sidney Cotton paraded the whole garrison and received the war-shattered troops with a royal salute accompanied by the playing of the massed bands. After twenty years' hard fighting under Sir Sidney Cotton and Sir Neville Chamberlain upon the north-west frontier in various minor wars, the Guides again came into prominence when the unfortunate Sir Lewis Cavagnar and his escort were murdered at Kabul in 1879. Seventy-seven of the Guides accompanied Sir Louis upon his fatal Embassy. The story of that day has been told too often to warrant its repetition here at any length. For twelve long hours the little band held out against the overwhelming numbers, amounting to many thousands, of the Herati Afghans, and when at last they were overpowered, after a struggle not less stubborn than that of Leonidas at Thermopylae, they had accounted for six hundred of their treacherous assailants. It remains only to add that in the subsequent campaign in which Lord Roberts made his famous march to Kandahar, and again, in more recent years, during the Chitral campaign of 1895, and the attack on the Malakand two years later, the Guides once more sustained their proud reputation. Colonel Younghusband concludes his thrilling narrative with an account of the Guides' present home in Yaghistan, where their presence, the symbol of British power, has helped to maintain the peace in that land of everlasting conflict and unending vendettas.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

WREN'S LONDON.*

In a comprehensive title-page Mr. W. S. Campbell sets forth the scope of his charming book: "The 'Passer-by' in London: a tribute to Wren, Gibbons, and John Stow, with some Romance and History of the old City. Illustrated from Photographs by the author and J. A. Pound. Including all the Spires and Towers of Wren's City Churches." It is Mr. Campbell's laudable object to further public interest in London's antiquities, especially the City churches of Wren. We have never seen more beautiful photographs than those that illustrate Mr. Campbell's pages; they are, moreover, exceedingly well chosen and well reproduced, and they form a valuable collection of the most notable architectural features of the City of London. The text that accompanies the pictures makes agreeable reading, but it is rather slight and the phrasing is often almost too laconic. We may say that we wish "the passer-by" had not been quite so rapid in his flight, and that his notes had been less brief. Mr. Campbell, however, not only writes delightfully on his subject, but is a good Londoner, for he dates his preface from Gray's Inn. We sincerely hope that his book will have the good effect of stirring up the public to recognise the beauty of the churches and old houses that still remain in the City. It is pathetic to note how rapidly such relics of the past are disappearing. Mr. Campbell gives a photograph of the old garden with a fountain of a house in Crosby Square, the last of the gardens belonging to the once many City merchants' mansions. He notes its threatened destruction, which has unhappily since then been completed. The book also contains a picture of the Crosby Hall Banqueting Hall now also destroyed. The idea of erecting this wonderful old hall in some other part of London seems somewhat of a farce, as we understand that the rubble of which the walls were composed was hacked to pieces by the workmen who levelled the building, and that many of the oak beams that supported the roof have proved, on examination, too decayed to be of any further service. Mr. Campbell shows little sympathy for the restorer, and he takes a pardonable delight in recording a few of the vandalism perpetrated on historical buildings and monuments.

Although some brave efforts have been made to preserve the remaining relics of Wren's genius, nothing short of State interference is likely to save them all. In these days, when everything (and every one) is valued by pounds, shillings and pence, the land on which these City churches stand is grudged by any money-grubbing person who can see his way to profit by their removal; especially as many of the churches (in spite of what Mr. Campbell would have us believe to the contrary) have ceased to attract worshippers. There certainly is need for a law forbidding the sale of such land as rigidly as the sale of a Victoria Cross. We doubt, however, that if the question were put to the public vote, whether anything would be done to ensure the safety of London's antiquarian treasures. The pity is that the public is simply not interested in such matters. The destruction of the old streets in the Strand for the Aldwych and Kingsway alterations was undoubtedly a popular act; and the new Gaiety Theatre and Restaurant is viewed with admiration by crowds who regarded Holywell and Wych Streets as public eyesores. Some of the best of London, too, has passed during the present reign.

I lately heard of a Frenchman, still living near Paris, whose entire knowledge of London is derived from the "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist." He cannot realise that London has changed since the reign of William IV., and he fondly believes that Mr. Pickwick is a type of Englishman still to be met on the London pavements. This opinion is hardly more strange than the

* "The 'Passer-by' in London." By W. S. Campbell. (Chapman & Hall.)

opinions concerning London of many people dwelling in the provinces, who have not visited the metropolis for some years. Imagination will not help one in such cases: it is necessary to see the place. It is not at all an uncommon thing to be accosted by confused visitors from the country, with pathetic inquiries for some street or building that has disappeared. They may as well inquire for the snows of yester-year as for Holywell Street. Only the other day an elderly country clergyman, who seemed to cherish pleasant memories of Castle Street, Leicester Square, seemed to be stricken with melancholy when he was told that it had long ceased to exist. Again, a scholarly-looking person, whose useful black bag and eager look proclaimed him a book-hunter, stopped us near the new Gaiety Theatre with inquiries for Booksellers' Row. He was told that it had gone, and that he was at the moment gazing at the site of that memorable passage, where the happy bookbuyer, like a bee gathering honey, could describe a zigzag course from one end of the row to the other. He spoke with broken voice of the senseless destruction of London's historic districts, and he refused comfort when told of the bookshops in Charing Cross Road. Poor man! we were only too well able to sympathise with him. What consolation is there that a garish and costly restaurant has risen by the side of its ashes, that its neighbourhood has given place to a mammoth hotel and half a dozen theatres? The "Rising Sun" was good enough for us, where the bibliophile examined his treasures over a point-steak and a tankard of Burton ale, and the Globe Theatre and the Opera Comique gave us the entertainment we best liked. No, London is not the same since Holywell Street was removed and Jack Sheppard's house in Wych Street fell under the pick of the house-breaker.

A SUBJECTIVE ENGLAND.*

Having written a book of the English country-side and a book of London—the city of dreadful night, the city paved with gold—Mr. Hueffer has essayed in a third book to set down "a rendering of the peculiar psychology of the Englishman," the spirit of the people.

A man, as he says, of no race or of many races, he stands a little apart from his theme. Thus he gets a broad view, an impression, both spatial and temporal. The game of historical generalisation condensing an empire in an epigram—is a fascinating and a difficult one, but Mr. Hueffer is a skilled player. His object always is to find the type, and he always finds it. It may be news to Dr. W. G. Grace that in him is realised the tortuous spirit of early Tudor days. Mr. Hueffer's dexterity is amazing. In fifty words he gives you the essence of English history:

"In my private picture of these great national waves I see the dominant type of the centuries preceding Henry VIII. as rufous, reddish-tanned, with dusky-red complexions; the dominant type of the Tudor-Stuart ages presents itself to me as dark, bearded and shrewd; the years following the fall of James Stuart seem to me to show the gradual growth of a dominant type that was fair-haired; ingenious perhaps, unimaginative perhaps, but 'sentimental.'"

In the face of such swiftness as that detail becomes superfluous and the slow labours of Freeman and Stubbs and Gardiner the veriest vanities. In much the same nimble manner Mr. Hueffer catches and labels the modern Englishman, his faith, his ethics, his laws, with many an enlivening anecdote and analogy.

The *motif* of the book is our multiple origin. The race that above all prides itself on its invincibility has been ruled by dynasty after dynasty of foreigners—Norman and Angevin, Welsh and Scots, Dutch and German. Yet it is scarcely a paradox to say that we have never had any but an English king. Our pedigree binds us in blood brother-

hood with the populous world; so that we are within our rights to claim the heroes from Joshua son of Nun to Garibaldi for Englishmen. Conversely, "the greatest of all Englishmen was of Danish extraction: the most singular, the most popular and most diversely gifted—the most appealing of all England's real rulers during the nineteenth century was a Jew." This little island is the "melting-pot" into which the restless, the adventurous and the outcast from all eastward lands have poured, to form a strange raceless or poly-racial conglomerate. From that one would expect Englishmen to be a swashbuckling desperate lot of fellows. Mr. Hueffer finds them characteristically humane and tolerant, with the great gift of living comfortably together.

Yet, to speak philosophically, there can be, when all is said, no objective spirit, no "spirit-in-itself" of a nation. The individual is too infinite in variety. Type is an illusion. Generalisation is a convenience for the historian, but it is only rendered possible by resolving or ignoring a thousand disorders.

So what we have here is no absolute statement of the soul of our race, which is impossible, but the setting forth of how, impressionistically, it appears from one man's private point of view. The interest of such a book lies in the personality of its author, as revealed by projection. It becomes an autobiographical—or autopsychological—study, the one valuable book that any man, given certain powers of introspection and expression, is able to write. The power of expression is Mr. Hueffer's in a high degree. He is well equipped for the task he set himself. For he can be an impressionist without being indefinite, and learned without being a pedant. He is a poet, and it is quite natural, therefore, that his abstract Englishman should be one too. Ours may be a drunkard, a prig, an official or a Viking, according to our temperaments and our circumstances. All this Mr. Hueffer freely admits:

"It is all one whether the artist be right or wrong as to his facts; his business is to render rightly the appearance of things. It is all one whether he convince his reader or cause to arise a violent opposition. For the artist's views are of no importance whatever."

If then we find the abstract Englishman not a poet at all, but something quite different, it does not matter. There is no need to quarrel with Mr. Hueffer on that account. Rather we should be grateful for an interesting self-revelation. "The Spirit of the People" is charmingly written. Style itself is the symbol of personality. Also it is the one infallible excuse for a book's existence.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE DYNASTS.*

"The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes." So runs Mr. Hardy's simple and austere title; but whose are the voices that faintly re-echo on one's ear at its recital—the Spirits' Irony, or the Spirits' of the Pities? There is something so magnificent, so formidable, and so arrogant in the conception of such a work that its full accomplishment falls almost as an anti-climax. "Miracles don't happen," is the first cry; "It is done!—yet still, man is but grass," the second. There could scarcely be a greater triumph for its author than this irrefutable conviction of his own point of view. And yet, in spite of the vastness of its scheme, its slow undeviating advance, its indifference; there, behind its perfect impersonality, haunting the whole drama, is the presence of an imagination and courage so childlike and uncontaminated that the briefest of his lyrical poems is not more essentially the author, than this great scheme of "The Dynasts." For, after all, this pessimism,

* "The Dynasts. Part III." By Thomas Hardy. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

* "The Spirit of the People." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

or whatever other name one may choose to slander it by, is simply another refuge of blessed nakedness. To surrender, to sacrifice everything, even hope, even self, even beauty, in order to catch fast Truth, though only during one of her myriad transformations, is the sole aim worthy of a philosopher. And Truth will always reward her pursuer—if only by continuing to run away. Even the most cheery and wanton of optimists alive could scarcely help admiring Mr. Hardy's marvellous presentation of his theme. It is the accumulative evidence of these transient men and women, from Napoleon down to the dullest of his victims, from Nelson to the "fourth" or "fifth gentleman" of any city in Europe, that tells at last so overwhelmingly. All are human, willful, capricious, quite eminently "masters of their fate"; much more the peasants and camp-followers—subtleties of thrusts—than Emperor and Prince Regent. All, too, how profoundly are mere puppets, motes of chance, the flitting phosphorescence of a wave that follows the moon. The temptation to dwell on this pervasive idea is irresistible. But when one turns from it to criticise, how vain seems the hope of expressing anything but the critic's forlorn incompetence! If only he possessed a fraction of the sheer dogged crudition manifest in Mr. Hardy's work, he might enthusiastically pin down a fact, refute an inference. If only he had a fraction of the author's imagination, his vision, his intense and passionate "indifference," his beautiful pity and tenderness, he might hope to prove how richly, almost incomparably, these gifts are his. And his English, his style—many a stone has been flung at the blank verse; yet does not this very verse seem by some diabolical ingenuity to reveal all the sawdust that went to stuff that monstrous zany of the fates, Napoleon; all the wooden-jointedness of your busy politician; the queer insensitive courage of a soldier; all the blocks and pulleys, the tinsel and limelight of the show which is life, and on which Death's deep starlessness falls; the curtain down, the puppets boxed, the Master asleep? It is unamiable, uncouth, obstinate, crooked verse; and yet strangely rich and charged and graphic it can be—like ore ashimmer with metal.

It is in the scenery, the stage directions, the songs, that we catch glimpses of the Hardy of "The Woodlanders," of

"Tess" and of the Poems. The figures of countrymen, deserters, servants and sailors, and so on, live with that extraordinary still, meaningful sense of reality which only occasional and vivid memories and dreams have the power of evoking in most men. They are created. They will live as easily and clearly—laugh, jest, scoff, love, jilt and die—ten thousand years hence, just as they do now. It is the supreme gift of genius. The lightness of life, its *insouciance*, its heedlessness, beauty, gaiety, gallantry, youth, stream through these pages foiled with piercing vividness by the noisome terror and grossness and insanity of war.

"The winter is more merciless, and snow continues to fall upon a deserted expanse of unenclosed land in Lithuania. Some scattered birch-bushes merge in a forest in the background.

"It is growing dark, though nothing distinguishes where the sun sets. There is no sound except that of a shuffling of feet in the direction of a bivouac. Here are gathered tattered men like skeletons. Their noses and ears are frosted, and pus is oozing from their eyes.

"These stricken shades in a limbo of gloom are among the last survivors of the French army. Few of them carry arms. One squad, ploughing through snow above their knees, and with icicles dangling from their hair that clink like glass bottles as they walk, go into the birch wood, and are heard chopping. . . .

"*Russian Officer.*
Prince, here's a curious picture. They are dead.

"*Kutúzof* (with indifference). Oh, naturally. After the snow was down

I marked a sharpening of the air last night.

We shall be stumbling on such frost-baked meats

Most of the way to Wilna.

"*Officer* (examining the bodies).

They all sit as they were living still, but still as horns;

And even the colour has not left their cheeks,

Whereon the tears remain in strings of ice.—

It was a marvel they were not consumed. Their clothes are cindered by the fire in front. While at their back the frost has caked them hard.

"*Kutúzof.* 'Tis well. So perish Russia's enemies!"

How futile seems criticism of work like this. How shallow praise. Or take just his random people of every day:

"*Fourth Woman* (to a little girl). Now, my dear, come and help me with this one (she goes with the girl to a soldier in red with green facings who lies some distance off). Ah! 'tis no good. He's gone.

"*Girl.* No, mother. His eyes are wide open, a-staring to get a sight of the battle!

"*Fourth Woman.* That's nothing. Lots of dead ones stare in that silly way. It depends upon where they were hit."

What character, nature, humanity, thought; how tender an irony went to the making of these few lines!



Statue of Lieutenant Walter Hamilton,
Erected in Dublin Museum.

From "The Story of the Guides." (See p. 108.)

It is curious to reflect on the wonderful chance that after all his fascinating and beautiful novels; after his intensely personal poems—almost Donne-like in their packed phrases—Mr. Hardy should have lived to give the world this supreme work of thought, design, and imagination. Time will set "The Dynasts" in its place, when all our feeble chattering quarrel with our own day has long fallen silent. But what good that may mean, and whose, let the Phantom Intelligences decide.

WALTER DE LA MARÉ.

A SCHOOL OF ART.*

Incidentally we may learn from this book the history of the decline of a village. A certain number of students were attracted by the artist's reputation to assemble together and work under his direction in some studios he had built for them; then the students required lodgings and new houses were planned, and thus the fatal impetus was given that sent the village on the way of all villages in the neighbourhood of London, it became a suburb. It is usual to regard this work of ruin with complacency, and Sir Hubert von Herkomer is quite pleased at having inaugurated a suburb. He says that when he set about making an art school in a village (at Bushey in Hertfordshire) he was doing something never attempted before.

His essay at Bushey, however, covers a period of strenuous endeavour and seeking for light among art students generally. Artists were as plentiful as blackberries, in Falstaffian phrase, in the village communities of the later nineteenth century, and students flocked first to one locality and then to another as if they hoped to "catch" technique at Rye, at Bosham, or at Amberley. Newlyn repeated the tale of Barbizon; and other fishing villages in Cornwall, and then Devon, took up the story and told it to picturesque harbours on the Yorkshire coast, to Whitby and to Robin Hood's Bay. It was a period that saw the foundation of the New English Art Club, when we heard talk of a revival of art in England, and there was hurrying to and fro from Chelsea to Montmartre and the Notre Dame des Champs. It was in those days that we saw the horizon move from its accustomed place and mount to within an inch of the top of the picture frame, and we gazed on pictorial worlds ever enveloped in dim mists and peopled with weird shapes that looked not like inhabitants of earth. Then did the British Artists in Suffolk Street vow fealty to Mr. Whistler, and anon there were differences of opinion and recriminations, and Mr. Whistler shook the dust of Suffolk Street from off his feet; the artists came out thence, he said of himself and his following, and the British remained. And now we learn, in these later days, once enthusiastic revivalists are to be found painting portraits of quite ordinary folk, not weird portraits but as like as life; they are become as British as you please, may they are tame as Royal Academicians. Perhaps they are Royal Academicians, for thus does the whirligig of time bring in its revenges.

Our book gives no hint of this eventful history, but impounds the reader in Bushey, there to hear the gospel of Sir Hubert von Herkomer. It was a gospel that to some extent marched with the times, nevertheless, though the ports of Bushey, if one may say so, were closed against imports, and the art, literature, music, drama, and society of Bushey were all home grown. The Professor set his students to work from the life and discouraged the study of the antique in preliminary classes. He insisted upon perspective in touch, and this at a time when French tools were your only wear, and armed with large square brushes all progressive students ranged themselves in serried ranks under the banner of the Newlyn painters; indeed, it was commonly reported that the oracle of Bushey spoke of direct square brushwork as the "postage-stamp style of

painting," but this criticism does not appear in the volume before us. He thought a painter should desire above all things to attain to quality in his pictures, but he does not explain what quality is, though he knows it when he sees it, and perhaps we do too. We may assume that it is the painter's variation upon the theme, *le style c'est l'homme*.

It is the creed of the present writer that the mission of painting in the modern state is to conquer the kingdom of the air; to discover and reveal truths of light and atmosphere. This has been the work of all the impressionists from Turner onward, this the triumph of the modern Dutch school and the glory of Barbizon. If Sir Hubert von Herkomer is not fully in sympathy with this great movement in painting, it is interesting to see how unconsciously he falls into line with the modern trend of thought when he attempts success in a minor art. He wrote a pictorial music play and staged it in his own theatre at Bushey. Shocked at the aberrations of the ordinary stage moon, he determined to present to his audience an atmospheric sky and a moon that should be true to nature, and he describes how he worked out these problems at Bushey with the aid of his students. He says the secret of scene art lies in illusion, that is in visual deception, and here he comes upon the truth of the whole matter, we venture to think, with regard to all pictorial art, and not only to scene-painting in particular, which is what he is speaking of:

"Light is the most potent factor in scene art. By its magic the most tawdry materials are transformed into priceless fabrics; tinsel into gold and silver; and a few feet of canvas into vast distances. It is proper lighting rather than good painting upon which the success of a scene depends."

AN ELIZABETHAN NOVELIST.*

Robert Greene has been almost forgotten except for his calling a greater man bad names, and this reprint of his romantic tale, "Pandosto," is (could irony be carried further?) published in the "Shakespeare Library." People remember that Greene called Shakespeare "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," but Greene himself has dropped into obscurity, although one of the most famous novelists of Elizabethan times, and one from whom, after all, Shakespeare found it worth while to steal.

And yet Greene was a man not lightly to be thrown on the dustheap of forgotten mediocrities. The lively fellow, "with a jolly red peaked beard," who could "yark up a pamphlet in a single night," and do it so well that the booksellers were glad to pay "for the very dregs of his wit," was much more than a mere maker of books, although, like Shakespeare, like Goldsmith, like Hazlitt, like Scott, he was not an artist for art's sake alone. He and his works deserve much better than oblivion.

In his "love pamphlets" and his pamphlets of repentance and thievery, we find a most perfect illustration of the state of Elizabethan fiction, when "Arcadia" was written and the "Diana" of Montemayor had appeared, when men had not tired of the romances of Sir Bevis and Sir Isumbras, and yet were mad for the tapestried talk of the new "Euphues," when "Don Quixote" had not been published, and when the picaresque novel with its delightful and roguish realism had not yet built its imperishable kingdom.

In the "love pamphlets," in this very "Pandosto" that lies on the table, we find the English of Lyly, the methods of the old romance, the new influence of Italy, and the wild improbability that still had power over his audience. We must remember in reading it that for the Elizabethans, fortunate people, probability and improbability had no existence as relative terms. Everything was credible, and one of the joys of romance reading was the exercise of faith.

* "My School and my Gospel." By Sir Hubert von Herkomer, C.V.O., R.A., D.C.L. 21s. net. (Archibald Constable.)

* "Greene's Pandosto." Edited by P. G. Thomas. The Shakespeare Classics. (Chatto.)

Surely there were more wonders in the world than ever came to London Bridge, and yet every day ships were coming and going, sailing to and from strange lands that might hold anything. After a Euphuistic dedication, and a little preface on jealousy, from which "oft ensueth bloody revenge, as this ensuing history manifestly proveth," Greene leads off with "In the country of Bohemia there reigned a king called Pandosto." Bohemia is an island—no matter. Pandosto in a most oblonging manner, "to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem," slays himself at the finish—no matter again. The audience has not yet been educated out of fairy tales, and Greene writes with the careless assurance that his listeners are hanging on his words.

But, although Shakespeare took the plot, and even many of the phrases of "A Winter's Tale," from this little fantasy, it is not the best of Greene's works, but one written in the fashion of the day. It is in his other books, not in his "love pamphlets," that we find those breathings of realism and pictures of contemporary life that give his name a permanent importance.

These other books were far more personal to the writer of them, and depend more closely on his own life and character. He was a wild liver and yet a moralist. He had married young, but because his wife was more assiduous than his conscience, he left her after one year, in order the more freely to keep on his riotous way. He enjoyed debauch and the company of rascallions better than virtue and the society of sober citizens. And out of this came his best work. For presently his conscience began to oscillate between hibernation and wakefulness with a periodicity that exactly corresponded to the fullness or emptiness of his purse. When he had money he drank and sported it with courtesans and thieves, and when he had none and was forced to the yarking up of a pamphlet, his conscience, at these times extremely active, made him lament his follies and excess in the very writings that were to fill his purse and enable him to pursue them afresh. His pamphlets of repentance, studded with heartstricken confessions of a not at all respectable life, brought him the money for at least as many riotous adventures as they ashamedly condemned.

But he was not a hypocrite. His alternation of roysterer and puritan was neither flippant nor knavish. He was not base, but only simple as a child. When he was ashamed he was violently ashamed; when he was tempted, he could resist the temptation no more easily than a child the brightly coloured poisonous sweets it knows it should refuse. There was nothing clever in his life (when he was cross with Shakespeare he called him names). He was never mean. Tossed, riotous, unstable, uncontrolled, he had a good heart. Of all the medley of errant personalities that the Elizabethan age produced, his is the most lovable, the most forgivable.

A SACRED DRAMA.*

Mr. Charles M. Doughty's new poem is a "sacred drama in five songs" on the Judæo-Arabian legend of Adam (or Adamu) and Eve (or Adama or Hawwa), who after being cast forth from Paradise wandered separately for a hundred years before they met again on a desolate mountain, and then only after much anguish found the place

allotted to them on the earth and settled there. The other characters are Satan, Ezriel, Cherubim, Angels and Spirits, the Hours, Night, Day, and the Months. As might have been expected from the author of "The Dawn in Britain," the drama is remarkable for the clear heroic portraiture of the simple man and woman in their stupendous environment. After his wanderings Adam is dwarfed, blackened, and sightless, so that he knows the approach of Eve on the "gaunt, quick-striding, hoary" camel only by her voice, while she herself has almost forgotten speech. In their miserable joy at first meeting Eve binds herself to Adam with vines lest they should again be separated. An angel voice proclaims the end of punishment and they descend to the Valley of the Lord's Rest, passing on their way Eve's camel, now dead:

"Hail me! and is not Adam this the death?
Whereof dark Angel of the Punishment spake,
In day, when the Lord angry was with us,
My camel is and is not! Fowl we knew not,
Fret, with crude bloody beaks, ah her cold flesh!"

In the valley, Eve gathers flowers and fruit for Adam, and sees in the clear water one more fair than he is:

"The appearance of an Angel which I knew not:
Which, whilst I looked, seemed woman. . . ."

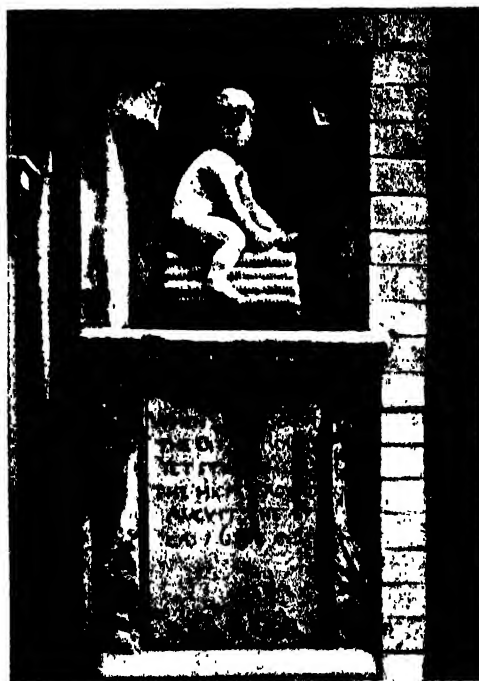
In a quaintly natural passage, Adam asks Eve to tell him the story of her wanderings, but at once consents first to tell his at her request. Her story of Eden and of the eviction follows his.

Mr. Doughty's genius—the genius which created Caradoc, Togodunnos, Carvithos, Cloten, Enbla, and Herfyrd—makes these two at once peasant-like in their simplicity and noble and sublime without any Miltonic stiffness and dignity. They eat, drink, and talk and labour, and Mr. Doughty's natural piety clothes them with more than kingliness. After the rest in the Valley, they have to toil for five days over harsh barren hills under a burning sun, before they can attain the Earth which is to be given to them. This struggle could only have been depicted by the desert's "sternest painter and her best." Man and wife, they long "for those broad, cool sappy leaves of Eden" in the hot waste; yet they have no green sickness and verbosity of regret. Comparison is not very helpful, and Wordsworth's "Leech Gatherer" is almost the only poem with which this part of the drama can be compared. They all but fail before they reach Earth's Gate.

"Ah, Lord, I see two Cherubim sit
thereat;
And very terrible is their countenance."

Adam is shown visions of the generations to come. They pass through the "Valley of Vision," and behold the sea and taste its bitter wave; they go up to the "Mountain of Frankincense" and God accepts their offering. In the autumn they make their house of a cave, and they learn the first simple arts of fire, of agriculture, of herding; and in the cave Eve's children are born. The last words are Adam's, comforting Eve, who fears the sound of the winter rains outside.

The whole piece occupies little short of a year. A frequently intervening chorus helps on the action and completes the setting by a frank artifice which few artists could have used with such impunity. The result, though in



The Stone in Panyer Alley.

From "The 'Passer-By' in London." (See p. 109.)

* "Adam cast Forth." By Charles M. Doughty. 4s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

the nature of an epic, is so certainly a splendid achievement of the poet's original aim, that the dramatic form, the use of the chorus and some other devices, are not to be questioned except pedantically. It is a piece of absolute creation; the two human figures are carved out of the carver's brain; they stand out like trees against a sunset; they live as do the figures in a folk-story, or in the book of Job. Nor is there any false simplicity in the creation, any more than there is a mere archaism in Mr. Doughty's elaborate style, for the simplicity, the primitiveness, are in answer to a need of our own day; they are no relapse into the ages of the great epic poets whom Mr. Doughty admires; they are of our time, perhaps for all time, for the intensity of the poet's sincerity is incomparable.

WILD HONEY FROM VARIOUS THYME.*

Perhaps the authors known as Michael Field write for posterity. I hope so, for I might thus be excused for not being able to make anything of many verses in their book. And yet there are places where it seems possible that they have achieved obscurity by that most fertile of methods—the search of the proper word for something imperfectly apprehended. In this search, first comes a vague common word with a moment's value; then flocks of uncommon words, of which a hundred might excusably be harboured for awhile; through these the writer toils towards the one. The song the Sirens sang was of words, words, and most sweet they are to a curious mind; one by one they suggest new meanings never dreamed of before, and so there is born a sonnet beginning:

"He is black, intense in blackness, round his head
The light a nectarine dead ripe emits,
His silence re-adjusts: his voice by fit,
Rubs faintly the edges of things said,
His rampant vision nothing can perturb
Flashes serene of searing radiance come
From eyes most still; his carriage has the curb
Of a young morning thrust, alert and dumb. . . ."

That is called "One of the Wise," and may stand for a clergyman. In the sonnet called "Reality" it does seem certain that Michael Field is content with some of these half-way words—

"Be but thy absence present, vigorous,
Not spectral, nor of body to appal,
As in the night I watch the genius
Of the great barges flicker on the wall.
I waken to the sputter and the noise,
I feel the speed by the race-lightning dance. . . ."

Can "genius" and "race-lightning" really have satisfied these artists?

That they are artists no one who reads even this one volume can doubt. The curiosity, if not the freshness, of the Renaissance is in their mythology. The rendering of moods is often of such subtlety—and of a beauty that overcomes the subtlety—that it is no wonder they have sometimes fallen short of their distant aims. I should like to quote about twelve sonnets to glorify their luxuriant yet terse pictorial power, their mythopoeic magic, the richness of their allusions, their images, the very words, in choicest dyes and perfumes. To choose from these twelve or so is impossible. I take these therefore, at random, and this is "The Feeding of Apollo":

"Ambrosia, nectar for Apollo!" See
One riseth from the purple, backward night
Behind the throne of Zeus: a woman white,
Not in her hair alone, but silverly
Her large eyes lighten and her lips are wild.
With frank strict hand she pours the young god wine,
And lays before him food, without a sign
Save that so white her countenance hath smiled.

Then Themis leaves him and he watches her
Back to her saint-like seat: but with a sigh
He hears sweet laughter round the cups and plates;
Till enmities of youth his mettle stir
As unembarrassed Hebe passes by,
And, slender, on the old Tithonus waits."

This is "Clarions":

"O glorious Day, thy shining, how it shines!
Thy feet dew-washed 'mid film of turf dew-white;
Thy head anointed with a regal light
That drips in oil and amber down the pines.
Behold, how great a force dost thou employ,
Scouring our very souls, as trumpeter
The inside of his trumpet, to confer
A brilliancy on our wide blasts of joy!
We ring with music; and far over Death
Our notes are heard, as sliding thunder-rolls,
Through the gold mountains where love's deathless souls
Listen and heave more roundly their hearts' breath.
O day, and of thy minute power the rush
Back of their breathing when our clarions hush!"

And now I have left out "Mood," "Sullenness," "A Living Altar," "Nests in Elms," "The Forest Year," "Depression!" "Being Free," "Listening," "Eros," and "April."

For beauty of style, of that indescribable and incomparable use of language that is almost never to be found except in poetry and in poetry having the form of verse, one or two passages must be quoted, such as—

"Dusk Mynthia, purple-eyed, I love thy story
Where was the grove,
Beneath what alder-strand, or poplar hoary
Did silent Hades look to thee of love. . . ."

And one more complete sonnet: "For Ever":

"There is a change in love that is not ebb,
For love, as life, must Time's behest obey,
There is the wonder of the growing web,
And fibres spin their blooms beneath the clay."
Thus from my head to my sad breast I speed.
But Reason there a world of angry sighs
Encountereth—'The antique spell is dead,
And, if love's favour altereth, love dies.'
The god to my extremity—'Dear Heart,
Mourn not defect and lovely hours undone,
For every mother from her child must part.
'Yea, every mother that doth rear a son!
And blushing at the keen rebuke I pass,
Smile at the scythe and smile at Time's hour-glass."

There are very few writers with Michael Field's sense of style, with their beauty and fineness of words and rhythms. For a score of these poems are perfect accomplishments of their ends. But their ends, it must be said, have often a fatal triviality, a mere indoor cloistered grace, with an atmosphere of incense and exquisite wall-paper; and when this is not true of their ends, it is true of their treatment, so that I cannot read one of the sonnets and hardly one of the other poems without disturbing thoughts and beautiful objects in place of a sense of beauty and energy and joy.

SYMBOLISM IN LITERATURE.*

"The Symbolist Movement in Literature" is a revised reprint of the volume of the same title published nine years ago. It may be merely fancy, based on the knowledge of this fact, yet, in reading it again, one seems to catch a hint (the faintest hint as of *pot-pourri*) of its age and pre-existence. A suggestion here and there insinuates itself of insistency, of emphasis on a point of view, or interpretation of art which may have been novel or advanced in 1899: but is not so now. It is, of course, Mr. Symons's triumph, this defeat of time. He has thought and written hastelessly on, and whether he desire it or no has made converts; or at any rate, resigned all who will listen to the belief that art can be a serious matter, quite as serious as tectotalism, or psychical research, or even (haunting shibboleth!) tariff reform.

* "The Symbolist Movement in Literature." By Arthur Symons. 5s. net. (Constable.)

* "Wild Honey from Various Thyme." By Michael Field. 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

None the less, symbolism has never taken very deep root in English poetry. It is, of course, "implicit in all literature from the beginning" and lies beneath the surface of all true poetry. But in its essence and alone, few are its devotees here. Its Jerusalem for us is in Ireland; and Mr. Yeats, to whom this book is dedicated, is now, as then, its most ardent and original disciple.

Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Jules Laforgue, Stéphane Mallarmé—the very names of Mr. Symons's seven exotics were delightful gifts of the Muses. One could surely only with the most strenuous efforts become a Martin Tupper after being christened Paul Verlaine. Mr. Symons deals delicately and punctiliously with all. He passes, pauses, bends here a bough, lifts there a blossom; only too conscious that one March morning's wind of Philistia would scatter the exquisite efflorescence of long years of patient culture and vigilance. Yet they met life face to face, most of these poets; life as full, tedious, malignant, desperate, and detestable as poverty, stupidity, brutality, and ugliness can make it. They accepted it scenically, physically, temporarily; but they utterly repudiated its final reality; turned in and away from it to their own over-curious minds and imaginations for truth and peace; and possibly, like most of us, found but seldom either there, save at haphazard, and at moments beyond consciousness to dictate or circumvent. All such subterfuges and stratagems, all such elaboration of thought and fancy-spinning, all such extreme sensitiveness, whether of beauty or of religion, or of philosophy, are morbid—cries triumphant Commonsense—assonance, earthworm, incense, or category. Mr. Symons himself supplies sufficient illustration.

"On the 20th, he (Gérard de Nerval) came into the office of the review, and showed Gautier and Maxime du Camp an apron string which he was carrying in his pocket. 'It is the girdle,' he said, 'that Madame de Maintenon wore when she had *Escher* performed at Saint Cyr.' On the 24th he wrote to a friend: 'Come and prove my identity at the police-station of the Châtelet.' The night before he had been working at his manuscript in a pot-house of Les Halles, and had been arrested as a vagabond. He was used to such little misadventures, but he complained of the difficulty of writing. 'I set off after an idea,' he said, 'and lose myself. I am hours in finding my way back. Do you know I can scarcely write twenty lines a day, the darkness comes about me so close!' He took out the apron string. 'It is the garter of the Queen of Sheba,' he said. The snow was freezing on the ground, and on the night of the 25th, at three in the morning, the landlord of a 'penny doss' in the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne, a filthy alley lying between the quays and the Rue de Rivoli, heard some one knocking at the door, but did not open, on account of the cold. At dawn, the body of Gérard de Nerval was found hanging by the apron-string to a bar of the window."

One pauses breathless over this Work of Life. It is imitable. Compare it with Mr. George Moore's account of his meeting with Verlaine in Paris and—well, it is less easy than at first appeared, to adorn the tale.

It is always with renewed admiration that one reads again Mr. Symons's prose. It is so quiet, so dexterous and sure of touch, so unassumingly punctilious. And being all this, what a zest it gives to such unexpected and vivid vignettes of character and personality as stand out here and there in his pages: his description of Huysmans, hidden away in the notes at the end of the volume, for instance; his reminiscences of Mallarmé and Verlaine.

But not less admirable than his form is his matter; if indeed it be really possible to consider them apart. It is rich in real thought, real apprehension. But of course, though poetry and symbolism are his themes, by that road as directly as by any other one comes on reality. For whatever creed a man may treasure in his heart, for staff, for battlecry, for dream; whether of science, or religion, or art; life flows deeper yet than that. And when one peers too anxiously, analyses too unsparingly and too minutely another's vague, unproven, yet all-meaning hope, it seems the danger comes of letting fly one's own. Again and again in this book Mr. Symons seems to read himself into these mysterious personalities; making them too

consciously complex, too aware, too classifiable. He gladly realises such a possibility. Surely Paul Verlaine sang much as a bird sings; sinned as all men sin, as lightly biassed as he; and repented as wildly as every other man of such tempestuous emotions and remorse may. His poetry was part, and part only, of his life; only the means of crying, as all the children of men cry—Me, me, and Home, and Mother! Our inmost reality, whosoever be the voice that proclaims it, is that solitary, icily-still, desperate pathway, tortuous, darkened, and narrow, from to-day's self's truth, to to-morrow's. But who can foretell what wasteful Nature intends with our seed, or silence with our consciousness?

PETRARCH.*

Nothing could be more wholesome and kindly in tone than this account of the great Humanist and Poet. Mr. Holway-Calthrop has made careful use of such modern authorities as de Sade, Fracassetti, and Dr. Koerting, to whom he acknowledges his obligations; but he has wisely recognised that after all, to use his own words, "Petrarch himself is far and away the most important authority for his own biography." This constitutes the special charm of the book for the general reader; the quotations from Petrarch's letters are admirably chosen, and give a real and vivid insight into a life and character which seem all compact of contrasts and contradictions. Living in a rapturous communion with the spirits of Pagan authors, yet never swerving from his Christian orthodoxy; a recluse haunting mountain solitudes, and a frequenter of courts and "the first of the tourists"; the platonic lover of Laura and the quite un-platonic lover of another; the eager patriot, burning for the freedom of the Roman people at the very moment when he is accepting the hospitality and patronage of the great and unscrupulous tyrants who held all Italy in bondage: it is this perpetual and many-sided contradiction which constitutes at once the fascination of Petrarch's character and the difficulty of writing his life. It is very well brought out in the present volume.

Perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book is the author's defence of Petrarch's relations with the tyrant lords of Italy. The common defence, that he must be judged by the morals of his age, is certainly not sufficient. His friend Boccaccio was a man of the same age, and not too nice in some directions; but he was goaded into a strong expostulation when he saw him acting as orator and diplomatist for "the Great Viper" of Milan, the Archbishop Giovanni Visconti—it seemed to him a pure betrayal of Italy. Mr. Holway-Calthrop admits this in the case of the letter which Petrarch wrote for Galeazzo Visconti to the Pavian patriot Bussolari; but in most of the other cases his defence is, to say the least, peculiar. The tyrants were brilliant, intellectual, strenuous men: "if morality could be banished from the world, they might be taken as types of complete manhood"—as if morality were not the chief element of manhood, and as if Petrarch did not know this perfectly. Or take the following defence of his friendship with Jacopo II. da Carrara of Padua, "who obtained his lordship by murder and forgery, and used it to promote the welfare of his city and the interests of art and learning": "Loaded thus with honours and benefits, Petrarch may be forgiven if he ignored Jacopo's crimes, which he had not personally witnessed, and celebrated in terms of unstinted eulogy his friend's virtues and charm, of which he had daily experience in the intimacy of private life." The plain truth is, Petrarch was essentially an egotist, with a convenient faculty of closing his eyes to the greatest of crimes in patrons who gave him such pleasant and comfortable

* "Petrarch, His Life and Times." By H. C. Holway-Calthrop. 12s. 6d. (Methuen & Co.)

proofs of their appreciation of his supreme merit as poet and scholar. They on their side quite understood that he was, as Symonds says, "an incurable rhetorician," much too fond of himself to allow his Ode to Italy and his denunciations of tyrants to cheat him out of the same tyrants' friendship and patronage.

It is pleasant to turn from this side of Petrarch's life to what is perhaps the most fundamental thing in his character—his genius for friendship. It is sometimes suggested that he "needed friends for the maintenance of his intellectual activity at the highest point of its effectiveness"; but there was something deeper than this. "In my friendship," he writes with obvious sincerity, "I practise no art, except to love utterly, to trust utterly, to feign nothing, to hide nothing, and, in a word, to pour out everything into my friend's ears just as it comes from my heart." He drew hosts of friends around him, and his suffering was very keen when death withdrew them. More than once he acted the peacemaker among his friends so gently and lovingly that our author is justified in saying that "the world has not seen his superior in the delicate diplomacies of friendship." There must have been in such a man a core of genuine goodness, it, as Plato affirms, "the evil man never attains to any real friendship."

The influence of Laura on Petrarch's intellectual development is carefully brought out, especially in the marvellous delicacy of workmanship in the Canzoniere, and the skill with which every movement of the human heart is caught, "from the fervour of indomitable passion to the airiest trick of graceful fancy." The question of the identity of Laura is rightly left unsolved. The one point of certainty, according to our author, is that she was a real woman. He dismisses the idea with which Petrarch's friends twitted him, that "Laura" was simply the laurel crown of poetry with which he was in love. It was not concerning the poet's laurel that he wrote "with a kind of bitter sweetness" the dates of his first sight of her and of her death on the fly-leaf of his Virgil for no eye but his own: "Laura, a shining example of virtue in herself, and for many years made known to fame by my poems, first came visibly before my eyes in the season of my early youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, on the 6th day of the month of April, in the Church of St. Clara of Avignon, in the morning. And in the same city, on the same day of the same month, at the same hour of Prime, but in the year 1348, the bright light of her life was taken away from the light of this earth." Whoever she was, married or unmarried, there is no doubt of her moral influence on Petrarch's inner life. "Through love of her," he says, "I attained to love of God." "It was she who reclaimed my youthful spirit from all baseness."

The chapter on Petrarch as the Founder of Humanism is one of the best in the book. Petrarch was by no means the only scholar of his age, but he was the only one who had that peculiar combination of qualities which could create an enthusiasm for ancient literature. But perhaps what will appeal most to the modern reader is his Familiar Letters, in which the very man himself is revealed as a personality of singular charm. Space forbids quotation, but nothing can be a more delightful revelation of the man than his description of his two gardens in his beloved retreat at Vacluse—his only regret being "that such beauty should exist anywhere out of Italy"; his whimsical account of his quasi-ascetic life, and of the old wife of his farm-bailiff—"a bright example of female ugliness," whose "soul is as white as her skin is swarthy"; and his sincere sorrow at the death of her husband, "with whom for fifteen years he had shared all his troubles." It is with sincere pleasure that we recommend this interesting book, not simply for its appreciation of Petrarch as a poet and scholar, but even more for the way in which it brings out the human interest of his life and of the discords by which it was torn and divided. The reader will find it easy to acquiesce in the author's closing words: "As a consum-

mate artist he wins our admiration; as father of the new learning he claims our filial piety; but most of all we love and cherish in him the eager student, the passionate devotee of high ideals, the incomparable friend."

ROBERT BURNS, COMMENTATOR.*

Exactly a hundred years ago R. H. Cromek published his "Reliques of Robert Burns." The book professed to contain a number of comments by Burns on his own and some of the earlier versions of Scottish song, comments which every editor of Burns copied verbatim from Cromek as the genuine work of the poet. It appears, however, that Cromek's transcript is far from accurate, and that he also added considerably to the Notes, without so much as differentiating what were his and what Burns's. And it is only now, after all these years, that we have come into possession of the true text of that which Burns actually wrote. One hesitates to allege that Cromek designed to "deceive" his readers, as the Preface to the present volume seems to hint; but there is at least a suspicion that Cromek, who was one of the first of the now wide cult of Burns, did not act quite circumspectly in the circumstances. His additions are harmless enough, however. Nevertheless, there is a niche for the present work, which Burns students will find interesting and helpful.

The story of the Notes is as follows: Burns wrote them in an interleaved copy of the *Scots Musical Museum*, which he afterwards presented to Riddell of Friars Carse, his friend and neighbour at Ellisland. After Riddell's death, in 1794, the volumes (there were four—all that were published in the life-time of Burns) passed to his widow, who in turn gave them to her niece, Miss Eliza Bayley, of Manchester. It was then that Cromek made his all too cursory examination of them. How the volumes found their way to the London salerooms is not known; but they were bought, at any rate, "for an old song" by Mr. John Salkeld, bookseller, who resold them in 1870 for £110 to a collector, Mr. Adolphus F. Nichols. At his demise in 1902 they were inherited, along with 30,000 other volumes, by his housekeeper, a Miss Oakshott, who knew nothing about books, and wished to dispose of them *en bloc*. Thus we find them reappearing at Sotheby's (October 30, 1903), purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £610, and sold privately to an American client, Mr. George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, in whose possession they now are. An exact transcript of the original MS., which has had the advantage of Mr. Thomas's revision, occupies all but sixty pages of the present compilation. A collation of this with Cromek's copy brings out the following result: Out of 173 Notes printed by Cromek, only 127 are verbatim copies; eighteen are garbled or imperfect, of which four differ entirely from the MS. and another four are written partly by Burns and partly by Riddell; fourteen are written entirely by Riddell or other than Burns; lastly, fourteen are not in the MS. at all, and the leaves of four of those have been cut out and are now missing. On the other hand, seven short Notes by Burns are not printed, and in place of that on *Auld Lang Syne* there is a complete and hitherto unsuspected holograph copy of the song.

In these Notes Burns passes beyond the mere character of songster. He is here the historian and the custodian of the national minstrelsy. What Burns did not know about his country's song-literature was scarcely worth knowing. That he had a fair understanding of music, too, and was able to finger a fiddle with no little skill, are facts made clear enough in these pages. Unlike Scott, he could sing ("such as it was," he said); yet he had ear and voice sufficient to remember and to reproduce about forty fugitive airs which he collected, and for which he penned

* "Notes on Scottish Song." By Robert Burns. Edited by the late James C. Dick. 10s. 6d. (Henry Frowde.)

as many sets of verses. Indeed, what Scott accomplished for the ballads of the Borderland, Burns may be held to have accomplished for the ancient and all-but-forgotten tunes that were still floating about in the farm-kitchens and stray nooks of the Nith and Ayr. Burns *was* a musical enthusiast, and Scotland is as much indebted to him for the perpetuation of her music as for her wealth of lyrical charm. This is one of the chief contentions of Mr. Dick's pleasant monograph. Not its least interesting parts are the chapters on "Scottish Song prior to Burns" and "Burns and his Songs," as well as the wonderfully illuminating and informative Appendix. Merlin and Thomas the Rhymer stand at the beginning of that ever-lengthening roll of Scotland's singing children whose glory culminated in Burns, but of whose living representatives (*per longo intervallo*, to be sure) the name is legion.

It is a regret to remember that the careful and scholarly compiler of this latest accession to Burnsiana passed away before his book left the press. For this, among other reasons, it is a pity to have limited the number of copies to 255. Cromek's initials, by the way, should be R. H., not R. C.

W. S. CROCKETT.

Novel Notes.

THE GREY KNIGHT. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The authoress calls this an autumn love story, and its atmosphere answers to the sub-title. The reader breathes the air which Mrs. de la Pasture contrives to reproduce in her very attractive stories: an air of ripe, even mellow human wisdom. Love comes to both hero and heroine in the autumn of their life, for the heroine, at least, in her early autumn. Mrs. Owen, a pretty young widow, acts as a professional nurse to Sir Harry Gwyn, an elderly widower. Their engagement is broken off by a misunderstanding, due to hot temper on one side. But all comes right in the end. It is a simple plot. The success of the story does not lie in its inventiveness, but in the admirable characterisation and the quiet deftness of treatment which Mrs. de la Pasture's work continues to exhibit. Louise's life has its own pathos. Her first marriage was unhappy; it amounted to a long self-sacrifice, in which others took advantage of her good-nature. The gradual dawning of a real love is described with fine sympathy by the authoress, and there is an excellent foil in the blunt, bourgeois nature of Anna, the heroine's sister-in-law. This is emphatically an attractive story, emotional without being sentimental, and pathetic without falling into tearful hysterics.

THE GREAT AMULET. By Maud Diver. 6s. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

If any novel-readers survive who take a novel's title as a literal clue to its contents, they will probably expect to find that the scene of this story lies in the East. So it does. But Mrs. Diver's amulet is Love. "Love," said Stevenson, "is the great Amulet that makes this world a garden"; it is not one of Stevenson's happiest phrases, but it serves Mrs. Diver's turn. She has given us another Anglo-Indian story, which will rank with "Captain Desmond, V.C." Both deal with the problem of a marriage which promises disaster. In fact, this story starts with a marriage in the first chapter; before the marriage-day is done, husband and wife are separated by a quarrel, and the rest of the book is devoted to a study of their slow re-union. The conflict of temperaments is extremely well drawn. Mrs. Diver never becomes abstract or airy. She has plenty of living men and women on the scene, who are very different from the lay-figures which do duty in the average Anglo-Indian tale.

She gets her heroine, Quita, from Zermatt to India by what is rather a *tour de force*. But once that is over, the tale flows on with a convincing and vigorous current. Mrs. Diver not only takes the reader inside real Anglo-Indian life, as that is lived by people who have more to do than "play tennis with the ten commandments," but invests the complications of marriage with profound interest. This finest of all arts, the art of living together, is the theme of her story, and we could not wish a healthier or more original study of the problem. It is a genuine pleasure to come across a story of such ability and vitality.

ANNE PAGE. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is no doubt that the conduct of Anne Page, cleverly as Miss Syrett justifies and idealises and ennobles it, will rather shock the majority of readers. She is middle-aged, yet remains fascinatingly young; she is simple, natural, thoughtful, sweetly serious, and when a brilliant artist, much younger than herself, falls passionately in love with her, she, because she loves him, foresees that if she married him she would by-and-by warp his genius, mar his career, and plunge him into unhappiness, therefore she holds him in check, sends him from her miserable, and then goes to him in Paris and tells him she has resolved to live with him as his wife until he wearies of her. He would sooner marry her, but accepts this arrangement; there is a year or two of happiness, and on the first sign that his love is passing from her, she leaves him and returns to be the Lady Bountiful of her village home in England, preferring to keep her dream of love and joy unbroken. There is perhaps too much of raw artifice about the timely happening of the incidents that save Anne from being exposed by the Vicar, and being ostracised and despised in the village, when that gentleman's small souled wife ferrets out her secret, and you may think most of the arguments for Anne's unconventionality are grey sophistries that ought not to lift their hoary heads again, but there is no denying the skill and power of the story, no getting away from the interest of it.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Constable.)

The first few pages of the first chapter of "The Tree of Heaven" prepare you for some of the weird, mystic, wonderful tales that are to follow. A young, but great "Psychic Scientist," author of several works of occult philosophy, who has been absent from New York since the happening of a strange and awful event in which he played a part, is entertaining a company of his friends at the Lenox Club before departing to resume an appointment he holds in the East, and towards the end of the evening he suddenly awes and mystifies them by exerting his psychic powers, and in veiled and figurative language foretelling something of what in the hidden future awaited each of them. "The Carpet of Belshazzar" unravels the truth about that eerie and haunting event that had driven the young Scientist into banishment some years before; then follow the nine stories in which what he had foretold of his friends' lives comes to pass: admirably varied stories of the supernatural, of pity and horror, of romantic adventure, of love and happy living. They are vividly and brilliantly imagined, and written very ingeniously and with a ripe cunning in the art of narration that few living novelists could equal.

THE HATE FLAME. By Percy Barron. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Percy Barron writes attractively and forcibly; he knows the Irish character, the charm and the weakness of it; and his pictures of the Irish peasantry, of the well-to-do patriots who live in London, and, instead of studying modern languages and working for the commercial and

industrial betterment of their country, attend classes to learn the obsolete Gaelic language and agitate to have it taught in the national schools; his pictures of the priests who collect great sums of money and build magnificent churches in the midst of a starving people—all such things as these are bound to rouse a deal of resentment, and to bring furious scorn and denial and denunciation down upon the head of the author. But these are only part of the background of a very delightful love idyll. Jack Bullen, a typical young Englishman, has lost his heart to the winsome, wilful Irish Kathleen. He is a student at Heidelberg, and there an Irish student who belongs to a different corps, and whose name is unknown to him, publicly vilifies the English, and covertly insults young Bullen and goads him into an inevitable duel. The Irishman, through his own violent and malicious fighting, is killed, and it is necessary that Jack should promptly get away home. He contrives to see Kathleen at her convent-school, and learns that a terrible misfortune has fallen upon her uncle and he has wired for her to go and rejoin him in Ireland. It turns out that her cousin, who was at Heidelberg, has been killed in a duel by an Englishman whose name has not transpired. Her uncle is frantic with grief at the loss of his son, and mad with black rage against the man who slew him. He has always cherished a blind hatred of the Saxon, and raved of freedom and roared about justice, and neglected the needs of his miserable tenantry whilst he was so doing; and he now forces Kathleen, in the presence of the priest, to swear that if she ever discovers the man who killed her cousin, she will do what she can to avenge him. After her uncle is dead, when she is living with friends, and Jack is doing practical work that shall benefit himself and the peasantry of a certain district in Ireland, his rival, an Irishman, learns of Kathleen's vow, finds out the name of the unknown man she had sworn it against, and reveals it to her, with results that the reader had hoped for, though the end of it all is not, perhaps, what he will wish it had been.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS. By Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

This story is really one of two men and a woman, whose troubles spring from the marriage of the latter. Meriel Manister, a bright and noble young heiress, is married, for her money, by a youth, Bobby Hayden, who is worse than a kleptomaniac. The revelation of his real character soon dawns on Meriel, and her disgust drives her to treat him with a severity which the reader feels is hardly too severe. Lady Troubridge, however, makes her play the quixotic part of giving him chance upon chance, and this rôle is forced upon her by the man whom she really loves. Thurston plays his difficult part with care. He does his best for the degenerate husband, but it is a relief when the latter disappears from the scene and the way is left open for Meriel and Thurston to enjoy their tardy happiness. The interest of the book lies not so much in the fashionable folk who flit through its pages as in the study of Hayden's moral decline. Lady Troubridge has spent more strength on the analysis of his qualities and demerits than she has upon her style, which is not always above reproach. But there is a certain piquancy about the story which overcomes the sense of contempt excited by a number of the leading figures.

THE KIN OF HELEN. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Marriott is "at it" again. He has written one of his subtle, psychological stories, to show that the woman question cannot be solved as simply as suburban ethics think. The hero reflects that through all there is "a free love which" is "neither the ludicrous complication of marriage generally understood by the term, nor a foolish denial or cowardly evasion of sex." To this profound

conclusion Mr. Paul Hecarell is led by a series of facts, the first of which is that once, on a holiday, he met a young woman who, as he found out afterwards, was living with a man in London. This has diverted Mr. Paul from the priesthood. But if he played the fool on his holidays, he played the same rôle in London afterwards by his obtuse treatment of Joan, the lady in question, and one is not sorry that he was thrown off by a girl to whom he had engaged himself. Mr. Marriott sketches some interesting women in his story, particularly a Miss Chalfont. He is at his best in tracing the influence of these women upon one another, and the effect of Joan's personality upon the men with whom she is thrown in contact. But there is an elusiveness about the hero which spoils the movement of the book. He is a sort of heretical prig in the matter of marriage, and the reader finds it rather hard to get up much interest in his proceedings.

RICHARD LANGHORNE. "The Story of a Socialist." By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. 6s. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

Mr. Bartlett's hope and theory is that if sensible Socialists could only be brought under the fascination of society ladies, especially when they are unmarried, their madcap schemes for the re-distribution of property would melt into the thin air. His hero, a Socialist leader in Parliament, sees the error of his ways by intercourse with Cynthia Pellinore, one of the aristocrats whom he had begun by denouncing. The story of the change is told with a lot of humour and insight. Mr. Bartlett describes country-house life and Socialist disputes with equal gusto. But there is far too much rhetoric in the book. The author's convictions have run away with his art, and the dialogue tends to become a set debate. The fusion of a novel with a party-pamphlet is generally fatal to the vitality of the story, and Mr. Bartlett has not quite succeeded in imparting reality to the protagonists of his tale.

THREE MISS GRAEMES. By Miss Macnaughtan. 6s. (Murray.)

Every one has read "A Lame Dog's Diary," and a general impression of the style of this new work by the same author may most comprehensively and best be conveyed by saying that it resembles the earlier production—though not in subject-matter. There is the same geniality, the same kindly humour, the same quaint and delightful character-studies, and the same penetrative comments on life and the passing show in general. The scene, at the outset, is an island in the Western Highlands, and we are introduced to the three young sisters whose name gives the title to the story. On the death of their father, a retired military captain, the girls leave the island where they have stayed since their childhood, completely ignorant of the ways of the world, and go to London to settle with a socially ambitious but not particularly wealthy aunt, Lady Parheld, from whose home they pass to a cottage of their own in Kent, two of the sisters going abroad later and the third returning to London to earn her livelihood. The Scotch part, the residence with Lady Parheld and the doings of her poor relations, the stay in a pleasant part of Kent, and the experiences of the eldest Miss Graeme while making a living in London as a secretary to a wealthy religious lady and as typist to the Punctilio Carriage Company, give Miss Macnaughtan excellent scope for a display of her particular strength. The success of "Three Miss Graemes" should rival that of the "Diary."

THE SWORD DECIDES. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

There were some who considered that in "The Glen o' Weeping" Miss Marjorie Bowen failed to fulfil the high promise of "The Viper of Milan," but even these disappointed ones will be fain to acknowledge that she makes

ample amends for that shortcoming with "The Sword Decides." She is back again here amidst the glamorous splendours and horrors and dramatic pageantry of mediæval Italy. Andreas of Hungary is on his way, with a considerable retinue, to join the wife he has not yet seen—Giovanna, granddaughter of the King of Naples who is on his death-bed. This king, Roberto, has usurped the throne that should have gone to Andreas's father, and repenting, thinks to make atonement by having married Andreas to his daughter so that he and she may be king and queen after him. On the road, Andreas receives many warnings not to go on to Naples, but he is passionate and headstrong, and pushes forward in spite of them all. The old king dies soon after his arrival, and despite his last wishes, and for all that Andreas can do, Giovanna alone is proclaimed as his successor. She is a beautiful, masterful woman, having no love for Andreas and fiercely ambitious to reign alone; and Andreas not easily yielding, she decoys him to his death—he escapes from the hands of his assassins and runs into her room for shelter, but she unbars the door and lets in his enemies, and when he clings to her they cut away her robe and drag him out to his doom. Hearing what has happened, his brother Ludovic, King of Hungary, comes bent upon vengeance; but for a while Giovanna, who has ruthlessly sacrificed all her accomplices, betools him; for a while even wins his love from the gentle Maria d'Anjou, to whom he was betrothed, and in the end, when he has learned the truth, the vengeance that follows is only half his and half the more awful vengeance of heaven. The ghastly horror of some of the incidents, the lurid, wonderful imaginative power of the whole story, remind you, if you cast about for a comparison, of the grim, great tragedies of Webster.

TABLES OF STONE. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a note of deep seriousness sounding all through Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel. He sets himself to picture, in John Diver, a strong, simple, reverent, utterly sincere nature brought suddenly into contact with all the artificialities and insincerities of the fashionable London of fifty years ago. John is a resolute young man, self-centred, sternly just; "he was like a trooper in Cromwell's Ironsides. There was something implacable and majestic about him." He and his father, a kindly, profoundly religious country clergyman, have lived pretty much alone together "fifty miles from a railway-station in the midst of a wild and deserted country surrounded by a handful of primitive peasantry." His quaintness of dress, his staid manner and natural outspokenness, amuse the gay circles into which he is introduced, he is taken in hand by a smart society lady, and under the nickname of "Old Testament" becomes the curiosity of a season. He is in London to find employment, and Mr. Caversham, a proud and wealthy aristocrat, recognising the grit and greatness of the man, engages him as tutor to his son, an unfortunate lad who has been so painfully affected by an incident of his childhood that he lives in constant terror of his father, shrinks from him always, and is crazed with fear at any prospect of meeting him. One scents something of allegory in this situation and in the way in which John wins the boy to discard his fears and to believe that his father loves him. John's weakness is that he has never felt any passion of love; he judges his kind without knowing anything of their softer, more human qualities. When love comes to him it strengthens him in all his high purposes, but it does not dominate him; and when the woman he has married errs slightly, he is austere and inhumanly unforgiving, and by his harshness wrecks her happiness and his own and brings her and their child to death before his pride is broken and he sees that he was talking pompous foolishness when he rebuffed her with his "Here, I say, there is no forgiveness of sins. To teach forgiveness of

sins is to trespass on the invisible purposes of God. And it is because men have so trespassed that life has become thick with problems and dark with uncertainty." It is a thoughtful and very able book, telling an interesting and a poignant story and handling with great skill and fine imaginative suggestiveness those eternal questions that everybody asks and nobody can answer.

THE CHICHESTER INTRIGUE. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. Cobb has hit upon an excellent and uncommonly ingenious plot for his new novel, and has worked it out with a skill and resourcefulness, a crispness and lightness of touch, that make delightful and absorbingly interesting reading. Alfred Chichester, a popular actor, dying, appoints Lambert Amory his executor. Lambert, fulfilling his duties, goes through the dead man's letters and papers, and thinks it kinder to keep some of them from the eyes of his wife. He is disquieted to find among the letters several dated five years before, written by the girl to whom his friend, Sir Hugo Warbrook, is anxious to become engaged, and disclosing a compromising intrigue between herself and the late actor, and feels that he cannot allow Hugo to marry this girl in ignorance of the truth. He burns the letters, and, as a first step towards making the necessary revelation, gets an introduction to the girl, Enid Thornhill, and can scarcely believe it possible that she is guilty. Whilst he hesitates, he is introduced to Enid's aunt, who bears the same name as herself, and stays with her niece's people at the address from which the letters were sent. This complicates matters a little, and soon, whilst he is still hesitating, to increase his difficulties, the aunt's god daughter, a Miss Enid Fletcher, comes to the house on what he ascertains has for some time past been a regular annual visit. It would be unfair to betray the developments of the story, obviously, it bristles with possibilities, and it is sufficient to say that Mr. Cobb makes the most and best of every one of them.

THE ALIEN SISTERS. By Mabel Dearnier. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When a reviewer reads three new novels in succession, all published in the same week, all by women writers of high capacity, and finds that the hero of each leads a double life, and that one or more of the principal ladies in each is of doubtful or more than doubtful reputation, and that the stories are very largely shaped and coloured by the personalities and the doings of these people, he begins to grow pessimistic, to wonder whether these do really represent the average life of the time, and to feel that perhaps another Deluge might be no bad thing, so that it washed such a squalid world and left it a little cleaner. The "alien sisters" are the legitimate and the illegitimate daughters of Sir Raymond Templeton. Sir Raymond marries a good and beautiful woman, and resolves to sever himself once for all from the vulgar and scheming Rosa de Winton who had entangled him in the past; he makes a handsome settlement on her and then daughter Rose, gets away from her with some unpleasantness, and is satisfied that he has closed the door on that episode for ever. Years pass, and, no heir being born to him, Sir Raymond is brought to see the advisability of arranging a marriage between his daughter, Ruth, and his nephew, Hugh Templeton. Hugh comes on a visit, Ruth has already half given her heart to a worthier lover, but she yields to her father's wishes and is engaged to her cousin; then, partly as the result of some revelations made by an idiot child who is clairvoyant, she has doubts of Hugh, and her nerves and her health failing her she goes on a holiday into Cornwall, and there meets with Rose de Winton, who is still staying at the cottage where, until he went away on that visit to his uncle, Hugh had been living with her as his mistress. Rose has none

of the lightness or vulgarity of her mother; she is wholly in love with Hugh, had gone away with him to get beyond her mother's sinister influences, and hoped and believed he would have married her. One discovery leading to another, the two girls arrive at the whole truth about each other; Ruth befriends her less fortunate sister, and is robbed of all faith in her dignified and respectable father, as her mother had been before she died. The theme itself is sordid and unlovely, but Mrs. Dearmer handles it delicately, and with artistic restraint, and fashions it into a moving and dramatic romance that is as impressive as it is sincere.

The Bookman's Table.

IRISH AND ENGLISH. By Robert Lynd. 5s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

It is the Irish portraits and impressions that give this book most of its charm and nearly all its high literary value. When Mr. Lynd sketches English life and character he is not always in perfect sympathy with his subject, and so is merely clever where he would otherwise have been kindly and whimsical and illuminating; he describes as a shrewd but somewhat partial observer, where otherwise he would have written of what he knew, and from inside knowledge. Compare the superficial picturesqueness and rash generalisations of "Revivalists in the West End" with the deep pathos and amazingly vivid truth of "On an Emigrant Train"—a realistic little picture of a party of Irish peasants parting from home and friends. Mr. Lynd has put his mind only into the English sketches, but into the Irish he has put his heart as well. He is a man of moods, of prejudices, of perversities, and he gives free play to them all—it is the strong individual note of them, the freshness and originality of their outlook, that make even the slightest of these papers peculiarly and delightfully interesting. There are admirable dissertations on "The Consolations of London," on "The Crime of Ugliness," on "Spring in the West End," but turn back to the fifteen Irish chapters and you get something finer, newer, more intimate, for it is here that the genius of Mr. Lynd is most unquestionably at home, and flows into a grace and humour and tenderness that are spontaneous and irresistible. He is happiest when he is touching on memories of his own childhood, or picturing the odd, quaint, lovable characters of Irish byways; he has imagination and the artist's sensitive way of handling his words as if he loved them, and so it comes that each one of his thirty-five essays takes pleasant hold upon you, and the best of them are little masterpieces that you will read and re-read with increasing admiration.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN HAMPSHIRE. By D. H. Moutray Read. With Illustrations by Arthur B. Connor. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Up to the present time no writer has established a standard by which we may fairly judge books which stand between the guide and the random itinerary. Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Sussex" contained many good things, and yet was not quite satisfying either as exhaustive description or as a purely personal impression. Mr. Bradley's "Round about Wiltshire" was another good book, but the reader who knew some parts of the country middling well could soon see that the writer had not worn out much leather just there, nor dipped much or often into the relevant literature. The usual plan is to mix, or try to mix, heavy and often borrowed antiquarianism with the lightest

tourist stuff (reflections, exclamations, etc.). A clever man does passably thus; but it is no recipe and has produced nothing that can safely be used as a model or guide. There is then, at present, only the tradition of such a series as "Highways and Byways" to help the man who is not born to the task. It may safely be said that Mr. Read was not born to do Hampshire. He knows a good deal about it. At a number of points it is fairly clear that he is speaking from a real familiarity; only at a few that he is speaking from a bicycle. He has much history and local knowledge, literary, sporting, and so on, at his command; and for pure information there are many pages that will be useful to the man who happens to want just what is there. But Mr. Read does not know his gifts. He will not confine himself to what he knows, and must tell us time after time what he feels, as for example:

"Everywhere Nature's songs, heard and unheard but felt, told of the fulness of life, the joy of existence in this most beautiful world. It gleamed from the polished gold petals of the buttercups that joyously bestrewed the meadows and wayside; the birds declared it as only birds can; and the fluttering butterflies and scented south breeze, faint as a sigh from the wide-opened roses, danced together over the white roadway, to echo the music in the ribbon of shade beneath the hawthorns on the further side."

There is plenty of that, and of abuse for motor-cars and new houses and the like, and it needs a hardy man to recover often and easily enough from it to make good use of the hard-working pages in which these flowers grow. Hard-working they really are, wherever old families, buildings, roads, historic associations, are concerned. The pictures, as usual in this good series, are abundant, faithful, and subsidiary to the text.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY, AND SOME VERSES. By Edward Carpenter. With portrait. 5s. net. (Allen.)

Mr. Edward Carpenter's new book is just what it is called. It is a series of quite undecorated extracts from his note-books or his memory. Nothing from the pen of so bold and serious a writer is to be missed, and these sketches, though they will hardly add to his reputation or attract many who do not already know it, are full of his character, and of the characters of certain men and women, English, German, Italian, Indian, whom he has met. Only once or twice does he put these observations into a form which seems to have needed any invention. He prefers to be matter-of-fact, to put down a conversation that fills a page rather than to turn it into a few well-chosen and lifeless words. He takes no minor troubles about his writing; an accident is "an awful affair," and so on. The result is quite admirable and useful. With all its naturalness—not without *longueurs*—the method has more art than meets the eye, and if one page appears not precise, and rather commonplace, in a dozen you have a very clear picture of men and women moving about, eating, laughing, arguing, making love; and further, to distinguish these pictures from those of any reporter, you have, unobtrusive but important, a sense of Mr. Carpenter's large and delicate humanity behind it all, helping to show the goodness in the most diverse things of life. Here and there is a piece of felicity like "from perpetually feeling for the underside of the jug, his under lip stuck out like that of a fish." But the effects are broad as a rule—"A Saxon Household," from which this is taken, being one of the best. The talk is always admirable and reveals dialect, observation and turns of thought at every point. At the end comes an amusing autobiographical chapter, one on weeds (which is independent of, but parallel to, Maeterlinck's "Intelligence of Flowers"), and then a few verses, original and translated. Some of the verses are from "Narcissus"; none is in the Whitmannish form of "Towards Democracy," and some are actually sonnets. These forms do not suit

Mr. Carpenter perfectly, and one can afford a smile for a certain poeticalness here and there which is quite foreign to his more characteristic writings. But there is little waste in them. Like the sketches, they are full of feeling and experience, passion and humour, and "Going to School" is one of the most charming pieces of verse he has ever written.

SIDNEY'S "APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE" Edited by J. Churton Collins. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" is, if not a tower, at least a pennon flying turreted from the castle of English prose. The book is full of the direct and simple things that showed the way to that nervous, tender, but sturdy English that is the medium of the best books in our literature. Such phrases as "a tale to keep children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner" are prophecies of that picturesque and forceful prose that was to come. Such paragraphs as that in which he jeers at stage management, and the neglect of the unity of place in the theatre, are most masterly experiments:

"Now ye shal haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleue the stage to be a Garden. By and by, we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a Rock. Vpon the backe of that, comes out a ludious Monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bounde to take it for a Caue. While in the meantime two Armes flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched feld?"

Who can read that, and the admirable sketch of Pugliano, his riding master, with his enthusiasm for the horse, and not feel that here is the essence of supple English prose, the same stuff that Lamb worshipped, Hunt played with, and Hazlitt used. And yet modern in technique as the book is, it breathes the spirit of a time that had passed even when it was written. Sidney himself was a survival. His sweetness of mind lies like morning dew on all he wrote; but it is a different sweetness from that we have learnt to associate with Elizabethan prose and poetry. He was a busy man, courtier, soldier, diplomatist, and member of Parliament for Kent; but through it all he was a knight errant. He had drunk of the goblet of the Italian Renaissance, but he still belonged to the older chivalry. Lancelot and Galahad would have found nothing amiss with him, and Tristram might have written such books if he, too, had been born out of his time. Sidney had never lost the simplicity and fearlessness of that old world. It is in his books; it was in his face; and his contemporaries were not so far removed from it as to be unable to recognise it.

"A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel bookes;
I know that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

This edition contains notes, an admirable memoir of Sidney, and analysis of his "Apologie" by Professor Churton Collins.

THROUGH PERSIA IN A MOTOR-CAR. By Claude Anet. Translated by M. Beeresford Riley. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Decidedly this book possesses the charm of the unexpected. The party consisted of five men and two ladies, Prince Emmanuel Bibesco being the instigator and leader, and of three motor-cars. They penetrated to the "paradise of Ispahan" by way of the Caucasus, the Crimea, Batum, Baku and Teheran. They underwent hardships innumerable—rains, scorplings, evil accommodation, joltings, execrable roads and no roads at all; and the hardships of the motor-cars were, if anything, greater still. Instead of talking cant about the motor and distance annihilated, M. Anet admits

frankly that their method of travelling was the least easy conceivable. With incomparably more excuse, he tells us less about tyres, valves, speed-gears and ignitions than the ordinary scribbling motorist will in describing a jaunt from London to Bath. He is more taken up with the country travelled through than with the diseases and mishaps of the cars, though the latter were appalling enough. Neither dully mechanic nor mechanically funny, his humour seldom fails to peep out. Admirable motors, being so unobtrusive (except in the illustrations)! Extraordinary motorists! They recited Ronsard, Chénier, Vigny and Verlaine on the way. They broke into their average by turning aside to see Maxim Gorky near Yalta. They took a genuine, if rather rapacious delight in old Persian art—carpets, lacquers, tiles and *reflets métalliques*. As the result of their interest in Persian politics, we learn that the Shah, in reality, "is a sovereign without power in a country without resources." That is to say, the *mullahs* rule, while the Shah merely has the heads chopped off. Many of M. Anet's little pen-pictures are very charming; one wonders, indeed, how much more charming in the original French, since obvious translator's errors are somewhat abundant. The illustrations are some of them excellent, though, as hinted above, there are rather too many photographs of the motor-cars, and a large-scale map of the country traversed would have been welcome. To M. Anet belongs the rare distinction of having written a book of motor-travels which is fit for the perusal of other than motor maniacs.

WILD LIFE ON A NORFOLK ESTUARY. By Arthur H. Patterson. With Preface by the Duchess of Bedford, and 40 illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mr. Patterson is already well known as an interesting personality, as a naturalist, and as a man who knows something of men, through his "Notes of an East Coast Naturalist," and "Nature in East Norfolk." He has been pupil teacher, assurance agent, postman, pedlar, draper's assistant, keeper to a Zoo and a menagerie, and school attendance officer, as he told us in that brief autobiography in "East Norfolk"; but he has always been a naturalist, a man of energy, resource, independence, eyesight, and originality, who fears no weather. With his new book he keeps his place as the most interesting of living field naturalists. His subject is chiefly Breydon Water, the big salt lake, west of Yarmouth, into which the confluent Yare and Waveney pour their waters. It used to be a heaven for birds, and something like a hell, too, when the promiscuous gunner ranged there all the year round. Mr. Patterson knows many of the men who were brought up in those glorious days before the reclamation and before the protection of the birds. "They knew," he says, "the ebbing and the flowing of the tides as boys to-day know the north and south of the map." They worked at sea with the shrimpers, on Breydon with the mussel boats. The children paddled for winkles in the mudflats, for flounders in the drains. "Lines were laid for eels, mushrooms were found on the marshes just beyond the walls, driftwood was gathered for the fires and to supply the neighbours, for ere iron supplanted timber, much wood from the shipyards went upstream." There was "Charley" Thacker, "Breydon" Stork, "Baker" Stork, "Breton" Lamb, "Saltfish" Jex, "Silky" Watson, "Pero" Pestell, "China" Crickmer, "Pintail" Thomas, "Fiddler" Goodens, "Cadger" Brown, and "Poker" Lamb's wife. One of them killed forty-eight widgeon at one shot; five swans at one shot; five spoonbills, too, "so very immature he could scarcely dispose of them." Another killed two hundred and eighty-five dunlin, with five widgeon, at one shot. The wounded were usually left to die, or they were hunted by men with dogs. As to cruelty, to this day "our own fishermen do not wait for a turbot or a plaice to die before gutting them"; and the tenderest educated men will often let a tench flop for an hour in the sun. The Breydoners were a hardy race. "Saltfish" Jex would go out in the coldest weather, the punt gun encased in ice, and his great hairy chest all exposed: "his face was the most wrinkled of any man I ever knew." Mr. Patterson says that they were intelligent, observant, independent, and not vicious; he describes one

man as always knowing when he had had "sufficient" to drink. "Illiteracy and the wild life brought out that which was strongest in their natures, making them unique and distinguished in the curious world they lived in." His pages about these men are full of admirable, hearty, simple writing, and full of the grossness of life—of men who would stuff a fowl with pepper by accident, and then offer it to an unsuspecting friend as a protector against the weather, and would not take a drowned girl aboard because it meant only "five bob, and perhaps lose more 'an a day, not includin' the inquest" (and they recognised her, too, as a girl who had "got into trouble"). You may still see 3,000 coots on Breydon in frosty weather, and sixty swans, and in one week a man will bag "1 swan, 34 mallards and ducks, 6 pochards, 5 widgeons, 1 teal, 1 golden plover, 1 crested grebe, 60 coots." But it is not more the abundance and variety of life in Breydon than the watchfulness of Mr. Patterson and the real charm of his happy-go-lucky writing that make this a good book. He really sees more than most men, and has done original work. There are not more than a few dozen men who can appreciate this side of him, but his humanity and his vivid writing deserve a large audience. He is as good on birds as on men. Nothing is beneath his notice, and he has a heart as active as his eye, and it is his love of life that makes his three books possessions for a lifetime. His chapters on Breydon in every season; on gulls and crabs; his excerpts from the Breydon watchers' notebooks, giving the birds seen on certain days, with the prevailing wind, during 1901-1906; and his odds and ends on birds, fish, and mammals, amount to a delightful unconventional monograph. Drawings from his own pen plentifully illustrate the book. They are real illustrations; i.e., they are subsidiary, and meant to accompany the text, to be glanced at, and are just suited to the freeness and easiness of the book itself.

FORTY YEARS OF PARIS. By W. F. Lonergan. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a very well-written and entertaining book, giving a succinct and graphic review of the leading personalities and events that have occupied the Parisian stage over the period mentioned. Mr. Lonergan, for many years correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, was in a position to get his facts at first hand; he has, moreover, qualities of sympathy and observation, and he has made the most of his opportunities. It is a discursive chronicle, witty, amiable, and sufficiently indiscreet, and it has a finish, an excellence in its degree, with no pretention to belong to any other, that is rarely found among literary productions of this kind on our side of the Channel. After reading it, one retains a predominant impression of the coherence and consecutiveness of the narrative—an effect that could hardly be produced by a similar account of intellectual and political activity in London over the same period; for Paris alone of European cities has this quality of unity and continuity in its mental processes, which makes it the metropolis of the world's thought; more than ordinary insight and susceptibility, together with considerable literary ability, were needed to reproduce so faithfully this great characteristic of the capital. The book has a gaiety of its own; not that it is frivolous—on the contrary, it is full of solid information, given with perfect gravity of tone where such is appropriate; but throughout there is a skilful and pleasing lightness of touch which we may attribute safely, in part at least, to the author's familiarity with French literature, and, in general, with the more graceful and unconstrained modes of thought and expression habitual with our neighbours. Mr. Lonergan touches on a great variety of subjects, literary, social and political, and on most occasions we feel that he is writing from his own observation and perception, from conviction in a word; this again serves to distinguish the book from most of its contemporaries. We are grateful for his numerous illustrative quotations from the French, such as Ponchon's verse and Tailhade's half mad and wholly terrible invectives. His acquaintance with French literature is, we feel, intimate and keenly appreciative; in Chapters XXIII.-XXIV. he deals in some detail with this division of his subject. Here are some interesting remarks on Victor Hugo, which say quite admirably all that need be said of him:

"In the matter of French poetry I am beset at the beginning by one preponderating name, that of Victor Hugo. I have read through nearly all his work, and admire much of it. I have seen him many times, in the Senate, on the tops of 'buses, in the streets, and I remember that famous occasion on which he went about in a lustrous tall hat. The article had been purchased by the poet at the time when he thought that he would be elected President of the Republic. He was beaten by Jules Grévy, the hat was put in a handbox, and Victor Hugo went on turning out good and bad verse, sometimes too facile and factitious, sometimes strong and splendid. . . . To me he was always one of the over-rated and over-boomed category of celebrities. I used to enjoy some of his best poetry, but I remembered and realised that he was called by Amiel 'half genius, half charlatan.'"

There are thirty-two portraits in the book, which really add to its interest—by demonstrating, for one thing, that unlike our own celebrities, French men of distinction are not infrequently of distinguished appearance.

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By Richard Harding Davis. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Davis has allowed himself a brief respite from fiction, and has used it to good purpose in compiling this series of short biographical sketches of some half-dozen "Real Soldiers of Fortune," this time genuine flesh and blood adventurers. Most of his subjects have had careers more adventurously romantic than any hero of fiction, and the list makes a brave array—MacIver; Harden-Hickey, "Prince" of Trinidad; McGiffin; "Filibuster" Walker; Burnham, "King of the Scouts"; while Winston Churchill is included as a young man who "leaps to meet his own fortune when he sees it coming, and turns it to his advantage." Mr. Davis is rather too prone to let his admiration for the undoubted fine qualities of all those about whom he writes blind him to the little moral weaknesses of one or two; he cannot, for instance, see anything wrong in filibustering. When speaking of the "Knights of Arabia" he says "there is no question but that they intended to subjugate the blacks of Haiti and form a republic for white men in which slavery would be recognised," and this projected escapade he calls a "colonisation scheme." To support another such "scheme" the "New Guinea Exploration and Colonisation Company" was formed, and Mr. Davis, "remembering the manner in which some of the Colonies of Great Britain were acquired," calls the *Times* "squeamish" for having advocated the suppression of the "proposed company for the seizure of New Guinea . . . an idea suggesting comparison with the large designs of Sir Francis Drake, and not unworthy of Captain Kidd." One feels rather inclined to agree with the *Times*. And again, "He (Harden Hickey) was absolutely honest, and as absolutely without a sense of humour. To him, to pay taxes, to pay grocers' bills, to depend for protection upon a policeman, was intolerable." The suggestion that it is one's sense of humour which causes one to pay grocers' bills seems novel. The book also suffers from carelessness, both in writing and proof-reading. "Knowledge," divided thus, and "Broderick, the Secretary for War," are only instances of many inaccuracies. But after all, though it is easy to cavil at Mr. Davis' work, it is as easy to praise it. The idea of the book is a very good one, the many photographs with which it is illustrated are excellent, and altogether it makes an admirable book for a boy, whether he be young or grown-up. Though most of us had forgotten it, there are still brave adventures to be had, if one goes and looks for them.

TREES IN NATURE, MYTH, AND ART. By J. Ernest Phythian. With 24 illustrations. (Methuen.)

Whenever Mr. Phythian is in need of a description or a sentiment he quotes from somebody, and usually from P. G. Hamerton, that interesting but uninspired observer, and he leads us to think it possible that he cannot think or see without the help of a book. That is a common predicament in these days, and though he has our sympathy, we can hardly consider it a qualification for writing a book. And on such a subject! A man would need learning, imagination, and observation in abundance to write well about trees in nature, myth, and art. Mr. Phythian quotes from Mr. Frazer, Ruskin, Mr. Arthur J. Evans, Evelyn, Redgrave, Richard Jefferies, and Mr. Step, and quotes many

good things, too; yet he can hardly be called learned. As to his observation:

"The elms most frequently seen in this country are known as the wych elm and the common or small-leaved elm. The former is more wide-spreading in proportion to its height than the latter, which sends up a long, straight, central trunk; whereas the trunk of the wych elm divides off again and again. The common elm has, therefore, the more commanding appearance. Both have rough bark, and comparatively small leaves—the common elm, as its second name implies, having the smaller ones. Hamerton notes—" and again:

"Sturdiest of resistors of the wind is the oak, which only seems to yield sufficiently to show how little it will yield. We might almost think it contemptuously resentful of the effort of the wind to disturb its dignified calm. The tortuous branches will not bend. . . . The stalwart chestnut yields more and more gracefully. The sycamore yields with long, slow, swaying movements. The ash is quicker. The motions of the beech often lack rhythm. The strong but lofty elm and lime let their branches sway up and down. The Lombardy poplar gracefully bows its head, and lets the wind play with its plumes. The smaller trees lean bodily before the gale."

That is well, as far as it goes. But he has no imagination, as he proves by quibbling about an imaginative passage in Ruskin. He deals first with the soul of the tree, and though anxious not to be suspected of animism, thinks that a tree may be said to have a soul; next with tree worship—an interesting collection of superstitions; then with trees in Nature and all the year round, in architecture, and in painting. In these chapters he gathers, without pretentiousness, a great many related things together which ought to be brought together. We could put up with his lack of great learning and of any imagination, but not with that lack of character which makes him say (not wholly meaning it) that "it is magic all along the line," and in another place that the use of trees as props in coalpits is "prosaic"; that the smell of walnut leaves is pleasant to some and unpleasant to others. Thus it is a lean, indeterminate book. The illustrations, ranging from Turner's "Crossing the Brook" to a photograph of a Sherwood beech, are interesting, but not always well reproduced.

POEMS, OLD AND NEW. By Margaret L. Woods.
4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

A clever writer could hardly produce a more unsatisfactory set of verses than those of Mrs. Woods, some of them already known to readers of "The Princess of Hanover." The novel, says a certain critic and professor, "has relieved the poet of the bondage of the matter and has allowed him to concentrate himself on the treatment"; and if anyone set out to show the result of this concentration in verse, he cannot hope to rival Mrs. Woods. One example, at least, must strike every reader, and that is the first verse of "The Ballad of the Mother":

"In the dead of the night the children were weeping,
The mother heard that where she lay sleeping,
And scratched at the coffin-lid."

She tells us herself that she is indebted for the first two lines to the ballad lines:

"It was far in the night, and the barnes gat,
The nuthr beneath the mools heard that."

The change from dialect poetry to invertebrate urbanity in this case is significant, for as Mrs. Woods' lines are to her original, so are her verses almost without exception to true poetry. They are not mere bad writing, for they are often clever, and they are obviously the work of an educated mind, thus:

"Who has beheld them, the feeling tenuous hands,
About the stone clinging, the carven crumbling
Work that they wrought ere they lay in forgotten graveyards?
Poor blind hands!"

As even sea-birds cling on untrodden ledges
And pinnacles of a lone precipitous isle
Or giant cliff, where under them all is mist
And the sullen booming of an unpacified sea,
So do the phantoms cling on thy wind-worn ledges
And airy heights, thou grey isle of God."

(That is a poetical allusion to the dead masons of Westminster Abbey.) The verses could not be better, as a rule, simply because there is no matter in them, no masterful emotion, no passionate clear thought, no observation, or very little, and that being so, the effort to "concentrate on the treatment" has really been a great success, and it is quite certain that she has written much that will be called poetry

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.

In something the same manner of M. Reinach's manual of art history "Apollo," Dr. G. Carotti gives us *A History of Art*. This work, however, instead of being in one volume, is conveniently grouped in four volumes. The present book, the first of the set (5s. net), relates to "Ancient Art," and consequently is concerned with architecture, sculpture, potteries and frescoes, rather than with pictures. In itself it is a quite marvelous account of a huge subject in small space; the recent researches have been included, and a wealth of illustrations helps us to visualise the whole story and evolution of the art of the several countries. The work is translated into English by Miss Alice Todd, has been revised by Mrs. Arthur Strong, and is produced with the generous care which marks all the art-publications of this firm.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

To this publisher we instinctively turn for magnificently produced volumes concerning arts and sciences. One of Mr. Batsford's latest enterprises bids fair to out-rival even his own former publications. This is *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period*, by Thomas Garner and Arthur Stratton. The book, which is of folio size, and is to be published in three parts, goes very fully into the subject of that form of architecture which has always seemed more truly English than any other, and the hundred and eighty folio plates, with their soft brown tinting, so beautifully produced by the collotype process, show how rich our country is in noble mansions of this style. As a picture book of typical England, if nothing else, the volume will be a proud possession, but it is more than that, for it is the work of two very well known architects; and the one who has passed away and the one who is still doing his own good work have brought together here practical details, measured drawings, and valuable teachings, as well as descriptions of a beautiful art.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

The signs of the times may be seen in a new novel published by Messrs. Hutchinson, *The Winged Lion*, by L. Winstanley (6s.). It is a mingling of Socialism of several kinds and equally varied forms of love. "I thought the Independent Labour Party were all Socialists," said Mrs. Scrope. "Oh, by no means! The mere idea is horrible! In fact their system is a sort of Communism which is as simple as Conservatism, and nearly as unjust. It consists in dividing up everything as equally as possible, and fixing the standard for everybody by the standard required by the day labourer. Under the present system the classes sponge upon the masses; if the Labour Party succeeds, the masses will sponge upon the classes." And again: "If I live another thirty years I shan't see my party just snapping in a man here and there; I shall see them the main party in the country, and there'll be no Conservatives left but the Liberals." The hero is a Socialist of one kind, but the heroine makes the mistake of almost marrying one of another variety. Yet all ends well.

MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & SONS.

A charmingly produced book is *My Son and I*, by Mrs. M. H. Spielmann (6s.). As a story it is rather thin and self-conscious; it is the chronicle of a young widow, told in the first person, concerning her baby son and her circle of friends and acquaintances. We follow mother and boy till the latter has passed through school, flutations, and matrimony into widowerhood himself. The volume is much aided by the delicately pretty illustrations and decorations by Mr. Hugh Thomson, which include a coloured frontispiece.

MR. JOHN MILNE.

Miss May Crommelin gives us a new theme in her latest novel, *I Little Knew*! (6s.). Her heroine is a grey-haired woman of over fifty, and although she has a breezy, British lover, who is proposing for the thirty-sixth time when the story opens, it is not with him that the theme is concerned. This attractive heroine, deciding to have a "fling" in the shape of travel before she settles down to old-age, leaves her lonely home and—Well, she little knew when she started how exciting it would be. The book is lively with situations and revelations. It should be asked for at the library when the world happens to be dull to the novel-reader.

Another example of the historical novel and adventure-story blend comes from Mr. Harold Vallings. *The Lady Mary of Tavistock* (6s.) is concerned with real persons, and the author well makes us believe that it is concerned with actual circumstances too. It is a tale of Devon, of quarrels, intrigue and love. It holds two heroines, the spirited Lady Mary, who quarrels and holds her own with her bullying husband, and the beautiful Beatrix Bonville, the daughter of a *mésalliance*. There are dramatic situations in the story and a satisfactory pair of lovers in the last chapter.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

For the thirtieth time Messrs. Chatto & Windus present in their *Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon* (3s.) all that many

of us ever see of the French pictures and sculptures of the year. It is a fine collection, reproduced in sepia tints, and not only does it afford us an artistic album of pictures in varied style, but it keeps us abreast with the work of French painters and sculptors, enables us to follow from year to year the modern tendencies, and to compare the year's collection with that of our own Royal Academy.

MESSRS. T. NELSON & SONS.

A capital idea has been carried out by Messrs. Nelson & Sons. This is an attractive series of quite cheap guides (6d. net each) in limp linen covers, containing practical information as regards the places dealt with and the means of getting about them, staying in them and enjoying the beauties of them. We have received thirteen of the handy booklets. **Brighton, Plymouth, Scarborough, Ilfracombe, Torquay, Aberystwyth, York, Bettws-y-coed, Llandudno, Wye Valley, Hastings, Falmouth,** and lastly **Paris**, which is threepence more. Each volume gives descriptions not only of the main spot mentioned, but of the surrounding district. For instance, Bettws-y-coed includes Snowdon. Hastings includes Bexhill. Torquay includes Exeter. Dawlish. Teignmouth, etc. There are many hints in these booklets that the compiler is not without a sense of humour.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

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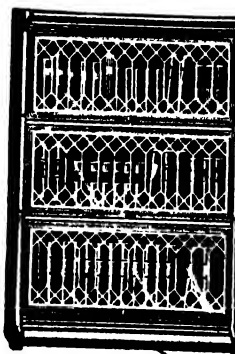
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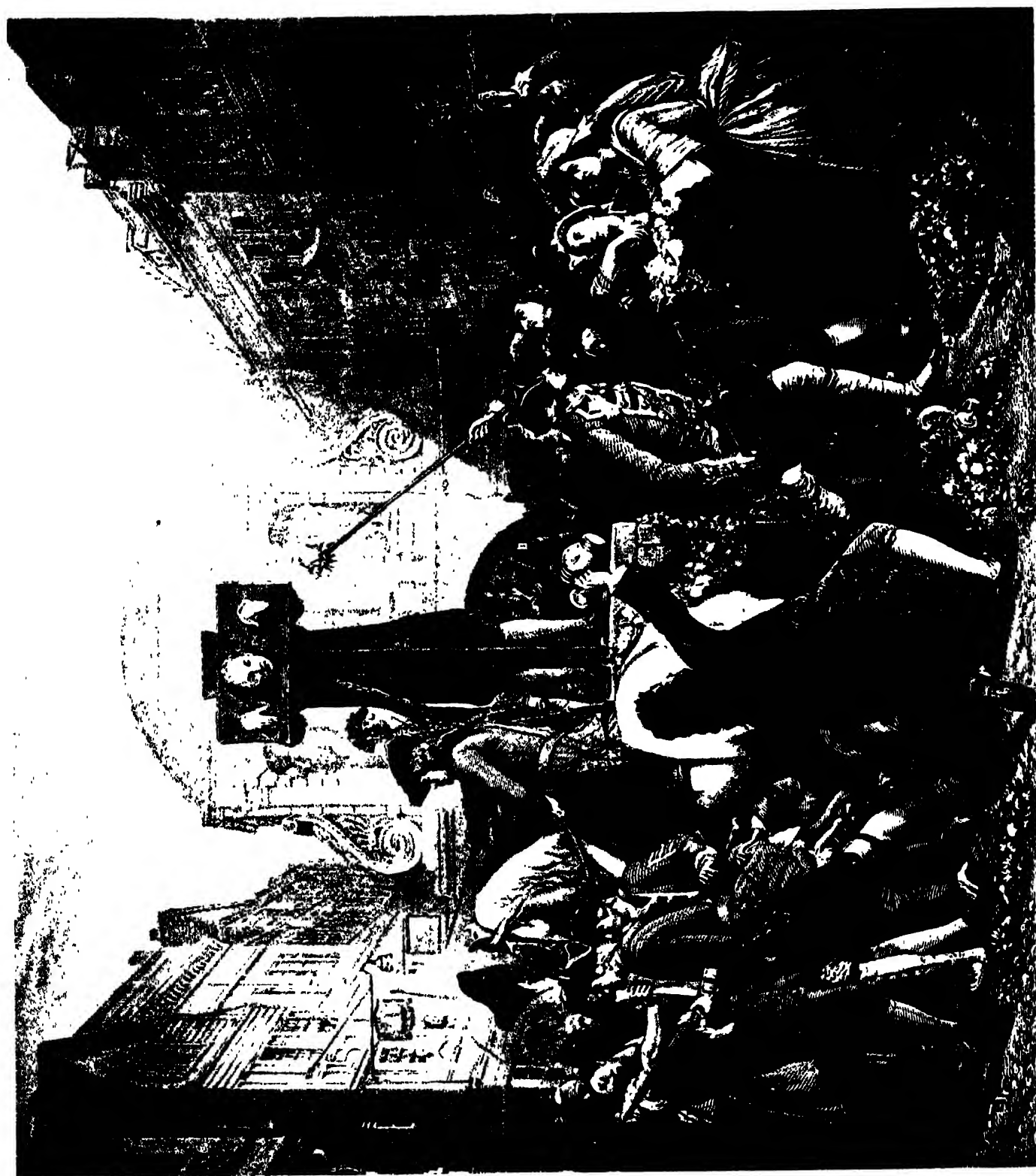
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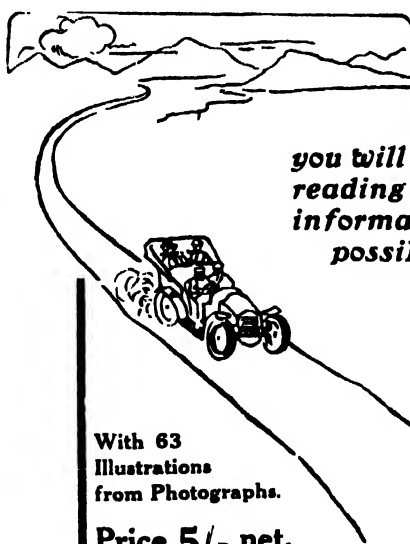
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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Messrs. Macmillan have arranged to publish a collected edition of Mr. Henry James's works, which Messrs. Scribner are preparing to issue in America. Mr. James has written a special preface for each book giving its history and the circumstances in which he wrote it. He has always refused to be interviewed and hitherto has never taken the public into his confidence, but in these prefaces he has broken through that reserve in a remarkable and intensely interesting manner.

Mr. John Oxenham has been making a collection of certain of his short stories, and the book is to be published by Messrs. Methuen this autumn.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon has travelled much about the world, written some finely imaginative short stories, and done a great deal of brilliant journalistic work since "Souls in Bondage" made its appearance, and he has now finished a new novel which is to come out in the autumn. He is calling the book "Salvator." The story opens in East Africa, and

after shifting its scene to an English country district, returns and ends in East Africa, a part of the world that Mr. Gibbon has lived in and knows well.

"Salthaven," the delightfully humorous novel that Mr. W. W. Jacobs is contributing serially to the *Strand Magazine*, will be published in October, here by Messrs. Methuen, and by Messrs. Scribner in America.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has just passed for press the proofs of a volume of short stories to which he has given the title of "A Set of Six."

Miss Somerville and "Martin Ross" (Miss Violet Martin, of Ross, co. Galway) have completed for publication this autumn "Some Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." The first "Experiences" made their appearance some years ago now, and have had such a constant and steadily increasing vogue that the sales of the book have, I understand, run into figures that are only equalled by those of the most popular of living novelists.

In view of the fact that one or two critics have drawn comparisons between Mr. Edward C. Booth's successful novel, "The Cliff End," and the work of Mr. de Morgan, it is interesting to know that Mr. Booth's story was written some six or seven years ago. It was stereotyped in readiness for publication as far back as 1904, but the chapter of accidents has delayed its appearance until now. The *Century*



Photo by Urbus & Bernardi.

Mr. Edward C. Booth.

Author of "The Cliff End."

Company are bringing it out this month in America under the title of "The Post Girl." At present Mr. Booth is holidaying on the Continent, but is returning to settle down on the Yorkshire coast and spend the remainder of the summer at work on a second novel for which he is under contract to Mr. Grant Richards. Although "The Cliff End" is Mr. Booth's first novel, it does not represent his first appearance as an author; he wrote that fine patriotic ballad, "England, Mother England," with which Madame Clara Butt made such a wonderful sensation on her Australian tour last autumn.

We are almost all of us Dickensians now, whether we belong to the Fellowship of that name or not, and the book that Mr. Teignmouth Shore has been engaged upon for some little time past, "Charles Dickens and his Circle," is sure of a wide welcome. No writer about Dickens, so far, has given enough attention to the elusive and abundantly interesting personalities of certain of the minor authors of his day who came into contact with him—men such as Albert Smith, Andrew Halliday, Sala—but Mr. Shore may be relied upon to supply this deficiency. His book is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Sisley.

daughter of Colonel W. Hope, V.C., and sister of the late Adrian Hope, who was for twenty years secretary of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. Miss Hope's first novel was "A Cardinal and his Conscience," which she offered to Mr. John Murray, who was not at that time issuing much fiction, but he thought so well of the story that he strongly advised her to send it to Messrs. Smith, Elder, by whom it was immediately accepted. But though Miss Hope was thus spared the usual difficulties that confront the beginner, she had before that had other difficulties to get over. When she was a child she met with a very severe accident that crippled her and kept her lying helplessly on her back until she was turned twenty, and since she was unable to go to school, and not strong enough to take lessons under a governess, she had practically no education at all. Her mother taught her her letters, and her friends will tell you that she had nothing by way of school-book except the *Globe* newspaper, from whose pages she learned to read.

The half-dozen admirable novels that Miss Hope has published in these last few years have firmly established her reputation. She has lately completed a children's book and is already at work on a new novel, which she believes will prove to be the best she has yet written. It is a story of the present day, and its principal character is an invalid boy; to some extent it will be autobiographical, for the boy's experiences will be more or less reminiscent of the author's own. Miss Hope does not by any



Photo by Lallie Charles.

Miss Graham Hope.

Whose novel, "The Honour of 'X,'" is reviewed on p. 156.

Miss Graham Hope, whose new novel, "The Honour of 'X,'" we review on another page, is a

**Mr. Coulson Kernahan.**

As lieutenant in the Territorial Army.

means hold that the invalid's lot is a specially unhappy one ; it has its compensations ; it is pleasant in its way to sit outside the hurly-burly and look on quietly, an interested spectator ; moreover, one so placed has glimpses of the gentler underside of human character, and the invalid is often touched to find how considerate and kind the most unpromising persons can be. By the way, Miss Hope would seem to be making up for those long years of inactivity, for she is now kept busy by a strenuous political league, of which she is the organising secretary for Oxfordshire.

It is all very well for Mr. Coulson Kernahan to urge his brothers of the pen to be patriotic, shoulder a gun, learn to drill, and go a-soldiering, but how many men of letters have his inches, his inherent youth, his abundant energy and enthusiasm, and would look so well in a military uniform ? Mr. Kernahan says he became a lieutenant in the new Territorial Army for very shame. "I was ashamed," he writes, "to think that if war came, and England were in danger, I, an able-bodied man, should have to watch others go out to take a man's part in the defence of the country, while I remained behind with the women. I am ashamed now that the shame was so long of coming—that I did not earlier in life realise the necessities of national defence."

And in "An Author in the Territorials" (two or three chapters of which have appeared in the *Daily Mail* under the title of "An Author in Arms") Mr. Kernahan gives a very interesting and thoroughly entertaining account of the experiences he had to go through before he could qualify as an officer—of how he drilled in the Awkward Squad, lived under canvas, took part in sham-fights, and by toilsome and dogged practice hammered himself into shape as a serviceable, capable soldier. It is a manly, inspiring little volume, and should influence more enlistments into the Territorials than all the recruiting sergeants of the force put together. Lord Roberts contributes a foreword to it, and it is dedicated to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The book is published at 2s. 6d. by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce the excellent frontispiece portrait of Mr. Coulson Kernahan in his regimentals.

Serial writing is an art in itself, and "Andrew Loring" is one of the ablest of its exponents. He has devoted himself as an author almost entirely to the writing of serial fiction for the daily papers, and owes his popularity in that line to the fact that he has taken his work very seriously



Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

Mr. Andrew Loring.

Whose novel, "The Forefront of the Battle," is reviewed on p. 155.



Miss Irene Osgood
(Mrs. Robert Harborough Sherard).

and made a special study of the construction and technique of that particular class of narrative. His "Mr. Smith of England" extended to five hundred thousand words in length, and ran for six months in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Out of the large number of such serials that have come from his pen Mr. Loring has found time to reconstruct and re-write only some half-dozen for publication in book form, one of these being "The Forefront of the Battle," which we notice elsewhere. This ran through the *Daily Chronicle* under the title of "The Sin of David," but was reduced to half its original length and entirely rewritten before its author was satisfied to make a book of it. "Andrew Loring" is a mask that hides Mr. Lorin Lathrop, who has represented the United States as Consul in one or other of the ports of Great Britain for over a quarter of a century, and has for the greater part of that period given his unofficial hours to the writing of fiction.

"Servitude," by "Irene Osgood," is a story of the early years of the nineteenth century, and deals with the adventures of an Englishman who is taken prisoner by Algerian corsairs, and carried into slavery. It is a sensational romance with an engaging love interest. Before writing the story, the author had lived for some time in Algiers, and made a close study of the place and its people. "Irene Osgood" is an American by birth. She is well known in the Midlands as one of the best sports-women in England; when she came to this country, fifteen years ago, her first husband rented Knebworth from Lord Lytton; two years back, being forced by ill-health to give up hunting, she wrote a

little novel called "To a Nun Confess'd," which was published with immediate success by Messrs. Sisley, who have just issued her new book.

I hear that "Irene Osgood" is arranging to offer through her publishers three prizes of a total value of twenty pounds for the three best criticisms, favourable or unfavourable, of this new novel, "Servitude." Her earlier books include "The Shadow of Desire," which had a great vogue in America, "An Idol's Passion," a prose poem, "The Chant of a Lonely Soul," and "Stories from a Buhl Cabinet," which was published last year. She has recently returned from wintering in Cairo, where she wrote a number of Egyptian sketches which are to appear this autumn, illustrated by Mr. W. Gordon Mein. In May last "Irene Osgood" was married to Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard, the well-known author and journalist, and is now making her home in England.

"The Diwan of Abu 'l Ala" is the title to be given to a little book that Mr. Henry Baerlein is contributing to Mr. John Murray's popular "Wisdom of the East" Series. Abu 'l Ala has been called the Voltaire and the Heine of the East; he was a Syrian, born forty-four years before Omar Khayyam, and, half blind from small-pox, lived and wrote in a small Syrian village to which his celebrity in due time drew many disciples. To this day his works are prohibited in Turkey. Mr. Baerlein has translated some of the writings of this "wise sceptic" into English verse, and is engaged upon a further book which is to comprise an account of the life and times of Abu 'l Ala, with translations of others of his poems.

Mr. John Ayscough's striking romance of Sicilian



Mr. John Ayscough.

and Southern Italian life, "Marotz," has leaped into a great and growing success in little more than two months from the date of its appearance. The book, which is dedicated by permission to King Oscar, was read in proof by several prominent critics, and enjoyed a sort of private literary reputation before it was published; since its appearance, the author has received divers official felicitations from foreign academies, and a constant stream of epistolary congratulations from distinguished men at home and abroad, and it is now being translated into Norse by Fröken M. Ottesen. Mr. Ayscough spent some seven months in the writing of "Marotz," and was working, last winter and spring, on another and longer novel which is now nearing completion. He is a Yorkshireman, a lieutenant-colonel in the Army, and lives in a lonely manor house by Salisbury Plain.

A third edition is preparing of the Life of John Thadeus Delane, and Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, the author, asks that publicity may be given to the following: "As there is reason to believe that a large number of unpublished letters from Mr. John Delane (Editor of the *Times* from 1841 to 1877) on questions of political and social interest remain in private hands, Mr. Arthur Dasent would be grateful to the owners for permission to copy them with a view to their incorporation in the next edition of his Life of Delane. Letters, which will be carefully returned, may be addressed to Mr. Dasent at the Dutch House, Hampton-on-Thames, or to Mr. John Murray, 50, Albemarle Street."

I am not surprised to see that Miss Eva Lathbury's brilliant novel, "The People Downstairs," has already gone into a second impression. Miss Lathbury's first story, "Mr. Meyer's Pupil," was declined by several publishers, it seems, on the ground that it was "too clever to be popular," but Messrs. Alston Rivers thought better of the average reader's capacity, and were amply justified of their faith.

"Electricity," a full and scholarly work on the present state of electrical science, written by Mons. L. Poincaré, Officier de l'Instruction Publique in France, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Sisley.

The first instalment of Mr. H. W. Lucy's private reminiscences, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way," are appearing in the July number of the *Cornhill*. They will run through



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Rafael Sabatini.

Author of "The Shame of Motley." (See p. 155.)

the magazine for the next six months, and the book will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in the autumn. Mr. Lucy has been brought into intimate relations with men eminent in literature, politics, art, and the drama during the last thirty years, and supplements his recollections of them with some interesting correspondence.

"The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal: Its Legends and Symbolism considered in their affinity with certain Mysteries of Initiation and other Traces of a Secret Tradition in Christian Times," by Arthur Edward Waite, will be published shortly by Messrs. Rebman, Limited. Mr. Waite is one of the profoundest and most gifted among modern students of mysticism and a poet of fine imaginative power; his works in verse and prose fill many volumes and include some of the most brilliant and scholarly contributions that have been made in recent years to occult literature.

We are to have this month from the Oxford University Press the first six out of the seventeen volumes of their new and illustrated "Oxford Thackeray" that Professor George Saintsbury is arranging and editing.

Mr. Barry Pain has finished a new novel, the first (apart from one in collaboration) that he has written for some time past. Its title is "The Gifted Family."

A very interesting book that Mr. John Murray is publishing this autumn is "Reminiscences of a Stonemason," the autobiography of a working man. Mr. Turnbull, the author, began life at an unusually early age, and the hours of his labour were excessive, but in spite of these and other disadvantages, he contrived to educate himself and improve his position in the world. He has had a precarious and varied career in England and America, and has much that is valuable to say about labour and life in both countries.

We regret that we omitted to acknowledge in our last issue that the copyright of the engraving from which our presentation plate of "Defoe in

the Pillory" was taken is the property of Messrs. Virtue & Co.

The editor's thanks are due to Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Newnes, and the proprietors of *Vanity Fair* for permission to use the portraits and pictures that illustrate the article on "Winston Churchill, M.P., as a Man of Letters"; to Messrs. Sampson Low in connection with the Doone country pictures; to Mr. John Lane for the drawings and photograph of M. Anatole France; to Mr. W. Holmes for the illustration from "Two Lakeland Townships"; and to Messrs. Macmillan and Mr. John Murray for the portraits of the American Mr. Winston Churchill and of Mrs. Hubbard.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1, 1908.

The Clarendon Press.

- EGERTON, H. E. Canada. Part II. (One of the volumes of Historical Geography of the British Colonies; associated with the name of Sir C. P. Lucas.)
HILTON, H. An Introduction to the Theory of Groups of Finite Order. 14s. net.
Johnson on Shakespeare. Edited with Introduction by Walter Raleigh. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry) 2s. 6d. net.
Virgil. Translated by John Jackson. (Oxford Library of Translations) 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

- BINNS, H. BYRAN One Hundred Years of Education. Being the Centenary History of the British and Foreign Schools Society. 5s. net.
LAWRENCI, T. J. International Problems and The Hague Conferences.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

- DAVIS, F. HADLAND. Letters of Lady Montagu (King's Treas. Series) 3s. 6d. net.
MARTIN, J. L.—Teaching of Practical Arithmetic to Junior Classes. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Unto This Last. (King's Treas. Series) 3s. 6d. net.
The Sesame Booklets. 21 Titles, including Omar Khayyam, "Angel in the House," "Calendar of Thoughts" from Browning, "In Memoriam," etc. 1s. net.

Mr. John Murray.

- DELMÉ-RADCLIFFE, LIEUT.-COL., and J. W. LEWIS—A Territorial Army in Being: A Practical Study of the Military Systems of Switzerland and Norway. Illustrated. With Preface by Earl Roberts, V.C. 2s. 6d. net.
LORIMER, G. H. Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. 6s.
PATTERSON, J. R.—Fishers of the Sea. 6s.

Messrs. Rebman, Ltd.

- ARTHUR, D., M.D., etc., and J. MUIR, M.B., etc.—A Manual of Practical X-Ray Work. About 6s. net.
JAMES, J. BRINDLEY, L.R.C.P., etc.—Death and Its Verification. 1s. net.
MELLER, DR. JOSEF.—Ophthalmic Surgery: being a description of the Surgical Operations on the Eyeball and its Appendages as practised at the Clinic of Prof. Fuchs in Vienna. English Edition edited by Dr. W. L. Fyfe. About 14s. net.
YATES, LUCY H.—Successful Fruit-Bottling and Jam-Making. About 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers.

- ANON.—A London Girl. (The Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.
BLACKBURN, DOUGLAS.—Leaven: A Black and White Story. 6s.
COLES-FINCH, W. (Engineer to the Chatham Water Works).—Water. Its Origin and Use. Over 150 illustrations. 21s. net.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—House of Merrilees. (The Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.
TREVENA, JOHN.—Heather. 6s.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

- BAVLIS, BARNARD.—The Voice in Education. 2s. net.
BLACKMORE, R. D.—The Maid of Sker. (New edition.) 2s. 6d.
JANE, F. T.—Fighting Ships, 1908.

Messrs. Skeffington & Co.

- HUNT, REV. W. H. (Edited by).—Mission Preaching for a Year. Part IV. (Concluding part.) 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

- HOOLEY, TERESA M.—The Magic Charlot, and Other Fairy Stories. 1s. 6d. net.
MACKAY, the late REV. A. N., B.A. (of Edinburgh).—Sermons on the After Life. With photo. 1s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

- CUNLIFFE, H. J. ST. BENNO. Catholicism on a Philosophical Basis.
MAUDE, COLONEL, F. N., C.B. The Leipzig Campaign. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net.
SMITH, REV. STAFFORD.—Duty and Service 7d. net.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

- CARROLL, LEWIS.—Alice in Wonderland I. 2s. 6d.
PERFECT, REV. H. T. Lady Beauchamp and Socialism. 6s.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

- BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Liberationist 6s.
FORMAN, JUSTUS MILLS.—The Garden of Lies. 1s.
GILCHRIST, MURRAY.—The Abbey Mystery 6s.
GUNTER, A. C.—Twist Sword and Glove. 6d.
HILL, HEADON.—Her Splendid Sin. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—The Hidden Victim. 6d.
MAGNAY, SIR WM., BART.—The Pittall. 6s.
MAGNAY, SIR WM., BART.—The Mystery of the Unicorn. 6d.
SMART, HAWLEY.—Cleverly Won. 6d.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Law of the Land. 6s.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE
JULY, 1908.

THE READER.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE notion that no one man can do more than one thing well is a modern fallacy; we are continually being warned not to look for graces of oratory or authorship in the man of action, and that great speakers are hardly ever great writers, nor great writers great speakers. This sounds as if it might be true almost as if it ought to be, but when you take the trouble to turn it over you will find that it is not so solid as it seems. Certainly Cromwell, a supreme man of action, wrote and spoke very badly; Addison sat dumb in Parliament; Pitt has no place in the catalogue of authors; but, on the other hand, you have to reckon with Sheridan, Burke, Macaulay, Beaconsfield, and if you consider the classics of Greece and Rome you realise that of old it was nothing out of the way for a man of action to be also one of the leading orators of his age, or to record his own doings in immortal prose.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill combines in his person those diverse and proverbially irreconcilable qualities of the man of action, the orator, and the man of letters, and before he was thirty he had signally distinguished himself in each capacity; for, as Bacon has it, "a man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time," and whatever good things Mr. Churchill may have lost since he took the first step in his remarkable career, time has not been one of them. He was an author and had four books to his credit before he became a Parliamentary candidate; when he took his seat in the House, in 1900, he had achieved a wide reputation as a fighting man, as a brilliant war correspondent, as a military historian, as a novelist; and in less than eight years thereafter he has arrived at the Front Bench in the Commons, and,

"grown a Minister
of State,
Sees authors at his levee
wait!"

But except in a limited
and superficial sense, lit-
erature knows no politics

and is of no party; Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Sir Gilbert Parker may sit on opposite sides of the House, but they stand together on the bookshelf, appeal to the same general reader, are put into the same list of novelists; and our immediate concern is solely with Mr. Winston Churchill as a man of letters.

Born in November 1874, he is, as everybody knows, the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill; his mother, now Mrs. Cornwallis West, is an American, and it has been plausibly suggested that his precocity, assertiveness, and restless energy are characteristic of his mother's nationality, whilst his "hereditary aptitude for affairs, and the grand style in entering upon them," come to him from his father and are part of the inalienable inheritance that has been handed down to him from his illustrious ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough. I believe it is Hazlitt who says "there is the climbing *genus* in man as well as in plants," and from his earliest years it has been apparent that he is of this climbing variety, that he was not born to blush unseen, but was destined to make a noise in the world and to rise above his fellows. What he has written of Lord Randolph, in his biography, might be said with equal truth of himself, for he too possesses—

"the strange quality, unconsciously exerted, and not by any means to be simulated, of compelling attention and getting himself talked about. . . . Each step he took was greeted with a gathering chorus of astonished cries. As Tacitus said of Mucianus: 'Omnium quæ dixerat, feceratque, arte quadam ostentator' (He had the showman's knack of drawing public attention to everything he said or did)."

Mr. Churchill is not a University man; going straight from Harrow to Sandhurst, he entered the Army in 1895, as a Lieutenant of Hussars, and within five years had seen active service in five campaigns. His creed already was that it is better to be a newsmaker than

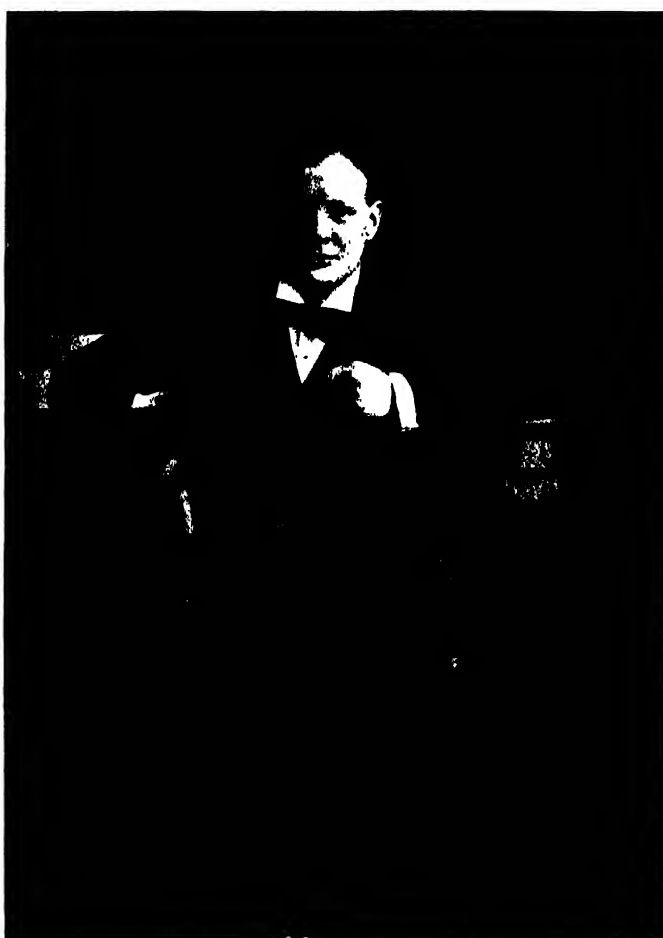


Photo by E. H. Mills.

Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.

NEWNES' SIXPENNY NOVELS ILLUSTRATED

SAVROLA

THE RT. HON

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL M.P.



The cover-design of the Cheap Edition of Mr. Winston Churchill's early novel.

By permission of Messrs. G. Newnes, Ltd.

a newsmonger, better to be an actor than a critic; and though he wrote the news and criticised the drama, he had first helped to make the one, and had been on the stage and played a leading part in the other. He went out with the Spanish forces on their last forlorn attempt to subdue the insurrection in Cuba; rode as Sir William Lockhart's orderly officer in the Tiah Expedition; accompanied Sir Bindon Blood's Malakand Field Force in its campaigning on the North-West Frontier of India; was with Kitchener in the Soudan, and with Buller and Roberts through the Boer War.

From each of these campaigns he emerged with distinction; from the last he came back famous. He was mentioned in dispatches; rode in the Lancers' charge at Omdurman; was captured by the Boers, and made a plucky and sensational escape from Pretoria; came down alive from the horrors of Spion Kop; entered Ladysmith with the relieving column, and was present when Pretoria fell.

He has never waited for things to come to him; he has always bestirred himself and gone in search of them. Not content to follow the usual routine of the Army and drill at home in peace, he had obtained leave of absence and hurried off to join the Spanish

troops in Cuba as war correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*; again, he had obtained leave of absence, when he was in India and his regiment was not ordered to the front, and pushed forward into Malakand as correspondent of the Indian *Pioneer* and the *Daily Telegraph*; and the striking series of letters that he contributed to those newspapers was subsequently gathered together and formed material for his first book, "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," which was published in 1898.

A year later came "The River War; An Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Soudan." To the Soudan, as a result of resolute applications, Mr. Churchill went, attached to the 21st Lancers, and as correspondent for the *Morning Post*; and his book is, as its title indicates, a comprehensive and masterly study of the breakdown and triumphant restoration of British influence in Egypt, the tale of the Mahdi's revolt, of his disastrous success, and of the final smashing of the traditionary power and prestige that had passed from him to the Khalifa. Of its graphic narrative charm, the statesmanlike qualifications it revealed in the author, the breadth and insight of its observation and opinions, its interest and import as history and as



"Antonio Molara lay on the three lowest steps of the entrance of his palace."
(From "Savrola," by permission of Messrs. G. Newnes, Ltd.)

literature, there could be no question; one critic, who is not apt to be easy in his judgments, did not hesitate to pronounce that its writer had come "very near to "doing for the Soudan what Kinglake did for the Crimea." He ranges his historical sequence of events simply, forcibly, impartially; he states his own opinions and convictions with the dash and assurance and daring outspokenness that by now we have all learned to expect of him, and he describes what he saw and experienced in the war with a potent imaginative realism that conjures up scenes and people, and makes them live and move to the apprehension of his reader; as with this significant and illuminating little rendering of himself and his sensations during the Lancers' charge at Omduman:

"The whole scene flickered exactly like a cinematograph picture; and, besides, I remember no sound. The event seemed to pass in absolute silence. The yells of the enemy, the shouts of the soldiers, the firing of many shots, the clashing of sword and spear, were unnoticed by the senses, unregistered by the brain. Several others say the same. Perhaps it is possible for the whole of a man's faculties to be concentrated in the eye, bridle-hand, and trigger-finger, and withdrawn from all other parts of the body."

Mr. Churchill has been frequently compared with the young Disraeli, and suspected of taking him as a model; Mr. Stead has found in him a likeness to "Coningsby in his youth, Coningsby in his ambition, Coningsby, to a certain extent, in his personal appearance." But if Mr. Churchill has tried to model



Photo by Walery, Ltd.

**Lieutenant Winston S. Churchill
4th Hussars.**

on the youthful Disraeli, he has put too much vigour into his attempt and broken the mould and altered the pattern beyond recognition; he is nothing of the Society dandy; he is no cynic; no sphinx; and his military and journalistic exploits have been marked by a robust roughness and strenuousness that have nothing in common with the genteel dilettantisms of Disraeli.

In 1900 he published his first and, so far, his only novel, "Savrola," of which, by the way, Messrs. Newnes have just issued a sixpenny reprint. It was written three years earlier, and appeared serially in *Macmillan's*; it is not even a Disraelian novel, but rather one of the school that Mr. George Meredith founded and Mr. Anthony Hope has taken over and carried on so successfully, only that it is less romantic, more realistic than stories of that school are apt to be, comes to closer grip with actual problems of modern life, and has a high seriousness of its own. Its scenes are laid in an imaginary Republic whose President, ambitious and unscrupulous, is rapidly developing into a despot, and Savrola is the popular leader of the reform party. The President has rigorously and brutally repressed a threatened riot by promptly shooting down the people in the street, and Savrola, who had hoped to mend matters by constitutional methods, sees that he is bent upon a *coup d'état*, and that the time has come to yield to the importunities of the more fiery of his supporters and resort to force, but he keeps his head and resolutely curbs the impatience of his friends until everything is in readiness and the right hour has struck.

A man of lofty ideals, a humanitarian, a scornfully



Photo by Heyman & Co., Cairo.

**Lieutenant Winston S. Churchill,
attached to 21st Lancers.**

incorruptible politician, Savrola is also an eloquent orator who can play upon the sentiments and passions of an audience as skilfully as a musician can upon his instrument; he is an autocratic, not a passionate lover; he is cool and diplomatic enough always to hold his enthusiasms in leash, but he can be as heroic as the most reckless when there is nothing more to be gained by waiting or by caution. I share the general impression that Savrola is the shadow of his creator, that Mr. Churchill has endowed him with the doubts, the dreams, the aspirations and something of the philosophy that are in reality his own. He has lived his life as if he believed in the commonsense gospel that Savrola propounds to his lieutenant, Moret:

"Remember that we pay for every pleasure and every triumph we have in this world . . . and for all the good things in life men pay in advance. The principles of sound finance apply."

"How do you mean?" asked Moret.

"Would you rise in the world? You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally or physically? You must resist temptations. All this is paying in advance; that is prospective finance. Observe the other side of the picture; the bad things are paid for afterwards."

"Not always."

"Yes, as surely as the headache of Sunday morning follows the debauch of Saturday night, as an idle youth is requited by a barren age, as a gluttonous appetite promotes an ungainly paunch."

Again, you seem to have glimpses of the man behind the shadow when Savrola is preparing his great speech, finding life "how unreal, how barren, and yet how fascinating!" and feeling that "his brain contained the cards he had to play and the world the stakes he played for"; and more especially, perhaps, when he has come home tired after an anxious day, and sits brooding in his study among his books:

"Yes, it had been a long day and a gloomy day. He was a young man, only thirty-two, but already he felt the effects of work and worry. His nervous temperament could not fail to be excited by the vivid scenes through which he had lately passed, and the repression of his emotion only heated the inward fire. Was it worth it?

The struggle, the labour, the constant rush of affairs, the sacrifice of so many things that make life easy or pleasant—for what? A people's good! That, he could not disguise from himself, was rather the direction than the cause of his efforts. Ambition was the motive force, and he was powerless to resist it. He could appreciate the delights of an artist, a life devoted to the search for beauty, or of sport, the keenest pleasure that leaves no sting behind. To live in dreamy quiet and philosophic calm in some beautiful garden, far from the noise of men and with every diversion that art and intellect could suggest, was, he felt, a more agreeable picture. And yet he knew that he could not endure it. 'Vehement, high, and daring,' was his cast

of mind. The life he lived was the only one he could ever live; he must go on to the end. The end comes often early to such men, whose spirits are so wrought that they know rest only in action, contentment only in danger, and in confusion find their only peace."

In the same year with "Savrola" was published "London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria," and "Ian Hamilton's March," the two books that, including and supplementing his South African war correspondence to the *Morning Post*, made Mr. Churchill's name a household word from end to end of the country; wherever you went in those days he was a subject of discussion, of eulogy and detraction; there were the usual arm-chair oracles who sneered and ridiculed, of course, but the multitude was taken with the dash and go and enterprise with which he had plunged headlong into danger, and filled a glamorous



"Winston."

By kind permission of "Vanity Fair."

and perilous part in some of the most stirring incidents of the war. He was a well-known journalist already, but now he woke one morning to find himself a famous and a popular one, and a national hero, to boot.

It is a gallant and a memorable story, his of the Boer War, and he has narrated his personal share in it with gusto, joyously, straightforwardly, picturesquely, honestly, without mock-modesty and without boastfulness; nor is he diffident about giving frank expression to his views on the conduct of the war, about discussing with equal frankness its causes and the personal behaviour of those on the spot whose future hopes and prosperity hung on the success of the British

as. It is very characteristic, too, that though he sailed to the Cape a believer in the necessity of the war, and with a rooted prejudice against the Boer that amounted almost to contempt, he came back glorying in England's victory, but, in spite of some rough handling he had received from him, with all his prejudice against the beaten enemy uprooted, his dislike turned to a generous admiration, his contempt of him into respect and regard because of the simple sincerity and uprightness he had found in him; one of the most hauntingly pathetic touches in "London to Ladysmith" occurs in a strong, poignant little sketch of the homely, sternly earnest-looking, grey-haired old Boer whom he paused to look down on as he lay dead, with his rifle in his hands, on one of the battlefields. This courageous readiness to discard a mistaken opinion, as soon as he has been nearer to the matter and discovered his mistake, leads those who have merely acquired their opinions pretty much as they acquired their baptismal names to charge Mr. Churchill with instability and inconsistency, but to any one who stops to think about it, it is one of the finest and manliest traits in his character.

In all which, let me emphasise, I am referring essentially to the man, and his innate disposition, and in no way to his politics: not to Mr. Winston Churchill, the Liberal M.P. for Dundee and President of the Board of Trade, but to the brilliant author whose literary power, as his biographer Mr. MacCallum Scott has said, "is as native and spontaneous as his speech," and of whom so notable an authority as Mr. H. W. Massingham has written: "At his best, no living Englishman can write better or speak better than Mr. Churchill. He takes rank with the masters." Here, as I began by saying, I have no concern with Mr. Churchill's public life, nor with his political aims and character; for the glowing romance of this, and a masterly study and analysis of those, you must turn to Mr. MacCallum Scott's biography of him. Issued in 1905, it had a very large sale and has only now been allowed to go out of print because a new and revised edition is in preparation; facts which sufficiently testify to the general interest in Mr. Churchill's magnetic personality and to the ability of his biographer.

During the six years after his first election into the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill wrote that biography of his father, Lord Randolph, which, judged either as literature or as a contribution to modern history, is probably the ablest and most important of his books. Here, as in all he has written, the style is the

man: virile, eager, emphatic, impetuous in utterance, but deliberate in judgment. He writes as he speaks, racily, vividly, rising to heights of glowing eloquence, flecking his pages with humour and irony, handling facts and figures lightly, luminously, attractively, going down, at need, to dead levels of everyday affairs and making them live wherever he touches them. His style is amazingly sensitive and flexible; familiar, dignified, lively, serious by turns, it keeps always to the changing level of its argument with an apparently effortless ease that is the perfection of narrative art. When there is some master-stroke of Parliamentary tactics, some popular triumph of action or oratory to be recorded, you feel the pride and vigour and elation of that triumph pulsing in the language that tells of it; but nothing could be more quietly restrained, plainer, more simply matter-of-fact, than the unemotional terms in which the tragedy of Lord Randolph's closing days are set down, and nothing more dramatically and poignantly effective.

One outcome of Mr. Churchill's recent holiday tour in Africa—which was really an official tour in disguise—

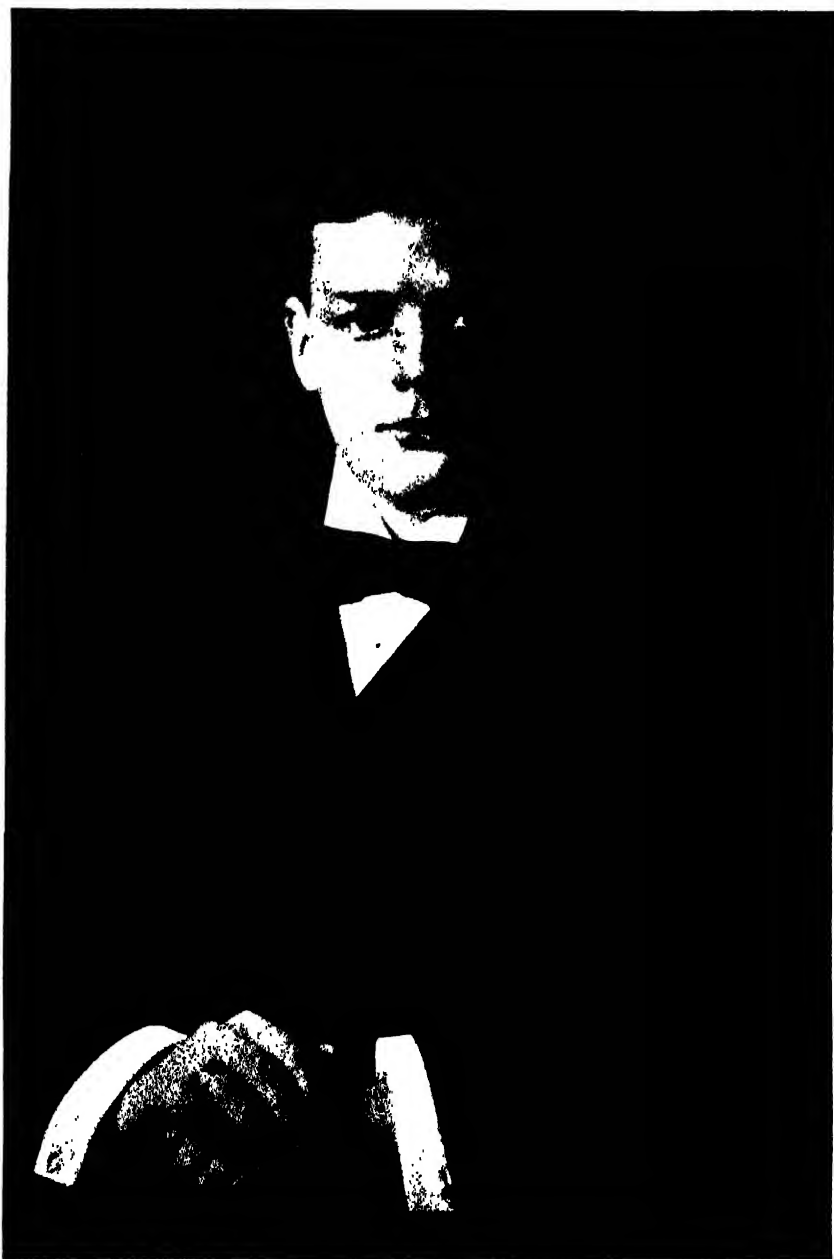


Photo by Elliott & Fry

**The Right Hon.
Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.**



The Murchison Falls from Fajao.

A bit of the country through which Mr. Winston Churchill passed in his African wanderings.

is the story of his travel experiences and adventures that is at present running serially in the *Strand Magazine*. Starting from Mombasa, he journeyed up the long stretch of the Uganda Railway, and, in passing, relates succinctly and pictorially something of the chequered and splendid progress of that unique line:

"Nearly ten thousand pounds a mile were expended upon its construction, and so eager were all parties to be done with it and its expense that, instead of pursuing its proper and natural route across the plateau to the deep waters of Port Victoria, it fell by the way into the shallow gulf of Kavirondo, lucky to get so far. It is easy to censure, it is impossible not to criticise, the administrative mistakes and miscalculations which tarnished and nearly marred a brilliant conception. But it is still more easy, as one traverses in forty-eight hours countries which ten years ago would have baffled the toilsome marches of many weeks, to underrate the difficulties in which unavoidable ignorance and astonishing conditions plunged the pioneers. The British art of 'muddling through' is here seen in one of its finest expositions. Through everything—through the forests, through the ravines, through troops of marauding lions, through famine, through war, through five years of excoriating Parliamentary debate, muddled and marched the railway, and here, at last, in some more or less effective fashion, is it arrived at its goal."

Ascending this storied railway, "from the sea to the lake," Mr. Churchill describes the vast, little-known country that unrolled itself before him—the villages, towns, and the white and black peoples amidst whom he sojourned by the way, the big-game shooting to which he gave his leisure, with all the colour and dash and picturesqueness that are the unfailing attributes of his pen; he has views of his own on the social, racial, and economic problems of Africa, and states them boldly. The articles are being followed with immense interest from month to month in the *Strand Magazine*, and will form the basis of

Mr. Churchill's new book, "An African Journey," that is to be issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Politics and the cares of office may have predominant claims on Mr. Churchill's time and thought, but he

£ 25. —

(vijf en twintig pond stg.)
belooning uitgelooft door
de Sub-Commissie van Wijk V
voor den specialem Constabel
dezes wijk, die den ontvluchte
Krygsgevangene
Churchill
levens of dood te dezes kant
aflevert. —

Van de Sub-Comm
Wijk V
Rozde Haas
Sec.

THE ORIGINAL PROCLAMATION POSTED ON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA, ON THE ESCAPE OF MR. CHURCHILL.

Translation.

225

(Twenty-five pounds stg.) REWARD is offered by the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said Division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war

CHURCHILL

dead or alive to this office.

For the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division,

(Signed) L. H. H. H. H.

was a man of letters before he was a Cabinet Minister, the literary instinct is still prevailingly alive in him, and his plans for the future are not bounded entirely by the Parliamentary horizon. For many men his arduous and anxious political activities would be more than a sufficient occupation, but he is a man of extraordinary energies and industry, and more systematic and plodding than his restless, highly nervous temperament would lead one to expect. He is an early riser, and at work every morning by seven o'clock, he is a good sportsman, and fond of polo, but before all he is a good worker, with "the infinite capacity for taking pains," a gift for mastering detail, an ardour and enthusiasm for doing thoroughly whatever he puts

his hand to. Though for lack of leisure he is not what bookmen would consider a great reader, he has a true taste and feeling for what is best in literature and a large acquaintance with it, as any one may know who has been privileged to look through the contents of his excellent, well-used library; and, indeed, in my secret heart I am convinced that it is this literary strain in his blood, his quick susceptibility to the broadening, humanising influences of literature, that largely helped to make him and, amidst all the inevitable bickerings and bitterness of party strife, helps to keep him still "truly lovable in character, without a touch of the politician's vices of malice, envy, uncharitableness."

THE STORY OF THE DOONES.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD,

Editor of the Doone-Land Edition of "Lorna Doone."

THE story of the Doones is, in one sense, a fragment of a common tale, partly history, partly legend, that belongs to every land which has developed from the ill-organised, small-tribal system, through a period of chivalry to a time of law and order. The story changes its place-names, its details, and its heroes. As it becomes old, its William of Cloudeslee and its Robin Hood are elevated almost into demi-gods; as it takes new life from local accretions, we hear more of the human, treacherous, cruel side—as in the moorland story of the Doones. The story-teller of the common people dearly loves a bold bandit, just as the school-boy prefers to play the outlaw's part in his game of "police and robbers." There is the need to make the story gruesome, so that the hearers' flesh may creep, but there is also the wish to make the bandit play the part of hero, that the blood may tingle and the sympathy and enthusiasm be excited.

Again, in dealing with a history-legend, the race-feeling of its preservers must always be considered, if one is to attempt to separate the fact from the fiction. Comparing the story given to us by Blackmore, of the Doones, with the other version of the same story given by Halliwell Sutcliffe of the Carless family in "Ricroft of Withens," we see not only the widely different personalities of the authors, but also the different influences of

the two moorlands and the two breeds of moor-folk. Blackmore, somewhat slow, somewhat ponderous, but always beautiful of language and rich in the description of scenery, wanders through stories of rapine and slaughter with a nonchalance and patience characteristic of the wide rolling moors and the sturdy, unexcitable people. Sutcliffe's story, with less time for beauties, bustles through stress and storm, and revels in fight, as the rugged rocks of millstone grit rear their heads boldly against wild weather. Through all the growth of the Doone story, as through the development of its Yorkshire analogue, it has been modified by the temperament of a people, and one reason why the story appealed to Blackmore and why his treatment of it was such a success was his identification with that local temperament. The Doone story was invaluable to the author because he was of the folk of whom it was a typical product.



"The head of a deep, green valley, carved from out the mountains in a perfect oval, with a fence of sheer rock standing round it, eighty feet or a hundred high, from whose brink black wooded hills swept up to the sky-line."
(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)



"The 'Ironing-Box,' as the triangle of turf is called, where the two causeways coming from the school-porch and the hall-porch meet, and our fights are mainly celebrated."

"It is not a very large piece of ground in the angle of the causeways, but quite big enough to fight upon, especially for Christians, who love to be cheek by jowl at it."

(From "Lorna Doone,"
Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

marvel is that they were not discovered, pictured—and perhaps even boomed—long ago. We are pretty sure that Blackmore heard the stories from his grandfather, who lived at Court Barton, close to Parracombe (old) church. In the preface to "Tales from the Telling House," Blackmore says:

"Sometimes of a night, when the spirit of a dream flits away for a waltz with the shadow of a pen, over dreary moors and dark waters, I behold an old man, with a keen profile, under a parson's shovel hat, riding a tall chestnut horse up the western slope of Exmoor,



"Now Mr. Faggus was my second cousin, and an honour to the family, of great renown on the highway, from Barum town even to London."

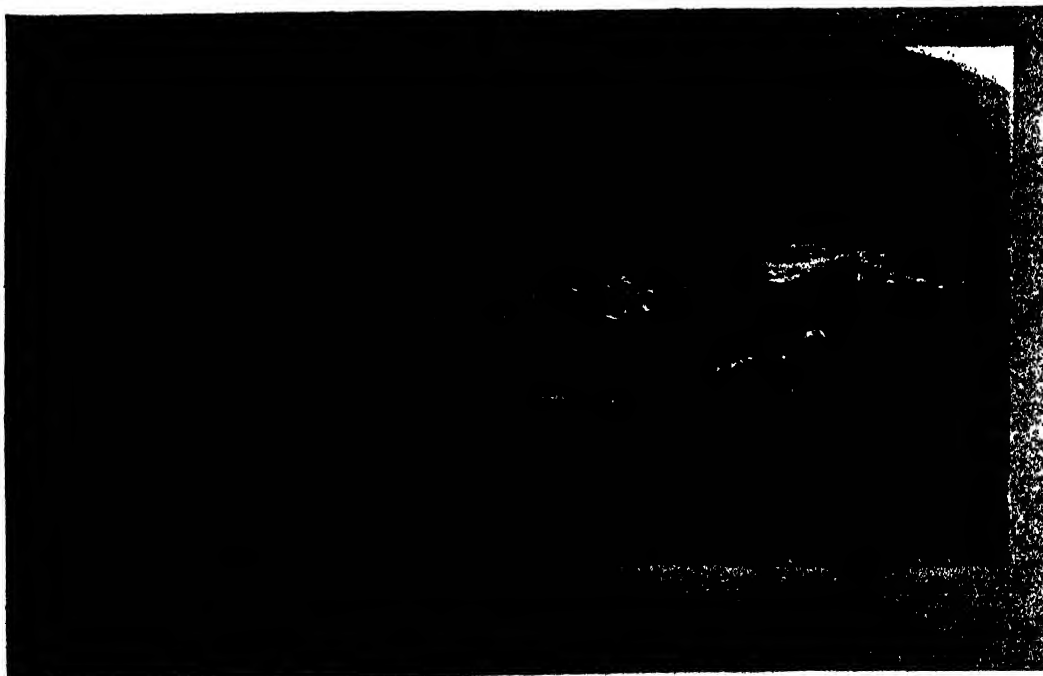
"By trade he had been a blacksmith in the town of Northmolton, in Devonshire, a rough rude place at the end of Exmoor; so that many people marvelled if such a man was bred there."

(From "Lorna Doone,"
Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

followed by his little grandson upon a shaggy and stuggy pony.

"In the hazy folds of the lower hills, some four or five miles behind them, may be seen the ancient Parsonage, where the lawn is a russet sponge of moss and a stream tinkles under the dining-room floor."

This same preface introduces John Fry, suggesting that the real original of that character in "Lorna Doone" came



"Deep in the quiet valley there, away from noise, and violence, and brawl, save that of the rivulet, any man would have deemed them homes of simple mind and innocence. Yet not a single house stood there but was the home of murder."

(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

from the Parracombe side, and not from Oare. But Blackmore knew Oare very well, too, as a boy, for his grandfather, in that day of pluralities, held the living, and any one who knows such scraps of the author's life as are accessible, who is intimate with "Lorna Doone," and who knows the moor-country well, must conclude that Blackmore knew both the legends and their scenes as a boy. The old parsonage of Oare, now the Parsonage Farm, is a headquarters for a few fisherfolk who accept the courtesy of Mr. Nicholas Snow's waters where the Lyn stream falls into Badgery, and for certain summer visitors who love the breezy rolling uplands. There, without doubt, Blackmore heard the Doone tales.

The original Doone stories are preserved for us, exactly as they were told in 1839, in a manuscript book containing "The Legend of de Wichchalse," "Legends of the Doones of Badgeworthy," and "Legend of Faggus and his Strawberry Horse." Almost all the incidents in these tales are included in "Lorna Doone," so that we may be sure Blackmore had access to the book (a number of old MS. copies still exist) or to some one who knew its contents intimately. In the Introduction to the Doone-Land Edition I have been able to quote these stories in full, from the MS. owned by the Rev. J. F. Chanter, and made for his father in 1839. Doone tales

are to be found in Cooper's "Guide to Lynton," 1853; in "The Chase of the Red Deer," by Dr. Collyns, 1862; in "A Dull Day on Exmoor," by James Payn, 1853; in *Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1857, and in "The Doones of Exmoor," a serial running through eight numbers of *The Leisure Hour* in 1863. These facts are a full answer to those who contended that Blackmore's story was pure invention.

The principal Doone and Faggus incidents of "Lorna Doone" are all to be found in local legend; while 'girt Jan Ridd' is remembered as a very strong man who fought with robbers and who beat them with a branch dragged from a tree. Even a suggestion of the great snowstorm is to be found in many references to snow amongst the legends—robbers tracked in snow, farmers turned out to die in the snow, and eventually the last two lingering descendants of the Doones dying in the snow at the beginning of the last century. There is even local basis for the small incident of the changing of young Ensie Doone's name to Ensie Jones, for there are still Joneses in a village south of Parracombe who are said to be of this descent.

The plot of the story is entirely Blackmore's own, and we can find no trace of a legendary original for Lorna, though the author says in his preface to the first edition in 1869:

"any son of Exmoor . . . cannot fail to call to mind the



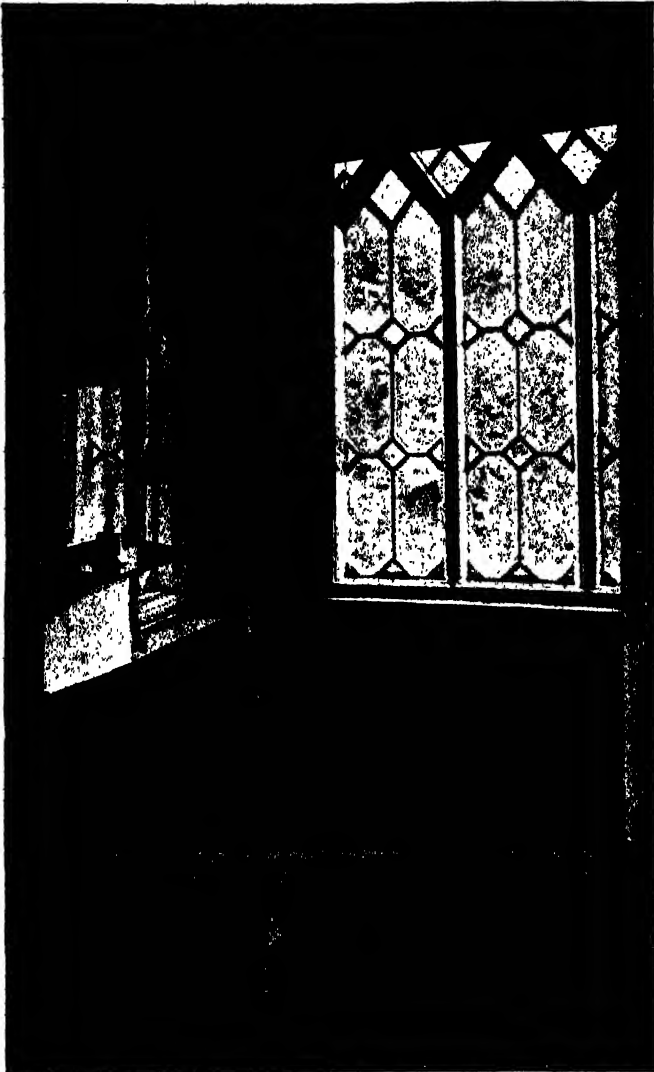
"Everybody in our parish who could walk at all, or hire a boy and a wheelbarrow, ay, and half the folk from Countisbury, Brendon, and even Lynmouth, was and were to be found that Sunday, in our little Church of Oare. People . . . flocked in their very best clothes, to see a lady Doone go to church." (From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)



The Devil's Cheese-Ring

"From the inland side and the elbow of the valley, a queer old pile of rock arises, bold behind one another, and quite enough to affright a man, if it were only ten times larger. This is called the 'Devil's Cheese-Ring.'"

(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)



"Widow Flaher took out this gun, and not caring much what became of her, she laid it upon the window-sill . . . and let the muzzle out on the slope. Presently five or six fine young Doones came dancing a reel betwixt her and the flaming rick. Upon which she pulled the trigger with all the force of her thumb, and a quarter of a pound of duck-shot went out with a blaze on the dancers."

(From "Lorna Doone," Edited by H. Snowden Ward.)

nurse-tales of his childhood . . . the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them."

If this part of the nurse-tale ever existed, it seems to have been forgotten.

To-day, in answer to inquiries from "Lunnon-folk," the natives seem strangely ignorant of the Doone

stories. I have found that they still exist, remembered from a time before the publication of "Lorna," and that there are even some very interesting old details which were not used by Blackmore. But it is nearly forty years since "Lorna Doone" was published, and most of the moor-folk who know anything of the story know it as being written by "a gen'leman up to Lunnon." Even those who really know the old legends may easily be questioned without much result, because they do not fully understand the language of the questioner, and also because the Doone name seems to have dropped out of the old traditions, which speak of "robbers" only. Thus, the more one presses an old native about Doones the more he is driven into his hazy recollections of what some one has told him (for few have read the book) about Blackmore's romance. If one refers to "robbers in th' old days, over to Badgery," the result may be very different. The uncorrupted memories of the legends are only to be found amongst the very old inhabitants, and not amongst the coach-drivers and others with whom the tourist most freely comes into contact, but they do still linger.

And if they did not? If Blackmore's story were pure invention, if no Doones had existed in history or tradition before he wrote of them, they would be none the less real to us. They mean much more than do thousands of characters in history. They people one of the finest upland countries to be found anywhere, and they have taken thousands of wearied, *blasé* town-dwellers to renew their lives in touch with a gracious land and a hearty, homely folk.

Blackmore has done one small disservice to the West Country and to those he has led to visit it—in exaggerating the fearsomeness of the water-slide, the embattled inaccessibility of the Doone Glen. The tripper, who gives three days to "doin' " half a county, is liable to be disappointed. But the lover of nature who can give the time to living for days or weeks amongst the moors and glens, and thus breathe in the subtle, elusive, ever-changing, ever-alluring charm of Exmoor, will have naught but thanks for Blackmore and for the Doone-folk who led him to that Western land.

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

"HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR."

BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR

IN a Bristol secondhand book-shop the other week I bought ten volumes of *Hogg's Instructor* bound in five volumes for 8s. 6d. It was a very reasonable price. With the contents of the magazine I had been long familiar, for my father was a subscriber, and the old numbers were often turned over in the household. My first volume is dated 1848, and it is described as Volume I., New Series. It seems as if there must have

been a previous series, but of this I have been able to find no copies whatever. In 1848 and up till the end of 1853, *Hogg's Weekly Instructor* was conducted on almost the same lines as *Chambers's Journal*—that is, the paper appeared weekly at three-halfpence a number, and the weekly parts were collected into a monthly magazine. I fancy the sales were principally those of the monthly magazine. *Chambers's Journal* long ago

gave up weekly publication. The differences between *Chambers's Journal* and *Hogg's Instructor* are easily enumerated. In the first place, *Hogg's Instructor* gave some place to religious articles and sketches, while *Chambers's* always eschewed these subjects. In the second place, *Hogg's Instructor* published the names of contributors much more freely than *Chambers's*. In the third place, for a long time at least every monthly part of *Hogg* contained a steel engraving of some famous author. These engravings, or some of them, have now a certain value. It must be said also that *Hogg's Instructor* though by no means devoid of merit, was not so skilfully edited as *Chambers's*, and consequently never so prosperous.

Mr. James Hogg, who started the *Instructor*, lived till March 1888, when he died at the age of eighty-two. He was, then, a man of about forty when he started the magazine. He was apprenticed to James Munhead, printer and proprietor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, and after his apprenticeship he was in the employment of various printers, and then became reader of the *Caledonian Mercury*, a post he held until he started in business on his own account in Edinburgh. The first book he published was a "Narrative of some Passages in the History of Eemoolooapik," the first Esquimo who visited this country; he was brought to Aberdeen by Captain Penny, in the *Neptune*, in 1839. The "Narrative" was written by Dr. Alexander Macdonald, afterwards one of the surgeons of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and was published in 1841. These particulars I take from the *Athenaeum* of March 24, 1888. The notice, which is evidently authorised, goes on to say:

"In 1845 Mr. Hogg started the *Instructor*, which was continued for a period of fifteen years, and subsequently *Titan*, a monthly magazine. Mr. Hogg's sons were in partnership with him for many years, and the firm (which had removed from Edinburgh to London, and was dissolved in 1868) published several successful books for children, and made a great hit with *London Society*, which was edited by James Hogg, jun., whose conception it was. Mr. Hogg was all but blind during the last years of his life."

From this it appears that there must have been three volumes of the *Instructor* which I have not seen. But I have seen the second series when the magazine was published at a shilling and had many signed articles. I have also seen two or three numbers of *Titan*, which was published at 2s. 6d., and was hopeless from the first. After all, a periodical that lives fifteen years does not do badly, and during its existence the *Instructor* had the services of some remarkable men—by far the most eminent of these was Thomas De Quincey.

De Quincey's connection with James Hogg came to be of signal importance, for it was through Hogg that De Quincey was induced to prepare a collected edition of his works. De Quincey went to Hogg's out-of-the-way premises at Canonmills in the vicinity of Edinburgh, asked for Hogg, and told him that he was pleased with

the *Instructor*, and would like to become an occasional contributor. Hogg was naturally much flattered, and the contribution which De Quincey drew from the capacious inner pocket of his coat was there and then accepted. The acquaintance which began then ripened into an intimacy which was unbroken until De Quincey's last hour. Mr. Hogg proved an honourable and judicious friend to De Quincey, helping him in many pecuniary difficulties. The labours in connection with the collected works proved so great that De Quincey dropped most of his old literary connections. De Quincey had been very unfortunate with his publishers. From the various editions of the "Confessions" in their original form he received no payment. The representatives of the publishers of the *London Magazine* claimed absolute copyright in his contributions. Mr. Hogg found that the claim was baseless, and so the collected works, under the title "Selections Grave and Gay," began to appear. In 1857 Mr. Hogg purchased the copyright of seven volumes. I have always regretted that in their current form and under the careful editorship of the late Professor Masson, the old arrangement has been departed from. After all, the arrangement was the work of De Quincey himself, and not lightly to be put aside. So the bookbuyer is wise if he prefers Hogg's edition to any other. It must be admitted that Hogg's



"She pointed to the castle-rock, where upon a narrow shelf, betwixt us and the coming stars, a bitter fight was raging."
(From "Lorna Doone," Edited H. Snowden Ward.)

edition is not so complete as its successor, but there is no complete edition of De Quincey, and it is not likely there ever will be. His *Life and Letters* were prepared by Dr. A. H. Japp, and I have a new edition thoroughly revised and re-arranged with additional matter published by Mr. John Hogg in 1890. This is comparatively well known. But I have met very few who know the volumes "*De Quincey Memorials: being Letters and other Records here first published, with Communications from Coleridge, the Wordsworths, Hannah More, Professor Wilson and others. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Narrative by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D.,*" two volumes, published by Mr. Heinemann in 1901. There is a great deal of curious matter in these volumes, though unfortunately they have no index, and are thus difficult to consult. One passage gives De Quincey's view of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*:

"The Brontës, meaning the girls, had some very noble features in their characters, but not many that were amiable. The males of the family were scamps. Think of this—the elder scamp (Papa, I mean) always dined alone, like the savages in so many regions, and even Mahometan Barbarians, whose wives eat apart from (or perhaps after) their tyrants. Now what excuse did the 'leathery Herr Papa' make for this practice? Why (says Mrs. Gaskell) his stomach being peculiarly delicate, it became requisite that he should not be tempted away by a wider and miscellaneous choice from his own simple diet. Simple!—So then his daughters no doubt had a luxurious a tempting table! Now elsewhere it comes out—that these poor girls, who through life were models of self-denying abstinence, had mere plain potatoes for dinner, without any animal accompaniment, and I believe without any seasoning or sauce. Condiment is pedantic. One after one, in regular succession the three younger girls—1. Charlotte, 2. Emily, 3. Anne—were turned out of doors to get their own bread in a far worse service, to my thinking, than that of a housemaid: for surely it is better by much to go down on one's knees to scour the front door-steps, with the prospect at night of creeping to an undisturbed bed, in humble respectability, than to make one in a crowd of most vulgar Belgian girls; generally vicious, inquisitive, scandalous, spiteful, silly, and ignoble, gathered into one huge dormitory."

Hogg's Instructor for 1850 contains a good engraving of Christopher North, the best I have seen. The accompanying article is by De Quincey, and commences characteristically:

"There are many Newtons in England: yet for all that there is but one Newton for earth and the children of earth, which Newton is Isaac, and Kepler is his prophet. There are many Wilsons in Scotland, and indeed many out of Scotland, yet for all that mother earth and her children recognise but one, which one sits in the Edinburgh Chair of Moral Philosophy."

The conclusion is:

"With this brief sketch of one who walks in the fashion of man the most memorable and original that has adorned our memorable and original age, we conclude by saying in a spirit of simplicity and fidelity to the truth that from Professor Wilson's papers in *Blackwood*, but above all from his meditative examinations of great poets, Greek and English, may be formed a florilegium of thoughts the most

profound and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in the human composition."

Another very active contributor was George Gilfillan. Gilfillan's *Galleries of Literary Portraits* had a place of their own in the critical literature of last century, and should not be quite forgotten. Many of them were contributed to the *Instructor*. In addition Gilfillan, who was then a kind of literary oracle to young men, wrote occasional articles under the title "*A Bundle of Books*," in which he noticed works sent to him by their authors. He was evidently on very cordial terms with Longfellow, who was in the habit of sending him whatever he wrote. Only a few of those whose early promise was hailed by George Gilfillan are remembered now. Even Bulwer Lytton, with whom he maintained a friendly alliance, has now fallen back from the front rank. People do not actively discuss in these days whether Bulwer Lytton was a greater novelist than Dickens or Thackeray.

A third notable contributor to the *Instructor* used the pseudonym "Abel Log." His first book was "*Whitings from the West*," an exceedingly graphic account of travels in Canada in the late 'forties. This appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*, and I wonder that no one has ever reprinted it. Perhaps the Canadians are too busy with present developments to spend much time on their past. When the third series of the *Instructor* was started about 1853, Abel Log contributed a story, "*Memoranda of a Modern Officer*," which ran for some years. It was republished by Mr. John Hogg more than twenty years ago under the title "*Adventures of Maurice Drummor*," but was not so successful as it deserved to be—perhaps in part because the author revised it too severely. If I am not wholly mistaken, "Abel Log" might have done great things as a novelist, but he became a clergyman, and I saw him twenty years ago in his little church at Hope, near Ludlow. He was partly paralysed then, and his powers were failing. He did not wholly cease writing after he went into the Church. Some books from him appeared under the pseudonym "*Lindon Meadows*," but his early work was by far his best. "Abel Log" was the pseudonym of the Rev. C. B. Greatrex.

I have received the *New Zealand Times* of Saturday, April 25. In the well-informed literary causerie, the writer refers to my article "*A Prototype of Sam Weller*." I am much obliged to him for pointing out that I have neglected to draw attention to that odd word "*fantigue*," which Theodore Hook puts into the mouth of Robinson:

"Now, '*fanteeg*' is used on more than one occasion, in '*The Pickwick Papers*,' readers of which immortal work will remember that when Sam Weller was despatched in pursuit of Winkle (who was flying from the equally frightened Dowler) he chaffed the Pickwickian sportsman upon being '*an amiably disposed young man, sir, I don't think, to go involving our precious governor in all sorts of fanteegs* vhen he '*as made up his mind to go through everythink for*

principle.' Commenting upon this, that erudite Dickensian, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his 'Pickwick Cyclopædia,' remarks:

"The meaning of 'Fanteegs' has been much debated. Dr. Murray, the editor of the English Dictionary, has furnished an explanation, and Professor Skeat has also discussed it: Fanteague, a worry or bustle; also ill humour. Halliwell: 'To be in a fanteague' or 'in a fanteeg,' i.e. a state of excitement, is a familiar

expression (though is it so familiar?). Fanteegs means worries or troubles. It is clearly from fanatique, i.e. "made frantick, in a frenzy, out of his little wits." Cotgrave: "Hence it is allied to frantic." I doubt, however, adds Mr. Fitzgerald, if Sam meant troubles or worries—it was rather embarrassments. It is a good word and might be more used.'

"THE BOOKMAN article is worth cutting out and pasting into one's copy of 'Pickwick.'"

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six best quotations in verse or prose in which the author makes reference to his own calling.

III. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MISS GODLEY, Fonthill, Chapelzod, Co. Dublin.

THE HATE FLAME. BY PERCY BARRON

"Yet from those flames no light, but rather darkness visible."
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*.

Other quotations submitted were:

A SUBURBAN SCANDAL. BY GURNER GILLMAN.

"If there's anything in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs." BYRON, *Don Juan*.

(Miss Lily Calvert, Montalbo Terrace, West Hartlepool.)

THE SWORD DECIDES. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war."—SHAKESPEARE.

(B. Moore, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

HERBERT SPENCER. REVIEWED BY HECTOR MACPHERSON.

"'Beta coot,' ched Phaulshon." BON GAULTIER.

(A. J. Craig, Rowanlea, Clovenfords, by Galashiels, N.B.)

THROUGH PERSIA IN A MOTOR CAR. BY CLAUDE ANEL.

"A Persian's heaven is easily made

'Tis but black eyes and lemonade"

MOORE, *Intercepted Letters*, Letter VI.

(Lionel T. Nicol, 41, Roebank Street, Alexandra Park, Glasgow.)

THE MAKING OF IRELAND AND ITS UNDOING.

1200-1600. BY A. S. GREEN.

"'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old'

But something ails it now—the spot is cursed."

WORDSWORTH.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

I LITTLE KNEW— BY MISS MAY CROMMELIN

"Where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise." GRAY.

(Mrs. Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

II. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six best examples from English poetry illustrating the beautiful effects of contrast which can be produced by the close juxtaposition of Anglo-Saxon words with those of Latin origin has been awarded to MISS EMILY L. COURT, 5, Dean's Terrace, Plough Croft Lane, Halifax.

1. "Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st;

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support."
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I.

2. "The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."
TENNYSON, *The Princess*.

3. "Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not."
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

"A mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."
SHAKESPEARE, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
MILTON, *On His Blindness*.

"Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised,
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

Excellent examples have been received from Miss M. Lilley and Mr. A. Rowberry-Williams.

III.—This competition has apparently proved too difficult for our readers, as none of them has sent in the list for which the Prize was offered.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MR. FRED G. PEARSON, 484, Rice Lane, Walton, Liverpool, and MR. A. ROWBERRY-WILLIAMS, 59, Love Lane, Denbigh.

New Books.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

The nationality of some writers seems a mere accident. Gibbon might have written in French and "The Decline and Fall" would have been essentially the same. Teutonic critics are accustomed to claim that Shakespeare is only really intelligible in German, and it is a fascinating question how far the main lines of Ibsen's work would have been altered had he chanced to be born in Scotland. But by no stretch of imagination is it possible to conceive of Anatole France as anything but French. Since Voltaire no one has been so quintessentially French, alike in his flawless lucidity of style and in the inexorable logic of his scepticism, as the creator of Monsieur Bergeret. But this was not the only reason why Anatole France has had to wait nearly thirty years for an English translation, at a time when second-rate novels were being published in simultaneous editions in half the capitals of Europe. Walt Whitman somewhere draws a just and pregnant distinction between "loving by allowance" and "loving by personal love," and this distinction sometimes involves the curious consequence that those authors who have the rare gift of inspiring personal affection suffer from the too jealous worship of their admirers. A book which is admired by convention is recommended without hesitation, but the sensitive reader is chary of exposing his beloved author to the rebuffs of an unsympathetic public. And so it came about that the Anatolians, though they were many, were shy of proclaiming their allegiance. Their idol was only to be shown to the initiate, and the work of the master became a touchstone by which to test the elect, the aristocracy of letters. But the most fervent Anatolians must recognise that the time has now come when their idol can no longer be so jealously guarded, and they cannot fail to welcome with pride, tinged perhaps with a gentle regret, this new and stately edition.

Let it be said at once that the format is admirable. The

paper is good, the type excellent, and the binding quiet and in good taste—in short, the edition is everything which the most exacting critic could demand. Anatolians are wont to contend that M. France is untranslatable, and in a sense this is true. The effortless purity of his style cannot be reproduced in English; but, admitting this, it must be conceded that Miss Winifred Stephens, the translator of the first volume, has come near to attaining the impossible. Her translation keeps commendably close to the original, and her English, though occasionally a little jerky, is terse and idiomatic. If the translators of the succeeding volumes are equally successful, there will be little to complain of on that score. The edition promises to be a credit to English publishing, and few will be disposed to dispute Mr. Lane's claim that it issues with peculiar appropriateness from the Bodley Head.

It has been remarked with justice that in the case of those writers who excite the personal affection of their readers there is less agreement as to their best and most characteristic works than in the case of the authors whom it is correct and a matter of convention to admire. Anatolians would be found to differ widely in the choice of their favourite book, and it is doubtful whether many would choose "The Red Lily." Nevertheless, the selection of this book to introduce the series to English readers is to be commended. Some, no doubt, would prefer the quietism and more placid beauty of "Sylvestre Bonnard," and many would incline towards "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris." But "The Red Lily" has a more caustic irony, more "bite," than "Sylvestre Bonnard," and a more connected story and

stronger dramatic interest than "Monsieur Bergeret." Judged solely as a novel, it is the strongest and most elaborate work which M. France has done. The sketch of Verlaine, thinly disguised under the name of Choulette, is perhaps the best known and also the unfairest of all M. France's pictures of his contemporaries.

Anatole France is the son of a bibliophile whose religion was the Revolution. He



* "The Red Lily." By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stephens. 6s. (John Lane.)

republican principles and his passionate love of books, and from his mother his taste for the Lives of the Saints. No one has written more charmingly of the joys of book-buying or paid a more fitting tribute to the *bouquinistes* of the Quai, and no one has a more sympathetic understanding of the mediæval Church. But with all his enthusiasms, and they are many, he is always and everywhere a sceptic. His attitude to life is that of the questioner. He inherits from his father the philosophy of the Revolution, which questioned established beliefs and established institutions and found them wanting. Profoundly republican, he is the most inexorable critic of the Republic, and "Monsieur Bergeret" shows how fully he is alive to its weaknesses and its dangers. For thirty years he has written at the rate of a book a year, and his attitude has never varied. His powers matured early, and except for incidental references there is little to indicate the order in which his books were written. There has been no change and consequently no development. "Monsieur Bergeret" is dated by its splendid championship of Dreyfus, but otherwise, as a criticism of life, there is little to distinguish it from "Sylvestre Bonnard," written nearly twenty years earlier. It is just here that M. France's chief weakness lies. He has no constructive philosophy to offer, and to-day there is abundant evidence that there is a revival of faith in France and an abandonment of the sceptical attitude of the 'seventies. The popularity of M. René Bazin is a proof of this. And while Anatole France has never been so widely read outside of France—for he was slow to gain recognition abroad—there are signs that in France itself his influence is waning before the rise of the new constructive school.

The philosophy of Anatole France is best summarised in his own words in "The Garden of Epicurus":

"Plus je songe à la vie humaine, plus je crois qu'il faut lui donner pour témoins et pour juges l'Ironie et la Pitié. . . . L'Ironie et la Pitié sont deux bonnes conseillères; l'une, en



Anatole France

From a drawing by Auguste Leroux.

From "Vers les Temps Meilleurs."

souriant, nous rend la vie aimable; l'autre, qui pleure, nous la rend sacrée. L'Ironie que j'invoque n'est point cruelle. Elle ne raille ni l'amour ni la beauté."

As a master of irony M. France has had no equal since Voltaire, and even the terrible irony of "Candide" cannot match the delicate polished irony of "Monsieur Bergeret," which did perhaps more than any book, more than the famous "J'Accuse," to disarm the enemies of Dreyfus by rendering them ridiculous.

If he is occasionally a little less than just to his contemporaries, as witness the portrait of Verlaine in "The Red Lily," his sympathies are always on the side of the poor and the oppressed. He is always on the side of the "under dog." Fiercely indignant against violence and injustice, he is tolerant of all weaknesses except hypocrisy. Nothing could be more tender and at the same time more searching in its indictment of society than "Crainquebille," the sketch of the poor coster who comes unwittingly into conflict with the police and finds himself crushed by the machinery of so-called justice. Another instance of his sympathy with imperfect intelligence is the beautiful little story called "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," where the poor juggler can think of no tribute which he can offer to the Madonna except to perform his tricks before her altar. Exquisite, too, is M. France's tenderness towards children and animals. Riquet, M. Bergeret's dog, is one of the most delightful animals in literature. "Le Livre de Mon Ami" is full of the most perfect child studies, of which not the least charming is the visit to the Punch and Judy (Gnignol), an episode recalling the work of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, but tinged with a more wistful irony than "The Golden Age."

Anatole France is a pagan, and like all pagans, profoundly pessimist. But if his humanity is saddened by pessimism, his paganism is tempered by reverence for all that is truest and most beautiful in religion. His paganism is haunted by the gentleness of the Nazarene. As a psychologist his strength lies rather in analysis than in creation. Though he can, when he chooses, tell a simple straightforward story, as in "L'Histoire Comique," the narrative is usually of the slenderest. Many of his characters, it is known, are studied from life; and it is not improbable that originals could be found for all of them. Strong situations occur in some of his books, as in "The Red Lily," but they are rare; and some of his most characteristic work, such as the "Histoire Contemporaine," has practically no plot at all. He has few descriptive passages, but many of his books contain touches of the keenest and most delicate observation; and no one can describe a room more perfectly.

As a stylist Anatole France is supreme. Here again he is his own critic, and the best criticism of his style is to be found in his own words in "The Garden of Epicurus":

"Je dirai donc, que, s'il n'y a pas proprement de style simple, il y a des styles qui paraissent simples, et que c'est précisément à ceux-là que semblent attachés la jeunesse et la durée."

His vocabulary is comparatively small, and a limited knowledge of French will suffice for reading most of his books. But in his felicity of phrase and perfect lucidity of expression he is unsurpassed. There is no straining after effect, no search for rare words or startling effects. His dialogue is as witty as it is audacious, but for choice he uses always the simplest word. His style appears simple because it is polished with infinite care. Every excrescence, every redundancy, has been pruned away, until the result is a matchless and seemingly effortless perfection. It is a style which defies analysis as it defies imitation.

GOSPELS OF ANARCHY.*

With this invaluable and momentous work I have but a single fault to find, and for a weighty reason this stricture

* "Gospels of Anarchy, and other Contemporary Studies." By Vernon Lee. 10s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

shall stand first. A reprobate habit of forgetting what the new lights mean by the ugly words they coin and the familiar ones they borrow, does not wholly explain the difficulty I have sometimes found in grasping the precise sense of a sentence, and still more its logical intention as a step in the argument. This fault—for obscurity is always a fault, or at least a mishap to be regretted when it obscures sense and not nonsense—may probably be referred to two causes. The author comes fresh—as we do not—from long and close study of a whole library of seers, cranks and eccentrics, and not only in summarising their arguments or quoting in *oratio obliqua* reproduces their strange terms of art and tortuous phrasing, but now and then adopts them unconsciously when quite unnecessary, naturally forgetting for the moment the reader's inexperience. Again, the obscure or awkward concatenation of sentences I know, alas! only too well the cause thereof. A limpid, lazy flow of sentences, suited to lazy readers, is so easy for the popular scribbler, whose single aim is to expand one page to ten. But if it is your fate, whenever you have settled that you have just enough matter to fill your prescribed page, to find always as you write imperative thoughts and suggestions crowding in on you tenfold, you cannot bear to reject them all; you scheme and contrive to include one or two, somehow, having first with much expenditure of time decided which to select. In this horrible struggle for compression, you grudge to waste a line on the scraps of smooth verbiage which cement sentences. For myself I doubt if I have ever written smoothly or even quite grammatically even in familiar letters, save when I have nothing particular to say, which is almost never, because then I am too lazy to write at all. But Vernon Lee not only has always too much to say, but all of it always worth saying. Each of these essays is the skeleton for a serious volume—and few readers are skilled literary anatomists.

Why this preface? Because, though difficulties occur here and there throughout the book, they struck me most, even on revision, in the two or three essays with which it happens to open. The first indeed disappointed, almost repelled—one expected so much from the author of "Euphorion." Now, to specialists these difficulties will seem less than nothing. Not so to general readers. And among them is a vast, an ever-growing multitude who, without special powers and training (as some at least will admit), are seeking from curiosity, or a nobler instinct, to get nearer to the light; and who have reached, and are resting in the wayside inns of the old formulas or the new 'isms. To such, each and all, I commend this book, confidently, earnestly, entreatingly; to them I would say—it is no masterpiece, literary or philosophical, no gospel, no revelation. But it is *just what you want*. And it is all you are likely to get for many a year to come. Vernon Lee is no prophet or divinity, founds no school, has neither



drawing by Auguste Leroux,
ed by E. Flouren.

Anatole France.

From "Vers les Temps Meilleurs."

disciples nor worshippers, runs no new religion, has no axes to grind—is just an inquirer like yourself. Very able, no doubt, highly trained, deeply read. So are some others you have read. Very fearless, very honest, unprejudiced, and un-self-deceiving, because perfectly disinterested. So I dare say, if we could only get at them, are a few more in this world, whom you have *not* read—because they have not written; and that probably because they had no axe to grind, no pet theory to push. Nor has Vernon Lee; yet has written. So should be read and trusted.

Therefore, this friendly advice. If at first the book seems difficult, read on—it soon gets clearer. If you do not grasp some points in the analysis of, say, Nietzsche or Tolstoi, skip them; between ourselves, there is more humbug in the prophets than Vernon Lee's tolerance admits. But mark carefully all the author's own judgments, especially the summaries and conclusions of each essay. They will not solve for you the insolvable problem. But

they will teach you *how* to inquire, *how* to disbelieve, and still more, *how* to believe. *What* does not matter so much as *how*, for you and me. And though the teaching will free you for ever from the thrall of Mothers Seigel, Blavatsky, Eddy, and the other frowsy sibyls and seers, it is not merely negative, nor at all pessimistic. The author holds many strong beliefs. Some you may reject. Some, and those the highest, those which go farthest to answer your farthest inquiry, I think you will adopt. If not, pale people, you may as well stick to your Pink Pills and Christian Science!

This volume of essays, or rather reviews, some at least already printed, has a perfect unity, and the title of the first paper, "Gospels of Anarchy," fits the whole. For all the seers and system-makers under review are intellectual Anarchists; not only the professed Anarchists, Stirner, Ibsen, Whitman, Brewster and Barrès, but the unconscious Anarchists, Ruskin, Emerson, Nietzsche, James, Tolstoi, and the rest.

"Indeed one might almost say that the disorder, the passionate unruliness, the blind following of individual impulse, the derision of what other men have thought, the setting at defiance of the modes according to which all mankind has learned to think, the intellectual anarchy in short, is greatest among the upholders of old religious dogmas or ethics, and the framers of carefully thought-out systems."

But the whole passage deserves study. Vernon Lee has taken some dozen latter-day gospels, dissected and exposed each—too leniently to my thinking; but that is not all. Here another thread of unity. With that rarest of tolerance, the magnanimous not the servile tolerance, the critic seeks and finds in each presumptuous false gospel some morsels of truth more or less novel, sane and permanent, to be put to its credit, and used in building for us a platform, a standpoint; narrow, alas! provisional and insecure, but

at any rate high enough to overlook all the 'isms—and perhaps as near to the sun as our atmosphere will allow man to climb.

Many years ago, when "Euphorion" appeared, I paid respectful tribute to the acute critical powers, the rich imagination, the original thought, versatile accomplishment, sound learning and sounder judgment of a new and unknown writer. To-day it would be an impertinence for me to repeat that admiration in the face of a reputation now so firmly established, if not in the view of the mob, in the opinion of critics far more competent than myself. Nor can I attempt a description of even one or two of the dozen essays, each an epitome of a large subject, much less argue out the many points where I am unable to agree with the author. I must say little, because the book has suggested to me, as it will to all readers, not a few pages, but a whole volume of commentary.

Here is but a specimen. In "The Economic Parasitism of Women" (it was written as preface to the translation of Mrs. Stetson's "Economics and Women"), Vernon Lee owns to having been converted to the Rights of Women by that book, which traces (correctly, so far as I can judge) the subjection of woman solely to the prolonged non self-supporting infancy of the primitive child. From the status of nurse she sank into that of domestic slave, supported permanently by her master. The whole paper is highly illuminating. Excellent is the exposure of the horrible conception of *la femme*, so ingrained in the Latin races

at once a charming toy and a corrupting, devouring demon. (But how many Teutonic poets, English or German, have escaped the contagion?) I agree cordially in the view that we suffer from the vast importance we, as compared to other animals, attach to sex, but would myself go much farther, or at least define more closely. For in forecasting the future I cannot here follow Vernon Lee very far. It seems to me that we ought to, and probably shall, determine very strictly the limits of sex-differentiation. On the one hand, the peculiar sphere of female ethics, rights and duties, will be narrowed, but within that sphere women will become more and more feminine (not less, as Vernon Lee seems to think), while men will become more manly in theirs. On the other hand, in the immense sphere of common interests, ethics, rights and obligations, the distinction of sex will be utterly ignored. But that will not come in our day. All this to introduce a little contribution of my own—is it original? I wonder. For in this very book I learn that one pet paradox I put forth many years ago was treated before or since by Herbert Spencer as a grave theory. Well, has anybody, has even Vernon Lee, ever examined the bearing on the sex problem of our deplorable want of an epicene pronoun of the third person singular? Though no votary of Volapuks and Esperantos, I regard all language as the most backward and infantile of human arts, and sigh with the old Abbé Dubos to exchange these national *petits* invented by illiterate savages, and then patched and tinkered by stupid schoolmasters through the ages, for a scientific, rational, universal system. Our three natural genders are no doubt a triumph of English common sense. But we need four genders, both singular and plural, for the third person. My point here, however, is that we have no honorific word to substitute for "he" or "she" when we do not know, or particularly wish to ignore the sex. Now is it not a nice question how far this deficiency is the result of the subjection of women, and how far and how long it will operate as a cause? Anyhow, in a mixed bar, bench, senate or boardroom, the forms "he" and "she" will become meaningless and offensive. A new epicene pronoun will have to be coined. Even nowadays this is no trifling matter. Here is an instance to hand. It is no secret, I believe, that the distinguished author, Vernon Lee, is a woman. Unlike those four other eminent women who headed the procession the other day, her sphere of distinction permits her the luxury of privacy. Until she chooses to disclose her identity and

name, they should be ignored. I heard the name long ago, but purposely forgot it, loathing such personal gossip. Hitherto, you will see, I have avoided as a matter of courtesy—referring to the author by any pronoun at all, masculine or feminine, but you cannot tell how much ingenuity and caution it needed. And this grammatical nuisance would become intolerable in Utopia.

One other point. When Vernon Lee, while dealing seriously and severely with Dr. Nordan's scientific theories, adds with contemptuous dismissal, "Who cares for his literary and artistic criticism?" I must protest that at least one undegenerate and unregenerate who was not charmed by the science, cared a great deal for them, thinking he saw under their obvious exaggerations and vagaries, wholesome and necessary truths, moral and æsthetic—home truths most incriminating and unanswerable, as seemed proved by the frenzied rage of certain giggling and sniggering critics. Nor, indeed, did he always recognise the hand of Vernon Lee in that essay.

Finally be it said, this brief review is no hysterical panegyric. The book has its errors and deficiencies. It is but an imperfect essay, a prelude, let us hope, to a more elaborate and orderly work in which this fearless pioneer and trusted guide will arrange and expand and fortify the truths to which she has climbed. I have called the book momentous, not from what the author says, so much as from how she says it. It marks a step in advance. You may object, she is only a woman! True, but how many men have yet surpassed her in boldness of inquiry, magisterial impartiality, and integrity of judgment? Only a sceptic! Yes, but with a concentrated, lively faith, compared to which that of the ecclesiastic, Christian or Pagan, seems to diffuse into indifference as it tries to embrace whole libraries of dogma. And this lively faith has bred a tone of thought religious, devout and pious, in the best senses of those words, a repose and collectedness (as Catholics call it), a serene and hopeful optimism, and above all, a benign and patient and sympathetic tolerance—graces, these, none too common in the chair and pulpit. Momentous, not so much intellectually as morally. For, orthodox or sceptics alike, many of us might have attained these graces had we, according to our various powers, sought truth with singleness of heart. For myself, the book has made me ashamed of my spiteful intolerance of human folly and wickedness. But I never shall, and never mean to amend my ways. It is too late. So I feel abashed and sore. And if any other reader feel the like compunction, I charge him to repent while yet there is time.

Y. Y.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.*

However much they may disagree upon political lines, both Imperialists and Little Englanders should at least find a common satisfaction in the amount of attention which is being devoted by modern writers to the affairs of the British Empire. So long as that Empire exists, it must be to the interest of all that our knowledge of it should be as comprehensive as possible. Empire, of course, is a

* "Outposts of Empire." By John Lang. 6s. net. (Jack.) "Australia." By W. H. Lang. 6s. net. (Jack.) "The First English Conquest of Canada." By Henry Kirke. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.) "The Early English Colonies." By the Rev. Sadler Phillips. 6s. net. (Elhot Stock.) "An Apostle of the North." By H. A. Gody. 7s. 6d. net. (Seeley.) "A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador." By Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.) "Icebound Heights of the Mustangh." By Dr. and Mrs. Workman. 21s. net. (Constable.) "The Real India." By J. D. Rees, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.) "The Indian Countryside." By P. C. Scott O'Connor. 6s. net. (Brown, Langham.) "Adventure in New Zealand." By E. J. Wakefield. 7s. 6d. net. (Whitcombe & Tombs.) "Maori Life in Aotearoa." By Johannes C. Andersen. 15s. net. (Whitcombe & Tombs.) "The Book of Ceylon." By Henry W. Cave. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

word which means widely different things to different people, and it is not without special interest that we examine a selection of the recent books describing several of these various aspects. Pure history, it must be acknowledged, does not appear to be attracting the best writers. Mr. John Lang's "Outposts of Empire," for example, is expressly described as not being a formal history, and the author has endeavoured to extract from the history of the different places mentioned "a portion of the Romance with which each is saturated." In this undertaking he has been thoroughly successful, and the same remark applies also to the companion volume on "Australia," by Mr. W. H. Lang, in the same series; but both books can only be regarded as stepping-stones to something more solid. More satisfying books come both from Mr. Henry Kirke and the Rev. Sadler Phillips. Mr. Kirke's "The First English Conquest of Canada" has now run into a second edition, and a re-examination of this book only strengthens our previous opinion that it conveys a quantity of scholarly information within a small space. Mr. Phillips's "The Early English Colonies," which contains a summary of a lecture delivered last year in America by the Bishop of London, is in a sense complementary to Mr. Kirke's work, as it deals with the colonies which afterwards revolted. Consecutiveness of narrative has evidently not been aimed at, but Mr. Phillips makes a number of most interesting quotations from the Fulham MSS. and other sources. If, however, history is weak, the books on exploration are exceptionally strong. "An Apostle of the North" gives us a most vivid account of the life of the late Bishop W. C. Bompas, and the author has been very fortunate in the number of interesting documents to which he has been able to obtain access. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, the result of whose expedition over this region is the only one recognised by the geographical authorities of Europe and America, describes in "A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador" the exploration of the Nascaup and George Rivers, and she renders valuable service by correcting various incorrect accounts of her late husband's expedition which have appeared elsewhere. In their "Icebound Heights of the Mustagh" Dr. and Mrs. Workman have again utilised their unrivalled experience as mountaineers to advantage. Certain portions of their volume will, no doubt, make their principal appeal to the expert climber, but this account of two seasons spent in the Baltistan Himalaya ought to be of general interest, and a special word of praise must be given to the illustrations, which are often of exceptional beauty and admirably reproduced. India, again, is unusually fortunate in being written of from the political standpoint by Mr. J. D. Rees, M.P. One is inclined, perhaps, to fight shy of volumes with similar titles, but in calling his book "The Real India," Mr. Rees has been guilty of no misnomer. At the present moment, when the condition of India is exciting exceptional interest, Mr. Rees's study is unusually timely, and he deserves our thanks for laying stress upon certain points which are apt to be overlooked. "It is necessary," he says, in an admirable chapter on Social Reform, "to realise what the domestic life of the Hindoos actually is, before considering what steps should be taken to reform it, though such hesitation would not be tolerated by ardent and professional reformers, who would first of all abolish, and then study, any customs which came within their restless and disturbing orbit." It is easier, as he remarks elsewhere, to give the causes of the unrest which unhappily prevails than to suggest remedies, but Mr. Rees shows that he can be a constructive

as well as a destructive critic. He suggests that the pension list is capable of reduction; that existing banking facilities should be increased, and that the Presidency banks should be allowed access to the London market. He strongly condemns as unjustifiable the undue interference of the British Resident in the internal affairs of the native states (the chapter upon which we should willingly have had written at greater length), and he deplores "the resulting loss of the precious individuality of ancient Hindoo states." Above all, he falls foul of our own system of education as being beyond all other causes "responsible for the evil results," and, in condemning the giving of purely secular instruction, declares that "it is evident that religious education should have been preserved until some ideal had been evolved to take its place—such as exists, for instance, in the Bushido of Japan." As a form of simple introduction to some of the problems discussed by Mr. Rees comes Mr. P. C. Scott O'Connor's "The Indian Countryside," with its artless, graphic descriptions of country life in India. Mr. E. J. Wakefield's "Adventure in New Zealand," to which Sir Robert Stout, as editor, contributes an excellent preface, is another account, though upon a much more ambitious scale, of personal experiences. The book was originally published in 1845 from the diary which Mr. Wakefield, son of the famous Gibbon Wakefield, kept for some years, and gives a good description of the early British colonisation of New Zealand. Not a few of Mr. Wakefield's references will probably be better understood by those who read also "Maori Life in Aotearoa," wherein Mr. Johannes C. Andersen



Mrs. Hubbard.

Frontispiece from "A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador."

gives a most fascinating description of the old Maori life. A special feature of Mr. Andersen's book is the manner in which he has endeavoured to convey through the lips of the traditional heroes and heroines of pre-pakeha days a conception of their material, moral, and religious environment. Mr. Henry W. Cave's "The Book of Ceylon" may perhaps not unfitly be mentioned last, because, as it is avowedly written to arouse in the general reader a desire to visit the island, it carries us back to that widespread desire to become more fully acquainted with the component parts of the Empire, of which all these volumes, in their various ways, are the visible illustration.

MAMMON AND HIS MESSAGE.*

To sit in a little green wood beneath the summer sky's familiar arch, paper on knee, pen between finger and thumb, and patiently, faithfully, and unflinchingly to describe, paint, "fix" a volcano not half a league distant in incessant and awful activity: such, very much, is the critic's task who essays to review one of Mr. Davidson's dramas. Smoke streams up, wagging a piratical flag against the sun; thunderous reverberations groan and roar; flame surges; hissing sparks rocket and shower. The quieter, the more homely and secluded the verdant oasis of your hope, belief, and experience, the wilder, fiercer, more pitiless is the devastating phenomenon. Mr. Davidson will smoke you out, if smoke can. He'll burn your precious wood about your ears; and whatever-Gods-there-be be thanked if the nearest refuge is within a rim, and your heart is sound enough to give scope to your legs. Meanwhile, such being the poor writer's precarious condition, let him dare lava and ashes and face the muse like a man.

This volume, then, is the second of Mr. Davidson's trilogy, "God and Mammon." It deals with the affairs of the kingdom of Thule at its capital of Christianstadt when King Mammon (after the very trying vicissitudes described in "The Triumph of Mammon") his exile, his crucifixion, his patricide and fratricide) has ascended the throne and sets forward on the conquest, among minor matters, of Christianity and the Universe. His heart's cry, his philosophy, his message, may be summed up in the one word—Matter. We gather from his unflinching rhetoric that this is *the* secret. Win back to, trust only in, stake man's all on matter, and every farth the world has ever dreamed of, evolved, or taken refuge in, is instantly damned and annihilated. Thus belied alone, this sudden illumination, this dexterous juggling of terms, will make super-men, demigods, masters of us all.

"Get Thee behind me, God!" shall be our cry,
From lower forms of life out of the ether,
By way of lightning and the nebula,
The king of all the beasts arrived at last.
There I begin again as if no time
Had ever been—no metaphysical
Consideration, myth or wonder-world
Installed in space by sorrow or ignorance;
No moral law insidiously wrought
To play the pandar to malignity;
No gyves of right and wrong to shackle power."

Sin is a morbid delusion; poverty, weakness are filthy and obscene; self-sacrifice is a silly blasphemy; the soul a fallacy, Heaven a mirage; the past a dull thought behind the digit of the present: we have been led astray, emasculated, eviscerated, betrayed.

"Hideous liar,
Abominably old and impotent!
You know there is no God, no soul at all,
But only matter, ether polarised,
Condensed and shown and felt and understood,
Beholding, feeling, thinking, comprehending
The subject-object of the Universe."

So unbridled and rebestialised, mocking every limitation, doubt and scruple, Self shall be our sole guide. We are such stuff as stars are made of. All each requires is merely a long, swift, and unrestricted orbit. Inadvertently our reviewer comes to a pause, to steal another glance at wild Pélée. Only, however, to be completely reassured. He has, if anything, been remiss, too modest, too gentle in his endeavour. This is only King Mammon's philosophy. His practice quite transcends it. For, in practice, he is an epitome of the worst six Cæsars—Suetonius condensed and distilled. Seduction is merely an interlude between pastimes of a deeper dye. He strangles the Papal Legate (the "hideous liar" of the passage quoted above); harangues, banishes, condemns at least half the population of Thule; burns down his capital's beautiful and long-historied abbey; and tortures to death ("to transcend himself") the ruinous old Abbot of Christianstadt; his only symptom of mortality being shared with Macbeth—an hallucination at heightened moments of the blood-beslobbered bodies of his victims. "The time occupied is about twelve hours." And this royal acme of Matter is just turned twenty-five. Around our bloated Gulliver revolves the Lilliput of Thule. And surely this ever-recurring petty court-life is tiresome and outdone. It recalls a hundred dramas, unnumbered romances. It is one of the many obvious weaknesses of the play that Mammon is a king. His power is not the outcome of his philosophy, but of his standing army (at £20 a head). In humbler ways of life one felony at a time is the general rule; and even that at considerable intervals. King Mammon cordially invites his fellows to follow him, to found a Universe each on his own personality—matter supreme become exquisitely conscious. So might Helio-gabalus or Caligula, before administering the final narcotic. But after all, this is a tale told long ago. And matter or spirit, lay reader or bookmaker's clerk, one's microcosm always was one's all.

Such then being imperfectly Mr. Davidson's idea, what of his play?

It is not much else than a lyrical monologue. It has dramatic moments; but its wild and distorted action seems action in a vacuum. Not one of the characters lives in the heart or in one's humour. Not one stands out human, lovable, realised, unique. Oswald, Mammon's Horatio, has his moments. Signy Snowbird suggests a memory, and Inga Volsung stands somewhere cut in stone. But rhetoric, violence, a kind of metallic hardness, a galvanised activity make masks of them all. They are unconvincing, puppetry, all at the poet's beck and call.

And as if to ensure its effect of unreality, to sterilise its imaginative atmosphere, Mr. Davidson launches out into another epilogue that might just as well have been embodied in one of Mammon's windy tirades.

In sober earnest, who can but keenly regret that Mr. Davidson should be wasting his rare gifts on work like this? He has written vivid and brilliant poetry. There are passages in this play of quiet beauty and, here and there, of simplicity and wisdom. But else it is one long orgy of sound and fury. Nothing is needed to-day so much as sanity, lucidity, restraint. The trick of cleverness, the painful trick of egotism, the effort to be shocking and dazzling and egotistic—they are all grown stale as the aesthetes are, perhaps, even of less real stuff and value to the world. Truth surely never went at ease in such trappings.

There must come in every great drama peace at last, even if it be only the peace of completion, the sense of storm at an end; Mr. Davidson's drama leaves only confusion and clatter in the mind. His characters rant and gesticulate and the wires jerk them from our eyes. Wit, extraordinary fancy, much reading and reverie—what a waste is here! It only adds for a while to the unquietness and vexation of life to have read his book. Even parody does no worse.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

* "Mammon and his Message." By John Davidson. 5s. (E. Grant Richards.)

THE RUSSIAN COURT.*

The industry of Mr. Brayley Hodgetts is to be commended. It is easy to picture him spending long months in the reading room of the British Museum patiently plodding through stacks of books, seeking information about the lives of the Russian emperors during the last hundred years, and gradually raising at his elbow another stack of written extracts. These he has woven together and given us in two volumes under the title "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century." It is an interesting book. It would have been more interesting, however, if Mr. Brayley Hodgetts, after exhaustive study of a particular reign, had furnished us with a picture of the emperor and the court life from the crucible of his own brain. Of course a reader likes to know a writer's authority for particular statements; but I confess that whilst I was reading these two volumes I got rather tired of the slabs of quotations from other writers—and even from a former book by Mr. Brayley Hodgetts—which dance in procession through some six hundred pages. And yet one recognised the frankness and honesty of the writer in letting us know where he garnered his material.

When Mr. Brayley Hodgetts set himself down to compile this work, he had a laudable intention. It was to give an accurate picture of court life in Russia and to rigorously avoid scandal-mongering. Accordingly in his earlier chapters he dismisses as apocryphal most of the stories to be read in vindictive memoirs concerning the life of Catherine II. His desire is that no piquant tale shall be told unless it can be proved. But his excellent intention weakens as he gets toward the end of the second volume and down toward our own times. He tells a number of scandalous stories about the Grand Dukes, which may or may not be true, but which he has no further authority for repeating than gossip.

I doubt if Mr. Brayley Hodgetts had any particular object in view when he began to write "The Court Life of Russia in the Nineteenth Century," except to give the English reader an historical account of a period, a country, and a court about which most Englishmen are either entirely ignorant or grossly misinformed. He has done that fully and well. But his book has another value besides being a historical resumé of the lives, characteristics, and doings of members of the Russian royal house. To the student of Russian affairs it will prove of service by correcting the twisted perspective which we are all inclined to have when we view the present situation from a British standpoint without understanding the background of Russian history.

The author does justice to the Russian emperors of the last century in showing that in the main they were actuated by the ambition to do the right thing by the country they ruled. The fact, however, which stands out is that the Russian Court is alien, German indeed, and not Muscovite and oriental, as it is generally regarded in popular imagination. But the Russians themselves are oriental, easy going and fatalistic, and their nature rebels against the bureaucratic dragooning system of government, imported from Germany, to which they have been subjected. Their emperors have more German blood in them than Muscovite. The title Tsar is only a corruption of the German kaiser. The chiefs of the administration have usually been Baltic province or German-speaking Russians. The traits of the emperors have been German. But when the people felt they had a truly Russian emperor the popular animus against the ruler almost disappeared. The late emperor, Alexander III., was a case in point. He was a big, strong, sluggish man, careless about decorum, fond of Russian pleasures, but frugal. Says Mr. Brayley Hodgetts:

"Alexander III. was not above the comprehension of his lowest subjects. He was a simple, plain, honest man with no

nonsense about him. . . . He did not care for the arts, or for literature, or for abstract philosophical or even political ideas; all these things were nonsense and they were things the Russian peasant did not bother about either. . . . He had no elegant manners or elegant tastes; there was nothing foreign, nothing exquisite or dandified about him. His tall powerful frame and fabulous strength inspired respect. With his hard, honest, greyish-blue eyes, his full beard and his hair, which, before he grew bald, he brushed straight back over his head without a parting, he had the appearance of a typical Russian legendary hero."

He was loved by his subjects because he rebelled against German influence. One of the first things he did on reaching the throne was to reform the military uniforms on national lines. The costume of the Russian peasant, his fur cap, his top boots, his short caftan, were assimilated to the requirements of the army.

Now it is the custom of the revolutionaries to represent the present emperor as a kind of bloodthirsty weakling; and that is the belief of many English people.

Mr. Brayley Hodgetts has therefore done service in giving an accurate picture of Nicholas II., a very human man, not strong in character, naturally influenced by those about him, but liberal-minded and zealous for the peace and prosperity of his country. And the author does no more than right in dwelling upon the ideal home life led by Nicholas II. and his empress.

Despite the fact that Mr. Brayley Hodgetts lends himself to a little scandal-mongering, these two volumes are to be commended for their fairness and impartiality. He wisely points out that the history of Russia in the nineteenth century is nothing more or less than the history of the slow and gradual revolt of the Russian people against the alien court. But a perusal of these interesting pages will convince the impartial observer that so far from being monsters in human form, the emperors of Russia will bear favourable comparison with the rulers of any other nation.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

LOVE AND POLITICS.*

There is always, of course, the soul of goodness in things evil. The climbing is hard and wearying, but aspiration dies when the summit is reached; literature is the richer by many books about Utopia, but they were all written by men who have lived elsewhere, for visions of the ideal country can only come to us in a country that is not ideal. Whatever is greatest in art and literature has, one way or another, had its roots in this world's imperfections, and if ever the day dawns when all our wrongs are righted, and the reign of universal brotherhood begins, we shall no longer be able to learn in suffering what we teach in song and story, and it seems likely that our souls will grow fat and comfortable, having nothing higher to toil and fight and agonise after, and being so grossly happy and contented we shall sleep and have no dreams.

Certainly, it is out of this world's imperfections that Mr. Winston Churchill (to avoid every risk of confusion, perhaps one should call him the American Mr. Winston Churchill) has fashioned his new novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career," and to say that in point of construction, in its realistic picturing of life, its profound knowledge of humanity, the simplicity and subtle art of its style, this is, at least, as fine a piece of work as "Coniston," is to place it at once amongst the few new novels that really matter.

In a sense, "Mr. Crewe's Career" is a sequel to "Coniston." You learn from a casual reference that Jethro Bass, that quaint, attractive, unscrupulous ruler of men who dominates the earlier story, is dead, and you are introduced to a new set of people, most of whom had never met him, but you are shown here how the corrupt and

* "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century." By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. 2 vols., 24s. net. (Methuen.)

* "Mr. Crewe's Career." By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

pestilent system by which Jethro rose to greatness a generation or so ago is continued into twentieth-century politics, and developed and made more effective. The man who has most nearly adopted Jethro's methods, Job Braden, is a lesser personality than Jethro and works more in the background, but he owns property, has lent money to the farmers, holds mortgages on their farms, and in divers ways has the voting strength of the district in the hollow of his hand, and must be taken into account by any legislative candidate who hopes to get elected. More powerful still, because its wider reach enables it to control the destinies, not merely of a single township, but of the whole State, is the United North-eastern Railroads Corporation, with the astute, Napoleonic Mr. Flint for its President. By wholesale bribery and corruption he has brought practically the whole of the State Legislative Assembly to heel, the Speaker and most of the members travel everywhere with free passes, they owe their nomination and election to the influence of the Railroad's political organisation, and vote blindly as it instructs them to.

There are honest old country farmers, men of the staunch, straight, Puritan stock, who sit in the back seats of the House and see the agents and toadies and hangers-on of the great Corporation doing their jobbery and trickery and dirty work under their very noses, but are helpless, alike in their minority and in their ignorance of parliamentary procedure, and their feeling against it all is



Mr. Winston Churchill.

Author of "Mr. Crewe's Career."

expressed by Mr. Redbrook when he says to Austen Vane:

"It just makes me tremble as an American citizen. The Railroad sends them slick cusses down here that sit in the front seats who know all this here parliamentary law and the tricks of the trade, and every time any of us gets up to speak our honest minds, they have us ruled out of order or get the thing laid on the table until some Friday morning when there ain't nobody here, and send it along up to the Senate. They made that fat feller, Doby, Speaker, and he's stuffed all the important committees so that you can't get an honest measure considered. You can talk to the committees all you've a mind to, and they'll just listen and never do anything. There's five hundred in the House, and it ain't any more of a Legislature than a camp-meetin' is."

He is going on to add that you can't get any Bill through unless you go and obtain permission of the Honourable Hilary Vane, chief counsel in the State for the Railroad, when he checks himself, remembering that Austen is Hilary's son.

But Austen by no means resents hearing what he has said himself, and knows to be true; he has set himself to clean out this Augean stable of American politics, and to put an end to the iron and iniquitous rule that his father has done much to create, and as much as any man to maintain.

At the outset, Austen is a good deal of a waster and a prodigal. At school and at college he was wild and un-

governable, yet a popular favourite, and his much-worried head-master said of him, "He has a really remarkable mind, when he chooses to use it. Every once in a while he takes your breath away—but he has to become interested." Arrived at manhood, he cannot bring himself to settle to following in his father's footsteps, but goes away ranching, and only returns when he is in his thirties and has got into trouble for shooting and almost killing a man for good enough reasons. He returns resolved to study for the law as his father wishes, but he will not study in his father's office, nor with any view to succeeding to his place and dignity, for if he has inherited a restless, gypsy strain from his dead mother, he has inherited from her also a scorn of meanness and dishonour, a passionate love of what is right and just. He has no sooner become a lawyer, than he refuses the free pass and the appointment as one of its junior barristers that the Railroad offers him, and takes up, and successfully prosecutes against it, a poor farmer's claim for damages. From that hour onwards he is looked upon as the champion of those who have suffered and are suffering under the tyranny of that gigantic and theretofore all powerful corporation. The son is as obstinate as the father, and the interest of the whole story deepens as the clash and conflict of their opposing wills sharpens and intensifies. The understanding and the natural, unshakable love that subsist between them through it all is very beautifully suggested. They fight fiercely in opposite camps, but are not at enmity; the son can admire his father's loyalty to his clients, consents to go on living under his roof, and goes frankly and tells him beforehand of each new move he is about to take against him, and the old man, secretly proud of his son's ability and integrity, pays him the unconscious tribute of admiring the indifference with which he can fling his chances of material prosperity aside in his search after ideals, and so it comes imperceptibly that the "persistently strong influence of the son's character" brings about a change in the father.

The main interest of the story gathers around Austen. Mr. Crewe and his career are only of importance because of their connection with him. Crewe is a young millionaire, snobbish, egotistical, commonplace; he takes up Austen's ideals, and with the best of intentions devotes himself to politics. He is determined to fight the Railroad and to legislate for the benefit of the electors, but is ready to employ as his chief lieutenant a clever rascal who has deserted from the enemy, and is led into adopting the shady methods of the other side, is duped, fooled, and, in due season, involved in inevitable disaster. Victoria Flint likes him "in spite of his career," and had said shrewdly, soon after it commenced, "Humphrey's career has all the fascination of a runaway locomotive. One watches it transfixed, awaiting the inevitable crash." *

Perhaps you do not altogether take to Victoria on her first appearance in Mr. Churchill's pages, but she grows upon you until you fully realise the charm of her elusive tenderness and unaffected candour, and see, with Austen, that she is one of those "to whom sorrow might bring sadness, and knowledge mourning, and yet could rob them of no jot of sweetness." She is the only daughter of Railroad President Flint, and feels very much towards her own father as Austen feels towards his; she moves through this sordid realm of chicanery and intrigue and political corruption a pure and fascinating figure of romance, and the love that she awakens in more than one heart and the love that one man wins from her heighten the interest of the story and lighten its black and white realism with qualities that are not less real because they are touched with more of light and colour.

"Mr. Crewe's Career" is a scathing and earnest indictment of modern American politics, and, what is maybe more to the purpose, it is also a poignant and finely artistic piece of fiction—one of the biggest and most absorbingly interesting novels that recent years have given to us.

GOETHE ONCE MORE.*

As I turn over the pages of these two volumes, my memory travels back some forty years, to pleasant fruitful readings in Goethe, when I was a student in Rome or wandering about the glades of the Alban Hills. And I feel profoundly the truth of a saying uttered by that keen critic, the late Professor Seeley: "We need from time to time a fresh view of this greatest among Germans, nor can we be quite sure of him, as we are of Homer, Shakespeare, and other classics." I am not quoting Seeley's exact words; their sense, however, was this, and they strike a warning note. We have all learned something from the author of "Faust," of "Wilhelm Meister," of the lyrical "Poems," if not in the original yet through his translators, beginning with Scott and Carlyle. Still he stands aloft, the embodiment of modern culture or "Bildung"—a name invented by him to express the training which a man should aim at in order to be himself. This personal and sovereign idea gives us the whole of Goethe. But he, as an unwearied spirit, laboured until four-score years and upwards to realise all that was in him with a persistence, a liveliness, a frequent grace and continual melody, in prose, verse, and action, so comprehensively that he has left us a world on which his image is stamped. The sun called Goethe remains a star of the first magnitude in our literary heaven. Liable indeed to eclipses, and not free from sun-spots! Therein lies the need of ever fresh observations. What is Goethe to us, one hundred and sixty years after his birth? To the biographers whom I am reviewing he is a god, no less. Herr Düntzer, having gathered from innumerable sources every scrap of knowledge now attainable, offers at the Weimar shrine his sacrifice of praise. With a German's delightful naïveté he admires the great and the little in his hero, and honest in giving all particulars, falls into a sentimental ecstasy whenever the "splendid youth" takes on with a new love or is off with an old one. Goethe should have written, not the "Achilleis," which he attempted and then gave up, but an "Ariadne in Naxos." How often did he sail away from the lady of his heart? Among men of letters he seems the authentic Don Juan. This pattern life moves by stages from Kätchen to Frederike, from Frederike to Lotte, from Lotte to Lili, from Lili to Frau von Stein and Corona Schröter—then by many episodes to "Suleika" and Ulrike von Levezow, who died in 1809. I omit the other known names, except Christiane Vulpius, whom the poet wedded after they had been together eighteen years. "All that was wanting," says the incomparable Düntzer—during those years—"was the ecclesiastical ceremony." And the ceremony did not stand in Goethe's way, either before or after. His philanderings with married women make up no small part of a long life. They continued to the last. "Suleika," who inspired the "West-Oestliche Divan," would almost appear to have accepted her husband on the condition that her aged admirer should be the *tertius gaudens*, as in a French comedy. For, as Herr Düntzer tells us, it was "a characteristic of Goethe that he always needed a number of feminine hearts, of more or less personal interest to him, in which to mirror himself." No doubt; and in this he was not singular. But he thought his existence had been ethically perfect: sometimes even (*vide* the "Conversations" recorded by Eckermann) that he was the only true Christian alive. Perhaps he was the only one of his kind.

Great men have their weaknesses, and in such moods or moments they cease to be great. I would correct Herr Düntzer's idolatry by letting another historian speak, and one remarkably well qualified—I mean Father Baum-

garten, who though a Jesuit (*horresco referens*), has written a "Life of Goethe" founded on the documents, accurate in detail and severely just. Let us not debase the moral currency, whatever we may owe to genius. There is a strong temptation, fostered by our schools and magazines, to allow the infallibility of literature while questioning the inspiration of the Bible. Herr Düntzer looks up to Goethe's hundred volumes as the latest word revealed; and his life is—I had almost said—the divine commentary upon it. Sensible readers will discount this fervour with a smile. But readers who are not entirely sensible, when they have bought Mr. Unwin's astonishingly cheap translation for half a crown, will imagine that the poet's example was for their learning as much as his grave or seductive rhymes and stories. They had better, I think, follow the old-time Christian, leaving the "new Pagan" to answer for himself.

That Düntzer's "Life" is complete and everywhere interesting one cannot but recognise. The account of Goethe's youth, which fills nearly two hundred and fifty pages, is a most valuable contribution to German domestic history between 1740 and 1776. Of the translation I will only remark that it would bear improvement. Why so competent a scholar, well acquainted with his subject, should have reproduced the German order of words throughout, I am unable to conjecture. The effect is always odd, often ludicrous, and in many places grotesque. Illustration might be salutary to us all, but not pleasant; yet I do wish that we could imitate the French in this particular, whose translations are generally as idiomatic as they are faithful.

Of my other volume I do not propose to say much. It is the conclusion to a vast undertaking in criticism as well as biography, and should be judged in the whole to which it forms a coping-stone. Its author, a Slav by name and temperament, worships Goethe, shares to the full in his Pantheism, Monism, or whatever the vague anti-Christian "Welt-anschauung" is to be called, but knows when the master slips into contradictions, and is not afraid to set them down. He writes excellently; the translation, due to a Professor at the Leland Stanford University in California, is greatly superior to that of Herr Düntzer's pages. In the little picturesque (or even gossiping) touches that we like when reading any human creature's life, Düntzer is to be preferred. No one will expect me to launch out in these columns on Goethe's merits as a lyric singer, a man of science, a dramatist, or to improvise one more critique of the First and Second Parts of "Faust." I call attention to a much-wanted catalogue here supplied of the chief composers who have set Goethe's verses to music. But may I, before laying down my pen, observe that the future will surely more and more compel thoughtful students of the literature and philosophy associated with Kant, Goethe, Hegel, and their disciples to choose whether they will judge these phenomena by Christian principles or frankly acknowledge, in the blunt language of Strauss, that they are Christians no longer? At present, if a man declines to take Goethe's sentimental journey through life as justified in itself, or to glorify his Monism and Ego-worship, that unlucky person, though equal in point of information to any other, is branded as a Philistine and thrust out of court. Then the Monist announces that he is himself cultivated, of course, and impartial. I grant his culture; but I see sectarian principles in the very water-mark of the paper on which he is writing.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S SHORT STORIES.

Mr. Galsworthy's new book consists of nineteen short sketches of men and women. Half of the persons interro-

* "A Commentary." By John Galsworthy. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

* "Life of Goethe." By Heinrich Düntzer. Translated by Thomas W. Lyster. 2s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—"Life of Goethe." By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Translated by Professor W. A. Cooper, Stanford University. Vol. III. (1815-32.) 15s. (New York: Putnam.)

gated or described belong to the rich and leisured classes, and their callousness, or indifference, or ignorance, is brought out by a restrained emphasis that seems to be the expression of a most passionate disgust; the other half, in contrast, are the very poor, and their brutality or despair, or helplessness, or (in one case) their pitiful hope, is drawn with the same quiet intensity. Their titles, "The Lost Dog," "Old Age," "The Careful Man," "The Mother," "A Child," etc., may remind us of the "Miscroscopographie." Nothing more different in treatment could be imagined. Earle is all wit and abstraction. Mr. Galsworthy appears to draw an individual, giving the most intimate individual touches in description and conversation. The difference in method is the difference between two ages. The results are not so far apart, for except in one or two cases Mr. Galsworthy succeeds in generalising his characters, so as to make them types and even personifications. For example, the rich decent old man so anxious to provide for his grandchildren sees at night his doubts and fears squatting on the footrail of his bed:

"They took, fantastically, the shape of owls, clinging in a line and swaying, while from their wide black gaps of mouth would come the silent chorons: 'Money, money, you'll lose all your money!' . . . Then, beside his head, half-hidden in the pillow, there would come and perch the spectral bird of some unlikely liability, such as a lawsuit that might drive him into bankruptcy; while, on the other side, would squat the yellow fowl of Socialism. Between these two he would lie unmoving, save for the hammering of his heart, but at last would come a drowsiness, and he would fall asleep."

By the end of the sketch the character has changed into a personification of thinking about cash. Fear, again, is personified; he is a little, chestless, out-of-work baker, the type of "thousands of other working creatures who were dying because fear had made them work too long." On the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy more than once strains for this effect and has such sentences as "suddenly in threes and fours he scurries home." But to create a personification, or an "emblem," is the highest achievement of this method, and it succeeds admirably in "Fear," "Money," "Order," and "Hope." They become a sort of exquisite tract. The weakness of the method is that its social purpose is obvious. The *parti pris* lessens the vitality of the book. We sometimes feel that the writer could have been more truthful and perhaps more effective had he troubled less about the neatness and consistency of his tract. We see him and his intentions more clearly than his characters; and when he deals with the poor this is a grave weakness, because he has, as it were, clothed himself in their garments to speak, instead of letting them speak in their own way. Thus, as well as being personifications, there are lay figures that speak with the voice of Mr. Galsworthy, though they are labelled differently.

Novel Notes.

THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE. By Andrew Loring. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

To some extent this is a sort of modernised version of the story of David and Bathsheba. Adrian Denison, a brilliant political leader, talking to some friends of his ideal woman, says: "I admit it—when I come face to face with this woman, whom I can love as I have pictured love, it will change all life for me. Ambition—yes, that is the star on which my eyes have been fixed. I have only been waiting, been filling up the hours, the days, the years, until that other and that brighter star shall shine into my life." His friends are sceptical, but when

he meets with Evelyn Meredith he proves that he was passionately in earnest. He rises rapidly in fame and fortune, becomes Prime Minister of England, and thrusts aside all thought of honour, and stoops to an act of shame in his determination to remove from his path the man who stands between him and the woman he loves. He gains his end, and for a while is happy; then come disaster, discovery, danger of exposure, a magnanimous forgiveness, and at last, when all seems to be coming right again, he finds he has lost the love of the woman for whom he had sinned and dared, and his ambition falls dead, and he voluntarily turns his back on his greatest victory. It is a poignant and very ably written romance, and the inevitable tragedy of it is developed with a sure and keen dramatic instinct.

THE SHAME OF MOTLEY. By Rafael Sabatini. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The hero of this exciting Italian romance has to buy his life from a tyrant at the cost of wearing the fool's garb of motley. This unheroic plight causes him not only shame, but danger. However, as an envoy from Cardinal Borgia, he manages, after much fighting and intrigue, to win the affections of a fair aristocrat, and the shame is stripped from him. The period of the story involves the usual shedding of blood and wild work, out of which the hero and the heroine emerge only at the last page. But there is one shocking scene which outrages the reader's feelings. The brutal governor of Cesena catches up a page who has tripped on the floor and flings him straight into the blazing fire upon the hearth, pinning down the poor lad's body with a pike to ensure his destruction. This frenzied act takes place before the eyes of the lad's father. Realism is well enough, but a sickening incident of this kind, we submit, is a breach of artistic reticence. The author otherwise has written a story of exceptional heat and vigour, which commands the reader's interest to the very end. The adventures are thrilling enough for even the most jaded palate, and the shameful position of the hero is redeemed by the bravery and chivalry which this involuntary fool displays. Fortune's blows do not tame his spirit. Luckily, he gets his reward. And so does the chief villain of the tale.

R. J.'S MOTHER, AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE. By Margaret Deland. 6s. (Harpers.)

The six short stories which make up the present volume have evidently been reprinted from the better-class American magazines. They are, indeed, very typical of the American short story—carefully written, even delicate, pathetic, and occasionally almost tragic. But never quite. The nearest approach to tragedy is to be found in "A Black Drop," the tale of an American young man who loves a white girl with a drop of black blood in her veins. The story works up; hints about the clash of race instincts give the reader a sense of doom; he expects something; and then the whole affair simply fizzles out. Anti-climax in real life is always tragic or humorous. This is neither. The men in these stories seem to marry because they want some one to take care of, the women because they want some one to manage. They are people floating on a swirl of currents, or lying in backwaters, rather than swimmers striking out for themselves. Is it so in America? One closes the book with a sense of disappointment, owning, however, at the same time, that it has been very pleasant reading.

THE PRODIGAL CITY. By Tristram Coutts. 6s. (Greening.)

The author of "The Pottle Papers" has turned to more serious themes and written a clever, thoroughly up-to-date novel of municipal politics. In the beginning, his hero,

Rupert Ethering, is in the eyes of the world "simply a lawyer's clerk out of employment, who had rushed to London only a fortnight ago in something like desperation," but in reality he is an earnest politician, a passionate reformer who believes in building up public happiness "by means of legislative enactments"—in a word, he is "an idealist in difficulties." He is of the Hamlet breed, given to brooding when he should be doing, and it is a woman who spurs his ambition, saying:

"I'll be your resolution. I have enough for two. Don't give way to philosophy. It's a diet of bread and onions in the midst of plenty. . . . I'll supply any quantity of enthusiasm."

He is an eloquent speaker, and wholly sincere; but he falls into the hands of unscrupulous financiers who apparently give him the means to speak and work honourably for the furtherance of his aims, whilst they are covertly using his power and achievements for their own rascally purposes. In the end you find Rupert happily married, but not to the girl he looked like marrying when he was at the height of his glory; you find him disillusioned, sadly experienced, something of a cynic, starting life afresh with new and soberer ideals and a new goal in prospect. It is a very readable romance and an able exposure of the municipal jobberies and corruption, tales and rumours of which have of late been darkening the newspapers.

THE HONOUR OF "X." By Graham Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It illustrates curiously the present-day research for novelty of plot that here in one book should be found material for two such widely different types of fiction as the sensational tale of international intrigue and a rustic Welsh idyll, and, in Miss Graham Hope's hands, the combination and the contrast are by no means unpleasing. The honour of "X" is the honour of one Prince Rurikoff, an accomplished Russian spy, who belongs to the nihilist Inner Circle. Travelling in Wales as Basil Gregory, an artist, he makes the acquaintance of the doctor, whose daughter possesses a wonderful untaught voice. The

complications which ensue hinge mainly on the Inner Circle's denial of marriage to its members under pain of death. Prince Rurikoff, a pleasant character though a spy upon spies, is rather subtly drawn, as indeed are all the other pleasant characters in the book. The Welsh scenes are so simple and restrained that one is sorry to pass on to London and foreign affairs. "The Honour of 'X,'" though it deals with sensational matters, is one of those quiet unpretentious novels that make good reading, and the glimpses it gives of Russian turmoil are singularly level-headed.

A MAN OF GENIUS. By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

Memory, though an unconscious, is by no means a bad critic of fiction; and the glowing press notices of Miss Willcocks's "Wingless Victory," appended to the present volume, have set us trying to recollect what we can of the earlier work. It seems to have consisted of two parts, the connection between which is not now very plain. The first part of the story, if we recollect aright, was pitched in that wild north-west corner of Devon the bleak luxuriance of which has so permeated all Miss Willcocks's writing. The second part of the story took place in Brixham (was it Brixham?), and had a good deal to do with water-pipes. It seems, indeed, to have been rather overshadowed by water-pipes. We do not recollect much of the heroine; nor much of the hero, unless he was the rather ineffective doctor who made the fuss about the said water-pipes. But we do remember with admiration a strong primitive woman who fought and worked savagely to bring up "fitty" her illegitimate child. In short, the atmosphere of the "Wingless Victory" must have made a strong impression on us, but hardly so the details. Miss Willcocks advances. Many, if not most, of the characters in "A Man of Genius," though mainly ordinary men and women, are obviously of the sort that stick in the memory, and the scene is laid throughout among the same people and in the same part of North Devon. Hence this story's greater unity. Ambrose Velly, a young architect of genius, marries he has to marry—a girl who is an altogether charming example of a naïve country maiden. Then in his struggle with ideals and with the world, he craves for the sympathy of the other woman who loves him, Damaris Westaway, the cultured daughter of an old clergyman whose intellectual honesty drives him from the Church. "She will give you little children, but I will give you the great deeds she cannot," says Damaris, with the candour in which only a pure mind, facing things resolutely, can indulge. That, in brief, is the story: an old one, true of many men, but made fresh by Miss Willcocks's treatment and verve. The central figures are true as types and true as individuals. The etching of the subsidiary figures is even more admirable than the painting of the others. "A Man of Genius" is memorable in the literal as well as in the extended sense of the world.

THE PASSION OF PAUL MARILLIER. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Methuen.)

Sir David Blundell is approaching death. By more or less of a coincidence, his unacknowledged heir, son of his disgraced son, returns from the colonies. There are already at Blundell Court Sir David's grand-daughter and his factotum, Paul Marillier. The latter, of course, feels himself entitled to the grand-daughter and the estates. The grandson is a fine fellow; the secretary is a suave schemer; the grand-daughter is beautiful. It might almost be called the English *roman à trois*, so frequent is the situation in our fiction, so cleverly does it play on our ingrained love of big estates. At least one other novel published this season has contained a story precisely similar in its main lines. Miss Sergeant's is rather the more sentimental, if we remember the first rightly. She



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

Miss M. P. Willcocks.

Author of "A Man of Genius."

allows Paul an unhappy secret marriage and a much-cherished crippled son. What man will not willingly forgive, death makes him. And she sticks to her last. She does not interrupt her story with psychological discussion or fine writing. The plot is everything in this type of novel, and Miss Sergeant's is a quite admirably worked piece of machinery.

LADY ATHLYNE. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Bram Stoker seems to have quietened down amazingly since he wrote "Dracula." The plot of "Lady Athlyne," which is amusing, not to say farcical, rather than dramatic, he treats with great seriousness. Whilst Joy Ogilvie and her irascible duelling Kentucky father are crossing the Atlantic, the Irish stewardess declares that Joy is just the husband for her foster-son, the Earl of Athlyne. They forthwith dub Joy "Countess of Athlyne," and the nickname sticks; so much so that the Earl, under an alias, goes to seek the woman who is masquerading as his wife. Of course they meet, and of course and so on. All their misunderstandings and adventures, mainly due to the American colonel's irritability and his curious conception of honour, end in an inadvertent Scotch marriage. Though there is good material here for pure comedy, Mr. Stoker chooses to treat his theme with a punctiliousness the weight of which is scarcely relieved by such phrases as "the lightning that flashed" from the Earl's eyes. The dialogue, too, is sometimes stilted, and there is too much talk around and about the action. It is a pity that Mr. Stoker has so burdened his comic story and amusing characters with conventionally violent love-making, and with crumbs of lead from the problem-mongers' tables.

THE MAGIC OF MAY. By "Iota." 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The weakness of "The Magic of May" is that scarcely one of its characters is a normal human creature, and the three or four children who figure largely in its earlier pages are in their talk and actions morbidly unchildlike. The little Eleanor, who is to grow up into the heroine of the book, is grotesquely, objectionably, and almost impossibly precocious. Her shrewish mother marries a second husband, a snobbish clerk, much younger than herself, and the neglected Eleanor goes to stay with a great-uncle who is a parson; at the age of ten she builds an altar of a box and some flowers, makes a clay image of the Apostle Peter, and not only worships at it herself, but brings three village clodhoppers to join in her devotions. Round this altar the Psalmist David and certain of the disciples gather to converse with her, in her imaginings, and on one occasion you find her when she is alone there with her dog, Bran, thus unburdening herself:

"Look here, David," she said in her clear, impressive voice, "you'll understand if any one will, on account of writing psalms yourself go away, Bran! you're not in this. Please listen, David. This is just how it is. Are you attendin', dear David? It's only me, Eleanor 'tisn't Goliath. You can leave your slings and things at home, you know—bring just your harp. Well, David, my gran'uncle is in the awf'lest position. He had begun a book—not a usual book, but a Great Work. You were in it—in the nicest way."

and so forth. Happily Eleanor becomes more tolerable as she grows older; she is loved by two men, marries the one she loves least, and when she has almost wrecked her own life and her husband's, by a natural but wrongful suspicion of him, that for a time turns her brain, she wins through to something of health and contentment and goes with him to the unsuccessful lover to say, "We cannot get on any longer without you, Ronny. Will you come back into our lives?" It is good sentimental romance, and though the occasional humour of it is strained, it is all readable, and much of it is clever—clever enough to make one wish that "Iota" would weave us a story of real life, with real, natural human people living and moving through it.

The Bookman's Table.

FROM A HERTFORDSHIRE COTTAGE. By W. Beach Thomas. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

This book consists of nearly fifty short country essays, dealing with an unusually wide range of subjects, most of them from Hertfordshire and the Midlands, but some from Oxford. "Of many nature books of recent years," says Mr. Thomas, "the best and the most popular are essays in local history by fond and faithful natives"; and his book undoubtedly gives him a high place among such writers as Mr. Dewar, Mr. Patterson, and Miss Hayden. For he is a careful and original observer, who would be worth having for the sake of his eyes and ears alone; but he is also a great lover and a curious-minded man, with an undoubted turn for writing. "An Oxford Garden," for example, might at first sight seem to be a venturesome subject, but Mr. Thomas writes with so much knowledge and feeling that he makes an essay out of it not in any way unworthy of the other writers who have been before him. "Grass and greystone are of the heart of the Oxford garden," he says, and he finds them at their best at Wadham and New College. "I would not," he says, coming to these two, "weigh the beauty of two perfect things, but in Wadham the dark-green layers of shade of the cedar, and the grass flush with the wall, add an attribute that escapes even the barrier of limes in New College." We agree with him. Other chapters of more than common beauty, and of close observation as well, are those on "Cloud Birth" and "The Ways of Wasps." But then "New Mown Hay," "A Sunday in Harvest," "Weather," "The Meaning of Green," are also quite admirable. There are a hundred things to which we should like to draw attention, but we must restrict ourselves to one, and that is his praise of gorse, and particularly his recommendation that the "waste and hideous shale-beds" of the Black Country should be planted with gorse and broom and turned into a golden country, as parts of South Wales have been. "May it not yet be," he concludes, "that the Black Country shall bring botanists and poets to their knees?"

THE ANGEL AND THE AUTHOR—AND OTHERS. By Jerome K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

On the title-page of this pleasant volume, Mr. Jerome calls himself "Author of 'Paul Kelter,' 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,' 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' and others." But where is "Three Men in a Boat"? Why has that become a mere "other"? We beg Mr. Jerome not to be ashamed of that classic. We will admit that an insular country subject to fogs, and with a powerful middle class, requires grave statesmen; but we assert that it also requires funny men, and funny books. Now "Three Men in a Boat" was a funny book. It made us laugh. We loved Harris, and George, and we did not mind Montmorency. We were always a little distressed by the alleged pathos of certain pages, and we have been afflicted since by the many, many serious pages that the author has felt impelled to write in other books. Give it up, Mr. Jerome. We called "Three Men in a Boat" low, and vulgar, and suburban; we sneered because it savoured of Peckham, and urged you to write improving books—just as, when Sullivan died, we said severely that he had wasted his talent on trivial comic operas, when he might have produced serious masterpieces like "The Golden Legend" and "The Martyr of Antioch." Where are those masterpieces now? We are humbugs, Mr. Jerome. We liked your funny book and were ashamed to say so. We are pleased to announce that in the present volume, Mr. Jerome is quite frequently funny. The fun is a little chastened, and seriousness will keep breaking in; but the reader will often laugh, and bless

the book that pleasantly tickles him. Let us assure Mr. Jerome, in parting, that whatever he may say on his title-page, he is really the author of "Three Men in a Boat."

TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY. By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Long.)

The keynote of Mr. Bart Kennedy's philosophy is its genial, cynical, stark good sense. He has imagination, he has a feeling for the poetry that underlies everything, he has the true tramp's love of loafing and dreaming and frank dislike of work, but in his time he has carried a hod, he has worked with a pick, he has been at close grips with the hard and hungry facts of life, and has learned his lessons from them. He does not take himself, nor his art, nor his fellow artist, nor his fellow man too seriously. Follies that another would scorn and denounce self-righteously move him only to sympathetic, charitable laughter, for his is a kindly, practical spirit, and he knows enough of humanity not to expect too much of it. There are some shrewd little character sketches in "An Odd Gallery," and here and elsewhere, whether he writes "Concerning Work," on "The Coming of Romance," on "Courage," "The People who Govern," "Putting on Side," "The Folly of Thrift," "Concerning Art and Artists," or any other of his twenty-nine topics, he has always the large, urbane, generous outlook of the man who has gone below the surface and seen to the heart of things and found it "a merry and a comic world . . . a world where it doesn't do to get too much vexed." That staccato note, that trick of ejaculatory repetition which *Punch* has delighted to parody, is almost entirely absent from Mr. Kennedy's work in this latest of his books; his style has mellowed, there is more of the warmth and colour of humour in it, but its very ease and quietness make it more effective than ever; it has shed its eccentricities, without losing any of its strong individuality. A very stimulating, suggestive, and thoroughly enjoyable collection of essays on the everyday things that concern everybody.

OLD COTTAGES AND FARMHOUSES IN SURREY.

Photographed by W. Galsworthy Davie. With an Introduction and Sketches by W. Curtis Green, A.R.I.B.A. 21s. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

Surrey, which for many years has been one of the favourite playgrounds of the jaded Londoner, has ever seemed to be the most distinctly countryfied county near to the metropolis, and in the handsome yet practical volume before us we are impressed with the nobility of taste of Surrey's past builders, and with the need for respect and care in the men who would carry on a fine building tradition. As Mr. Curtis Green teaches in his introduction, to be merely imitative is not to be a good architect. The strength and merit of those past builders lay in their simple and honest following out of daily needs in the best manner with the best materials which the district yielded. Consequently they produced beautiful cottages and houses, free from vulgarity of style, and they did it unconsciously. We have plenty of scope in these days to meet the people's needs, but our tendency is too often to neglect those needs while we are meretriciously apeing patterns which are at times outgrown. In fact, we fail to see what made the beauty—the houses' absolute fitness for their inmates. In this most charming volume we have a hundred and twenty-eight examples of cottages and farmhouses, on collotype plates, from Mr. Davie's photographs, and it would be difficult to speak too enthusiastically of the effect as page after page is turned. The artist, the architect, the lover of the country, the lover of beauty will all find and feel the wonderful charm of Surrey in these admirable and satisfying illustrations of her old homes, while the introduction and numerous sketches by Mr. Curtis Green teach us, with right feeling and practical sense, the dignity of the builder's work. Mr. Batsford as a producer of beautiful books has again achieved a notable success.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

"Phrase-making is not thought-finding," said the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. To phrase finely one must first think truly—to write poetry one must first feel, and in fact love, poetry. Mr. Augustus Ralli's name is, we confess, new to us, but in *The Morning of Life* (5s.) his graceful melodious lines suggest the spontaneity and naturalness of bird song, and so they have the charm which is not always to be found in the work of the more ambitious bards who more strenuously beat their music out. That he strikes a new note in poetry we may not pretend. His verses run smoothly and correctly, and he is content to model himself upon somewhat conventional if classic lines. The result is a volume of poems which, if distinctly minor in key, has a sweet-brier sweetness and sincerity which will commend it to many readers.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

With the remembrance of Mr. Gurner Gillman's last novel in our mind, we took up *A Suburban Scandal* (6s.) with pleasant anticipation. The author's picture of suburban life is capital, and even when it strikes us as a trifle overdrawn, it is so amusing that we can forgive the exaggeration. The story is concerned with the dwellers in Lilliput Avenue, with the unorthodox sister of one British matron, and with an unconventional member of the aristocracy. It is in its way a simple tale of love and difficulties, but there is also an element of excitement in it, and a Gretna Green marriage at the end. Mr. Gillman is a careful writer as well as an entertaining story-teller.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

Edinburgh is one of those few cities whose lovers regard her as a personality, as a sentient being, and Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt, the compiler of *The Charm of Edinburgh* (2s. net, 3s. net), has evidently been impressed with, and consciously or unconsciously convinced of, this quick quality in her hills and houses, streets and closes, romances, history, and splendid beauty. This collection of passages in prose and poetry is full of varied interest and surprises which delight. It reveals the city on every side, and pictures the past both with large bold strokes and with delicate detail. We foresee that this volume will be in every tourist's possession to replace the guide-book when he gets home. Place and people, in grave days and gay, they are here.

MESSRS. WARREN & SON, WINCHESTER.

In *Old Times and Friends* (5s. net) the Rev. E. L. H. Tew gossips entertainingly of minor matters, and also gives us some valuable first-hand facts about greater events. His unpretending little volume has a charm which is often lacking in larger, more self-conscious, books, the charm which creeps into a diary or into a letter to a familiar friend. In it we seem to see the daily life of a parish priest, and the shape of his thoughts when ordinary days are passing. But in addition to this we get chronicles of curious facts and customs, we get clear pen portraits of men who should be better known, and personal opinions on events and matters which were of wide interest. Many an Oxford man will read with sympathy the chapter on Hertford College. And many a "general reader" will laugh well over some of the good anecdotes with which the pages are brightened.

MESSRS. W. HOLMES, LTD., ULVERSTON.

The man who writes of that which he knows thoroughly always does a genuine kindness to some one, and the man who writes the history of his own bit of country helps forward the historian of the world. Mr. A. P. Brydson has written an honest and interesting volume, *Some Records of Two Lakeland Townships* (5s. 6d.), and his care and genuine research win for him gratitude, praise, and respect. The "Townships" are Blawith and Nibthwaite, and original documents reveal the antiquity and the importance of the spots. From tales and details of their knights, monks, churches, houses, the author proceeds to scenes and scenery, and many a curious and amusing fact. For ourselves, the list of names on the register holds one of the strongest fascinations of the book, also the "accounts of the overseers," among which are charged: "To tooth-drawing—0., 0., 11. To schooling a poor child—0., 1., 0. An umbrella—0., 19., 0. Pursuing Sarah Birkett's granddaughter—0., 2., 0. John Hartley's blunders—0., 2., 0." Many illustrations embellish the book, but this one-line pen-portrait of John Hartley is as arresting to us as anything.

MESSRS. WHITCOMBE & TOMBS.

In the seven-and-twenty chapters in *Below and Above the Water-Line*, by "Seafarer" (2s. 6d.), we are told of the everyday life and the everyday work of the men on board a steamship. From fireman to chief engineer, from cook to shipowner, we learn a great deal more about them than the majority of us ever knew.

before, and the small, attractive volume, with its chatty style and "illustrated examples" of the men on board, will make most of us who read it think a great deal more of the men behind the machines than we ever did before we picked it up. Here we learn the worth of individual intelligence and sense of duty, and the hundred and one details which have to be attended to to make the steamship the easy, pleasant home she so generally is, for weeks or months at a time. "Seafarer" has done his fellow seafarers a good turn by his simple, clever little book.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP & SON.

As a souvenir of the Franco British Exhibition Messrs. Philip's **Picture Map of London** (1s. net) is one of the most useful and lastingly instructive that we have seen. It is well arranged, and covers the ground from the Tower of London to the White City, from Lord's Cricket Ground to the Oval. The buildings and parks and gardens are shown with their windows and their trees and waters; indeed, we can almost see the figure of Justice on the dome of the New Bailey. It is a wonderful bird's-eye view of the London of to-day, and this bird's eye penetrates even underground, for, for our help and guidance, the underground railways are shown, and all their stations are named. The tourist must not neglect this handy folded map.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MAY 10 TO JUNE 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BARTON, GEORGE AARON, Ph. D.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes. 8s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark)
- BROWNE, REV. ELMIFT M.A.—Some Moral Proofs of the Resurrection, and Other Sermons. 2s. 6d. net (A. Brown & Sons)
- DUFF, ARCHIBALD, M.A., D.D.—Hints on Old Testament Theology. 2s. 6d. net (A. & C. Black)
- "KISHI."—Creation's Dawn. 3s. 6d. net (John Long)
- NICOL, THOMAS, D.D.—The Four Gospels in the Earliest Church History (Blackwood)
- SULLIVAN, HENRY.—What is the Substance of Faith. A Reply to Sir Oliver Lodge. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall)

NEW EDITIONS.

- PARKER, REV. JOSEPH, D.D.—The Gospel of Jesus Christ. 1s. net (A. H. Stockwell)

FICTION.

- AINSWORTH, CYRUS.—The Disappearance of Nicholson. 1s. (John Ouseley)
- ANNESLEY, MAUDE.—The Door of Darkness. 6s. (John Lane)
- ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Orchard Close. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
- BARR, ROBERT.—Young Lord Stranleigh. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
- BAXTER, J. D.—The Meeting of the Ways. 6s. (Greening)
- BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Buried Alive. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- BRADDON, M. E.—During Her Majesty's Pleasure. 3s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett)
- BROWN, ALICE.—Rose MacLeod. 6s. (Constable)
- CHURCHILL, WINSTON.—Mr. Crewe's Career. Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan)
- CLEGG, THOMAS BAILEY.—The Bishop's Scapegoat. 6s. (John Lane)
- COKE, DESMOND.—The Pedestal. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- COUTTS, TRISTRAM.—The Prodigal City. 6s. (Greening)
- CRAWFURD, OSWALD.—The Mystery of Myrtle Cottage. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- CROSS, VICTORIA.—Five Nights. 6s. (John Long)
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- DAWE, CARLTON.—The Confessions of Cleodora. 6s. (John Long)
- DAWSON, FRANK.—A Scots Laddie. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
- DELAND, MARGARET, R. J.'s Mother, and Some Other People. Illustrated. 6s. (Harpers)
- DOYLE, J. D.—The Best of England's Blood. 3s. 6d. net (A. H. Stockwell)
- FUTRELLIE, JACQUES.—The Chase of the Golden Plate. Illustrated. 3s. net (Collier & Co.)
- GALSWORTHY, JOHN.—A Commentary. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
- GERARD, DOROTHEA.—Restitution. 6s. (John Long)
- GODFREY-FAUSSETT, MABEL.—The Dual Heritage. 6s. (L. Grant Richards)
- GOULD, NAT.—The Dapple Grey. 2s. (John Long)
- GRAVES, FREDERICK.—The Land of Dreams. 6s. (Sisley)
- HALIDOM, M. G.—Zoe's Revenge. 6s. (Greening)
- HAMILTON, COSMO.—Keepers of the House. 6s. (John Long)
- HARDING, ELLISON.—A Romance of the Future. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
- HEKKING, AVIS.—A King of Mars. 6s. (John Long)
- HOPE, GRAHAM.—The Honour of "X." 6s. (Smith, Elder)
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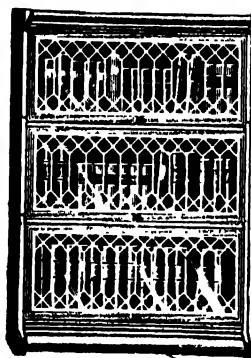
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- SCOTT, A. MacCALLUM.—Through Finland to St. Petersburg. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net (F. Grant Richards)
- SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON, F.—Michael Davitt: Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labour Leader. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin)
- SICHEL, EDITH.—The Later Years of Catherine de Medici. 15s. net (Constable)
- SICKERT, BERNHARD.—Whistler. 2s. net, 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
- STEUART, A. FRANCIS.—The Exiled Bourbons in Scotland. With Illustrations. 5s. net (Brown, Edinburgh)
- Tourist Guide to the Continent, The Great Eastern Railway Company's. Illustrations and Maps. 6d. (30, Fleet Street, E.C.)
- TREVES, SIR FREDERICK.—The Cradle of the Deep. Illustrated. 12s. net (Smith, Elder)
- WAKEFIELD, EDWARD JERNINGHAM—Adventure in New Zealand, 1830-44. Edited by Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net (Whitcombe & Tombs)
- WILLIAMS, CAPTAIN GODFREY TREVELYAN.—The Historical Records of the Eleventh Hussars, Prince Albert's Own. With Illustrations. 42s. net (Newnes)
- WOOD, SIR EVELYN, F.M., V.C.—The Revolt in Hindustan, 1857-9. With Illustrations. 6s. (Methuen)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Cook's Voyages, Captain. People's Library. 8d. net (Cassell)
- Franklin, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin. Introduction by B. W. Macdonald. Everyman's Library. 1s. net (Dent)
- Hutchinson, Memoirs of Colonel, Roundhead. By Lucy Hutchinson. Edited by Helen Kendrick Hayes. Sisley's Library of Memoirs. 1s. net (Sisley)
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Messrs. Macmillan are adding to their neat series of Pocket Classics "Rip Van Winkle," illustrated by George H. Boughton, A.R.A., who is also writing a preface for it; "The Alhambra," with an introduction by E. R. Pennell, and illustrations by Joseph Pennell; "Sheridan's Plays," with an introduction by Augustine Birrell, and illustrations by E. J. Sullivan; and "Gulliver's Travels," with an introduction by Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., and a hundred illustrations by C. E. Brock.

Mr. Murray is issuing "The Waters of Jordan," Mr. H. A. Vachell's new novel, in October. It is the story of a great regeneration; its scenes are laid in London and the New Forest.

Mr. Aylmer Maude is supplementing his short Life of Tolstoi with a full and intimate biography that Messrs. Constable will publish in September.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark have almost ready for publication the first volume of Mr. James Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." This

monumental work has been in preparation for some six years past, and it is hoped that the first of the ten volumes in which it is to be completed will be out before the Congress of Religions meets at Oxford in September.

"Racket and Rest," Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel, is a story of London life in the 'eighties. It will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

That distinguished Indian soldier, Major-General Sir Norman Stewart, Bart., C.B., has been writing his Autobiography, and the book is to be issued by Mr John Onseley.

Sir E. Ray Lankester is preparing a popular science volume. Its title, "Science from an Easy Chair," sufficiently indicates the writer's point of view. The book comprises a series of plain talks on subjects suggested by every-day topics. They are quite informal, and are cast in a popular form so that all technical difficulties are avoided. Naturally the range of subjects touched upon is extensive. The book will appeal to those who are not experts in science, and yet have a desire for trustworthy information and opinions on that vast variety of topics which constantly recur in general conversation.

A pathetic interest attaches to Messrs. Macmillan's forthcoming edition of Kipling's "Jungle Book." It will contain 16 illustrations in colour



Photo by Mora, Ltd., Brighton.

Mr. Thomas Cobb.

by the Brothers Maurice and Edward Detmold ; as most of us remember, the former of these clever young artists recently committed suicide.

For over twenty years Mr. Thomas Cobb has been writing novels, short stories, children's books, and he has published as many as forty volumes. Mr. Cobb says of himself very modestly "my stories, such as they are, no doubt derive from those of 'Gyp'—making the necessary changes"; but one cannot account for him so easily as all that, or we should be delighted to make a few more novelists like him from the same simple recipe. He has another novel, "Mrs. Whiston's House Party," at present appearing serially and due to arrive in covers next February ; and yet another, "A Giver in Secret," which is almost completed and will make a book after it has run as a serial. We have remarked from time to time upon the dramatic possibilities of more than one of Mr. Cobb's gay romances, and are not surprised to hear that he has at length been engaged in collaboration with Mr. E. Holman Clark in the dramatisation of "The Dissemblers," and proposes to follow it up by dramatising "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," which has been, so far, the most successful of all his books.

Mr. Edward Thomas has completed a Life of Richard Jefferies which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in October. No living writer is better equipped by study and temperament for the task. Mr. Thomas has carefully sifted all that has been written on Jefferies and has been fortunate enough to bring to light a good many new facts about his early days. The book is largely critical, and the illustrations will include many interesting photographs of Jefferies and his family.

Although Mrs. Ernest Leveson published her first novel, "The Twelfth Hour," only last year, she had been writing for some little time past and has contributed to various periodicals, including the *Saturday Review*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and for a long time was a regular contributor to *Punch*. Her first novel scored an instant and brilliant success ; her second, "Love's Shadow," bids fair to outrival it, and she is already busy on a third, about which I am not yet at liberty to make any disclosures.

"Love's Shadow" is one of those books which the jaded reviewer puts upon a special shelf. When, in desperation over the crowded state of the room which his friends call a library, he sends an assortment of publishers' presentation copies to the second-hand bookseller in the hope, usually vain, of obtaining the wherewithal to purchase some volumes that are worth while, that special shelf remains inviolate. "Love's Shadow" takes an honoured place among the books which are dog-eared for a second reading, a renewed enjoyment. It is not to be reviewed in the ordinary manner. There is little plot to discuss, no problems to solve. It is a book to talk of, to pass on to friends. It is a collection of episodes in the lives of rather common-

**Ada Leveson.**
(Mrs. Ernest Leveson).

place people, the men and women one meets every day, but the writing is remarkably sparkling and vivacious throughout, the observation almost cruel in its intense veracity, showing an amazing acquaintance and understanding of humanity. It is a very witty and at the same time a very wise book.

"Branded" is the title of a novel by Mr. Gerald Biss, which Messrs. Greening are issuing this month.

Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.S.L., F.R.H.S., the City Librarian of Nottingham, is engaged on a book of historical and antiquarian research that he is calling "Chapters of Nottinghamshire History." It will be a companion volume to his "Bypaths of Nottinghamshire History."

Mr. Morice Gerard has gone to the times of William III. for his historical romance, "Purple Love," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing shortly.

Nelson bids fair to outrival Napoleon as a hero of fiction. He is the central figure of a new novel by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, "The Gentleman," a sort of "epic of Imperialism," which Mr. Murray is publishing. The Gentleman is a dashing rebel Irishman who, at Napoleon's instigation, makes an attempt to kidnap Nelson a few weeks before the battle of Trafalgar.

We understand that Mr. Andrew Melrose is making new developments in his publishing business and taking Mr. Ronald Spicer into partnership. Mr. Spicer, who is at present with Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is the son of Mr. George Spicer, of Enfield, a member of the firm of James Spicer & Sons. No change is to be made in the name of the firm, but Mr. Melrose will publish from new premises in York Street, Covent Garden, after September 1.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing in the autumn a dainty new edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's charming Christmas story, "The Little City of Hope," with illustrations in colour by Mr. A. S. Hartrick.

Like many another notable novelist, Mr. Bernard Capes began his career as a writer of books by putting out a little volume of verse. Since then "The Lake of Wine," "Love Like a Gipsy" (our own favourite among his novels), "The Secret in the Hill," and the rest of his excellent romances have eclipsed that

earliest small book which appeared in 1892, and has long been out of print. Now, however, Mr. Capes is returning to his first love, and Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing a collection of his poems under the title of "Amaranthus: A Book of Little Songs." It contains some twenty-five poems gathered from the author's prose works, and about the same number that have never been printed before. Mr. Capes says he was induced to make a volume of these for no other reason than that he would fain be associated, in however small a way, with something other than story-telling—"an agreeable business, but over-exacting." Nevertheless, he has lately finished a novel which we are to have from Messrs. Smith Elder in October—a modern story, one rather out of his usual genre, of which those who have read the MS. speak with considerable enthusiasm.

Miss Marie Corelli has called her new romance "Holy Orders: The Tragedy of a Quiet Life." Messrs. Methuen are issuing it at the end of this month.

It is not often that an author succeeds in living down one great reputation and establishing another. Everywhere Mr. J. J. Bell is known as the author of "Wee Macgregor," and people have been disposed to take it that because he could write so well



Photo by Mayall.

Mr. Bernard Capes.

in that style he could not write better in any other. But in writing "Thou Fool" he convinced them that they were mistaken. Mr. Bell has just completed for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a novel to which he has given the title of "Whither thou Goest."

Mr. George Moore has been writing a book on his native land, and however much or little it tells us about Ireland, it is certain to tell us a great deal about Mr. Moore. I gather that he is somewhat disappointed in his country, and the title of his book, "Hail and Farewell" rather suggests that he is off again to Paris. So far as the Irish capital is concerned, "Dublin is now divided into two sets," says Mr. Moore; "one half is afraid it will be in the book, and the other half is afraid it won't."

Mr. J. H. Edge, K.C., who scored a success with his story of "An Irish Utopia," has completed a novel entitled "The Quicksands of Life," which Mr. John Milne has in hand for publication.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, who have been staying at Carlsbad, have just returned to England, and are settled down at their cottage in Surrey to finish the serial they are writing for the *Woman at Home*.

Mr. Edward C. Booth's story, "The Cliff End," has been one of the most successful novels of the spring publishing season. The book has arrived after many difficulties; it took Mr. Booth so long to find a publisher for it, that when Mr. Grant Richards accepted it, and it made its appearance at last, he went abroad and left it to the critics, resolved to wait and see by its reception whether it was worth his while to go on writing. He can no longer have any doubt on that point.

Mr. Murray announces an important book that the Rev. Professor Henslow has written, with the object of substantiating the alternative theory of Evolution held by Darwin in 1876, which sought to maintain that new forms of life arose by the "direct action of changed conditions of life," and that if those conditions persisted for several generations the variations produced by them would be hereditary.

Miss Eleanor Hayden, whose "Islands of the Vale" we review on another page, is engaged upon a novel the scenes of which are placed in the same Berkshire district. The "Islands" are an obscure group of villages lying off the highway, between the Great Western Railway and the Thames valley



Photo by London Biograph Co.

Miss Eleanor G. Hayden.

in the White Horse Vale. Miss Hayden has put nothing but truth into her pictures of the people of these villages, though she has reticently left much of the truth untold. The village life is not so ugly and squalid as it was thirty years ago, but it is still bad enough, and Miss Hayden feels that the darker aspects of it lend themselves more easily and effectively to treatment in the form of a novel. She has gone out of the beaten tracks of the novelists for her plot and her characters, and we are looking forward with interest to the appearance of her book this winter.

A new book by Mr. Pett Ridge is always sure of a wide welcome. "69, Birnham Road," the novel he has written for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, will be ready early in the autumn.

We are to have another new edition of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." It will be illustrated with twelve full-page water-colour drawings by Miss Millicent Sowerby. Messrs. Chatto & Windus are the publishers.

There is no scarcity of books for children, but a new one from Mr. E. V. Lucas is not an everyday event, and will be looked for with more than ordinary interest. Mr. Lucas has written a volume which contains "Anne's Terrible Good Nature," and other stories, and has twelve illustrations by A. H. Buckland, and a cover design and coloured end papers by F. D. Bedford.

"The Old Man in the Corner" is the name of the Baroness Orczy's new novel. Messrs. Greening are publishing it next month.

Mr. Andrew Lang's 1908 Christmas book is to be "The Book of Princes and Princesses." It is written by Mrs. Lang, and will have 8 coloured plates and numerous other illustrations by H. J. Ford. All the stories deal with more or less popular historical characters, but in its general design the volume is on the lines of "The True Story Book" and "The Red True Story Book."

Messrs. Jarrold have just issued a cheap edition of "The Foggy English of John Bull's Friends," by F. E. Hulme. An amusing brochure, it makes merry over the mispronunciations of our friends from across the water, has already run through many editions, and, with the stimulus it seems likely to get from the Franco-British Exhibition, bids fair to run through many more.

Mr. Keble Howard's delightfully humorous sentimental comedies of everyday manners and everyday people have enjoyed a steadily increasing popularity ever since "Love and a Cottage" took the public by storm. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are presently publishing his latest novel, "The Clock Strikes."

One never tires of reading about Napoleon, and perhaps because of the roughness and harshness of

his calling and the stern splendour of his public career the pathetic romance of his one real love episode has taken hold upon later generations with a curious and unfailing fascination. Mr. Philip W. Sergeant has made a study of the story of the Empress Josephine, and tells it in two volumes that Messrs. Hutchinson are to publish this month.

We are to have from Messrs. Constable a new book by Mr. Graham Wallas—"Human Nature in Politics."

The Native question in South Africa is admittedly one of the most portentous problems that will have to be faced in the near future. Mr. Douglas Blackburn, who has lived and worked in Africa, has written "Leaven," which is just issued by Mr. Alston Rivers, from ten or twelve years' intimate acquaintance with his subject; it deals with certain pathetic and unguessed conditions prevailing among the black races that he thinks will come as a surprise if not as a shock to the majority of British readers. He has watched and appreciates the labours of the much-maligned missionaries, and though in the main "Leaven" is a study of Kafir character, it gives glimpses of agricultural and missionary experience and throws some sidelights on the Rand mining operations. That Mr. Blackburn knows his ground and his people and can write of them effectively he has already proved in "Richard Hartley, Prospector," and in the still more widely-known "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp," which was originally issued anonymously.

Just now Mr. Blackburn is hard at work on a book so novel in design that he does not know how to define it. Probably, like his "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp," it will be described as a satire, but he claims that it is something more than this. It sets out to show a Colonial-born Britisher visiting England for the first time after a life spent in an atmosphere of combined ignorance and contempt of all things English, but visiting it with a patronising disposition to "make allowances" for British limitations and a secret belief that British civilisation is not quite all that it is supposed to be.

"The Age of Shakespeare," the new volume that Mr. Swinburne has in the press, will be published shortly by Messrs Chatto & Windus.

Mr. Charles W. F. Goss has written a biography of the late George Jacob Holyoake and supplemented it with a full and descriptive bibliography; he has just finished passing the proofs for press, and the book



Photo by Simpson Bros.,
Johannesburg.

Mr. Douglas Blackburn.

should be out almost immediately. It will be one of the biggest, if not actually the biggest bibliography ever published, Holyoake's miscellaneous writings and pamphlets numbering something like four hundred. Mr. Goss is the Chief Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, an enthusiastic book-lover, and keenly interested in the literature and antiquities of London. The first edition of his "History of Crosby Hall," that was published whilst the fate of that famous mansion was still uncertain, has been exhausted, and a new and revised edition is in preparation.

The Japanese artist, Mr. Woshiomarkino, who made such a hit with his brilliantly impressionistic illustrations for "The Colour of London," has now taken for his subject "The Colour of Paris"—a volume that Messrs. Chatto are issuing during the autumn.

"Sister Anne," a new novel by Madame Albanesi, will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton before Christmas.

Mr. Heinemann is issuing immediately a new novel by Mr. E. F. Benson. The story is named "The Blotting Book," and will be published at half-a-crown.

A very handsome colour-book that Messrs. Chatto & Windus will shortly have ready is "From the North Foreland to Penzance." It is written by Clive Holland, and has thirty illustrations by Maurice Rundall. Another colour-volume to be issued by the same house is "Devon: its Moorlands, Streams, and Coasts," by Lady Rosalind Northcote. The volume will be fully illustrated by Frederick J. Widgery.

Messrs. Constable have in hand a book by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—a collection of essays on National Opera, on Brahms, Joachim, and other musicians and musical topics. The volume will be ready in the autumn.

Dr. James Mackinnon's "History of Modern Liberty" is to be translated into Italian, as well as into French and German, and Messrs. Longmans have concluded an agreement with the *Revista Internazionale di Liberi Studi* for the publication of the Italian version.

Mrs. E. F. Penny, whose powerful novel, "The Inevitable Law," was highly recommended at one

of the meetings of the Pan-Anglican Conference, is at work on a new book entitled "Dark Corners," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are to publish.

Mr. Conningsby Dawson is a young novelist of whom great things are expected. Some little while back, whilst he was still at college, Messrs. Macmillan published a volume of his poems in America, and at their own risk—which is a stronger certificate of merit than a dozen good reviews. He has now written a novel, "The House of the Weeping Woman," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing. Mr. Conningsby Dawson is the son of Dr. W. J. Dawson.

Miss Cicely Hamilton won an immediate success as a dramatist with her delightful comedy of "Diana of Dobson's," and has written a novel on the same theme, with the same title, which Messrs. Collier & Co. have published. It is a cleverly written story, and mounts into a charming atmosphere of romance, and stays there, and ends there in the wind of a certain morning when Bretherton and Diana began life together; "the world had need of neither of them, but they had need of each other." The earlier chapters of the book, before Diana has come into her legacy and gone away to find her romance, grip the reader's imagination irresistibly; the sub-acidity of their humour bites sharply, but the pictures they give of life in a large drapery establishment, and the various characters of the girls who slave in the shop, are drawn with a vivid and uncompromising truthfulness.

Miss Hamilton, by the way, is a militant Woman Suffragist. She is taking a prominent part in the movement; has shared in the great demonstrations, is an admirable speaker, and has written on the subject as forcefully as she speaks. If the Suffrage movement has done nothing else, she says, "it has broken down the barrier between woman and woman," for all considerations of social rank and class have been sunk in it. "The good comradeship between men of all classes, which our brothers have learned in common sports and common games, we, their sisters, are learning now through our common agitation for political rights." It is something of this same spirit, this yearning for a freer, larger life, that inspires Diana, fires her to rebel against the petty tyrannies of the drapery establishment, its proprietors and their nagging, broken-spirited underlings, and go forth joyously to see the world and make the most of life, so long as her small legacy will allow her to.

Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy has a new work in the press, "Victoria Regina: Her Court and Her Subjects," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in two volumes.

"Junia," a new book by Miss Jessie Herberton, the author of that remarkably able novel, "The Stigma," is a finished study of a selfish and unscrupulous woman. It will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who are also bringing out this autumn "Weeping Cross," by H. L. Stuart—a first novel by a new writer.

The author of the "Golliwog Series," Miss Florence K. Upton, has written and illustrated a fairy story for children that Messrs. Longmans are

putting out in October. She has named it "The Adventures of Borbee and the Wisp."

Mr. Cecil Sebag-Montefiore is preparing a further volume of his "History of the Volunteer Forces." His former volume came down only to 1860; the new book will complete Mr. Montefiore's survey of the Volunteer movement from the earliest times to the establishment of the Territorial Army. Messrs. Constable are the publishers.

For the use of several illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Smith Elder, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Methuen, Mr. John Long, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1 to September 1, 1908.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

HALIFAX, ROBERT. *The Borderland*. 6s.
HIND, A. M. *Short History of Engraving and Etching*. 18s. net.
SILBERRAD, U. L. *Destiny*. 6s.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

BURNAND, SIR FRANCIS C. *Poems from Punch*.
EDGAR, M. G., M.A. (Edith). *A Treasury of Verse to Little Children*. With 8 three-colour plates and many black and white illustrations by Willy Pogany. 7s. 6d. net.
GUERBER, H. A. *Myths of the Norsemen*. A complete collection from the Norse Eddas and Sagas. With 64 illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
GASK, LILLIAN. *In Nature's School*. With 16 illustrations by Dorothy Hardy. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Long.

APPLETON, G. W. *The Down Express*. 6s.
BENTH, JAMES. *Amusement*. 1s. net.
CAMPELL, ARTHUR. *The Combat*. 6s.
CAVE, JOHN. *The Wives of a Wife*. 6s.
CLARE, AUSTIN. *The Conscience of Dr. Holt*. 6s.
FIFE, ALEXANDER. *Through the Wine-Press*. 6s.
GOULD, NAT. *Whirlwind's Veil*. 2s. 6d. cloth, 2s. picture boards.
GOULD, NAT. *The Little Wonder*. 1s. net.
GRAY, MAXWELL. *The Suspicions of Farmengarde*. 6s.
KIRKNAHAN, MRS. COULSON. *The Son of Gabrielle*. 6s.
MACPHERSON, JOHN F. *Yetta the Magnificent*. 6s.
MEADE, I. T. *Little Wife Hester*. 6d.
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE. *Revelations*. 10s. 6d. net.
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE. *The Brangwyn Mystery*. 6d.
"When it was Light." Author of *Mantrap Manor*. 6s.
WRENCH, MRS. STANLEY. *Love's Fool*. 6s.
YORKE, CURTIS. *The Other Sara*. 6s.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

BOX, G. H., M.A. *The Book of Isaiah*. A new translation based upon a text revised in accordance with the results of recent criticism. With Introductions and short Notes and a Preface by S. R. Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford.
MILTOUN, FRANCIS. *In the Land of Mosques and Minarets*. With pictures plain and coloured by Blanche McManis. (Uniform with "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre.") 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers.

ANONYMOUS. G. K. Chesterton. *A Criticism*.
COLLES-FINCH, W. (Engineer, Chatham Water Works). *Water—its Origin and Use*. Profusely illustrated from photographs by Aubrey Le Blond. 21s. net.
COUPERUS, LOUIS. *Psyche*. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. B. S. Berrington. With 12 full-page illustrations by Dion Clayton Calhoun. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

BLACKMORE, R. D. *The Maid of Sker*. (New Edition and binding.) 2s. 6d.
JANE, FRED T. *Fighting Ships, 1908*. 2s. net.
SMITH, MRS. MACHILL. *Our Ramble in Old London*. 1s.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

JOKAI, MAURUS. *Munnassch*. 6s.
JOKAI, MAURUS. *The Baron's Son*. 6s.
PERFECT, REV. H. T. *Lady Beauclore and Socialism*. 6s.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

COLLES, REV. C. F. *Sermons from a South African Pulpit*. 1s. net.
HALL, PHILIP H. *The Brotherhood of Man, and other Sermons*. 2s. 6d.
HART, HERBERT. *Christian Credentials*. 1s. net.
HOOLEY-TERESA, M. *Joan and the Wind Spirit, and other Stories*. 1s. 6d. net.
ROBERTS, REV. J. L., M.A., B.D. *The Lord's Prayer*. 1s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

ACKEMAN, M., and DR. BRIDGE (Words by), PARRATT, SIR WALTER (Music by). *St. George's Windsor Series of Plays*. 6 parts. Words only, 6d. each; Words and Music, 1s. 6d. each.
ST. CLAIR, OSWALD. *Low Wages and No Wages*.
THEAL, DR. G. McCALL. *History of South Africa, 1800-72*. 7s. 6d.
WILLIAMS, MISS ATKINSON. *Report of Teaching in U.S.A.*

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,

"Bookman" Office,

St. Paul's House,

Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

AUGUST, 1908.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

W. H. HUDSON.

I DO not know how far it may be a matter of personal experience or of the advance of the age of reflection and comparison (I should like well indeed to compare results with other contemporary observers), but to me at any rate the effect produced by the last few years has been one of sudden and almost universal change; and among the subtlest of the changes, but not by any means, I believe, among the least fundamental, are those which have come over rural life. An extraordinary transformation, more gradual of course than in the towns, but no less substantial, has come about here. Townsfolk, town ideas, are penetrating even here, thanks to the vastly increased mobility of the last ten years. The country which the landed gentry kept so exquisitely groomed at so great a price during two centuries is being encroached upon by the bungalow and the weekend cottage (*suburbia in pago*). The old villager, the village gossip and the village humour, the village wiseacre, the village idiot, the village music, and the village point of view generally are things of yesterday. So imminent and so irresistible has become this feeling of change that almost every lane, every glade and shady combe and every upland vista in our incomparable southern land of Wessex is haunted by the sadness of the thought that one may not see it again in its virgin and unspoiled beauty, the joint product of wilding nature and of so much arduous structure and restrained artifice. For this reason I think that all those writers of the nineteenth century who have preserved for us with fidelity and with appropriate charm the traits and lineaments of the old face of the country and of the dwellers therein will be found in fifty years or so hence to have deserved a special tribute of appreciation from a grateful posterity. For this reason I am confident of the great enhancement in the future of the fame of George Eliot, who has done for us what the two more popular masters were incapable of, namely, given us a true and imperishable portrait of genuine country life in Early Victorian England. A few years later and we get the rich essayistic supplement of Richard Jefferies, commencing with "The Gamekeeper at Home" and

"Wild Life in a Southern County," which is every year more surely taking the literary rank that it deserves. The essayist filled in the interstices left by novels such as "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch." But the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century have done even more to preserve for us the traits of the old village cosmogony in the exquisite novels of Thomas Hardy. The style of these has been adequately recognised at last, but their full value as records can only be appreciated by degrees. As a stylist and as a reporter of the good old rural thoughts and rural ways, Mr. Hardy has

one, and as I think only one, rival at the present day, and that rival is Mr. W. H. Hudson.

Mr. Hudson tells us in his books that he is an ignoramus and in the matter of books no better than a fool. But I have more often been baffled by his amazing knowledge. Of modern poetry and of byways of old nature poetry, on freaks of nature, on tree and serpent worship, of the old Spanish colonial life, of Silchester, and of half a dozen English counties, and especially of Wilts, I have heard him talk as no other living man probably could. Such a budget betokens age, ripeness, experience. But who knows the age of this writer? As well ask the age of Downland itself. You may cleverly find a date in "Who's Who," which I have not by me,

Mr. W. H. Hudson. writing in the depth of

the country, but you will not, I assure you, be any the wiser. The personality of Mr. Hudson constitutes a charm at least equal to that of his writing, and like his knowledge and his literary filiation, it is baffling and elusive. What I seem to know about the evolution of this personality, this charm and this wonderful style, is probably for the most part imaginary, uncorroborated, dependent in part from my reading of the books, in part perhaps, though I am uncertain, upon gossip. After the proverbial grammar-school education, Mr. Hudson was sent to Buenos Aires. He wandered far and wide in Patagonia and the Argentine and made unlimited love to the signorinetas on the various estancias he traversed on a journey that seemed endless, in the course of which he witnessed and perhaps fought in a cavalry engagement or two. Whether he lost or

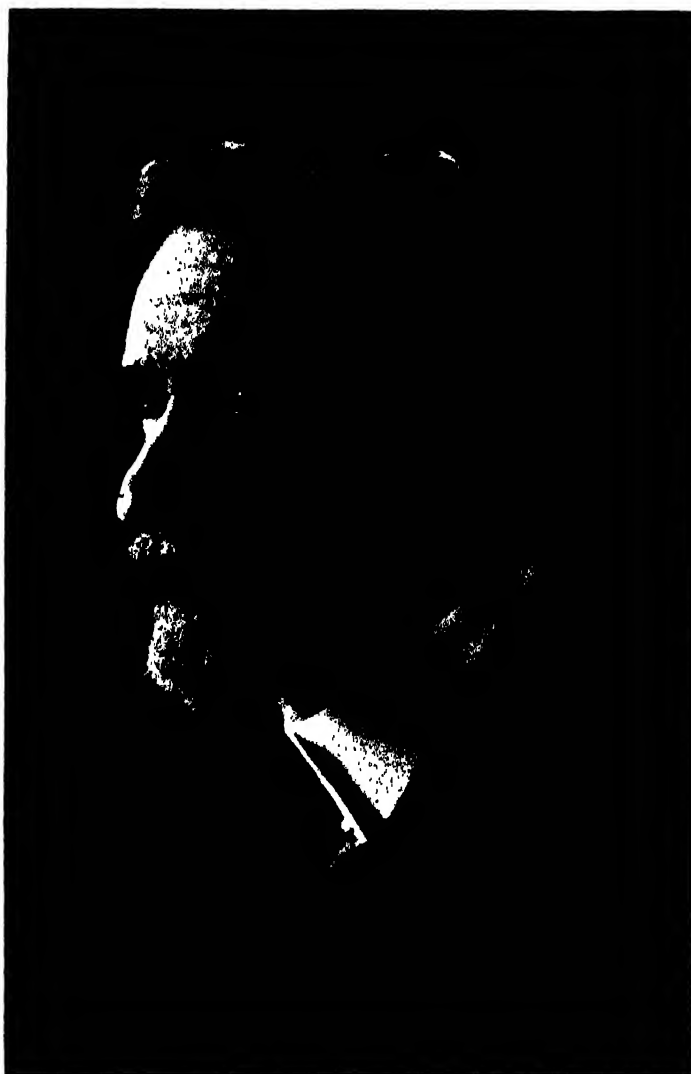


Photo by Marie Léon.

failed to win a fortune is uncertain, but he returned home with empty pockets, frequented the society of literary men as poor as himself, among them George Gissing and Morley Roberts, who dedicates one of his books (is it his best, "The Western Avernus"?) to Hudson and Gissing. Unlike the latter, he had the art of knitting friendships in all classes of society. He wrote a masterpiece, "The Purple Land," a fantasy, as original as it is delectable, called "The Crystal Age," and then in 1892 a much more popular book, "The Naturalist in La Plata," and he waited.

The average reader will perhaps have made his first acquaintance with W. H. Hudson in the "Naturalist in La Plata," and this is a very good book of his to begin with and to know, for it contains, I believe, the classical account of the ceremonial songs, dances, and empyrean flights of birds during pairing time which so many naturalists have copied, some few carped at, and all envied. It also contains a wonderful account of the prowess of, and the severe punishments inflicted upon his unfortunate foes (such as dogs) by, the arrogant and mephitic skunk, a famous comparison of the wily spider to the *homo retiaris* of primitive times, and some delightful anecdotes of "the lion of the prairie," the puma, and its friendliness to man. Before this he had written "Wild Days in Patagonia," containing the best account that we have of that knuckle-end of South America, in addition to some snake studies of peculiar fascination. From this trunk or foundation the work of W. H. Hudson ramifies, so far as I know it, in three or four directions. There are first the graphic narrations of further South American experiences in which fact and fancy are so skillfully interwoven as to be inextricable by the casual observer. The first of these is that delightful Odyssey of the Banda Oriental known as "The Purple Land." In this the discursive genius of the author seems to me to reach its height, while the thread of personal and sentimental adventure that runs through it gives it a consecutiveness and a unity of interest which some readers are apt to miss in Mr. Hudson's books. Equally attractive to me, or even more so perhaps, on account of the perfect beauty of the style, with its long runs and its cadences in singular harmony with the vastness and often melancholy of the waving and treeless plains, is the collection of four short stories entitled "El Ombu." Mr. Hudson seems to have a strong affection, mingled perhaps with some distrust, for the famous Gitano, Don Jorge Borrovia, and he dedicates these four stories in a very Borrovian fashion to his friend "singularismo escritor ingles," R. C. Cunningham Graham, "who has lived with and knows (even to the marrow as they would themselves say) the horsemen of the Pampas, and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the vanishing colour of that remote life." He himself certainly may be added to those who have portrayed the colour and romance of the solitude that once was in South America, as Bates and Wallace have done of its more northerly regions, with less incisiveness perhaps than the "escritor" above mentioned, but with more of the poetry and sentiment of style. With these

books may be linked the beautiful and fantastic picture, very closely observed though much of it is, of forest and Indian life contained in "Green Mansions," which is, I believe, like "The Purple Land," an earlier book, revised and reanimated, and which many regard as Mr. Hudson's *chef-d'œuvre*. For my own part I may admit that I am frankly perplexed in my admiration between "The Purple Land," "El Ombu," and one or two books written more closely to the prescription of Richard Jefferies, such as "Nature in Downland" and "Hampshire Days."

The author's explanation of the source of joy that springs out of the cropped turf of the upland is not wholly conclusive. But the thing is incommunicable, surely. Here is an example of his style which will speak for itself:

"And so we talked for half an hour, standing in the glorious morning sunshine, the green withdrawing sea growing smoother by degrees, but far out we could see it still rough with big rollers, foam-crested; the little ringed dotterels and the large grey plover running about on the sand and feeding unconcerned near us; the big patient horses standing with masses of wet sea-weed glistening at their feet. It was very wonderful and I was happy, and laughed with the old carter as we talked; but the thought of Jefferies, slain before his time by hateful destiny, still haunted me, and deep down beneath my happiness was an ineffable sadness."

This is a good example of the qualities of the author's style, which owes something in these books to Jefferies and something perhaps to Gilbert White; the style of the South American books has more idiosyncrasy. "Hampshire Days" is in the same category as "Nature in Downland," but it contains less pure observation and more reflection and interpretation. Bird life is depicted in a more synthetic fashion, and the calm indifference of Nature to the ravages caused among its most beautiful species by cold and famine is pictured for us impressively, and with the more effect owing to the restraint which the newer school of anthropomorphic naturalists have too often discarded. Passing by "The Little Boy Lost," a fairy story for children containing a thousand beauties of its own—though not those, I fancy, by which the heart of the child is most easily captivated—and "The Crystal Age" (another early book revived), and the Cornish book which I have not yet read, we come to the last category of Mr. Hudson's books with which I am acquainted, that, namely, of books expressly about birds, such as "Birds and Man," "Birds in a Village," "Birds in London," and "British Birds."

Incompetent as I am, no doubt, to discuss these comparatively or in any other way, I may say nevertheless that of these I like "Birds in London" the best. It gives literally a bird's-eye view of the metropolis, indicating and criticising from a distinctively avine point of view the various spots of green which appear in the map of London. The descriptions of the London sparrow and the havoc wrought in the great parks by the midnight cat, and by the bigwigs who doom the fine old elms to destruction, are excellent reading. These bird books are less exclusively birdy, if I may use the expression, than those of Mr. Warde Fowler, Selous, Dixon, or Seeböhm, and they are, I think (dare I say in

consequence ?), the more entertaining. To "collectors," such as myself, I would recommend that their purchase be postponed to that of "The Naturalist in La Plata," "The Purple Land," "Nature in Downland," and "Hampshire Days." These will make a good foundation. Hudson has not the trick of the *continu*, you

object. I can find all I want in him without that. The story-book aspect of life is absurdly over insisted on. Mr. Hudson is an artist and a philosopher. He will direct us to the sources of irony and pity, ay, and often to the source of human gladness itself.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the two most striking examples in literature of contemporary judgments that have been upset by posterity.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Miss ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.

BIG GAME AT SEA. BY G. F. HOLDEN.

"The trail of the serpent is over them all." —T. MOORE.

From amongst the large number of other quotations submitted, I select the following :

EVERY WOMAN'S TOILET BOOK. BY MRS. ROBERT NOBLE.

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!"

SCOTT *The Monastery*.

(Eric S. Barber, 14, Lawson Road, Sheffield.)

IRISH POEMS. BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

"Let's talk of Graves. . . ." SHAKESPEARE *Richard II.*

(Mrs. Sharum, 26, Westbourne Road, Hove, Brighton.)

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY. BY BARI KENNEDY.

"Ther' ain't a livin' man that finds an income necessarier
Than me." —LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*.

(Mrs. G. M. Norman, 118, Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancs.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

"The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false." —R. BROWNING.

(David Wilson, 10, Grantly Gardens, Shawlands, Glasgow.)

BURIED ALIVE. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

"The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears."
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

(M. F. Graham, 5, Queensferry Terrace, Edinburgh.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the six best quotations in verse or prose in which an author

makes reference to his own calling is awarded to Mr. J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

1. "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print :

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

2. "What we have done, when we have written a book, will never be known till the Day of Judgment; then the account will be liquidated, and all the good it has occasioned, and all the evil, will witness either for or against us." COWPER, *Letters*.

3. "So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader in the minds of men, and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

4. "Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet

To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet."

POPE, *Horace's Satires*.

5. "On all sides are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things that we call Books? . . . For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book?" CARLYLE.

6. "The difficulty of literature is not to write, but to write what you mean, not to affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish . . . the business of life is mainly carried on by means of this difficult art of literature, and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and fulness of his intercourse with other men."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Very good quotations have been sent in by T. E. Casson (Pennington), George Rothnie (Aberdeen), Miss Kate E. Abbott (Weymouth), Miss Sims (Boxmoor), D. Phillips (Morriston), Mrs. Raigey (St. Ives), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Miss EDITH COWELL, Dewsnead, Bishops Stortford.

THE LATER YEARS OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI. BY MISS EDITH SICHEL. (Constable.)

Miss Sichel's latest work is a fitting sequel to "Catherine de Medici and the Reformation." It is scholarly, but never dull; brilliant, but never superficial. There is a wealth of detail, but it is accurate and interesting, and never superfluous. The characters are intensely human and real to us, never far away and fantastic as mediæval personages are apt to appear. It is difficult to imagine any book which combines such charm of manner with such soundness of matter.

The best of the many other criticisms sent in have been received from Mrs. E. Mary Daniel (London, W.C.), Cecil Hylton (West Hampstead), Dorothy A. Cory (Cheadle), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), J. W. Brown (Holland), A. Rowberry-Williams (Denbigh), B. Moore (Catford, S.E.), L. Webb (Shanklin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MR. E. DE J. BISHOP, Edgerton School, Huddersfield.

THE READER.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

ONE of Crabbe's warmest admirers (wasn't it Brougham?—I can't remember for certain) owned that when he heard of the poet's death he found a melancholy consolation of sorts in being able to contemplate his array of volumes on the shelf and know that now, at all events, he possessed his complete works. A cold comfort at best, and one that an author is generally more than willing to withhold from his readers for as long as possible; yet here is Mr. Stanley Weyman, in the prime of life and at the zenith of his powers and his reputation, deliberately resolved that his new novel, "The Wild Geese," shall be also his last, that we shall be prematurely possessed of his complete works whilst he is still walking the earth in health and strength and could add to them if he would.

"I think I have told all the tales I have to tell," he said frankly the other day, allowing himself to be interviewed for the first time these thirteen years. "I should not care to go on writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself, and the public was beginning to feel that it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been very fortunate; critics, publishers, the public have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run and would far sooner quit the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches."

It is no use reminding him that fifty-three is not an advanced age or attempting to argue the point with him at all; he is no egotist, nothing of a poseur; he is one of the most modest, most genially unassuming authors I have ever met, and considers that he is

merely taking a practical, honest, soundly critical view of himself and his achievements when he is all the time carelessly, contentedly, shamelessly under-estimating both; and I say this here, where he can't stop me, because he dodged it, as if he suspected me of flattery, when I tried to say it whilst we were in conversation.

"I began my career as a novelist at a lucky moment," he insists. "When I started, nobody was writing the kind of novel I wrote. If I had commenced ten years later, things would have been different, and I don't suppose I should have made a hit, for then there were many more in the field—but I had got the start of them."

You may urge that nearly all those others in the field were his imitators, men who had lit their torches at his fire, the school he had himself created, but he shakes his head and can't see how that matters in the least.

"If I had not started when I did," he will have it, "somebody else would have done so. The time was ripe for the return of the historical novel, and I happened to put forth my first book at that moment—that's all."

Then, before you quite recognise what he is after, he has gently kicked over the traces and is expressing enthusiastic opinions of his contemporaries, and has told you how he re-reads and profoundly admires the novels of William de Morgan, what delight he has in the stories of Jacobs, Ross and Somerville, and Pett Ridge, before you can manage to catch him again and get him back to himself.

Mr. Weyman was born at Ludlow, in Shropshire, in August, 1855. His father was a solicitor; he was educated at Shrewsbury [School and at



Photo by Elliott & Fry, specially taken for "The Bookman."

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman,

Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree, and then proceeding to read for the higher branch of his father's profession, was called to the Bar in 1881. Thereafter, for some ten years, he practised as a barrister, going the Oxford Circuit, undertaking the prosecution of petty criminals, and in a word, being thoroughly well ground in the mill that all young barristers have to go through. By the way, I have an oddly vivid memory of a thumbnail sketch given in "Chippinge" of Westminster Hall when the Law Courts used to be held there, and it is doubtless something of personal recollection that colours the description, since the Courts were still held there for a year or so after Mr. Weyman first wore wig and gown.

Without feeling any dislike for his profession, Mr. Weyman had no abounding love of it, and by degrees it was borne in upon him that however long he persevered he was never likely to score more than a very average success in it, seeing that he had no special talent as a cross-examiner and no eloquence as a speaker. He never seriously contemplated any other calling, however, until he was turned thirty; then, as most men do at that age unless they are already succeeding, he began to take stock of his possibilities, to wonder whether he was in the right road, and whether the pen, with which he had so far been only amusing himself in his leisure, might not after all be his proper vocation; and the ultimate result of this uncertainty, this weighing of himself in the balance, was that instead of saying to Fiction, as Blackstone had said to Poetry,

"Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling crowds and stubborn law
To smoke and crowds and cities draw. . . .

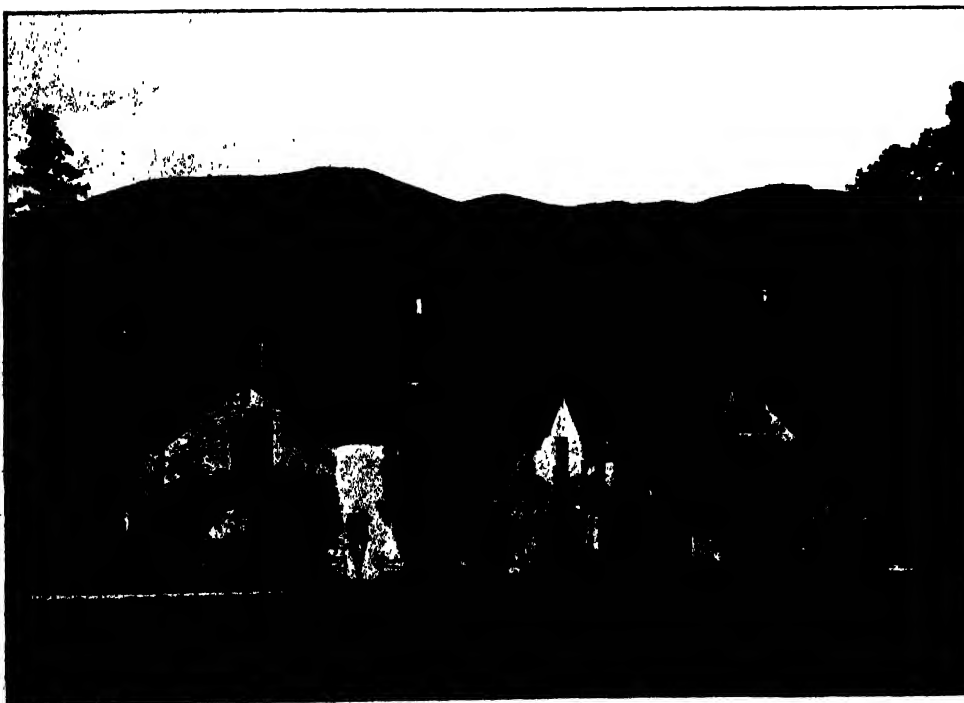


"With a gesture between contempt and impatience the Duke removed his hat."
(From "Shrewsbury," by Stanley J. Weyman. By kind permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.)

The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!"

he found himself in due course a popular historical novelist, bade farewell to the law, relinquished his practice, and settled down comfortably as an author by profession, with no long road of failures and hardships to look back upon, and a brilliant succession of triumphs waiting ahead of him.

Mr. Weyman's career has been happily unorthodox in more respects than one. In his early years he had no literary ambitions; he did not start scribbling when he was a boy, and his schooling gave him no bent towards what was to prove his true calling, for at school he was put through no historical studies worth the name; he has gathered his intimate knowledge of French



Mr. Stanley Weyman's House near Ruthin, Denbighshire.
The property of Mr. Bertie Cecil Johnson.



"For a second the Man in Black stood motionless."

(From "The Man in Black," by Stanley J. Weyman. By kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

history, has taught himself indeed practically all the history he knows, since his schooldays were ended. At Oxford he occupied himself occasionally with penning little sketches of 'Varsity life and character and sent them to the magazines, which declined as many as they accepted. His first published work was one of these; it was called "My Scouts," and appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, in which a few of the others also found a place.

By-and-by, with no more serious intention than that of killing his spare time and perhaps adding a little to his income, he was trying his hand at short stories; two or three were taken by the *Cornhill* during the dull months after he had been called to the Bar, and was patiently looking out for the briefs that were not in a hurry to come, and one of them so pleased James Payn, that shrewdest and kindest of editors, that he wrote and invited Mr. Weyman to come in and see him when he was passing, and the subsequent interview was a turning-point in his career. Payn gave him the encouragement that counts for so much when one is hesitating; he told him, too, that, in his experience it was no good hoping to make a living as a writer of fiction by the writing of short stories; that people would not take him seriously, he could not earn a sufficient income or obtain any solid footing unless he worked hard

and on a larger scale and wrote novels. He came away stimulated by Payn's praise, and with a growing determination to act upon his advice; and whilst he was still making up his mind about it, and casting around for a subject to get to work upon, he strolled into the library at his club and happened to notice White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" on the shelf, thought vaguely how this was one of those moving, thrilling, grimly fascinating events that take the sympathies and the imagination of the world by storm, reached the book down, and was soon absorbed in it; and it was by these casual, hesitating steps that he came to the writing of that virile, picturesque, historical romance, the first of his books, "The House of the Wolf."

There was little or no difficulty in disposing of it serially; it ran through the *English Illustrated* in 1883, and paved the way for one of the sharpest disappointments Mr. Weyman has had to encounter. He had rather taken it for granted that Messrs. Macmillan then the proprietors of the magazine, would naturally be willing to undertake to issue the novel in book form, but they were not. They hesitated, some five or six other publishers followed their example, and not until 1890 did the story come out in covers. Meanwhile, Mr. Weyman had laid it aside and given up hoping to do anything further with it, when one day his friend Mr. Phillips Wolley dropped in at his chambers and



"He had dismounted and had his hat in his hand."

(From "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley J. Weyman. By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

mentioned that he had written a book for boys and intended to entrust it to a literary agent. Mr. Weyman, having at that date a dim prejudice against agents, exerted himself to dissuade him from doing this, and so far prevailed that Mr. Wolley's ardour was damped, and he refrained for the nonce from carrying out his purpose; presently, however, he went quietly off and had his own way, and a week or two later burst in upon Mr. Weyman triumphant—he had conveyed the book to an agent, and the agent had sold it. Whereupon Mr. Weyman, rudely shocked out of his prejudices, felt round for his hat, demanded the name and address of that agent, straightway carried "The House of the Wolf" to Mr. A. P. Watt, and a note in a day or two informed him that it was accepted by Messrs. Longmans.

By this, Mr. Weyman had written "The Story of Francis Cludde," which had appeared serially in the *Leisure Hour*, and "The New Rector"—an admirable story and the only one of his, despite a lot of loose twaddle about Scott and Dumas, in which you can really trace the influence of any other author; and I believe Mr. Weyman is rather pleased to own that he wrote "The New Rector" when he was under the spell of Anthony Trollope, a novelist whom he thinks the world does not yet rate at his real worth, and whom he rates so highly that he is convinced that the best of his finely



From "The Wild Geese." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

realistic pictures of mid-Victorian life and character will secure for him a niche among the immortals beside Jane Austen.

These three books, the second and third of which came out in 1891, put his success as a novelist beyond question, and "A Gentleman of France" in 1893 lifted him to that very high place among living romancists which he has held ever since. At the outset it looked as if "A Gentleman of France" was going to have perhaps as good a reception as its three predecessors, but certainly nothing better; for the first ten weeks it aroused no unusual sensation, and the sales were not so brisk as to make the publisher excited. Mr. Weyman left London on a holiday without guessing that he was on the verge of a "boom"; he spent a quiet vacation at an out-of-the-way spot in Cornwall, and then returned to find that his book had leaped into a sudden and roaring popularity; almost everybody who wasn't selling it was buying it or borrowing it or going to, and it was the novel of the day, the talk of the town; he had gone away a new novelist about whom the critics were beginning to prophecy; he came back to learn that he had developed into a famous one during his absence.

Next year he amply justified the faith of his critics by producing "Under the Red Robe," with its wonderful



From "The Wild Geese." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

portraiture of that dashing, swashbuckling, gallant gentleman of fortune, Gil de Berault, who, in spite of all, or because of all, his human weaknesses, wins upon the reader irresistibly, and, when love wakens a soul in him, proves himself a hero and a man of honour; with its unforgettable little sketch of the great Cardinal Richelieu, its glorious romance of love and intrigue and adventure. "A Gentleman of France" has been the most popular of all Mr. Weyman's novels, but "Under the Red Robe" runs it very closely, and, as everybody knows, the dramatic version of the latter, by the late Edward Rose, is scarcely less popular than the book itself. These two are certainly first favourites with the public, but Mr. Weyman's own preference is for "Chippinge," which he considers his best work. He took more pains with it, he says, than with anything else he has written. It is a story of William the Fourth's reign, a great story of love and politics, with the uprising of the democracy, the breaking down of the old tyrannical class privileges, and the dust and hubbub of the Reform Riots for background and environment. The tone and atmosphere of the time, the bygone fashions of dress and thought and conduct, are brought back to your apprehension by a hundred subtle little touches of minute detail that are shaded in with so light a hand that you scarcely notice them, though they take their due share in subduing you to the illusion of his fancy: here, as always, Mr. Weyman has a good tale to tell, and as in all his later work, he tells

it with a delightful ease and deftness, a ripe skill in characterisation, a matured charm of style that gains its end as if casually and without effort, that makes you see the things described without taxing you to read lengthy passages of description, that makes you know and realise intimately the people of the tale without his having to impress them upon you by any laboured psychological study of their characters, which should and do properly and sufficiently reveal themselves in what they say and what they do. Psychological analysis in a novel is no sign of cleverness or genius, but of a lack of it; one's characters should be brought to life without it; it ought not to be necessary, any more than it is necessary to leave your scaffolding standing as an integral part of the building.

Fine romance as "Chippinge" is, in my private regard it does not take the wall of "A Gentleman of France," of "Under the Red Robe," of "Shrewsbury," or of "Starvecrow Farm," and I know of a competent

critic who prefers "The Long Night" to any of these. But it is a futile thing to compare Mr. Weyman's books with each other; they deal with such widely different periods in the history of England, France, Holland, Italy, Ireland, are in so many ways essentially unlike each other that only the most superficial and useless comparison is possible. I have recently been re-reading some dozen of them in succession, and have been struck anew with the amazing variety of their plots and characters, the overflowing plenty and resourcefulness of Mr. Weyman's invention, the vividness and unflagging vigour of his imaginative power; and passing directly from the two earliest to this latest, which he says is to be his last, "The Wild Geese," I am keenly conscious of how his art has ripened with the years and grown in

strength and quiet effectiveness; his later plots are more subtly constructed, his men and women are realised more fully, with a broader knowledge; and without losing anything of its charm and freshness, his style has gained enormously in suppleness and poignancy, and, as at first, so still he has the rare gift of beginning a story alluringly and keeping it alive and moving always until it stops for good.

"The Wild Geese" takes you to the Ireland of George the First's day, to a wild countryside that is simmering with rebellion and ready and eager to break into active and merciless revolt. Colonel John Sullivan, a Protestant, returns from the wars in Sweden to assume his position in the McMur-



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman.

rough household as guardian of Flavia McMurrough. The McMurroughs are Catholics, and Flavia's dead father had appointed the Colonel her guardian and his heir because of the harsh disabilities that deprived Catholics of their rights of inheritance, and he knew John well enough to know that he would hold the property honestly in trust for his daughter. It is a shiftless, riotous, undisciplined household, and the Colonel gets but a black welcome from all except the amiable, purposeless, easy-going Uncle Ulick. Flavia herself angrily resents his intrusion, and her brother James, the McMurrough, a graceless, dissipated young cub, who selfishly plays on his sister's affection to possess himself of her money, stops short of no rascally chance of getting rid of him. But the Colonel is not the man to be turned from his purpose; he has something of a Quaker strain in him, has a conscientious objection to duelling, especially as he is a supreme swordsman, and is not afraid to be thought a coward. A Protestant

in the thick of a turbulent, vindictive Catholic community, he has a high and rigid conception of his duty, and allows neither love nor hate nor the fear of death to stand betwixt him and its accomplishment. It is a study in the character of a strong and sturdily just man, of a tantalisingly inconsistent, fascinatingly feminine woman; but before all it is a living and poignant story that grips your interest and lays such a spell upon you as only the hand of a master is cunning enough to weave.

Withal Mr. Weyman is determined to break his wand and conjure up no more dreams for us. It is only eighteen years ago that his name appeared for the first time on the title-page of a book; he has given us a score of volumes since then and is minded to give us no more.

"The Wild Geese" is a brilliant last book, if it is to be the last, but I confess I am not without hope. At present Mr. Weyman is immovable in his decision; he has fulfilled all his contracts, has refused to sign any more, and does not intend to write another story; but I can't help feeling that when three or four years have passed and he is grown weary of resting, it is possible (and he does not quite deny the possibility) that he may be drawn in spite of himself—not to write to order; that he will never do again—but to write at least one more romance in his own time, in his own way, for his own pleasure, and because the spirit moves him to write it. In the interval, he leaves his place empty, for where is there one amongst his rivals and his many followers who can fill it?

POSH.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. BRAMPTON GURDON, K.C.M.G.

SO many works have been produced of late years relating to Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyâm that very little material remains for publication. Mr. Blyth has given us a small volume on the relations between the poet and his pet Lowestoft fisherman "Posh" Fletcher,* whose name has often appeared in narratives of FitzGerald's life.

Joseph Fletcher was the son of a Lowestoft fisherman and was about twenty-seven years of age when FitzGerald, then an elderly man, made his acquaintance in 1865, and was fascinated by his comely appearance and simple character. He himself describes him as a "man fit to to be King of a Kingdom as well as of a Luggar. . . . Made in the mould of what Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman." And as regards his appearance: "The colouring is the finest Saxon type: with that complexion which Montaigne calls 'vif, mâle, et flamboyant'; blue eyes; and strictly auburn hair, that any woman might sigh to possess."

Fletcher was generally known by the *nom de guerre* of "Posh," one of those incomprehensible nicknames which are so common in Suffolk, where the fact that each parish has its own surnames, and very few of them, makes some distinction absolutely necessary. Indeed, at

petty sessions proceedings generally begin by the production of some witness able to prove that the defendant, indicted as George Smith, is the man generally known as Chinky, by which name he is called during the remainder of the sitting.

Mr. Blyth with some trouble succeeded in obtaining personal interviews with Posh, from whose conversation he has been able to put together a narrative of the intimacy between the poet and the fisherman, which will be interesting to those who have closely followed FitzGerald's life. He has republished a certain number of letters, which are sufficient samples of the correspondence between the friends, and it is doubtful whether the further "sackfuls" of letters which Posh had destroyed would have been of any additional value.

The author appears to have had great difficulty in obtaining Posh's confidence, owing to the very mean way in which he had been treated by a literary man who had previously made his acquaintance; and it is to be feared that this personage will not respond to the challenge made in the introduction for an explanation of his conduct.

The friendship began in 1865, and very early in their acquaintance the patron became aware of his protégé's tendency to take too much beer. Nothing can exceed



Posh in 1907.

From "Edward FitzGerald and Posh." (John Long.)

* "Edward FitzGerald and Posh, Herring Merchants." By James Blyth. 4s. net. (John Long.)

the courtesy and delicacy with which FitzGerald endeavoured to wean his friend from this failing, the first letter on the subject, a very kind one, being written in 1867, when he begs Posh not to let "a poor old, solitary and sad man waste his anxiety in vain." A later letter is written from London, and alludes to a visit to Evans's supper rooms, and to the music there; but the author is hardly fair in speaking of the "reck" of Evans's, which was a very quiet and respectable place of entertainment.

Later in the year FitzGerald gives a further warning about drink, and in 1868 commence the quarrels about accounts. The fisherman and the poet had gone shares in a fishing lugger—Posh working the boat, and FitzGerald, who describes himself with delight as a "herring-merchant," finding the money. The catches appear at first to have been somewhat unsuccessful; and FitzGerald was annoyed that he could not get an account of disbursements from his partner, which probably arose in some degree from Posh's want of education, but perhaps also from a wrong impression that a demand for accounts must mean want of confidence. In 1869 the partners were apparently again on good terms, and the fishing season was better; but Posh seemed to resent all interference, and in the correspondence of the following years FitzGerald's excessive kindness of heart is conspicuous. It is curious that in one of these letters so learned a man should use the word "telegram" as a verb.

Early in 1870 further trouble arose in connection with the drink question, which ultimately led to a dissolution of partnership. But the friendship continued; and it was about this time that FitzGerald commissioned a painter, S. Laurence, to take "a life-sized oil sketch of the Head and Shoulders of my Captain of the Lugger"; but it is uncertain whether the commission was executed. Posh is certain that it was; but Dr. Aldis Wright believes the contrary; at all events the portrait cannot now be traced.

The final rupture seems to have occurred at the end of 1873, when FitzGerald heads his letter "Joseph Fletcher," instead of the familiar "Dear Posh" or "Dear Poshy." He appears to have made up his mind that Fletcher

could not continue in charge of the two boats then belonging to the firm, unless he became a teetotaler, a suggestion which filled the fisherman with indignation, and the boats were sold in 1874. It is satisfactory to know that temperance has made great progress with the fishermen of the present day, among whom total abstinence is no longer uncommon.

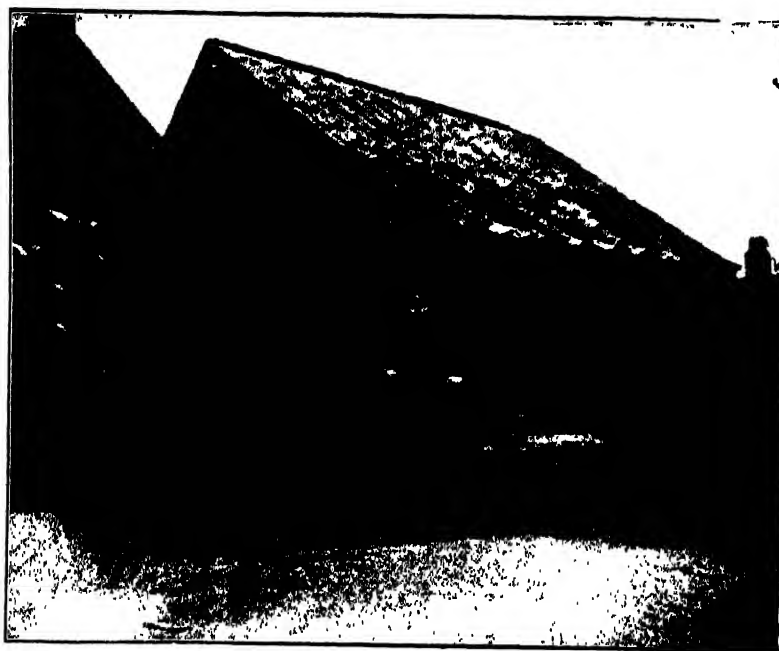
FitzGerald, however, still retained his interest in his old protégé, to whom he wrote a friendly letter in 1875. But he had found that Posh was, as the author describes him, merely a well-built, handsome, ordinary longshoreman, a great genial boy. Mr. Blyth says well that "it is to the credit of the great heart of the man that he never lost his love of Posh, though he undoubtedly did lose his confidence in and respect for him."

It is pleasant to learn that the Lowestoft fishermen still look on the poet as "old Fitz," knowing nothing of his literary fame, but looking on him as a "friend whom they respected and loved."

The book is a little disappointing, and is chiefly interesting as illustrating FitzGerald's great kindness of heart and unworldly simplicity. It is fairly written, and contains some good illustrations, especially the portrait of Posh, which forms the frontispiece; and Mr. Blyth repro-

duces well the East Anglian dialect, which is a good point when we consider how sadly Kingsley, Dickens, and the author of that most excellent work, "Coke of Norfolk," have failed in that respect. It may, however, be pointed out that the word "boat" in East Anglian rhymes with "loot," not with "foot," as the author suggests.

It is a pity that the author should descend to such a petty vulgarity as calling the present Administration a "twopenny Radical Government," quite *à propos de bottes*, as the events to which his work relates occurred many years before the formation of the Ministry of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. And why "twopenny"? It cannot refer to the income tax, and the plural of penny is pence. It is rather to be hoped that, if Posh Fletcher is still alive, the book will not fall into his hands, as he certainly will not find it to be pleasant reading.



Posh and his old "Shad."

In which nets, etc., belonging to the partnership were stored, and where the letters now published were stored. From "Edward FitzGerald and Posh." (John Long.)

HENLEY THE POET.

By Y. Y.

DEATH seems to be bringing to the late Mr. Henley a deeper if not wider recognition. The "definitive edition" of his works, collected and selected by himself, is now superseded by a fuller and far superior edition limited to 750 copies.* This argues a considerable body of readers who regard the author with high respect and affection. They will be well satisfied with what the publisher has done for him and them. The binding is especially simple and handsome, and the print large and legible. Probably the selection has been made with sound judgment. It claims to include "all those writings which it is believed that Mr. Henley himself would have chosen to preserve in permanent form." In an appendix about thirty poems are, however, given which the author finally expunged from his "Echoes" and "Bric-à-Brac"; of these a few, especially the three "Villanelles," seem quite up to his higher level. We have now before us the two volumes of the poems and the two of literary essays. Two more will be devoted to a reprint of the "Views and Reviews," and the seventh to the four plays. Let us hope that this edition will be really final. No doubt in his voluminous ephemeral work, Henley, like other able journalists, has left passages as good as or better than anything in his books. But in any case oblivion must be their fate. Few would buy, and none would read, Henley's works in thirty volumes. And the selection would probably be made by one of those fatuous wretches who foul the fame of a Burns or Cowper as they cackle over the discovery of some twaddle which the poet had scribbled in an album. These scrupulously "complete works" are an outrage on any writer save three or four of the greatest.

Those who knew Mr. Henley well, or who know all about his literary career, will be quite satisfied with the editor's plan. I am not. Some of us, perhaps many, have preferred to study good books rather than the tattle about journalists and the popular writers of the day—literary gossip it is called. I for one, beyond reading and reviewing one or two of his books, and hearing and forgetting some good reports of him from common friends, have but a hazy notion of who and what Mr. Henley was. Nor am I thirsting now for the tattle, but rather am grateful that the editor has refrained from the orthodox but very horrible "Life and Appreciation" in which certain eminent literary hacks—I mention no names—are wont to show off their far-fetched phrases, their superfine criticism, and agonising vivisection of character, moods, tenses, phases, and the rest, until their mangled victim becomes in the reader's eyes a disgusting impostor or a bore. Thus,

* "The Works of W. E. Henley." Vols. I.-IV. In 7 vols. Price £2 2s. the full set. (D. Nutt.)

so fulsome and foolish was the cant about Stevenson that one is now only beginning to get over a vague shame for one's own enthusiasm about him. Now here I am asked to write about Henley, and his works afford me little help. There is no preface or introduction, no bibliographical notes to the poems (at least as yet), no information about the author. The poems do not seem to be arranged chronologically; to some pieces or groups of poems there are dates, often embracing several years, but it is not clear whether these are dates of composition or publication. To all "Complete Works" there should be a key. What we want is a short, plain, sensible account of the author's literary career. And could I reach the publisher's ear I should very respectfully plead with him thus: It is not too late; such a sketch could be added to the last volume. If you have time, compile it yourself. If not, employ some one you can trust, your clerk, your sharp office boy—any one rather than the popular hacks who "do" lives and introductions. A few pages would suffice. Trace Henley's literary progress carefully and in detail, with dates of composition and publication of each important work. You need not quote any elegant criticisms upon him—we shall judge for ourselves. But we should value the judgment of an experienced publisher on the comparative success or failure of his various works with the causes thereof, and on the general relations of the author and his public. Of his private life, so much only as throws light on his literary work. No prying into the privacy of family life. Mention no names of relatives or friends, unless they expressly ask for the advertisement. Waste no money on horrid process-prints of the author's wife's great-aunt's hideous tomb in Highgate Cemetery or of the back kitchen in the cottage at Little Sotwell where his school-fellow's grandmother is said to have once trapped black-beetles. Such irrelevancies, though usual, are really not necessary. Industry, research, harmless dotage, innocent vanity! Quite so. But those who are utterly incapable of understanding men of genius, or what genius is, or the respect that is due to it, or even to the privacy of a great man who of all others shunned notoriety, should hold their peace, or confine themselves to their own autobiographies, which might prove quite harmless, inoffensive, and even pleasant reading. A cat may look at a king. Yes, but he must not miaul out all he has overheard about him in the kitchen. The slug is no doubt according to his lights, and in his limited sphere, a highly respectable animal, but when he crawls, crawls, crawls up and down, backward and forward, over a Rembrandt portrait, the noble visage is effaced for us by his ugly trail. So, trusting to the publisher to see that Henley is spared like outrages, I commend myself to him with all respect.

Without much previous acquaintance with the author's work and career in letters, with little time allowed to examine these volumes and less to reflect upon them, it would be presumption to affect a mature and confident judgment. My first impressions and tentative criticisms will be valueless to those who know more about the subject than I do; I only hope they may not mislead those who know as little.

The poems first; to them I have given most attention. Was Henley really a poet, or only a clever versifier? That is the crucial question. In his prose as in his verse I find evidence which to me at least seems convincing, and cannot but think that he was a true poet, a born poet; born with rich promise. Not a great poet to thrill, to enslave, to threaten and command. Not a consummate poet to intoxicate our souls with that sense of absolute ineffable perfection which no other of the arts can induce. Not an enchanting poet, to lead us at his will far out from our world and ourselves into the Paradise of Imagination. Shakespeare with all his faults—perhaps Milton too—was all these in turn. Henley was neither great, nor exquisite, nor seductive. Nevertheless, he was a poet—good or bad poet is not the question—but a poet, not a verse-writer. Often, very often, he may dissatisfy, may disappoint, may fatigue, may even repel; but sometimes, now and then, most forcibly, he arrests, interests, dominates us. It

is not the pathos, the vehemence, the joy in life, the kindly cynicism, the virile thought, the personal notes. All interesting, but none of them poetry. It is simply the native poetic genius, the poetic art, most unmistakable where most unconscious—in a turn of thought, a phrase, faulty maybe, or carelessly set, but which could have occurred to no one but a born poet. One recognises in him a member of the craft; not indeed a master-poet, an apprentice only—perhaps an idle or froward one, but all the same a sworn member of the art and mystery, not a clever amateur or outsider. Of course there is a wide borderland peopled by neutral temperaments, and by born poets who have been cured of poetry by a sordid material life, and born hard-fact men whose environment has induced a certain poetical and artistic varnish. But on either side of this neutral zone it is not easy for the poet or the non-poet to conceal his proclivity when he writes. A very

few minutes sufficed to convince me beyond a shadow of doubt that Mr. Watson was a true poet; after a longer study I venture to endorse Henley's claims. Not that it is a grand achievement or an unmixed good to be born to the poetical or to the artistic sense. To it other high gifts, intellectual and moral, must be added before you can become a good poet, but without it the wisdom of Solomon and the wit of Voltaire will not avail you to compose verse that is true poetry.

For one thing, Henley shows the true poet's way of looking at things, the poet's trick of thought—unpractical, technically incorrect, unphilosophical, unbalanced, exaggerating and one-sided, obstinately dis-

torting the proportions and falsifying the methodical method of the physical and moral worlds, yet appealing—as it always has and always will—to the human heart with a subtle, inexplicable veracity more potent than the truths of science. He possessed also the gift of expression, strenuous and virile to match his manly moods, though often strained to uncouthness, and warm, picturesque, coloured and even mellifluous when he chose to unbend; and what is rather curious in one who was no professional poet, conspicuous ingenuity, facility and grace in elegant trifles, ballades, rondeaux, and other *tours de force* of metre and sentiment.

On the other hand, Henley's place among the poets will hardly be a high one.

Only a few of his pieces, and

those not the more ambitious, are likely to appear in anthologies. Much that is characteristic and interesting rather than excellent is sure to perish early. A poet of his day, what of his was most relished by the public will be condemned by the next passing fashion. His bold, manly manner may be despised to-morrow as too coarse, or not coarse enough—who knows? His most beautiful lyrics will never displace our old favourites—the heart is a casket which has room for so few gems, and it is already full.

His poems may be roughly classed under three groups. The first and most successful are the short lyrical pieces, written in approved styles on approved subjects—love, life, destiny, nature, the affections—and therefore perforce ringing, as all such now must, rather too familiarly in spite of their frequent originality of detail. But I think they are most of them genuine effusions, not mere academical exercises. The busy man of the

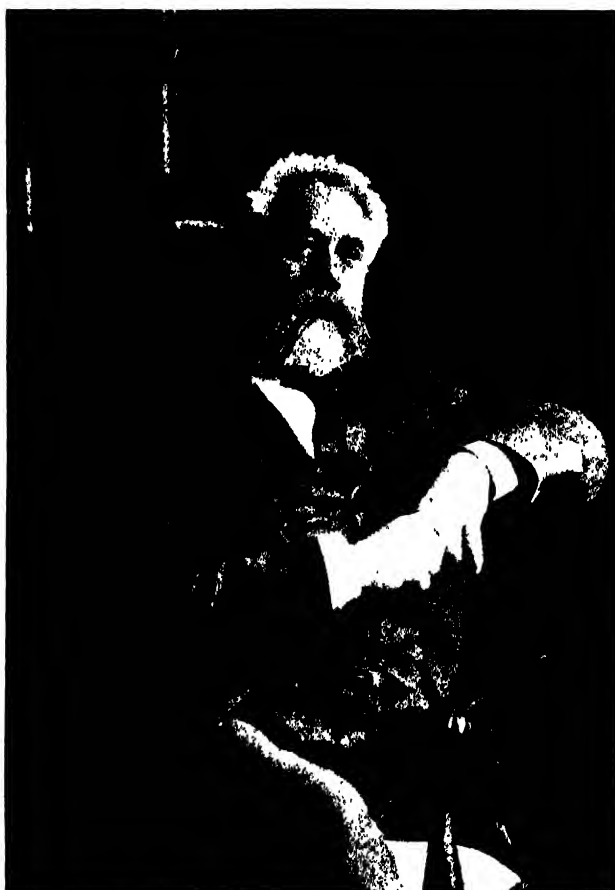


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

W. E. Henley.

world seems to be escaping from the mill for an hour's holiday in a beautiful dreamland which he really understands and passionately loves. It may be but a personal choice, but many pieces I should myself rate very, very highly for their sentiment and expression. The second group, merging into the third, is the formally patriotic poems and songs—the "Ode to Queen Victoria," "Pro Rege Nostro," and the war poems, which appeared as "For England's Sake." All are of recent years. I cannot admire them any more than Tennyson's dismal failures in the same province. The poetry of patriotism is so difficult to write that mercifully the world is contented with its few consecrated liturgies of freedom; and the noble rhetoric of Campbell and Collins brooks no modern rivals. Arrogant it was, shamelessly unjust, unreasonable and even absurd—yes, as sentiment, but as poetry superb. We moderns are too temperate, too fair, too cosmopolitan to produce a new "Rule Britannia." Mr. Henley and Mr. Kipling, who, here be it said, sinks lower as he certainly rises higher than his fellow-crusader—as moderns were driven to two expedients. They pump up their patriotism from far depths till it gushes forth as bombast, tempered with a few pints of religion. Or they try to popularise, to democratise their patriotism to the level of the street by vulgar familiarities, strange oaths, and barrack-room slang. Both devices seem to me just as artificial as the grand old Britannic school, without its imperial dignity. Take the "Recessional" fine as it is. Campbell would have blushed to bid Britannia pause, reflect, repent.

Here we pass easily to the third group, Henley's most characteristic manner, that for which I suppose he is most admired and disliked, his daring attempts to apply poetry to, and extract poetry from, the ugly and sordid. To this belong the series called "In the Hospital," "London Voluntaries," "London Types," and a few isolated pieces. I remember reviewing them in *THE BOOKMAN* with doubt and diffidence, nor can I now write with more confidence. Personally I dislike and distrust the whole system, and could defend my position at length; but then I have never yet seen the other side properly argued. Certain it is that this new school appeals to many readers, themselves neither coarse nor sordid. So I will only point out that though here Henley may at first strike many, as he struck me, as a mere imitator of Mr. Kipling, the facts are just the other way. "In the Hospital" is dated 1872, yet it shows all the best elements of the school. The same spirit of revolt against convention seems to have prompted his attempts to dispense with rhyme. Here, too, I am prejudiced. The trochaic and dactylic metres seem most successful—he wisely avoids iambics. His well-known "Song of the Sword" mainly consists of hexameters, each cut up into three lines. Until I can grasp its meaning and object better I must think it

either obscure or morally unsound. The long rhymeless "Arabian Nights" I cannot distinguish from conversational prose. All must respect Henley's efforts to make poetry more virile, less effeminate, but the merits of the strenuous school cannot be analysed impartially by one who is irritated by its incidental faults.

To conclude, Henley was a true-born poet. But not a great or a fine poet. Professional poets alone are consummate poets. Suppose he had been a professional poet with no care in life but for his art, visiting the world to gain ideas, and ever retreating to some auspicious Vacluse, Haslemere, or Rydal Water of his own to work them out—what then? I think England would have gained an excellent poet, possibly a great one. So many possibilities seem to lurk in his verses—above all, the manly vigour and the slight infusion of gall which might have saved him from the enervation and corruption of success. We must not try him by the standard of professionals like Tennyson. How meagre his harvest would then appear, how pale his finest sheaves beside the golden glories of Tithonus, Mariana, and Lucretius? But remember, he had not a life's leisure to train and criticise himself. Tennyson alone knew how vast and how worthless were the piles of verses he wisely burnt; we are only aghast at the ineptitude of a few specimens that have survived. Henley was a poet, but a lesser poet because he was forced to be more than a poet.

Of his life I know neither facts nor gossip. But, false or true, a distinct figure seems to emerge from these poems. A youth of warm affections, strong passions, true love of beauty, keen zest in living—as it were a Keats. But with it all great fortitude, and perseverance, perhaps innate—possibly Scotch, perhaps coming later as the fruit of early trials. Education not of the highest or most refined, made up for by after-study. Some errors and excesses, coarse but not unmanly. A period arrives when fate and circumstance finally decide to make of him neither a poet nor a ruffian, but a laborious literary toiler. Then London with its ineffable provincialism, its West-End vulgarity, the hypocrisy of its East, everywhere its pestiferous journalism. He fights London and is the stronger for that, but its pollution coarsens his coarser elements. That peeps out in a word, a phrase, a thought even, in his finest poems. Work, struggle, many absorbing interests—then weariness. Refreshment he probably sought and found in his home-life, but in poetry he could escape for the moment from everything. So I take it that his verses were written not so much as merchandise, as to give play to one side of his nature, which the world was cramping. Whence their merit. A man happy enough, I suppose, as men go, only with an inordinate thirst and capacity for more happiness. But I seem to

see something beyond even that--some secret strain of bitterness running all through his life and poems, some personal grievance against fate or society which he cannot forget. A man who would have both repelled and attracted me. A man of many enemies and a few

staunch friends. Something of mystery, much of pathos--a poet exiled from Arcady. This and more I seem to read from him. All lies and inventions! you say? Yes, as are many of the solemn biographies you read and believe.

New Books.

LORD MORLEY'S ESSAYS.*

It was once said to the present writer, "I can't see anything particular in John Morley's style. Why do you think so highly of it?" The answer was, of course, obvious and irresistible: "Because there is nothing particular in it for you to see." Nor did this answer rest upon, or indeed contain, anything uncivilly personal. The style of Lord Morley of Blackburn is, and the style of Mr. John Morley has been for a long time, if not from the very first, one of those in which there is emphatically nothing particular in the ordinary sense, except its particularly general goodness. It does not fizzle with epigram, or glare with colour, or endeavour to transform itself into a sort of rabbit-warren of tortuous conceits where you are lucky if you see even the tail of the thought as it whisks into a fresh compartment. On the other hand, it must be a very touchy person who reproaches it with the "muzzling clearness" attributed by Nietzsche to John Stuart Mill. (By the way, Lord Morley does not mention this in his remarks on Mill's style; it would have been interesting if he had.) There is nothing about it which suggests a benevolent and conscientious attempt on the writer's part to make himself intelligible even to the dullest reader. On the contrary, it by no means abstains from allusion, or from that half-overt utilising of phrases with a past which speaks to those who understand, while its silence does no harm to those who do not understand. It is not inexact (and it is certainly not uncomplimentary) to say that it sometimes reminds one of Mérimée's.

This unostentatious but exceedingly well-turned-out vehicle has for its present contents seven papers--some reviews, some merely "articles." Two of them, closely connected, are on Machiavelli and Guicciardini; two discuss books by the late Mr. Lecky and the living Mr. Hobhouse on "Democracy": of the other less obviously connected three, one is on the English commented edition of the Comtist Calendar, one on John Mill, one on Mr. Harrison's "Theophrastus." In strictness, the remark made by Lord Morley in his short prefatory note that they "are but fugitive pieces, but perhaps not altogether without a clue," would not seem to apply to all: for it directly refers to articles reprinted from the *Times* and the *Nineteenth Century*, whereas the Machiavelli piece was originally a Romanes lecture at Oxford. But there is a kind of clue to all, inasmuch as all deal more or less, directly or indirectly, with the great problem of the Form of Government. This problem is, it need hardly be said, a thorny as well as a great one; handlings of it are apt to show the marks of thorns, and, what is more, to be thorny themselves. That can hardly be said of the present book. Except perhaps in the review of Mr. Lecky's "Democracy" (where it does look a little as if the writer had, in a famous phrase of Matthew Arnold's, "got ruffled by" then recent "fighting"), everything is most philosophically handled. Even in the last article, the other review of Mr. Hobhouse's "Democracy

and Reaction," though the attitude is frankly partisan, the partisanship is wide-eyed. The people to whom Democracy is as Diana was to her Ephesians, and the people who say, "It is true that there is a soul of goodness in things evil, but Democracy, being soulless, can have no goodness at all," may each find something to please and should each find a great deal to profit them.

But in most of the papers there is little or nothing perilous or inflammatory. The two Italian pieces are admirable. Though the "Machiavelli" does not, of course, pretend to anything like the "stuff" of Lord Acton's Introduction to Mr. Burd's "Prince," it will certainly be more satisfactory for those who want clear total impression rather than elaborate apparatus. The "Guicciardini" was even more wanted. It is a little amusing to find Lord Morley--after an almost indignant protest against the famous "galleys" story at first--giving later a summary of the historian's defects which practically justifies that story. But he does justice also to the merits, and it is to be heartily hoped that his remarks on the "Ricordi" will send at least some readers, if not to the original, to Mr. Munian Thomson's excellent translation which has been available for nearly twenty years. The *ὀρίπτρα* the tribute paid by living scholar to dead master--in the anniversary paper on Mill

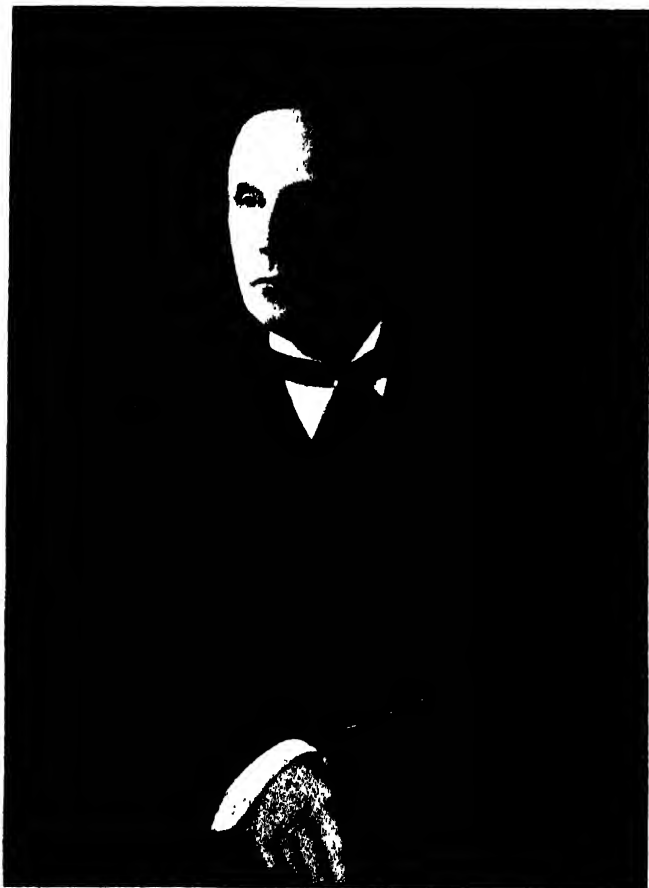


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Viscount Morley.

* "Miscellanies." Fourth Series. By John Morley. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

is a most graceful and admirable specimen of its kind, and perhaps the circumstances partly excuse the only deviation from strict accuracy of statement which the present writer has observed in the book. To say that Mansel's Bampton lectures were "preached against Mill" is surely to take a remarkably limited and one-sided view. There was a good deal more than "preaching against Mill" in them. And to say that Mill's "disdain" (an odd word) was usually "mute" or confined to private expression" seems to ignore the drift of not a little in the "Examination of Hamilton." But these things are almost unavoidable in panegyrics.

Perhaps the most attractive and certainly the most "non-inflammable" of the papers is that on the Comtist Calendar, which gives occasion for a great deal of interesting personal, and yet not unduly personal, criticism of a literary kind, as well as of others. It could not be consecutive, but it is not in the least confused; and it exhibits that blessed influence of literary catholicity which makes an unliterary politician such a dangerous and one-sided creature. Even on Scott—and what is more, on Scott's historic sense, not merely his literary genius Lord Morley is not drawn in the least astray by politics; if he perhaps seems to feel the suck of some hidden current in the case of Dante, that current is not political.

Lastly, special attention may be drawn to an admirable couple of pages in the "Theophano" review on the singular modern craze that "history is not a branch of literature." It could hardly come better than from one whose distinction in letters has been largely acquired by work which the most rigid apostle of "history for history's sake" must allow to be historical in the best sense, and whose entire interests in literature have always leaned to the historical, the political, the philosophical, rather than the merely "bellettristic." And few could have better pointed out how (to mention no other objection) the required abstraction is impossible. The most laborious researcher, as soon as he ceases merely to calendar, cannot help giving not only the fact, but his sense of the fact. And directly you express your sense of a fact, you are making literature—good it may be, bad it may be, more likely between the two, but still literature. Now, Lord Morley has given us his sense of a good many facts here, and the literature that results is certainly good.

G. SAINTSBURY.

MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE 'FORTIES.*

It was a happy thought of the late Professor Masson to jot down these reminiscences of his life in London. Within the past sixty years great changes have taken place in the literary and club life of London, and it is well that there should be placed on record for the benefit of the present generation of men of letters an account of how their predecessors lived and worked. In these reminiscences the reader is afforded many a vivid glimpse into the club life of the time; but perhaps the most interesting part is the detailed description of "Our Club," which was frequented by nearly all the literary celebrities of the day—Thackeray, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, James Hannay, Charles Knight, etc. Masson seems to have been specially attracted to Douglas Jerrold, of whose personality we have vivid descriptions. Jerrold's fame has grown rather dim in these days, and therefore all the more timely is Masson's generous appreciation of him.

Douglas Jerrold, says Masson, was a little man with a stoop, and a very striking face; an aquiline, eager look;

with fair hair which he would sometimes dash aside with his hands—together, a man like a little Nelson, with his courageous look.

"People are apt to remember him too little, or only as an ill-tempered, waspish man; but that is not a fair recollection of Douglas Jerrold. He was in his time a wit above all others; in a 'wit combat' none of the others could stand before him. He was also a man of immense energy and heart. He had a large and generous nature, and could never brook anything petty or mean. I always remember him on one occasion at the club. A certain member sent the club boy downstairs to fetch some book or newspaper, and called out after the little fellow in an offensive manner, 'I suppose you can read?' and Douglas Jerrold suddenly blazed out, his own sensitiveness hurt on the boy's behalf, 'Sir,' he cried, 'you have a coarse mind!'"

We have also a fine picture of the reconciliation of Dickens and Jerrold after an estrangement over some unfortunate misunderstanding. The two met at a dinner, and it happened that their chairs were so placed that they were almost back to back. Suddenly Jerrold wheeled round in his chair, clapped Dickens on the shoulder, and said quite audibly, "Charlie, my boy, how are you?"—on which Dickens wheeled round too, holding out both his hands in most cordial reconciliation.

Of Thackeray we have glimpses, though the reminiscences are not so full as one would have liked. Thackeray, in spite of his humour, always seemed to Masson to be a man apart, "a sad and highly sensitive man, a man with whom nobody could take a liberty." Perhaps the most interesting reference is to Thackeray's confession that while he could describe an Irishman perfectly, he never could describe a Scotchman. He felt quite at home with the Irish character, but if he attempted to invent a Scotchman he felt that he would go wrong. One of the most likeable qualities of the Irish, remarked Thackeray, was that there never was an Irishman so low down in the world but there was a countryman depending on him and whom he was assisting.

The serious reader whose interest in literary Bohemianism is slight will find much to his liking in the reminiscences of Carlyle, Mill, and Mazzini. To Mill, to whom Masson was introduced by his friend Bain, the references are tantalisingly brief. One reference deserves to be noticed, in which we see Mill in a new light—that of a genial humorist. The conversation turned on the idea of getting a muster in London of Bentham's remaining disciples, and the names were mentioned of those likely to add dignity to the occasion when Mill struck in with the remark, "And I am Peter who denied his Master"—a playful allusion to the gradual abandonment by Mill of the orthodox Benthamite traditions, which brought upon his head the wrath of stalwarts like Mr. and Mrs. Grote.

One-third of the book is devoted to Carlyle, and here Masson is found at his best. Of Carlyle since the publication of Froude's book enough and more than enough has been said. It is surely the irony of fate that about Carlyle, who set such store by the gospel of silence, there should have sprung up quite a babel of controversy. On the literary dissecting table was spread the personality of Carlyle, and around it gathered a mob of angry disputants, who made the world of letters hideous with their unseemly recriminations. Poor Froude, as I happen to know from private letters to myself in connection with my book on Carlyle, was greatly distressed over the whole affair, and among his last requests was that after his death the Carlyle controversy should not again be re-opened. Masson certainly does not re-open the controversy. He contents himself with recording his own impressions of the Carlyles, and a very genial picture he gives us. It was not altogether Froude's fault that his portrait of Carlyle was somewhat of a caricature. He set himself honestly to give a faithful portrait of Carlyle, warts and all. Unfortunately, owing to temperamental defects he was out of touch with his subject, with the result that the warts were the principal

* "Memories of London in the 'Forties." By David Masson. 3s. 6d. net. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.)

features on the canvas. In Masson's pages Carlyle appears as a man, not as a scarecrow, a good solid piece of humanity whose angularities were abundantly neutralised by superb qualities of head and heart.

It is to be regretted that Masson confined himself in his reminiscences to the purely personal and domestic side of Carlyle's life. It is something to have Carlyle presented in a genial light, but in the intellectual life of the mid-nineteenth century Carlyle was a great force, and it is a matter of surprise that Masson has nothing to say of him as a thinker. It is all the more surprising as Masson was a student of the higher thought of the time. His little book on British Philosophy shows great power of interpreting the confusing and conflicting intellectualism of the time, and it is therefore remarkable that in his reminiscences Masson has studiously avoided throwing light upon the working creed of Carlyle. This is to be regretted, as no man was better fitted than Masson to understand and make plain the workings of Carlyle's mind in the higher reaches of thought. Carlyle has been called a Pantheist, a Transcendentalist, an Agnostic, but to my thinking his creed would be accurately described as Calvinism minus Christianity. Imagine the soul of a Conventer incarnated in the body of a German philosopher and engaged in a perpetual struggle between the religious sentiment of Calvinism and the sceptical tendencies of modern thought, and you have a fair idea of Carlyle the thinker. This side of Carlyle's personality Masson could have handled with great effect, and it is to be deplored that he allowed his well-known reticence on high themes to restrict his reminiscences to the purely domestic side of Carlyle.

The chapter dealing with Mazzini is all that can be desired. Enthusiastic in the cause of Italian unity, Masson was naturally attracted to Mazzini, who, by the way, appears in these reminiscences in a light new to most people. In the popular imagination Mazzini was an Italian conspirator with a fondness for methods which did not bear too close examination. The real Mazzini as revealed in the pages of Masson was not only a patriot of the highest order, a man of nobility of aim and integrity of purpose, but also a man of great intellectual gifts. He knew something of everything. He was equally at home in ancient and modern literature, was well up in art, specially music, and was thoroughly conversant with the problems associated with the names of Kant and Hegel. Masson does with Mazzini what he fails to do with Carlyle: he gives a clear idea of the root principles, the fundamental regulating conceptions which controlled the life of Mazzini. Nothing can be finer than the analysis of the great Italian's personality. One feels in dealing with such themes as the struggle for national liberty and the higher things of the mind, Masson is more in his element than in recording the fleeting socialities of London clubs. It is to be hoped that this volume does not exhaust the late professor's reminiscences. His life-work lay in Scotland, with whose history, ideals, and representative men he was in closest touch. A book of Scottish memories would indeed be an inestimable boon.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

A PLEA FOR FRENCH POETRY.*

To the "general lover" of literature, it seems strange that any one should take the trouble to write in defence of French poetry. A wise man would scarcely be disappointed not to find in French poetry what he is accustomed to look for in Greek or in English poetry. On the contrary, he would enjoy the variety, and be thankful that

* "The Claims of French Poetry." Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. By John C. Bailey. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

concerning poetry 'tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that "here is God's plenty." Therefore I would recommend readers of Mr. Bailey's volume to omit the first forty pages and go straight to the studies of the poets themselves. These include Marot, the interpreter of "the sociable, easy-going, easy-living, pleasure-loving Paris, intelligent, amiable, and intensely alive, which has subsisted through all changes political and religious"; Ronsard, who gave France a poetry before she had a language of her own, and to whom our Elizabethan sonneteers owe so large a debt; La Fontaine, who stands for ever by Molière as one of the greatest pleasure-givers of all time and all countries; André Chénier, the first great "poète personnel et rêveur" in France since La Fontaine; Leconte de Lisle, the master of the still-life of nature and of man; and Hérédia, who offers the exultation of a soul bent on the enjoyment of all the beauty the world has to offer.

But the best of the series is the interesting and illuminating study on Victor Hugo. With great wisdom, Mr. Bailey leaves aside Hugo's share in French political and literary quarrels, and concerns himself with his best poetry. Hugo's chief claim to greatness lies in the fact that he, more perhaps than any other poet, expresses in his verse the feeling of the whole of the nineteenth century. He who gave us songs full of the very spirit of love like those beginning, "S'il est un charmant gazon," "L'aube naît et ta porte est close," and "Puisqu'ici bas toute âme," could also write the "Vision de Dante," the great ode on Napoleon in "Les feuilles d'Automne," the series of the "Légende des Siècles," and the elegies in the second volume of "Les Contemplations."

Hugo, perhaps, makes closer appeal to English readers than any other of the French poets, and if space allowed we might point out how he is in many ways akin to Shelley, Browning, and Swinburne. Like them, he says for us the things we cannot say for ourselves, and therefore

"The heart that healed all hearts of pain
No funeral rites mourn:
Its echoes, while the stars remain,
Return."

CAPTAIN-PROFESSOR.*

The unique Professor who delighted so many generations of Oxford undergraduates is gone from us, but he has left a thoroughly characteristic book. Like the man, it belongs to a wider sphere than the University. The dapper little Captain, who was a pillar of the Church and the Conservative party in Oxford, had nothing professorial about him. He was obviously human and interesting, he was a good teacher, and he made his subject popular; most professors contrive to hide these gifts, if they possess them. So it is with his book; the professorship lasting thirty-eight years is for the author a mere incident in a long, busy, and useful life. Three-fourths of the volume is the autobiography of a pious sailor; it might be called "The Bible in the Navy," on the analogy of "The Bible in Spain," as a compound of adventure and religion treated in a manly style. Burrows was only thirty-three when he retired from active service with the rank of commander, but he had gone to sea at fifteen. On his first cruise in the Far East he had to hunt Malay pirates in the Straits. After visiting Canada and the West Indies, he was sent to the Mediterranean, where he fought at the battle of Acre, November 3, 1840, against Mehemet Ali. Then, as a lieutenant of twenty-four, he was employed on the African station, assisting at the foundation of our colony of Natal, lying in wait for slavers off Angola and Mozambique, and incidentally finding a new

* "Autobiography of Montagu Burrows, Captain R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History." Edited by his son, Stephen Montagu Burrows, with a note by Professor Oman. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

mouth of the Zambesi. Afterwards he was gunnery lieutenant on the *Excellent*, but even here his routine was varied by a cruise along the west coast of Ireland, in the first screw steamer built for the Navy, with the object of catching some of Smith O'Brien's fellow-insurgents in 1848. It was a livelier record than most naval officers could boast, in times of peace. But it is especially notable as a revelation of character. The navy, as Burrows found it in 1834, was, morally speaking, a bad school for youngsters; in physical conditions the service had indeed been transformed since Smollett wrote "*Roderick Random*," thanks to the long wars, but the prevailing tone was still low. A boy like Burrows who would not drink, swear, or gamble, who spent his leisure in reading solid books and performed his regular devotions, must have been courageous and determined beyond the common. His homely, unsentimental account of the way in which he and two comrades set themselves against the prevalent folly or vice is good to read. There is nothing priggish in it, and, being based on an old diary, it preserves the youthful enthusiasm of the author. Happily there was an improvement in the morals of the navy before Burrows retired; as the college-trained cadets gradually monopolised the service, the tone was raised. No such reproach as Burrows made against too many of his fellow-officers could be cast on the navy of to-day.

The old Professor leaves a good many things unsaid about his Oxford career. But he does make out a case for his own appointment to the new Chichele chair of Modern History against contemporary and later critics. He had taken a double First, in classics and in law and modern history, though he was thirty-three when he matriculated. The stern Freeman had condescended to say that Burrows had "done quite enough for two Firsts" in the History school. Burrows immediately became the most popular law and history coach of the day: Mr. Bryce was one of his pupils. He published a useful little book on Oxford examinations, "*Pass and Class*"; he wrote for some years for the *Guardian* and took an active part in ecclesiastical affairs. Considering that Oxford was still a distinctively Anglican University, it cannot fairly be said that the electors did so badly as some of the critics suggested when they chose Burrows as Professor. After all, the faculty of teaching ought to be considered in such elections, though it seldom is at our older Universities. Burrows frankly admits that Bishop Wilberforce influenced the electors in his favour, but Archbishop Sumner, Lord Russell, and Lord Chancellor Bethell, three of the five who chose Burrows, were fairly shrewd judges of men. Stubbs, of course, was passed over, but he soon attained the Regius Professorship. Freeman's power as a historian was not yet manifest, save to a small circle; his "*Norman Conquest*" did not appear till some years later. It seems rather unkind of Burrows to contrast his success in attracting audiences of twenty men, with the failure of those two distinguished rivals to keep a class together. The statement, however, is true enough. Indeed, as every Oxford man knows, it is rarely that a Professor has a respectable attendance at the few lectures which he gives. The system, perhaps more than the man, is to blame. On the whole, then, Burrows might well think the electors of 1862 justified. He admitted readily enough that as a historian he was not the equal of Stubbs, Freeman, or Froude. But he was a capable and popular Professor, and did a great deal for his college and for the University. Peace to his ashes!

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

M. TAINÉ'S CONVERSION.*

There was in M. Taine much that reminds us of a serious and even philosophical Englishman of the eighteenth

century. His belief in experience, in molecular motion as the Great First Cause, and in ethical necessity, puts him into one class with Hartley or Stuart Mill. His reserve of manner was eminently Britannic, dividing him from the French of his generation who figured on the public stage. Like Théophile Gautier, he held that a writer's intimate feelings ought not to be thrown upon the screen for the world's amusement. His books had an impersonal tone; his domestic joys and sorrows he kept out of sight; and he would not have permitted any of those letters to be printed which were intended strictly for home and friends. These volumes of correspondence do not, therefore, make an autobiography. It is only in a limited sense that we can describe them as a *Life*. What they reveal is chiefly the development of M. Taine from something very much like an atheist into a Christian of the Liberal Protestant school, or at any rate in sympathy with that school. We might have been told more in particular how the change came about. Enough, however, is hinted, especially for those who are well read in "*The Origins of Contemporary France*," to justify one of the most significant conversions that the last century has had on its record.

Taine was a candid, nay an austere beautiful spirit. His deep knowledge of English literature added strength to a disposition not by any means usual among French professors, which led him to take life earnestly. He found a gospel in Marcus Aurelius, sad even to melancholy, but far removed from the ironical disdain and accommodating ease characteristic of his friend Renan. He was very gentle, affectionate, and courteous; but early struggles and solitude seem to have taken the spring out of his year. At forty-three Taine felt himself an old man. He was never vain-glorious; he did not cultivate the expression of sentiment; and his freedom from the besetting sin of Parisian literature, curiosity about ignoble things, was remarkable. In a letter to M. Demolins (September 19, 1881), he sketches the average Frenchman; it is the precise antithesis of himself.

"A Frenchman," he says, "dislikes prolonged attention and concentration. He likes to get an immediate insight into things, even at the risk of inexactitude. He likes to soar up in the air, even to the void. He has not sufficient power of memory and imagination to see the details, the circumstances, the tremendous complexity of living realities. He revels in words; further, he is vain, and does not care to confess to his ignorance and incompetence. . . . An Eton schoolboy, a woodcutter in Illinois, knows more about real politics than do the majority of our Deputies."

At the date of these words, Taine had published his indictment of the French Revolution, which for ever put an end among thoughtful readers to the Jacobin legend, vindicating at once Edmund Burke and Mallet Du Pan. It will be remembered that he never alludes through all those pages to Carlyle, whose judgment and principles he distrusted. All Taine's sympathies went out to the moderate Liberals or Whigs, and his admiration for Macaulay was unbounded. The most difficult of creeds across the Channel is a commonplace on our side of the blue water, "Live and let live." Taine accepted and acted upon it. Absolute power in any form was his abhorrence. Thus he came by natural degrees to perceive in the Revolution simply a change of masters, not an advance towards liberty; he shows us in Bonaparte the modern Caesar Borgia; and he is drawn towards religion as the bulwark of civilisation. He never gave up his old psychology, but when he died it was taking on a colour well known to us in Calvin's "*Institutes*," and would perhaps have grown into a spiritual determinism had he lived longer. He did not expect to bring France over to his views. Some hope there was, he thought, in founding schools of economical and social studies, by which politics might one day become a science. The true "positive" method of Le Play, who studied real men in their actual relations from the Atlantic to the Siberian Ocean, met with his unqualified approval. It reversed the methods of 1789, and corrected the dangerous

* "*Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1870—1892.*" Abridged and Translated by E. Sparvel-Bailly. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

fallacies of Rousseau's "Contract." For his own country Taine had no pleasant prophesyings. He feared that it would fall below Italy, or to a level with Spain. Only those who realise what was the position of France before 1870 can measure the depth of sadness in such presentiments. But it were well if Englishmen, enthusiastic for the French alliance, would read and lay to heart the opinions of one so competent on the subject of Jacobin democracy. It is little understood in Great Britain, and our light-minded journalism blinds people to the weakness which Taine saw daily increasing around him in the Republic. "France," he told the Prince Imperial in 1877, "is suffering from a sort of spinal complaint, a matter of slow curing and of serious precautions." Thirty years' experience has not wrought a cure; and no precautions will save a country which of malice aforethought resolves to keep its population stationary or to see it decline.

In these gloomy forebodings Renan would have agreed with the historian. But while the *ci devant* Catholic seminarist preached to young men "Amusez-vous," Taine grew more and more serious, and if not exactly devout, still he learned from the Emperor Marcus a tender Stoicism, like the shadow of unseen realities falling across his old age. Living at a distance from Paris, in picturesque Savoy, adored by his children and grandchildren, looked up to as the wisest of men by the village community, his declining years give an exquisite confirmation to Cicero's "De Senectute," as the period when life is serenely beautiful. But he had sacrificed his strength to unremitting intellectual toil, and now was to pay the price. He suffered from that disease which overtakes literary men so often — the brain struck work. His *opus magnum*, which would have given in scientific outline a true map of France as the Revolution has made it, was left a torso. Still, he did no slight service to humanity in depicting Napoleon and his institutions, the huge Imperial *caserne* where the French people obey the drill-sergeant, where initiative is palsied by the mandarins of Paris, where free association dies under the rule of prefect and police. Taine would have allowed the Jesuits to breathe French air, so long as they observed the common law; he would have let the religious Sisters dwell under their own roof; and he pleaded (of course, in vain) for such liberty within the bounds of the Third Republic as America and England grant to every man or woman who is not convicted of crime. It is so important to let these facts be known that I have not scrupled to pass by the comments on literature which are all that many readers will seek in Taine's correspondence. I do not discuss (though I fully agree with) his admirable verdict on Baudelaire, his prophecy that Bourget would become a Catholic, and his defence to the Princess Mathilde of the attitude he had taken up towards Napoleon. His devotion to Stendhal would inaugurate a profound chapter of criticism. But the lesson of his life is greater than all this. He proved that without Christianity France must perish as a leading nation, and that 1789 was a new day of doom.

WILLIAM BARRY.

IN WEST CORNWALL.*

Seldom does such a book as this appear nowadays unless it is from Mr. Hudson's pen. During the past two years he has paid many visits to West Cornwall and has walked this way and that, across and around it, in all seasons, talking to the people, watching the birds, the still land and the moving sea. His records of these visits he has here set down, arranging them hardly more elaborately than

White did his letters to Pennant and Barrington. And to suggest the charm of this book to those who do not know "Hampshire Days" is impossible without a comparison with "Selborne" or "Wild Life in a Southern County." Like White's letters, Mr. Hudson's essays grow easily out of a large and ripe experience. Both have the same priceless gift of personality which gives human worth to the slightest utterances. White has more repose, and a style, within its own narrow limits, more assured. Mr. Hudson has far more variety and depth. His range is almost incomparably wide. Nothing human, nothing earthly, is alien to him, except politics. He discusses human character, religion, poetry, humour, as he discusses birds, with the same mingling of precise observation and romance. He is an artist who happens to be a scientist. In this book he gives us the special pleasure of seeing how deeply rooted and how subtly intertwined are the two interests, and one of the greatest satisfactions which it leaves us is that of realising, as we seldom can, the possibility of such a union of science and romance. In "Green Mansions" and in "The Purple Land" he is the pure romantic artist. But in this less elaborate book, which contains nothing either in form or matter that could not be used in conversation without an alteration, we can watch the two. Sometimes we meet natural history tinged more or less, or entirely suffused, with romance; sometimes we see romance basing itself securely upon natural history. Only in Ruskin, perhaps, shall we often find such artistic perception along with such curiosity as in this passage:

"The most interesting hour of the day at St. Ives was in the afternoon or evening, the time depending on the tide, when the men issued from their homes and came lurching down the little crooked stone streets and courts to the cove or harbour to get the boats out for the night's fishing. It is a very small harbour in the corner of the bay — a roughly shaped half-moon with two little stone piers for horns, with just room enough inside to accommodate the fleet of about 150 boats. The best spectacle is when they are taken out at or near sunset in fair weather, when the subdued light gives a touch of tenderness and mystery to sea and sky, and the boats, singly, in twos and threes, and in groups of half a dozen, drift out from the harbour and go away in a kind of procession over the sea. The black forms on the moving, darkening water and the shapely deep red sails glowing in the level light have then a beauty, an *expression*, which comes as a surprise to one unaccustomed to such a scene. The expression is due to association — to vague suggestions of a resemblance in this to other scenes. We may be unable to recall them; the feeling returns, but without the mental image of the scene which originally produced it. It was not until I had watched the boats going out on two or three successive evenings that an ancient memory returned to me.

"Sitting or walking by the margin of some wide lake or marsh in a distant land, I am watching a company of birds of some large majestic kind — stork, wood ibis, or flamingo — standing at rest in the shallow water which reflects their forms. By-and-by one of the birds steps out of the crowd and moves leisurely away, then, slowly unfolding his broad wings, launches himself on the air and goes off, flying very low over the water. Another follows, then, after an interval, another, then still others, in twos and threes and half-dozens, until the last bird has opened his wings and the entire flock is seen moving away in a loose procession over the lake.

"Just in that way did the crowd of boats move by degrees from their resting-place, shake out their wing like sails, and stream away over the sea. . . . The spectacle had, in fact, that charm which is so rare in man's work, of something wholly natural, which fits into the scene and is part and parcel with nature itself."

Mr. Hudson could have given us, had he wished, a more exquisitely wrought picture, but in such a book as this his scientific bent forbids, and it is questionable whether we are not the richer for his giving way to it and showing us so frankly the working of his mind here as in many other places. For the book, without attempting to exhaust even Bolerium, the westernmost section of Cornwall, effects a wonderfully subtle and various picture of the land itself and its waters, its men and women and children, its creatures and flowers. But it does more. It lets us see the processes by which the picture has been made. Thus it lacks the "trade finish" and is not ashamed of its structure. It reveals with the utmost fairness the character of the man,

* "The Land's End: A Naturalist's Impressions in West Cornwall." By W. H. Hudson. With 49 Illustrations by A. L. Collins. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson & Co.)

prejudices and all, who is making the picture; his way of observing the facts on which his conclusions are based: yet in the end compels us to accept his picture by the force of his personality. We may differ from him, but the total effect, the characterisation of people and land, is far too bold, clear, and beautiful for us to do anything but accept it thankfully as one of the best all-round country books that we have. We should like to draw attention to many beautiful details, but there is a painful one which cannot be passed by. Mr. Hudson describes the abominable cruelty of the Cornish towards birds. In particular, he tells us how they greet the myriads forced down to this mild extremity of Britain by frost. Old and young catch them with baited fish-hooks. Those birds that die quickly are fortunate: for some escape with hooks in their gullets, and others meet a man who, when he has caught one too small for food, releases it, wrenches the mandibles apart and tosses it away. A few Cornishmen have begged Mr. Hudson "to do or say something to put a stop to these disgusting barbarities." In protesting against them it is only fair to point out that Sunday in many other parts is made a horrible innocents' day by the slow slaughter of nestlings at the hands of country children, encouraged by the known hatred of farmers for all birds, and discouraged by few of any repute.

The illustrations are quite subsidiary to the text and are particularly good when they depict small scenes, such as a group of houses, a courtyard, or a face, rather than spacious and wild landscapes.

E. T.

VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.*

The first volume of Mr. Atlay's work on "The Victorian Chancellors" appeared two years ago, and it was reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN* for May 1906. There the present writer expressed his conviction that a hearty welcome would be extended to this undertaking, and gave it as his opinion that, although the author disavowed all idea of his biographical studies being regarded as a continuation of Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," and although it differed in scale, there was no doubt that it would be so regarded. A perusal of the second volume confirms the reviewer in this favourable verdict. In Vol. I. we had the biographical and critical studies of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, and somewhat bald narratives of Lord Cottenham and Lord Truro—bald, because, as Mr. Atlay put it, "the material for biographies of these chancellors hardly exists at all outside the Law Reports, the pages of Hansard, and the legal periodicals." Now we have the accounts of Lords St. Leonards, Cranworth, Chelmsford, Campbell, Westbury, Cairns, Hatherley, Selborne, Halsbury, and Herschell. There have been issued biographies of Lord Campbell, Lord Westbury, and Lord Selborne, and in these instances the difficulty has not been to acquire, but to select, material; but of Lord Cairns and Lord Hatherley less is known; while little or nothing of importance has been written about the remaining lawyers, who have, to quote the publishers' announcement, "so far escaped biographical honours." Mr. Atlay has been fortunate enough, however, to have access to the unprinted correspondence of Lord St. Leonards, and to be allowed to read and make use of an unprinted autobiography of Lord Chelmsford. Only about thirty pages are given between them to Lords Halsbury and Herschell, for the very obvious reason that the time has not yet come when it is possible to pronounce a final verdict upon these illustrious lawyers and politicians.

In the days of the Terror a French nobleman, in answer to a democrat who was sneering at ancient lineage, lightly

made the crushing rejoinder, "As if the genealogy of the French nobility were not the history of France!" With even more truth it may be said that the lives of the Lord Chancellors are the political and legal histories of England. It is impossible to dissociate a man from his work, and, it must be confessed, in the cases of most of the Lord Chancellors whose careers are portrayed in Mr. Atlay's book, the men are less interesting than the chancellors, with the exception of Brougham, whose personality was greater certainly than any of his successors. Yet here and there we come upon very human scenes. For instance, when Disraeli, on succeeding Lord Derby as Prime Minister, hastened to remove Lord Chelmsford from the Woolsack, and appoint Sir Hugh Cairns in his stead: according to Bishop Wilberforce, when Chelmsford surrendered the seals he held them back a minute, and said, "I have been used worse than a menial servant. I have not had even a month's warning!" The wisdom of the change was undoubted, but greater consideration might have been shown by Disraeli in the hour of his triumph to an old servant of the party, whose years numbered nearly four-score. And it was adding insult to injury to offer a retiring Lord Chancellor the Grand Cross of the Bath. "I lost no time in respectfully declining the distinction, which was entirely out of character with the services of which it was meant to testify the approval," so Lord Chelmsford wrote with dignity in his Autobiography; and his action was approved by the Bar. "He might just as well have been offered the Victoria Cross," said some one bluntly.

Lord Chelmsford's fall was through no fault of his own, but Lord Westbury brought about his political ruin not by audacious job-mongering, as it was generally said at the time, but through a certain measure of simplicity and an equal amount of carelessness. He allowed a public servant to retire on pension from certain offices while he was charged with offences of having appropriated public moneys in another department; worse still, the Chancellor appointed his son to one of the vacancies—which appointment, as a matter of fact, was not relevant to the charge, because, as Mr. Atlay points out, whether the culprit had been dismissed or was allowed to resign, the vacancy would anyhow have been created. A storm burst over the head of the astonished Lord Westbury, and allegations of corrupt practices were made in many quarters, not openly, indeed, yet not so quietly but that the echo reached the ears of the Chancellor, who at once tendered his resignation to Palmerston. The Prime Minister would not accept it, thinking he could pull his colleague through; but when the matter came before the House of Commons, while the Chancellor was exonerated from all improper motives, a vote of censure on minor grounds was carried. Westbury of course resigned, and announced the fact from the Woolsack in a touching speech, wherein he declared that while he was bound to accept the decision of the Lower House, "I may, however, express the hope that after an interval of time calmer thoughts will prevail and feelings more favourable to myself be entertained." It is enough to say his wish has been fulfilled, and that, from the hour of his speech, as Mr. Atlay says, "a revulsion of feeling in his favour has continued down to the present moment."

It would be easy to fill many columns with mention of the innumerable interesting events chronicled lucidly by Mr. Atlay, but considerations of space forbid any further reference to the contents of the work, the general scope of which the title makes clear. Mr. Atlay has provided a valuable as well as a most interesting work in "The Victorian Chancellors," and it is one which will surely find its place not only on the shelves of the historian, but also on those of the lawyer who is interested in the records of the careers of the shining lights of his profession.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. Vol. II. 14s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.*

The simple life-story of Louise de la Vallière appeals to those who appreciate sentiment, pathos, and penitence, attributes which contrast strongly with the passion, greed, and selfishness of many of the French kings' mistresses. At first it seems as though the biography of "the modest little violet hiding humbly under the grass" would barely fill a volume, but M. Lair's exhaustive work testifies to the contrary. The affairs of Mlle. de la Vallière are intertwined with a chronicle of important events and affect a number of famous people. Her life runs like a delicate thread through the reign of Louis XIV., fine and silken in the beginning, broken and tangled in the centre, attenuated toward the end. Louise was nearly seventeen when she was appointed maid-of-honour to Madame Henriette and accompanied her to Fontainebleau, where she was much in the King's company. A secret liaison was soon established between the lovers, but three years later, in 1664, it became common knowledge. "We must confess," says the author, "that she showed no reluctance to mount that left handed throne which, later on, she was to speak of as her 'scaffold.'" The "throne" was in reality first a garret at the Palais Royal, later a small building one story high, seventy two feet long and twenty four feet wide, with the pretensions name of "Palais Brion," in which Louise lived in solitude save for a single companion and occasional visits from friends of the King who played cards with her. Never was King's mistress less self-seeking! The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 put an end to the restraint practised by Louis partly to spare his mother's feelings, but no sooner was restraint removed than the passion it had fostered evaporated also. After six short years of a connection which brought as much pain as happiness, Louise, now Duchesse de la Vallière and a mother, was subjected to intolerable humiliation at the hands of the King and her rival, Mme. de Montespan. She desired to leave the Court, she even escaped for one day to a convent, but Louis commanded her to return. She was useful as a cloak for his new intrigue, and she stayed and suffered, hoping to secure her son's future. No wonder she felt nothing but gladness when at length in 1771 the convent doors closed safely behind her. M. Lair draws a fine picture of her journey thither.

"She was scarcely thirty, and she was looking handsomer than ever. Tears and admiration conflicted in the watching faces. It might have been a funeral - or a triumphal progress! Louise quitted the great world characteristically - with a gracious smile upon her face; and the world has never forgotten it."

For thirty-six years as Sister Louise de la Miséricorde she expiated her sin.

The sad story is agreeably told, but the author's frequent moral reflections seem out of place in an historical study, and he distributes praise and censure in an arbitrary manner. Many old friends appear in the book; Anne of Austria is described as a model mother, Marie-Thérèse as a long-suffering angel. For La Grande Mademoiselle M. Lair has never a good word. He calls her "a hard, cross-grained creature," "the knowing spinster of forty," and accuses her of spying, of jealousy, of every meanness. Even Mme. de Sévigné, who is usually regarded as beyond reproach, does not escape blame.

Two striking passages are the death-bed scene of Madame, whose maxim was "When you were in a fix it was the truth alone which could get you out of it," and the cele-

bration of the Black Mass, showing Mme. de Montespan in the hands of the sorcerers.

The translation is good and the book is provided with comprehensive notes, the result of minute research on the part of the author, whose work is as much appreciated on the other side of the Channel as on this.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S NEW NOVEL.*

Miss Sinclair has written a brave and noble book. Truth and purity may command a daring from which shrouded corruption would turn aside, and there is in this fine novel no taint of the enervating self-indulgence of a hypocritical world. At the time when much current literature is more depraving, because more self-conscious, than the paganism from which it takes its colour, it is refreshing to find a writer fearless in severity as was the Master who condemned "whited sepulchres" and founded the sanctity of marriage, not on the laws and conventions of men, but on the eternal realities of the Divine nature, and, freeing passion from lust, consecrated suffering itself as a part of the joy of the highest love.

This grave opening to an article based on Miss Sinclair's novel may be condemned for a didactic insistence which she herself wholly escapes; but it is the direct outcome of a book vibrant with essential tragedy. Kitty Tailleux, the "woman who was a sinner," awakened by the deep unworldly love of a Galahad untouched by suspicion. Kitty, who sacrifices her newly opened heaven for his sake and for truth's sake is a creation touched with genius of a very high order. But indeed, with one exception, the characterisation throughout the entire story, whether in speech, in action, or in trenchant analysis, is masculine in its swift vigour, feminine in its delicate insight and penetrating intuition. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following, which incidentally answers beforehand the supposed improbability of Lucy's attitude, and at once brings the veritable man before the reader as no mere presence - but a vivid and attractive force:

"Lucy's mind was like his body. Superficial people called it narrow, because the sheer length of it diverted their attention from its breadth. Visionary, yet eager for the sound impact of the visible, it was never more alert than when it, so to speak, sat still, absorbed in its impression. It was the sport of young and rapid impulses, which it seemed to obey sluggishly, while, all the time, it moved with immense, slow strides to incredibly far conclusions. Having reached a conclusion it was apt to stay there. The very length of its stride made turning awkward for it."

The artistic restraint and verisimilitude in the scene describing a final parting between Kitty and this man who loved her set their seal upon the author's triumph, but the highest value of the book lies in a moral catholicity which is the very heart and life of all art worthy of the name. For without condoning for a moment what is a canker in the civic community as well as in the individual life, emphasising on the contrary its ugly loathsomeness, we are yet made to feel in the guilty woman the accompanying fascination of many sweet and endearing gifts—made to realise that, amid the complexities of human personality, the sin was committed by a nature capable of the highest heroism, the most self-renouncing love, by one who recognised when too late that her most irrevocable crime had been the marring of that capacity for holy motherhood which she saw at last she had "thwarted and disowned," the mother-

* "Louise de la Vallière and the Early Life of Louis XIV." By Jules Lair. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 68s. net. (Hutchinson.)

* "Kitty Tailleux." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)



Louise de la Vallière.

From an engraving after a miniature by P. Petit.
From "Louise de la Vallière," by Jules Lair.

hood of which Browning has fitly spoken in his praise of Pompilia as

"the trust of trusts,
Life from the Ever-Living."

Thus it comes to pass that the memory of Kitty's self-inflicted death would scarcely be bearable without the implicit belief which is the justification and exaltation of tragic conclusions, a belief in issues wider than our poor blind human vision, and passing outside its ken.

There is just one adverse note on which we must pause. The type of clergy suggested by the history and development of their daughters in this novel is not, let us hope, really typical of the clerical life of to-day, and Miss Keating's narrow hardness makes her an almost incredible monster; but neither criticism can for a moment cancel the lofty achievement of the book as a whole.

DARTMOOR FICTION.*

To come to the point frankly and at once, "Heather," the second volume of Mr. Trevena's moorland trilogy, is something of a disappointment. Not that it is bad; on the contrary, it contains a great deal that is good. It is too much adulterated with the author's worser self. One gains the impression that he has taken a scrap of a story and has filled nearly five hundred pages with everything that came into his head in connection with that story; with his prejudices as well as his philosophy, his irritability as well as his criticism of life, his nightmares as well as his visions. Only a writer of supremely forceful or lovable individuality can afford not to select from himself, can weld his good and bad into an artistic whole. It is an ideal, that of being freely oneself and of building all that one sees, feels, and thinks into one great synthesis, but non-success carries a heavy penalty, and in "Heather," at any rate, Mr. Trevena has over-reached himself. In one typical paragraph—the third in the book—we find first a jibe at the tourists who cut their names into the House of Cosden at the top of Cawsand Beacon, then:

"the little house insists upon prattling, not in an eloquent way by any means, being only a primitive box of Dartmoor stone; it has no learning, and is very often at a loss for a word—its tenant had nothing to give it but his bones—and sometimes it has to use quaint phrases of its own; and yet it can tell a story merely because it is a tomb and lies upon the roof; just as a little pair of boots in an almost forgotten cupboard, or a dainty garment hanging behind the door of a long unused bedroom, talk most horribly, because they are not boots or garment, but tongues crying like the tomb, 'Stay, traveller, stay!' Those little boots, that dainty garment, are shrines, fellow travellers; temples of the deity to whom we have given our whole souls. We cannot pass them by without blinded eyes and a wild heart."

The jibe and the thought too deep for tears might, of course,

be associated towards a fine effect, but Mr. Trevena does not succeed in doing it. The last sentence, with its use of the word "wild," is excellent, but the beginning and end of the paragraph, instead of heightening each other's effect, kill one another. Later on in the same chapter he even puts a second jibe against rock-chippers into the mouth of Cawsand Beacon personified. He talks like a poet and an outraged local patriot rolled into one. Throughout the book we are continually met by these unresolved discords.

"Heather," the author says, "which flourishes only in pure air and sunshine, and blossoms again though it is torn by the winds, seems to represent the spirit of Endurance." Endurance accordingly is the motive of the book, though not so distinctively as was cruelty in "Furze the Cruel." "The wind beats the fern, the wind beats the vuzz; but it can't beat the heather, though it has tried for millions o' years. . . . Can ye tell me if the wind be sent to tear the heather, or be the heather sent to bear the wind? Du the wind hate the heather? . . . Is the wind sent to tear us, or are we sent to bear the wind? Does the wind hate us?" The scene is laid in and about a moorland sanatorium. What story there is culminates in the union of a tuberculous patient with a consumptive artist. Debased small farming people provide the minor episodes. All the characters are strongly—very strongly—drawn, and all of any importance are unhealthy. They are diseased and they endure. Perhaps, therefore, their unhealthiness is intentional. The cruelty on the author's part, his lashing of his characters, which was noted of "Furze" in THE BOOKMAN, continues with less excuse in "Heather." Cruelty is a dangerous emotion to play with, mingled though it be, more than is commonly suspected, with other and better passions. It easily degenerates into sneers or brutality; it does so too often in this trilogy. "Heather," like "Furze," is original and frank, and powerful in detail, but it is too shapeless and mixed to be either so powerful as a whole or so bracing. Exacerbated sentiment and ragged nerves appear responsible for too much of it. Be that as it may, however, the book is well worth reading, and the above remarks are made with some freedom, not out of a desire to damn "Heather," but because there was "Furze" before it and there is "Granite" still to come.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.



The Guild of Literature and Art Admission Ticket.

From "Miscellaneous Papers of Dickens." (Chapman & Hall.)

* "Heather." By John Trevena.
6s. (Alston Rivers.)

DICKENS'S MISCELLANIES.*

To the handsome "Gadshill" edition of his works are now added the plays and poems of Dickens and his miscellaneous papers. These latter include articles and sketches that he contributed to the *Daily News*, the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, *Household Words*, and elsewhere; his fine "In Memoriam" paper on Thackeray; and the prefaces and introductions he wrote for Adelaide Anne Procter's poems, Grimaldi's "Memoirs," and other books. All these waifs and strays are alive with the eager vitality, the large-hearted earnestness, and over-flowing humour that characterise everything he wrote; if there is nothing in them that can add a leaf to his laurels, there is not a little to confirm us in our admiration of his versatility, the vigour, lightness, tenderness, and varying harmonies of his style, his abounding common sense and chivalrous humanity. In such essays as "Ignorance and Crime," "Crime and Education," "Capital Punishment," "The Paradise at Tooting" and its two sequels, you find the author of "Oliver Twist" girding again at the crass blundering and insensibility of the parochial and other powers that be, championing the cause of the weak and the outcast with a burning sympathy and pity that no man could simulate; sight of the misery of children touched him always and filled him with passionate resentment for them; he was pleading for universal education long before the days of the Board Schools, and the picture he gives of the beginnings of the Field Lane Ragged School is as vividly realistic and as charged with pathos and grim humour as almost anything he has written.

The miscellanies are certainly wonderfully miscellaneous. They comprise some admirable dramatic criticisms; a satirical attack on the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting, and a suggestion for the formation of a Pre-Gower-and-Chaucer school of literature; a dissertation on the Guild of Literature and Art that he and Lytton were bent upon founding for the benefit of less fortunate authors and artists, and in whose interests an amateur dramatic company, of which Dickens was one, were acting Lytton's comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem"; articles, essays, and essayettes on all manner of serious, lively, trivial, topical, or general subjects, many of them fully deserving to rank with those reprinted pieces that Dickens himself collected, and scarcely one that is not interesting enough, one way or another, to have been worth rescuing from oblivion.

The volumes include his half-dozen plays and score of poems, a number of excellent illustrations, and an adequate introduction by Mr. B. W. Matz, who is to be congratulated on certain successes that have attended his researches into dusty newspaper files, and on the careful fulfilment of his editorial labours.

THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE.†

"Some too partial persons have been pleased to say that not only the writing of books concerning gardens, but the growing affection for them, owes something to 'The Garden that I Love.'" Mr. Austin modestly minimises but does not entirely disclaim this pleasant compliment. Yet one cannot help mingling a little sympathy with one's admiration for the pioneer "in the field of horticultural literature." To be responsible for anything so widely, and, occasionally, so dully imitated, so easily insipid, must surely at times be something of a vexation. The charm of a garden is its privacy, its beauty and peace; its slow mysterious change, beneath the changing influences of days and seasons. It lies in what man cannot ambush with a trowel or a catalogue,

nor even with a sonnet or a dainty companion. You dig, you sow, you loiter and dream amid shades and phantoms, amid swarming multitudes, in an arena of infinite and agelong strife, in a curious, pottering, human silence; and alone. You may bring every mood the heart can have into a garden. It will surrender out of its peculiar green solitude and quietness some solace, some response to all. But wealth may convert it into a vulgarism, vanity into a foolish advertisement, indiscriminate effort and labour into an artificiality. And indolence—how strange is the law of retribution!—indolence may leave it to change itself into one of the most beautiful and wonderful of the gardens in literature (and that before the vogue) the garden of the Sluggard. But not much of any kind of fascination or mystery will survive the verbosity, tradesmanliness, and knick-knackery of the average garden book.

"The Garden that I Love" must be read for its views, occasional verse, its wit, style, fancy, and everything else a poet may please to have put into it for the delight and entertainment of his many readers. Mr. Austin discourses on literature, on literary men (and their "feminine auxiliaries"), on the superior intelligence of the countryman as opposed to the knowingness of the sooty cit, on "respectable persons," mostly of the more impeccable sex (and which is that, we wonder?), on Mozart and Byron, on "little Mary" in collusion with "lavish croppers," on modern fiction, genius, Americans, and charm.

It is a large and varied field. But only one personality is evoked—that of the author. Lamia and Veronica are not even reflections of reality: they have stepped daintily straight out of Dr. Johnson's "Rambler." Indeed we are rather of opinion that Mr. Austin's own practice tends to confirm the very questionable popular notion that poets are usually indifferent prose-writers.

SLUM HEROISM.*

If anything can justify a too painful realism, it is certainly the emotion of pity. We have seldom read a novel more unflinching in its realism than "The Thief on the Cross"; the scene in which the filthy drunken old mother strips herself is ghastly; and we have seldom, it ever, read a novel so heartrending. Had Mrs. Gorst been less frank, Ede Ridgefoote's life would assuredly have been less pitiful, and much less great. That is to say, its greatness would have been much less apparent. Except perhaps at the conclusion, where Ede dies repentant, with a vision of the Thief on the Cross before her eyes, the story is very ordinary—merely that of a slum girl who goes deviously from bad to worse—but it strikes home in every chapter. We meet Ede Ridgefoote in a broken-down old house in a slum. We leave her dead in a cellar. "Udn't any one as was to see the beautiful expression on my pore gel's face think as 'ow she'd a-gorn straight to 'Eving?" sobbed Mrs. Ridgefoote. "They would so," agreed Mrs. M'Wray, as in politeness bound. But to herself she added: "'Tain't likely, an' 'er wot she was." Going on the streets, and going to prison for it, are not the worst evils that befall her. The death of her baby, the burial with it of the white bunny-rabbit, bought too late, is almost unbearable. This is too much, one says; and then one recalls that it is but a transcript of the too common.

So courageously does Ede struggle on, so loyally does she stand by the family that drags her down, so strong does her love of children remain under circumstances where infanticide would appear almost laudable; so little, indeed, is her soul besmirched by all she does in her wilfulness and in her necessity, that as a matter of technique, at all

* "Miscellaneous Papers." By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. 12s. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "The Garden that I Love." 2nd Series. By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan & Co.)

* "The Thief on the Cross." By Mrs. Harold Gorst. 6s. (Nash.)

events, her deathbed repentance seems unnecessary. The motto on the book—

"The ways of men are narrow,
But the gates of heaven are wide"—

is more abundantly proved by her life than by the manner of her death.

It is, as we have said, no extraordinary story, rare though such stories be in fiction writ to amuse. Ede Ridgefootes are common enough in slums; and it is the supreme ironic comment on our efforts at material progress that under no happier conditions, that we know, can such characters be bred. They arise from the environment they transcend. Hence it is that the novel is as inspiring as it is painful, for if it brings out the horror of thousands of human lives, still more does it bring out the unconquerable gallantry of human nature under any conditions whatsoever, except complete comfort. In making us realise the commonplace afresh, Mrs. Gorst has invested her work with something of the grandeur of the commonplace. There is humour also, very grim humour, in "The Thiet on the Cross," and each of the many characters is fully created, in detail or in outline.

ISLANDS OF THE VALE.*

Miss Hayden is one of the few writers of the day who make satisfying books out of rambling records of all kinds of rural things seen, heard of, and read of. She has the very great advantage of being obviously one who delights to walk slowly abroad in the fields, turning often through the doors of cottage and church. She would do this, we suspect, whether people praised her books or not. And so, having a modest but sufficient gift of words, she is bound to find her public at last. In her three or four books of this kind, "Travels Round a Village," "Turnpike Travellers," and "From a Thatched Cottage," she has begun to make a fine piece of country her own in a gossiping and even an intimate way. She is rather fantastically reticent about what this country is. Sometimes she gives the places described no name at all, and in one case talks of an ancient camp for three or four pages, discussing its name and the conjectures about it, but never reveals the name at all—it is in fact Cherbury Camp, between Charney Bassett and Pusey, in Berkshire. In other cases she gives them names embodying their meaning, real or supposed: thus Hanney is "Hean's Island," Hatford is "The Ford by the Heath," Charney is "Cerdie's Island," Pusey is "The Green Island," Goosey is "Goose Island." Her country is, in fact, the Vale of White Horse, and these "islands," once possibly real islands rising out of the swamps of the Ock and its tributaries, give their name to the book and to several of the chapters. It is her best book. Miss Hayden is fast getting to know her own powers and to obtain mastery over them. There is no particular felicity in her expression, but it is never extravagant, seldom loose, and nearly always reflects the quiet of the ancient unspoiled country which she describes. Her reflections are seldom interesting, being kindly but commonplace. It is for her observation, and the unconscious mosaic of beautiful rusticity, of human comedy and pathos, and of history and legend, that she is to be praised and sought after. Perhaps the tales, and fragments of tales, about living men and women of the labouring class are her best work: the dialect being good and the effects unstrained and true to life, though in the main "the side that" in her opinion "is best worth showing" is given without its contrast. But her natural touches are very good, too, though they fail to produce any large effect or definite

impression of the whole land. But here are the trees, the flowers, the crops, the soil, the waters and weather sweeping over them. Her mingling of history and legend is better than such work usually is. She has collected some legend herself. She has read her history for herself. She has visited the churches for herself—in one case having a tomb opened to look for some support of the legend that it was Chaucer's. Quite possibly it is, and quite certainly he could not have lain more easily than there in that chancel of the now deserted church at "The Ford of the Heath." Hatford was, by the way, the village of Stephen Duck, thrasher, poet, and pensioner of Queen Caroline, consort of George II.

Novel Notes.

THE FUTURE MRS. DERING. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Publishers' notes about the books that they issue are commonly to be taken with a grain of salt, but Mr. Laurie's commendation of "The Future Mrs. Dering" needs no such qualifying. "It is just the book for a holiday," he says, "light, clever, and amiably humorous, with a plot that keeps the reader's attention continuously alive and alert." Those words are entirely just. Martin Dering, with his "dear absurdities and splendid possibilities" is a character upon whom his creator is to be congratulated, and the events preceding his marriage to one of two charming women—to which one, we are far too sportsmanlike to say—constitute a comedy that, staged, might amuse the town for a long time. The story is of the slightest. At twenty-seven years of age, Martin Dering has a dawning perception of the duty owed to society by a man with ten thousand a year, and he proposes to Hilma Crowdy, a young lady of indisputable attractiveness with whom he has every reason to suppose he can be completely happy. Then, temporarily delayed at a remote village, he meets Phillipa Garrod (though not under that name) and with her, too, he feels he could be completely happy, were



Photo by C. T. Jones, Kingston-on-Thames.

Mr. Percy White.

* "Islands of the Vale." By Eleanor G. Hayden. With illustrations by J. M. Macintosh, R.B.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

t'other dear charmer away. The situation is not unique, but it always has its embarrassments. Martin Dering never permits himself to be hustled, not even by the formidable Mrs. Crowdy; calm frankness, and, not infrequently, shameless bribery serve him admirably. So does his faithful friend, David Inderwick, and the curtain rings down upon four happy people.

LOVE AND THE POOR SUITOR. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Percy White's latest comedy is so light that it is not until after one has reached the end of it that one fully appreciates its craftsmanship; the structure, which at a first glance seemed feeble, is then found to be strong albeit delicate in treatment, and the emotions with which it is concerned are primitive, albeit controlled with the restraint that characterises the best human products of modern civilisation. The story is the story of Maurice and Sonia Norman's happy married life, begun with clouds of anxiety gathering on the horizon, and threatened at one point with a sharp storm of conflicting passion, but carried to a condition of serene security. But it is Lionel Musgrave who provides the best proof of Mr. Percy White's trained skill; he is a clever, imaginative, rather uncommon bundle of emotions, a man who is always "trying to climb into the tragic places, and strike picturesque attitudes," a hobby which he describes as being an artist in life. In less capable hands his story would probably end in some rather sordid and unsavoury exposure of his essential weakness; Mr. White's instinct is never betrayed by failure in technique. He brings the situation to a dramatic point and then saves it without the least suggestion of anti-climax.

DRUSILLA'S POINT OF VIEW. By Madame Albanesi. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is an able and sympathetic study of the two girls, Drusilla and Bertha Heronworth, and a very charming love story, of which Drusilla is the heroine. Bertha is wealthy, but deformed and something of an invalid, and already, though she is still under thirty, she is staid and matronly, is gentle and lovable, and loved very much as kindly old ladies are. She mothers Drusilla, who is supposed by all but herself and one other to be her sister, and the one great sorrow of her life comes when the only woman who could profit by the knowledge chances to find out that no relationship exists between them, and then, lying mute and stricken on her death bed, Bertha is powerless to ask any one to help her to make a will that shall save Drusilla from losing her inheritance as well as her name. Drusilla herself is a baffling, subtly feminine, wholly winning personality. "I really hate suffering," she says on an occasion when she forces herself to go to the hospital to see a little lad who has been terribly injured in an accident. "I am afraid I hate sorrow. I could not live in shadow; but I have a curious sense of duty. I feel I must do certain things just because I hate doing them." She is, as she confesses, "full of magnificent impulses and noble sentiments, but the impulse dies once it is cold, and the noble sentiments end in one long wail for happiness—happiness—happiness at any price. The simple truth is, I must live in the sunshine and I must be loved." There come days when she has to live in the shadow, and when her curiously exaggerated sense of duty nearly impels her to a course that would have wrecked her own happiness and that of the man she loved, and the happy end she arrives at, at last, is reached in spite of herself.

ASHES; A Sardinian Story. By Grazia Deledda. Translated from the Italian by Helen Hester Colvill. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a study of the ferment in a Sardinian lad's life. He is deserted by his mother and brought up in ignorance

of her shameful condition. But on going to study law at Rome, he endeavours to find her out, and succeeds eventually. Feeling it his duty to own and support her, he quixotically insists upon her accepting his orders. She commits suicide, from a desire to leave him unembarrassed in his career, but not before he has been thrown over by a pretty, heartless girl to whom he had been engaged. Anania now realises the emptiness and ashes of human existence with all a young man's ready pessimism. Yet his mother's self-sacrifice, in spite of its sordid circumstances, reveals a spark among the ashes. "Hope returned to him, and he felt that he loved life still." The sultry passion of the South broods over the pages of the book. Its descriptions of peasant life in Sardinia are both vivid and detailed. But the psychological interest lies in the growth of Anania's soul. He is a fantastic, melancholy child, "with sick blood in his veins," and also, on another side of his being, a quick-witted lad who saw through, though he could never overcome, the morbid phantoms which obsessed him. The contrary tendencies of his nature are traced with considerable analytic power. The forlorn child, thrown among strangers; the youth, awakening to the magic of love; and the student at Rome, disturbed by deeper thoughts about the mystery of his own birth and the responsibilities of life—these form the phases of this remarkable novel. The theme is old. But the local colour and the admirable variety of the story lend it a freshness all its own. The translation reads smoothly, and the book is got up most artistically.

THE PEDESTAL: or, Son and Mother. By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Coke has written a story which, in spite of its subtitle, will appeal more to mothers than to sons. At least it ought to appeal in such quarters. There must be many mothers to whom a copy of this book could be sent, in the hope that they would be cured of injudicious habits in the training of their boys. They might take a pill in the shape of a novel, though, like Lady Fothergill in this story, it is possible that they might regard it as an insult to their superior maternal wisdom. This does not mean that Mr. Coke has written a story round a theory. Far from that. It is a genuine story, with a lot of penetration and vigour, which is too sincere to be satirical. Bernard Fothergill is the only child of his parents. His mother, a fashionable county lady, first neglects and then, after her husband's death, idolises the lad. He goes to school eventually, only to become the accomplice or dupe of a sneak in the shape of a cousin, and he is expelled for filching money out of his school master's pockets. His outraged mother is wounded in her pride, and almost sends him out of the country. The author of "The Bending of a Twig" should not require any hints about public-school life, and it is only with hesitation that one ventures to criticise his representation of school ethics. But for the purposes of his tale he has coloured the cousin too darkly. Most boys, if they read the book, will feel that. Where the story tells, and tells in every paragraph, is in the capital description of Lady Fothergill's relation to her sister-in-law, her male friend Dick, and her mishandled son. The central idea of the tale is not only true to life, but skilfully wrought out.

THE LITTLE GOD'S DRUM. By Ralph Straus. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Most of the characters in this "multiple love story," as the publishers kindly label it, have an exasperating way of getting engaged to the wrong person and backing out at the last moment, with dolorous results to their friends. Tony, Lord Wrynge, is the chief sufferer. This eccentric, good-natured nobleman is thrice jilted, twice by the same woman, and we are not surprised to find him starting, when the novel closes, on a perpetual motor-ride. This

diversion has supplanted bear-hunting in America or lion-hunting in Africa, which used to be the novelist's standard recipes for a broken modern heart. Petrol is more easily secured than human love in London. The various women of the tale are much more convincing than the men. Joan Heathcote, a beautiful girl from the East End, attains her bliss after some genuine suffering. Mrs. Vanderest, an American widow, loses her mate, just after wooing him delicately and holding him for a few days. Grace Mannering, indeed, behaves with a callous self-indulgence which repels the reader's sympathy, but Mrs. Jenningham more than makes up for this by her unrequited, pathetic devotion to a man who never dreams that she has more than friendship for him. The East-End scenes are a happy relief to the West-End atmosphere of literature and philandering. Mr. Straus is clever in depicting the elusive, unsatisfactory life of those who play with passion, and the mixture of fantasy and tragedy lends piquancy to a novel of undoubted charm. Mr. Pye is not big enough, however, for his position. Major Pendennis, his model, would have managed things more successfully.

PAULINE. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

In a publishers' note, printed on the cover of this novel, we are informed that it is a return to the author's earlier style as in "Mademoiselle de Mersac." Whatever it is a return to, it is one of the most attractive and genuine stories we have had the pleasure of reading for many a month. Mr. Norris has the easy, unforced manner of a trained story-teller. His touch is sure without being heavy, and the result is an artistic unity which moves without a jerk or pause. One can imagine how most novelists would treat the plot: the relations between a divorced French actress on the shady side of thirty and a young Englishman in Switzerland whose love-passion is excited by her charms. How trite and unpromising the theme sounds! Yet Mr. Norris makes Pauline Daguerre a woman capable of renouncing her own tardy happiness,

lest she should spoil Neville. Arnott's career. She hurts herself rather than her lover. Eventually, she gets a brief reward for her self-sacrifice, and the description of the good time she and Arnott had at Davos rounds off the story with a phase of delicate, sincere pathos. Arnott's behaviour to his English fiancée is certainly uninspiring. He comes badly out of that ill-advised relationship. But Miss Drake has another and a truer lover in an army captain, so that no tears need be wasted on her. There are some well-drawn minor characters to fill up the scenes and lend variety to the plot, but the centre of the book lies in the affinity of the two main characters, and Mr. Norris has wisely refused to crowd his pages with incidents which might unduly divert the reader's attention. It is a novel over which one lingers in order not to miss any of the fine things which the author has put into it.



Thomas Pole, M.D.
From "Thomas Pole, M.D."

The Bookman's Table.

THOMAS POLE, M.D. By Edward Tolson Wedmore. 4s. 6d. (Headley Bros.)

It is easy to make an interesting story out of the life of a man who has spent his days in doing stirring and picturesque things, but to do as much for the life of a man who has been contented to move through quiet byways, and to devote great gifts to the discharge of everyday, unsensational duties, a biographer must needs bring something more than ordinary ability to his task. Thomas Pole was born in America, his father being an English emigrant: he came to England when he was a little over twenty, and was presently practising as a doctor of medicine in London, and serving as a minister in the Society of Friends. He travelled a good deal in his time, and got through an immense amount of correspondence (by the way, he numbered Bernard Barton and James Montgomery amongst his correspondents), without neglecting either his ministry or his professional work. Mr. Wedmore, who is Dr. Pole's great-grandson, writes sympathetically and has an attractive narrative style; he has compiled his memoir largely from the diaries and letters of Dr. Pole, and from personal recollections of people who knew and worked with him. It is a masterly little study of a strenuous and useful career. At the end of the book is a selection of Dr. Pole's quaint and clever sketches and silhouettes.

THE ART OF SINGING. By Sir Charles Santley. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

This is a good book in all senses of the word. It is useful, it is interesting, it is suggestive, as many books are; but it is good, too, as many books are not: for it is sincere without being priggish, and earnest without being preachy. Santley (he is distinguished enough to dispense with prefixes) is a type of the honest artist, like Stradivari in George Eliot's poem. He has regarded his talent not as a thing to be bought and sold, not as a fairly easy means of earning a living, but as a talent in the Scriptural sense, of which an account must be rendered. This peculiar sincerity of



Design for Urn by Thomas Pole, M.D.

The graceful curves on either side of the pedestal will be seen to form an excellent portrait of Dr. Pole. (From "Thomas Pole, M.D.")

purpose has reacted on his art, and has helped to make him the wonderful singer that he is. We find the same sincerity in this little volume. He writes with the modest simplicity of a great man. He does not pose or dictate, but out of the fulness of study and experience brings invaluable advice and suggestion. He goes in spirit with the student on his pilgrimage from the earliest exercise to the public performance, and speaks words of wisdom all the way. He insists, most properly, on thorough training and study, and shows the ill effects of forcing an immature voice. How many Wagnerian tenors have we seen come and go! bellow quite effectively for a season, and then subside into toneless shouters. People used to say that Wagner ruined the voice. What they should have said was that Wagner ruined the unprepared voice, and laid low the sham singer. Of course neither Wagner's nor other people's music has ever ruined the soundly practised voice. The peculiarity of the case is that mere lung power can make some sort of effect in modern dramatic music, when it cannot even make a beginning in the songs of the older composers. Do you think you are a tenor because you can scream "Vesti la giubba" with harrowing intensity? Take down "Don Giovanni" and try "Il mio tesoro," with the sustained F as Mozart wrote it. Do you think you are a soprano because you can hurl your way through some pages of Brynhilda's music? Go to Mozart, and try "Non mi dir." On this, as on all vocal matters, Santley writes the soundest of good sense. No one in opera-houses, concert-rooms, choirs, back-parcels, and other places where they sing should overlook this valuable little book—not the least merit of which is its conciseness.

AMERICAN SHRINES IN ENGLAND. By Alfred F. Story. 6s. (Methuen.)

Every American who is not in too much of a hurry to give a little leisure to dreaming should get this book of Mr. Story's and go a pilgrimage with him into the past and to the places of the past that are haunted with memories of great men who are famous in the annals of his country. Most of the great men of America's early years either came from England or were connected with it by ties of kindred: it is curious, as Mr. Story points out, how many of them or their forebears "came from Mid-England, from the shires that pack the inland area from Bucks to York": Washington and Franklin coming from the midmost county of them all. The first half dozen chapters are devoted to Washington's ancestry: the seventh takes us to the home of the Franklins: thereafter we pass to Scrooby and its associations with the Pilgrim Fathers; to the homes and burial place of William Penn; to the birthplace of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, and so to towns and villages that have sent out many other good Englishmen who have become notable Americans. It is a gossip, pleasant, uncommonly interesting record, and is fully and admirably illustrated.

HILDRIS THE QUEEN. By Lady Margaret Sackville. 3s. 6d. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

More than three and a half centuries ago, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, poet, and patron of poets, wrote his famous song "To all ye ladies now on land"; and Lady Margaret Sackville worthily maintains the literary traditions of her name. The two volumes of poems Lady Margaret published some years ago amply proved her



Jordans Meeting-House,

In whose graveyard William Penn, Thomas Ellwood, Isaac Pennington, Penn's two wives and several of his children lie buried. From "American Shrines in England." (Methuen.)

poetic talent, and now this play, "Hildris the Queen," will confirm and increase her literary reputation. In many of her earlier poems there was a distinct dramatic note, and in this play that note is fully sounded and well-sustained. The situations are strong, the conflict of character vivid, and the main *motif* adequate and well-worked out. Indeed, to one acquainted with the rather misty and dreamy atmosphere of most of Lady Margaret's previous work, the clean cut characters and bold situations come as a surprise, and suggest both versatility and a steady development of talent.

Not only does the play succeed as drama, it also contains some fine poetry and some powerful metaphors. For instance:

"Osgood loves you.
There, let the words hiss out like water splashed
On white-hot iron."

"And life and death were in his voice: my soul
Was tangled in the web and wool of it.
Now it hangs swinging as a dead fly swings
From a spider's web."

Lady Margaret's chief failing seems to be a love of the weird and eerie both in emotion and situation; and her work will be more effective if she will shake off the glamour of the Irish school of poetry and walk more steadily on the levels of everyday life.

With genuine poetic temperament and a rich poetic imagination, Lady Margaret ought to achieve even finer work than she has hitherto accomplished.

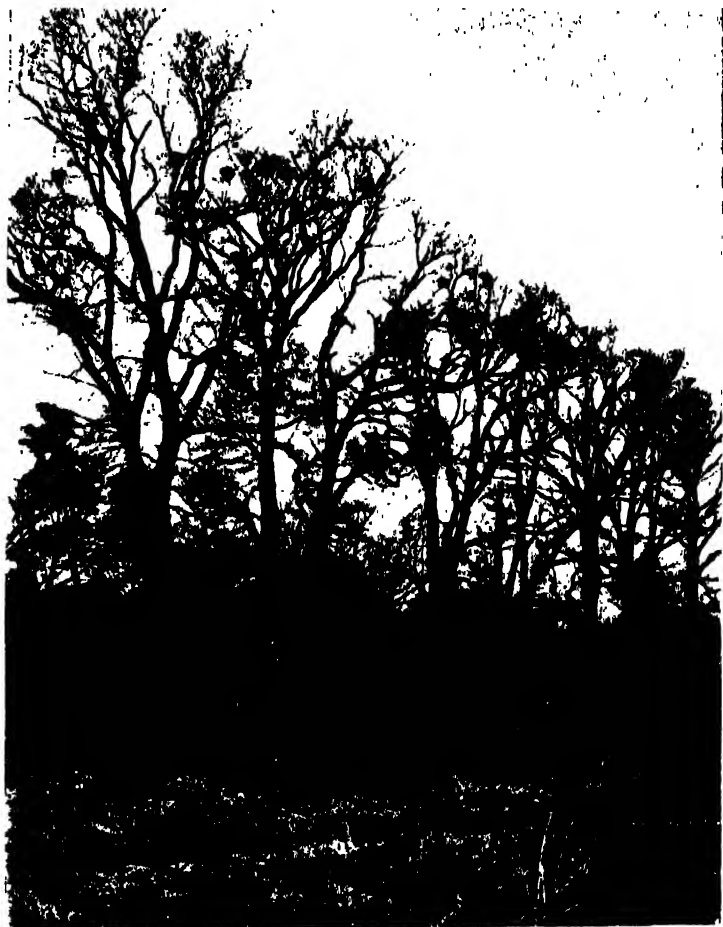
CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt. 3s. (T. & T. Clark.)

This serious volume deals with Newman as one of the "World's Epoch-makers," and discusses his influence on religious life and thought. The great Cardinal's name, spoken or unspoken, has been bandied about a great deal of late in connection with what is called "Modernism" in the Catholic Church. It is asserted that while the Encyclical *Pascendi* and the Decree *Lamentabili* seem to be directed against the teaching of men like Loisy and Tyrrell, they are really directed against the books of the dead man who did more than any other in our time to make Englishmen look with favour on Rome. The Modernists, officially banned, and, in some cases, formally excommunicated, have appealed to Newman in their defence, and claimed

him as the inspirer of their movement. The situation is not without its humour. It would seem that Newman, who staggered the Church of England by leaving it, has staggered the Church of Rome by joining it. But we do not think that many English people will worry about the matter. The greater number of Newman's readers do not take down his volumes for the purpose of studying the tendencies of his religious thought. Those who do will find Dr. Sarolea's book very helpful. It is not unlike Dr. Barry's volume in the "Literary Lives" series—rather more particular in treatment, and without the series of portraits that made the earlier book so attractive. Dr. Sarolea writes quite good and vigorous English, but we do not care for the rather sensational use he makes of italics: readers generally prefer to do their own under-lining. His specific examination of Newman is very acute and eminently fair, and, generally, the whole volume is a first rate example of sane theological criticism. Newman's theology, however, as we have already hinted, does not constitute his chief claim on his readers. He is one of the glories of English prose—the writer who got more out of his medium than any prose-maker of the last hundred years. That is the Newman whom most of us love. The Modernists may conspire and the Vatican may thunder. We have taken down one of a long row of severe-looking volumes, and cannot be disturbed by trifles.

NATURE RAMBLES IN LONDON. By K. M. Hall.
With a short Introduction by Beatrice Harraden.
Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Apart from the cheering revelations which this book contains, revelations of beautiful country in London for Londoners, it contains at least one thing which makes us wish that it could be in the hands of every ignorant gardener and owner of a garden, especially in the suburbs of London, for it has some straight, true words on the subject of tree-cutting. Any one who cares for trees and sees the cruelty and mutilation which trees undergo at the hands of the untaught man inspired by a saw and a ladder, will admit that the ignorant lopping and the thoughtless torturing and beheading of trees in London is enough to fill a forester with an eternal



Rooks' Nests in the Elms, Streatham Common.
From "Nature Rambles in London."

depression and revolt. Miss Hall's book is replete with first hand practical knowledge and sympathy for Nature; and her bright, easy style of writing is calculated first to create a love for trees and flowers, and then teach the ways to cultivate and care for them. From early spring to late winter the author shows us Nature in London; and whether it is in Epping or Battersea, in Hyde Park or Streatham Common, or round about

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Sheep-Shearing in Hyde Park.
From "Nature Rambles in London."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Mr. Polliott-Stokes brings a real enthusiasm to his subject when he writes of Cornwall. **From St. Ives to Land's End** (1s. net). We remember the genuine affection which lay in the descriptive pages of a former book, a novel which he wrote a few years ago; and that affection has certainly not lessened with the passing of the months. The author now has gone away from the better known paths of Cornwall, and tells to sympathetic readers and wanderers, of beauties to be found in the wide stretches of moorland, the solitary cliff-walks, the remote villages and tors, which are still almost unknown. Speaking of Cornwall, he says: "To this day England may be said to terminate on the shores of the Tamar. Beyond this river is a land of legend and mystery, of eloquent silences and Homeric storms, inhabited by a race as distinct from the English as the Bretons are from the French." And to this land he gives some inspiring directions. The little book contains some unhackneyed illustrations and a map.

MR. JOHN OUSELEY.

One of the most uncommon and at the same time amusing books, in one sense of the word, which has reached us lately is **Shavings from a Shipyard**, by Herbert J. Ashcroft (3s. 6d.). There is a peculiar charm in it; there is, if we may so express it, a ship sailing through it. The author, the builder of the ship, works away with head and hands, and while his fingers fashion the timbers into shape, his brain goes working all the time, sometimes on the subject of the ship, sometimes on the subject of his friends, his surroundings, his books, life as he meets it, and so forth. Every here and there we hear the hammer at the ship's sides, and we see her growing in size and comeliness, and in the last chapter we see her off to the water and the shipyard is left empty. We shall keep the book on the shelf near us, and dip into it very often; it is engrossing to be in at the building of a ship, and listen to the gossip between-whiles.

THE SAMURAI PRESS.

It is always interesting to read a poet's blending of the ideal and the human love in a young man's heart; and this is what Mr. Nevill Eliot has given us in **Idealia and First Love** (2s. 6d. net). He shows us first a poetic youth steeped in beautiful imaginings and ideals, till gradually his heart turns to the real, beautiful, and good woman, and he learns the lesson not only of love, but of trust and humility. The author, in spite of some roughness, and a few crudities, is admirably sincere, and his interpolated songs are full of melody. More than one of these we should like to see set to music. The little volume contains some other, shorter poems, also, and very charming is his "Spring Song" with its smile of the early cool promise and the later ruby rose, for the heart of his child-love whose innocence he wishes to transform—but slowly—to the warmth of a blissful woman. The hint of "At Favorite," too, is most haunting, musical and effective, and the volume is one of pleasure as well as of promise.

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS.

In **Thysia**, an elegy (1s. net), we have a noticeable little volume of sonnets, a volume which is poignant, and almost startling in its genuine, naked sorrow. The sonnets are the utterances of a passionately devoted husband mourning his dead wife, and hints of the pathetic story are given throughout. The volume is not morbid, in the end, indeed, it is finely courageous. The anonymous poet has admirably conveyed the impression that the sonnet form need not fetter spontaneous words from the heart.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.

The two ladies who have collaborated in the writing of **The Workers' Handbook** (3s. 6d. net), Miss Gertrude M. Luckwell and Miss Constance Smith, are to be congratulated upon their well-planned, practical, and, as far as we can judge, accurate piece of work. It deals with the Acts and laws, the societies and guilds, which help and affect the wage-earners from childhood to old age. Crèches, schools, registration, notification; the education and training of van-dwelling, canal-boat dwelling, wage-earning, refractory and defective children; laws concerning landlord and tenant, infectious diseases and accidents, factories, sanitation, dangerous trades, and a host of other points, are consisely written of and explained. The book is sensible and lucid and a mine of information.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Incompatibility of nature, rather than of temper, was the cause of the melancholy state of affairs in the novel which the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes has written. It is called **Vane Royal** (6s.), which is the name of the ancestral home of the secondary hero of the story, the man who married the heroine. This Sir Francis Vane was commonplace and unsympathetic; Colonel Derwent was not, and Estelle Vane, the heroine, was a good, beautiful woman who needed sympathy. "Vane Royal" is the kind of novel for which there will probably always be a public—a young, fresh public, with not too many sorrows of its own.

MR. A. C. FIFIELD.

There is always the comfortable knowledge in one's mind as one opens a book by E. Nesbit that "she can write," and we know what those three bald little words mean. Now she has given us a little booklet of **Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism** (6d. net and 1s. net), and her words are vigorous, sympathetic, beautiful, and at times fiery, as we should expect. There are some of us, perhaps, who feel a little sorry for those poor rich people who are not allowed by the Fabian Society to have even Christ to help them in their ignored but not infrequent and very real troubles.

"If Christ should come to London,
Come to London to-day,
He would not go to the West End,
He would come down our way."

but we know that it is good for wrongs to be aired as well as rights, and E. Nesbit does it with sincerity and poetical skill and feeling.

THE NEW AGE PRESS.

The volume of sketches in words which Mr. W. R. Titterton has named **Studies in Solitary Life** (2s. 6d. net) is marked by breadth of view, a touch of cynicism, and a decided distinction of style. There is in his writing a restraint in workmanship with an effect of freedom of thought. With quick imagination and movement of meditation and contemplation, hot words and adventure of subtle phrases and description, the book is striking in its contrasts, charming with its poetical imagery. Mr. Titterton's hand at times hold a fine whip, at times soothes with a gentle stroke, but it is always strong, and his outlook is always worth consideration.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Everything musical but actual sound seems to be gathered together in **Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians** (21s. net), which Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland is editing. The fourth volume which has lately reached us is a particularly engrossing one, for it ranges from "Q" to "S" inclusive, and of course contains the stories of Schubert, Schumann, the Sonata, the Symphony, the very story of Song itself. Musicians, men, women and children, musical instruments and compositions, ancient music references and modern developments, are all noted in these pages, and generously noted too; and every lover of music will be wise if he sacrifices a concert ticket now and again to possess himself of this enduring pleasure. The next volume will, we believe, complete the set.

Two particularly attractive volumes come to us from Messrs. Chatto & Windus. These are two further issues in their St. Martin's Library—W. H. Mallock's **New Republic**, and R. L. Stevenson's **Prince Otto** (2s. net, 3s. net each). Most of us are familiar with these admirable large-type reprints; they are well selected, well-produced, and in themselves an encouragement to wider knowledge of literature.

A generally-forgotten treasure is brought to light again by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons in their new edition of Charles Knight's **Shadows of the Old Booksellers** (1s. net). It holds gossip and facts about the men who made bargains in books, who helped and hindered authors, and who shaped to some extent the course of literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The trustworthy "Universal Library" issues it in its series.

The popular edition of **Erewhon Revisited** (2s. 6d. net) and the very evident steady demand for it, proves that the right kind of public is arising to recognise the fascinating, brave, and original mind of Samuel Butler. Mr. A. C. Fifield deserves thanks for his foresight and trust in publishing this unique

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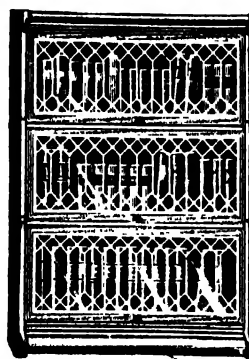
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In his recent book on Egypt, Lord Cromer paid a very high compliment to Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall as one of the shrewdest and most reliable of authorities on Oriental life and character. For many years Mr. Pickthall lived in Syria, and he has spent much of his time in Egypt; last year on the suggestion of certain persons who take a particular interest in the land of the Pharaohs and were desirous that a faithful picture of the native as he is should be put before the public over here, he went out again to Egypt and travelled and dwelt amongst the common people, speaking, of course, the native tongue, and for the most part also wearing the native dress. As a result of these studies he has now completed "The Children of the Nile"—a novel in

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Whose new book, "Impressions of Henry Irving," is reviewed on page 223.

two books on the Georges, "The First Gentleman of Europe" and "Farmer George," have won the suffrages of both critics and public. He has now completed a new volume, "The First George," which deals with George I. and his time in Hanover and in England. Mr. Melville's studies in German history have convinced him that George I. was far more intelligent than is commonly supposed, and that if his abilities were not remarkable, at least they were not contemptible. One of the most interesting features of the book is the evidence Mr. Melville is able to bring forward in disproof of the well-known stories of George's immorality; his life was not blameless, but Mr. Melville is satisfied that, considering the age in which he lived, it was by no means scandalous. The book is to be published immediately by Messrs. Pitman.

Mr. George Greenwood, whose "Shakespeare Problem Re-Stated" has been causing some little excitement in critical dovecotes, is Liberal Member of Parliament for Peterborough. From his early years he has been an enthusiastic admirer of the works of Shakespeare, and, almost since he first read the life of the great dramatist, has had doubts as to the authorship of the plays. "I found in that biography," he says, "some meagre details of a Stratford boy, born of illiterate parents, who, I was informed, had no learning and who passed from calf-killing to poaching, from poaching to play-acting, and from play-acting (and of course play-writing) to money-lending. This was indeed a shock. It was like getting a mouthful of sand instead of a draught from the Castalian spring. So little seemed to be

known of him who was not of an age but for all time—so little, and yet so much too much!" Coming to read more elaborate modern biographies, he says, he found they added nothing to our knowledge of the man—"that all the additions to this pitiful life were mere assumptions and imagination and fanciful 'might-have-beens,' while the methods pursued were not only uncritical in the extreme, but, in many instances, positively dishonest."

This sense of the Shakespearean mystery grew upon Mr. Greenwood with a wonderful fascination; he began to read what earlier sceptics had written about it, joined in discussions about it in the rooms of his old friend, Dr. Jackson, at Trinity College, Cambridge, and elsewhere, until at long last he felt it might be useful to put the case for the sceptics into shape and restate the evidence and arguments for their doubts without allowing himself to be led away "into the bewildering maze of Baconian speculation. I knew, of course," he confesses, "that I was exposing myself to all the penalties of the greater excommunication, but, having received kindly encouragement from Mr. John Lane, I decided to launch my torpedo-boat, and do not regret having done so." Mr. Greenwood has endured some hard knocks for his daring, but he has also received very gratifying letters from many on "the other side."

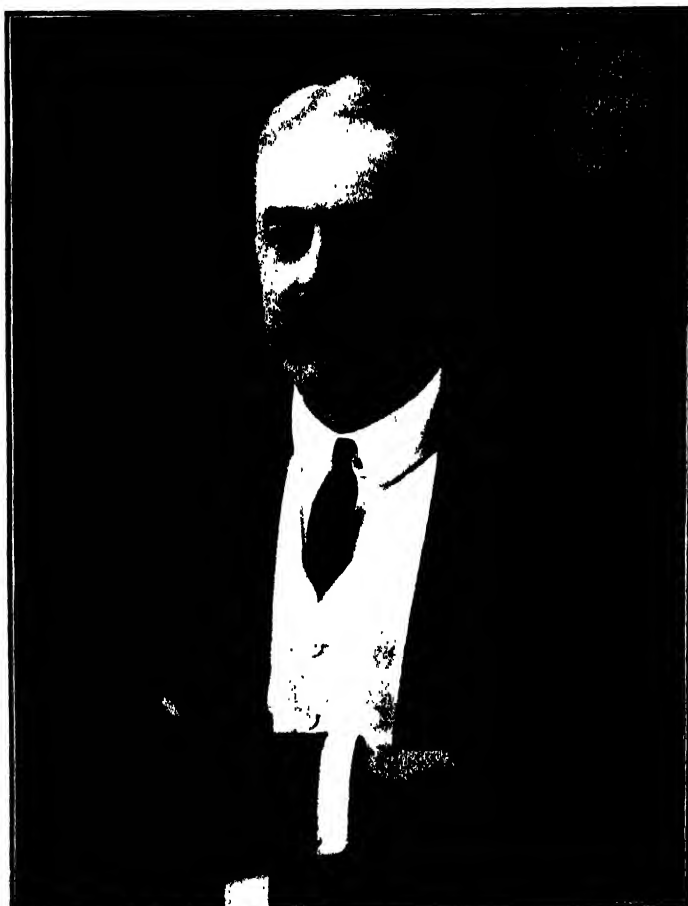


Photo by A. F. Healey, Peterborough.

Mr. George Greenwood, M.P.

and from more on his own. At present he is engaged on an article for the *Review of Reviews* dealing with the criticisms on his book and making further reflections and observations on Shakespeare's schooling at the Stratford-on-Avon Free Grammar School.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., the newest of new publishers, announce that they are putting out popular shilling editions in cloth of Mr. Crosland's "Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman."



One of the occasions on which an author feels sma

Mr. J. J. Bell.

So many volumes have been compiled from *Punch*, it is somewhat surprising that nobody has thought of making a collection of the poems that have appeared in its pages, but one is not sorry this has been left undone, since it has been fittingly reserved for one of *Punch's* own famous editors to do it at last. Sir Francis C. Burnand has made a selection of the best poems that have appeared in *Punch* from its beginning to the present day, Mr. Owen Seaman having co-operated with him in deciding upon those of recent years that should be included. Sir Francis has written a special preface for the volume, which will be issued in October by Messrs. Harrap.

Richardson, will be issued this autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Two interesting books that Mr. Murray has in hand are a history of the British Parliament from its beginning, which has been written by Professor J. H. B. Masterman of the Birmingham University; and "The Book of the War," which has been translated by Captain R. F. Calthrop, R.F.A. This latter, one of the oldest books of the world, has for twenty-five centuries been the "military Bible" of the Far East; it was written by Sun-tzu and Wutzu, two Chinese strategists of about the fifth century B.C., and deals with questions of statecraft, the training of troops, strategy, and the general art of war.



Photo by Walter H. Burrell, Ramsgate.

Sir Francis C. Burnand.

Mr. J. J. Bell, whose new novel, "Whither Thou Goest," is to be issued immediately, has been taking an unconventional holiday afloat and has just returned from a cruise on a whaler.

"The Other Man's Wife," a new novel by Mr. Frank

Miss Ellen Terry's reminiscences, "The Story of my Life," will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson this month. It is a personal story of the great actress's career, and has much to tell of famous people she has known both in the theatrical world and in private life. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits of Miss Terry, the members of her family, and of well-known men and women with whom she has been associated, and with reproductions of paintings by Watts, Sargeant, Solomon, Whistler, and other celebrated artists.

"Arthur's," a book by Mr. A. Neil Lyons that Mr. John Lane is to publish, is very far from being

a history of the fashionable club of that name in St. James's Street; it is a study of low life as it is seen from the counter of a night coffee-stall, of which "Arthur" is the proprietor. Those who have read Mr. Lyons's two earlier books, "Hookey" and "Matilda's Mabel," will not need to be told that none of our younger novelists writes with a keener eye for the pathos and humour of life among the London poor. "Arthur's" was written four years ago, and since its completion Mr. Lyons has become a Socialist; for some time past his short stories have been a popular weekly feature of *The Clarion*, and he is following "Arthur's" next year with two books that are similar in design but more Socialistic in their outlook: one a series of stories having for their background the Consulting Room of a "Six-penny Doctor" in the East End, and the other dealing with peasant life in Buckinghamshire and Sussex. For, though Mr. Lyons has lived much in London and made a special and sympathetic study of its street-life, he has for some years now had his home in the country, believing that, as the looker-on sees most of the game, so the extraordinary conditions governing the lives of the poor in large towns can be more keenly appreciated by those who dwell apart from them.

Amongst the new novels that Messrs. Hutchinson announce for September are "Rose of Life," by Miss Braddon, "Elusive Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy, "Hilary on her Own," by Mabel Barnes

Grundy, and "Marriage of Blackmail," by Lady Troubridge.

A Book Trade dinner, which is being organised by the newly formed Publishers' Circle, is to be held at the Trocadero Restaurant on October 9, and Sir George Otto Trevelyan has consented to speak to the toast of Literature. All the principal publishers and booksellers of this country will be present; a large number of distinguished authors are coming as guests of their publishers, and a few representatives of the continental book trade are also expected. The President of the Publishers' Association, Mr. Edward Bell, will be in the chair, and Mr. H. W. Keay, the President of the Booksellers' Association, will occupy the vice-chair. The proposal has, it may be added, received the approval of the Authors' Society.

The Publishers' Circle was formed as the outcome of suggestions made at a recent General Meeting of the Publishers' Association, the main object of the Club being to meet once a month and discuss informally topics of common interest. The meetings have already been found useful in promoting social intercourse and understanding among publishers, and it is hoped during the autumn to widen considerably its sphere of influence. A few weeks ago the Circle entertained at luncheon the members of the Council of the Publishers' Association, of which, indeed, it is a social and friendly offshoot, for only members of the Association are eligible for election. Its Chairman is Mr. Arthur Waugh.

The remarkable series of reprints that Messrs. Nelson are arranging to publish in their new "Shilling Library" includes no fiction and nothing but recent copyright books in Biography, History, Travel, and Belles Lettres. The first twelve volumes are to appear during October, November, and December, four being published each month, and amongst them are to be Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Gladstone," Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Charles Dickens," Dean Hole's "Memories," Mr. Prothero's "Life of Dean Stanley," Mr. Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age," and "The Great Boer War," by Sir A. Conan Doyle.



Photo by Algernon S. G. Belchambers, Hayward & Heath.

Mr. A. Neil Lyons.



Henry Charles Woods

1907

Mr. Woods's new book, "Washed by Four Seas," is reviewed on page 229.

An amazing enterprise, when the price is considered, and every lover of good books will wish it success.

Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., has done the drawings for "Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians," a book which Mr. John N. Raphael has written and Messrs. A. & C. Black are to publish.

Mr. Charles Granville, whose novel attacking the marriage laws, "The Indissoluble Knot," has just been issued by the Open Road Publishing Co., has two other new books coming out this month with the same firm: one is an allegory, "The Plaint of the Wandering Jew," and the other a book of verse which he is calling "Some Emotions."

Mr. Edward F. Strange, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has compiled a full descriptive catalogue of the etched and engraved work of Mr. Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E., and a strictly limited edition of the book will be published presently by Messrs. George Allen & Sons. The volume will contain an appreciation of Mr. Short's work by Mr. E. F. Strange, and several hitherto unpublished letters from Mr. Ruskin.

The third number of that quaint little monthly, "The Broadside," has just been issued by the Cuala Press. It consists of three characteristic drawings by Jack B. Yeats, two of them hand coloured, and an excellent lyric by Ernest Rhys, "The Swordsman to his Sword," which opens:

"You are light in my hand
As a windrush might be,—
Ay, so light
As the froth on the sand,
Or the foam on the sea,
And as bright."

"The Uttermost Farthing" is a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes that is appearing forthwith. It is a story of modern life, and will make one of Mr. Heinemann's new series of shorter novels.

Mrs. Ady is adding to her studies in the history of mediæval Italy two volumes dealing with the life of that soldier, statesman, scholar, and "perfect courtier," Baldassare Castiglione. Mr. Murray is publishing the book, which is the result of years of research, and for the first time prints many of the letters of Castiglione that are preserved in the Vatican Library.

Professor Farmer, of the Royal College of Science, is editing a series of volumes to which the general title of "The Book of Nature Study" has been given. The work is intended to serve as a guide to parents and teachers in introducing children to the study of nature, and will be popular in style, the different subjects being dealt with by experts and experienced teachers. It is to be elaborately illustrated, and will be published by the Caxton Publishing Company.

The scene of Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Interplay," is laid in London, and amongst its principal characters are an arctic explorer, a half-witted violin-maker, a fashionable doctor, a smug bank manager, and a Kensington lady with a past. The book will be published this month.

We are indebted to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., Mr. Fisher Unwin, Mr. John Long, and the Amalgamated Press Limited, who have courteously permitted us to reproduce certain of the portraits and illustrations in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1 to October 1, 1908.

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 OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS—A Maker of History. 1s.
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 QUINN, WM. LE.—Wives of the Wicked. 6d.
 ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.—The House in the Water. 6s.
 SMART, HAWLEY—The Phidget. 6d.
 THORNE, LUY—The Angel. 6s.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.**SEPTEMBER, 1908.**

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
 II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best three quotations in verse or prose, in which an author makes reference to his private hobby or diversion.
 III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
 IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MR. A. JEFFERY, 46, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E., for the following:

LOVE AND THE POOR SUIOR. BY PERCY WHITE.
 "The little maid replied, some say a little sighed,
 But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
 Will the love that you're so rich in, make a fire in the kitchen?
 Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"
Old Rhyme Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes.

It is remarkable in how many instances this month the same quotation applied to the same book has been sent in by from two to six competitors. Among the best of the others submitted are:

STORIES FROM THE ODYSSEY. RETOLD BY
 H. L. HAVELL, B.A.

"It's ollers askin' to be done agin'." LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*.
 (K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

MISCELLANIES. BY JOHN MORLEY.

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
 To talk of many things;
 Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
 Of cabbage and kings." LEWIS CARROLL.

(Miss Dorothy Taylor, St. Kilda, Westbourne Avenue, Hull; and Miss E. M. Gray, 20, Canynge Square, Clifton, Bristol.)

LOVE'S SHADOW. BY ADA LEVERSON.

"I'll go and find a shadow and sigh till he come."
 SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*.

(Miss Mildred Emerson, The Bank, Barnard Castle.)

ARTICLE ON "HENLEY THE POET." BY Y.Y.

"Full of Y.Y. (wise) saws and modern instances."
 SHAKESPEARE.

(Miss T. E. MacDonald, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

STANLEY WEYMAN

(apropos his decision to write no more novels).

"On, Stanley, on!"—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion*.

(Miss Margareta Anne Phelps, 17, Trafalgar Terrace, Monkstown, Dublin; Miss Philip, 35, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W.; Miss V. Huish, 103, Kedleston Road, Derby; and Mr. A. Jeffery, 46, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

THE ART OF SINGING. BY SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing."—*Author Unknown*.

(Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton.)

THE INEVITABLE LAW. BY E. F. PENNY.

"That eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men."

TENNYSON, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*.

(John G. Mannings, 26, Queen's Road, Norwich.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the two most striking examples in literature of contemporary judgments that have been upset by posterity is awarded to MR. B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

1. DOUGLAS JERROLD ON CHARLES MACKAY.

"Happy is the privilege of genius that can float down the 'hungry generations'; and so far as I may venture to prophesy, such will be the fortune of Charles Mackay. He speaks emphatically for the people. Not inferior to Tennyson in artistic skill, he possesses some of the pathetic humour of Hood, with the simplicity which sometimes reminds me of Longfellow, but with a sprightliness, elasticity, and versatility which none of them possess."

2. GIFFORD ON KEATS.

"This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype. . . . His nonsense is quite gratuitous: he writes it for its own sake, and being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry."

Excellent examples have also been received from Mr. T. E. Casson (Pennington), Rev. J. M. Sevin (Holland), Mr. J. Jackson (Stretford, Lancs.), Mr. Edward M. Layton (Lee, S.E.), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Mr. EDWARD M. LAYTON, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E.

STUDIES IN SOLITARY LIFE. BY W. R. TITTERTON. (New Age Press.)

This is a collection of stories and sketches, the keynote of which is a sympathetic rendering of the environment and personality of men and women who in some way or other have lost touch with their fellow creatures. Through the realism of Mr. Titterton's studies there shines the glow of romance. He possesses the magic of a style at once vivid and forceful, which yet does not obliterate his subjects by undue emphasis. Some of the sketches reveal a didactic purpose, some betray the bias of a reformer; but all are interesting, stimulative, and genuinely literary.

Other reviews submitted are:

THE MATTERHORN. BY GUIDO REY. (Fisher Unwin.)

A whole book on one mountain, but not a chapter too many. The writer, an Italian, is an enthusiast on mountaineering, and the cold and unresponsive peak of the Matterhorn attracted his attention. Here was something to conquer, a battle to fight, and he would win or die in the attempt. His graphic description takes us completely out of ourselves, and we come down from our travels upwards and onwards, glad that there is one who can see and understand and depict the wonders of the mountain he has conquered and learnt to love.

(F. S. Alexander, 52, Aberdeen Road, Highbury, N.)

"THE NUN." BY RENÉ BAZIN. (Nash.)

This is a successful translation of a recent and popular French novel. The book conquers by its pathos, which is irresistible and heart-searching; and the central character, Sister Pascale,

whom everybody loved—well, we who read about her love her too. We feel the pressure of the iron hand of Fate as it closes round her, slowly and inexorably, and we mourn as the curtain falls, and the final thunderclap of catastrophe is heard; yet behind our mourning we are consoled by that blessed sense of the inevitable which marks all that soars into the empyrean of novel writing.

(Miss Beatrice M. Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

LOVE'S SHADOW. BY ADA LEVERSON. (Grant Richards.)

In "Love's Shadow" Mrs. Leverson has written a truly striking and most original book, which possesses what one so seldom meets in the modern novel, the charm of complete naturalness. There is nothing forced in the story and all the characters are extraordinarily consistent, especially Mrs. Raymond, who is the best person in the book. The scenes between Bruce and Edith, Hyacinth's love for Cecil, Lady Cannon, Anne Yeo, and indeed all the characters combine to make the novel one of the most human and lifelike stories I have ever read.

(Miss Godley, Font Hill, Chapelized, co. Dublin.)

THE PEDESTAL. BY DESMOND COKE. (Chapman & Hall.)

This thoughtful story insists on sympathy as the paramount power in education. The methods of the adoring but uncomprehending mother are nearly as fatal as those of the well-meaning but over-severe father, while the only sympathetic character in the book is the only person of real influence. The author's own sympathies are marvellously wide; his intuition is as subtle as a woman's. In "The Comedy of Age" he became an elderly man; in "The Pedestal," for a few pages, he becomes a child. He possesses, too, the rarest quality in a young writer, self-restraint.

(Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, Castle Gates, Shrewsbury.)

We have received a very large number of papers for this Competition, and amongst them several equally good reviews, that limitations of space prevent us including with those we have printed, from C. N. Verschoyle (Bournemouth), Miss Ursula Wyllie (Red Hill), Arthur O'Connor (Birmingham), George Greenwood (Clapham, S.W.), Miss Isabel Whyte (Hyde Park, W.), Ernest Marjoribanks (Stoke-on-Trent), Chas. R. Green (Liverpool), L. Welby (Shanklin), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), F. A. Tonvy (Bow, E.), and others.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by the REV. J. W. BROWN, Kasteel, Gemert, Holland, and MR. E. M. FORREST, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

THE READER.

ROBERT S. HICHENS.

THERE is a sort of tradition that every writer of novels commences his career as a writer of poetry, and if Mr. Robert Hichens did not break this unwritten law he did not altogether respect it, for he began by writing both, though he did not at the outset regard either as the special business of his life. His first real ambition, the one absorbing purpose that

"Like Aaron's serpent swallowed up the rest," was to become a musician; he sacrificed a career at Oxford to this end, and, leaving Clifton College, studied music for some years at Bristol, and at the Royal College in London. His instruments were the piano and the organ, and he acquired a considerable mastery of them; he never made his debut as a professional and received cheques in addition to applause, but he played several times in public at charity concerts with encouraging success. Some men are gifted with a capacity for contenting themselves by mistaking the will to achieve for the power to achieve; but Mr. Hichens has a healthy instinct for looking facts in the face, a long-sighted faculty of self-criticism, and no small conceit that can be gratified with pleasant tickling; and presently he decided that though he should practise for a lifetime he could not make a great musician of himself, and as soon as he was sure of this he abandoned the attempt.

Meanwhile, in this same experimental period, he had been writing tales, essays, recitations— one of these latter, by the way, "A Lesson in Love," was for a long time a popular item in Mr. Herman Vezin's repertoire; he wrote also scores of lyrics for music, earning one year over a hundred pounds from that source alone. Almost the first lyric that he sold, "If at your Window," was set to music by Miss Ethel Harraden (sister of Miss Beatrice Harraden); another, "A Kiss and Good-Bye," was set by Tito Mattei and sung by Madame Patti at the Albert Hall.

"In the natural pride of my heart," Mr. Hichens will own, "I took a seat in the stalls, and waited in a fever of anxiety to hear how it would come off. It was

received with such enthusiastic applause that, as you may guess, I was lifted into a delirious heaven of delight, but as Madame Patti was returning, at length, in response to insistent cries of 'Encore!' I was suddenly tumbled headlong down out of my heaven and all my pride knocked flat by the overhearing of two voices from the seats immediately behind me. 'What a lovely song that was!' one exclaimed rapturously. 'Yes,' the other grudgingly agreed,

'but what awful rot the words of these songs always are!'

Mr. Hichens was born in 1864, eldest son of Canon Hichens, Rector of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury; and he was about twenty-four when he realised that there was no sufficient future for him as a musician, and began to shape his course for a different goal. So far, he had been writing stories largely for his private amusement; there were two long novels that he never attempted or intended to publish; a third, "The Coastguard's Secret," written when he was seventeen, he had some time before brought forth and offered to a publisher. Having no experience in such matters, he accounted it a good sign when that publisher expressed a willingness to bear half the risk of publishing,

shouldered the other half himself, and so saw his first novel in print.

The book was not unkindly received; the *Athenæum*, indeed, was rather nice to it; but it merely languished and died, and has long been out of print. You cannot lead Mr. Hichens to say much more than that it was a kind of ghost story; he insists, too, that it was a very bad one— just the crude sort of production you would expect from a youngster still in his 'teens; and when after the success of "The Green Carnation" the publisher urged that it was now worth while to issue a new edition, he was filled with dire alarm and almost by prayer and fasting dissuaded him from doing so.

Seeking the best way towards his new goal, Mr. Hichens became a pupil at the late David Anderson's



Photo by Elliott & Fry.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

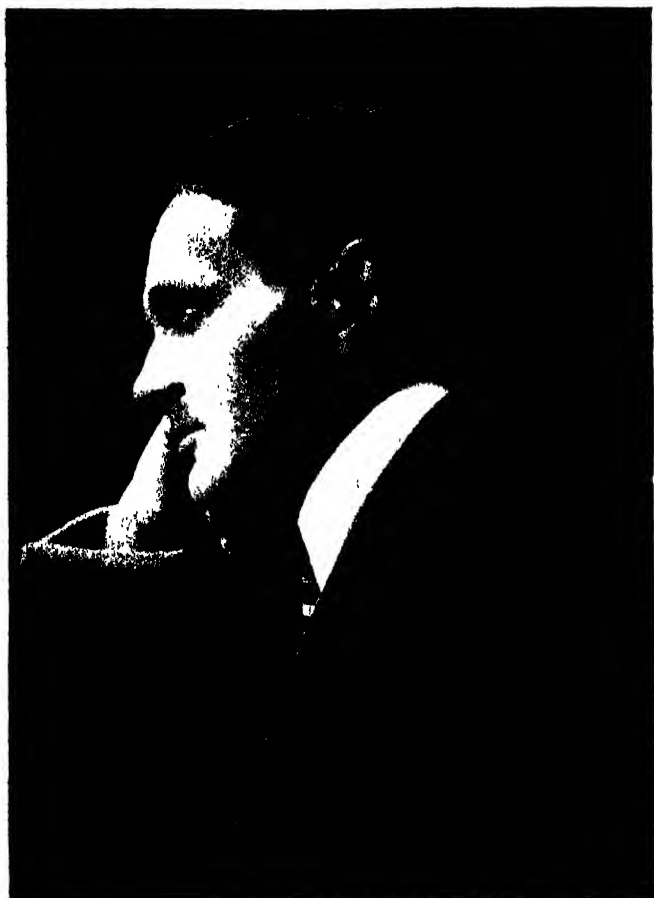


Photo by Elliott & Fry.
Taken in 1901.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

School of Journalism; Mr. Francis Gribble had left it shortly before he joined, and amongst his fellow-pupils were Mr. Bernard Hamilton, Mr. Guy Berringer, and Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe. Do you remember those delightfully amusing chapters in "Felix" describing Sam Carringbridge's School of Journalism in the Strand? Sam's terms, his manner, and methods tally nearly enough with what Mr. Hichens tells of his experiences with David Anderson. At a loose end in London, Felix, then a young fellow of one-and-twenty, meets Hugo Arliss, learns that he is "a sucking Kipling" studying at Sam's School of Journalism, and eagerly accepts his offer of an introduction to that institution. He calls, is summoned into Mr. Carringbridge's presence, and finds him large, handsome, urbane, beautifully dressed, smoking a fragrant cigar.

"'Mr. Hugo Arliss told me about your school,' Felix began, in an unusually low voice, and feeling soothed almost as if by a narcotic.

"'Mr. Arliss, a charming, intelligent, gentlemanly fellow. I am very much attached to him,' said

Mr. Carringbridge, aspirating the 'h' with a peculiar precision, as if he knew there were in the world barbarians who left out their h's, and was determined to make up to that letter for their neglect, so far as it lay in his power to do so.

"'I met him in France,' said Felix.

"'Delicious country,' said Mr. Carringbridge with tender enthusiasm. 'Do you speak French?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ah, what an advantage to you! Every one should speak French. How fortunate for you, wonderfully so indeed! If you were a journalist, you would be a blessing to Reuter.'

"Felix began to feel unpleasantly warm and self-contented.

"'Arliss advised me—to see if I could enter at your school for a year,' he said. 'I am very keen on trying to write.'

"'It is a great profession. The journalist is a power. . . . You know my terms?'

Felix jumped—the last sentence came with such a mellifluous abruptness from Mr. Carringbridge's bright red lips.

"'No. Arliss didn't-- --'

"'Dear careless fellow. One hundred guineas, payable to me on the day I sign the agreement. You merely hand me your cheque and I bind myself forthwith to give you the advantage— if it be one, possibly not!—of my personal experience and teaching for one whole year, and to allow you the free and unlettered use of the writing-hall you have just passed through. I also give you ink— --'

"A generous smile illumined his face.

"'It's awfully good of you,' Felix had murmured, before he knew that he was going to murmur anything.

"'But not pens and paper. I find young men prefer to consult their personal taste in those matters, and therefore I give them free scope. About ink there is less divergence of opinion, and mine, I believe, gives general satisfaction. I am glad if it is so. I never drive the young.'

"'No?' said Felix.

"'Never. I lead them, perhaps. I show them what a man can do, has done. You see the volumes on that table? . . . Those contain the leading articles written by me for the *Daily Recorder* during twenty-five years of active journalistic life. My pupils can read them at any time.'

"'You must have worked tremendously hard,' said Felix, counting the volumes.



On the left, Batouch, the Arab poet of "The Garden of Allah"; on the right, one of Mr. Hichens's Arab attendants.

Taken at Biskra.

"There were eight of them, and they were tremendously fat. He felt almost awe-stricken. Mr. Carrington indulged himself and Felix in a lotus-eating smile.

" 'I have been through the mill,' he replied lazily. . . . 'If my pupils like to take me as an example they would do well to follow,' he continued, 'they can. I come up from Brighton every day by the nine o'clock train. But I never drive them. I trust them. I rely on them. I give them complete liberty. When do you propose to come?'"

Whatever Felix did at Sam's school, Mr. Hichens worked hard at David Anderson's, writing all manner of descriptive and leading articles and submitting them to his criticism. At the same time he was sending manuscripts to the magazines and newspapers, having many rejected, and a steadily increasing number accepted. About this date, and in the few succeeding years, he contributed miscellaneous articles to the *European Mail* and the *Evening Standard*, and, like so many other authors who have since become famous, he supplied his quota of "turnovers" to the *Globe*. But he was not destined to be a journalist; he did musical and dramatic notes for *Hearth and Home*, the *Gentlewoman*, and various other papers; presently, on the introduction of Major Arthur Griffiths, he succeeded Mr. Bernard Shaw as musical critic of the *World*; but if David Anderson had not dismissed him at the end of his term with some such advice as Sam Carrington gave to Felix, one knows now that he might truthfully have done so:

" 'I do not think. I say you will certainly get on. With you it is merely a question of time, and questions of

time are soon settled. I am not quite sure that you will get on as a journalist.'"

" 'Oh, but how then?'"

"You have a good deal that the journalist need not have. You could deal with psychology—later—more powerfully than with incident. By incident you may take it that I mean just now the figures carried out by the dancers in the masque of life."

"He paused with a smile—his leading-article smile, Arliss irreverently called it. Rhetorical interrogation was conveyed by it, the happy question, 'Am I brilliant?'"

" 'But that power, being more profound than the merely descriptive power that finds food for its energies in outward things, develops more slowly. Youth shows in such writing as you care for, and undertake, more clearly than it would in writing of lesser quality. Live, be greedy of experience. I daresay I gave you that advice when you first came. I usually do give it. But to you, now, I give it with special knowledge of your aptitudes. If you dig deep you will certainly find water-springs.'"

In a holiday of those early years, Mr. Hichens travelled in Egypt and struck up a chance acquaintance there with the late Mr. H. D. Traill; they voyaged up the Nile together, and the acquaintance so started was renewed after their return to England. Shortly after returning, Mr. Hichens wrote a story, "The Collaborators," and sent it to the *Pall Mall Magazine*; Sir Douglas Straight, then the editor, promptly accepted it and invited others; and it is to Sir Douglas Straight more than to any other man that Mr. Hichens feels indebted, for he gave him much encouragement, not only by opening the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to him, then and subsequently, but when by-and-by, in 1894, he offered him "The Green



A bit of Mr. Hichens's mountain garden in Taormina, Sicily, showing the pavilion in which he writes.

"Carnation," though it was wholly unsuitable as a magazine serial, Sir Douglas was quick to recognise its brilliance and dispatched it with a strong recommendation to Mr. Heinemann.

The success of "The Green Carnation"—apart from that boyish novel, Mr. Hichens's first book—was immediate and immense. As every one knows, it satirised Oscar Wilde and the æsthetic movement. It was written without the smallest touch of malice, and merely because the subject offered itself; Mr. Hichens only knew Wilde casually; had met him no more than four times before he wrote the book, and chance never brought them into each other's company after, but so far as he heard, Wilde took it all in perfectly good part and with his characteristic imperturbability.

Curiously enough, when you consider the usual way of the world, though it came out whilst "The Green Carnation" was still the sensation of the day, "An Imaginative Man" met with but a moderate success; and "The Folly of Eustace," next year, was scarcely more fortunate. "Flames," that finely imaginative, haunting, spiritualistic romance, had a more stirring reception—unless my memory is cheating me, it made a very considerable noise indeed, and after discussing it at large in the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead gave us a tabloid edition of it for a penny; but Mr. Hichens knows nothing of this, and says "Flames" also fell short of the triumph of "The Green Carnation." His seven books of the next seven years were acclaimed by the critics,



*Photo by Elliott & Fry,
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN*

Mr. Robert Hichens.



*Photo by Elliott & Fry,
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.*

Mr. Robert Hichens.

but their sales were not extraordinary, yet they included "Felix," and that poignant, masterly story, "The Woman with the Fan." In the same year with "The Woman with the Fan," however, appeared "The Garden of Allah," and then the reading world hesitated no longer; within three months this greatest of Mr. Hichens's novels had run through five editions, and it has since passed through many more.

Before the publication of "The Garden of Allah," none of Mr. Hichens's novels had been used serially; since, there has been a wide and increasing demand here and in America for the serialising of everything he has written; he has come to be reckoned as one of our most popular novelists, but the sales of his books in America are very much larger than they are in England.

I doubt, though, whether Mr. Hichens is so much interested or so well informed in these details as I am. For some nine years past he has had no home in this country; he came to town when he was twenty and, with periodical holiday rambles abroad, lived in London for fifteen years; then a rather troublesome illness must have affected his nerves, for, on his recovery, he found the endless noise and hurry and excitement of the great city intolerable, it unsettled him, chafed him to an uneasy restlessness, he could not work in it satisfactorily, and went abroad to look for the seclusion and quietness that had become necessary to him. To this day he is very much of a dweller in hotels, but he has made himself quite at home in Sicily, where he has his own set of



Mr. Robert Hichens at Biskra.



Mr. Hichens on a motor trip from Constantine (Algeria) to Tunis.



Arab horsemen at Biskra.



Mr. Hichens setting out on a desert expedition, Biskra, Sahara.



Batouch, the Arab poet of "The Garden of Allah."

rooms in the Hotel Timeo, at Taormina, and a charming hillside garden, and waking of mornings he can look from his window as he lies abed and, in place of the grimy roofs and chimneys of the London he cannot live in, see the summit of Etna far off with a slow plume of white smoke trailing from it against the clear blue of the sky. And living so happily aloof from the haunts of commerce, he knows little more of what stir his books make than some visiting friend may choose to tell him. He has never worked with an eye on the market; he is too true an artist for that; but has written always the stories that have come to him, shaping his characters as life itself would shape them, and, when fidelity to things as they are seemed to require it, taking them on to final tragedy or gloom unflinchingly and without pausing to consider whether or not such an ending was in popular demand. "Try to see what is, and think about it naturally," says the novelist King Marshall to Felix. "... If you come to write, try at first to do one thing only, try to tell the truth. When you are sure that you are able to tell the truth, try to tell it beautifully—but not till you are sure." Which must have been Mr. Hichens's own aim, for, in his later books especially, he is achieving it.

I go back on "Felix" so often because Mr. Hichens confessed to me that he had given Felix certain of his personal characteristics, had put a good deal of himself



In Biskra, Algeria.

(The Beni Mora of "The Garden of Allah.")

into him; and if you have read "Felix" you have not forgotten that delightfully whimsical old figure, the village tailor who had made trousers for Balzac. As the great man's tailor he had felt it incumbent on him to be acquainted with all his works, and he joyously lends the volumes to Felix, who is profoundly impressed by the study of them and founds upon them a raw philosophy of life that breaks down in practice; and of any authors who may have influenced himself Mr. Hichens unhesitatingly places Balzac first.

"Balzac certainly," he says, "and Guy de Maupassant, and I suppose Tolstoi and Turgenev—I can't say I have been conscious of their influence, but they are the novelists who have most strongly appealed to me. But if we get upon this topic I shan't know where to leave off. Dickens is a perpetual joy to me, and I don't understand the superior critics who try to belittle him. Thackeray, too, and the Brontës, and George Eliot—don't some critics, by the way, deny George Eliot a place among great writers? I cannot agree with them. To me her greatness seems beyond question.

In his methods of work Mr. Hichens is not one of the especially systematic authors. He has nearly always a book under way, carrying the idea of it about with him and brooding on it for months, sometimes for years, before he can start to translate it into written words; but once he does get to the writing of it, he keeps to it closely and works hard until it is finished. Usually he is up and at work by seven of the morning and writes until lunch-time, not infrequently resuming work about five and going steadily on until seven or eight at night. He revises and alters and prunes untiringly, but does not often rewrite; there was a recent novel of his, however, that greatly dissatisfied him, and after failing to persuade himself that it was as good as he could make it, he destroyed thirty thousand words of it and wrote that



"When Miss Schley gained the top of the staircase Lady Holme saw that their gowns were almost exactly alike."

From "The Woman with the Fan" ("Daily Mail Sixpenny Novels" edition).

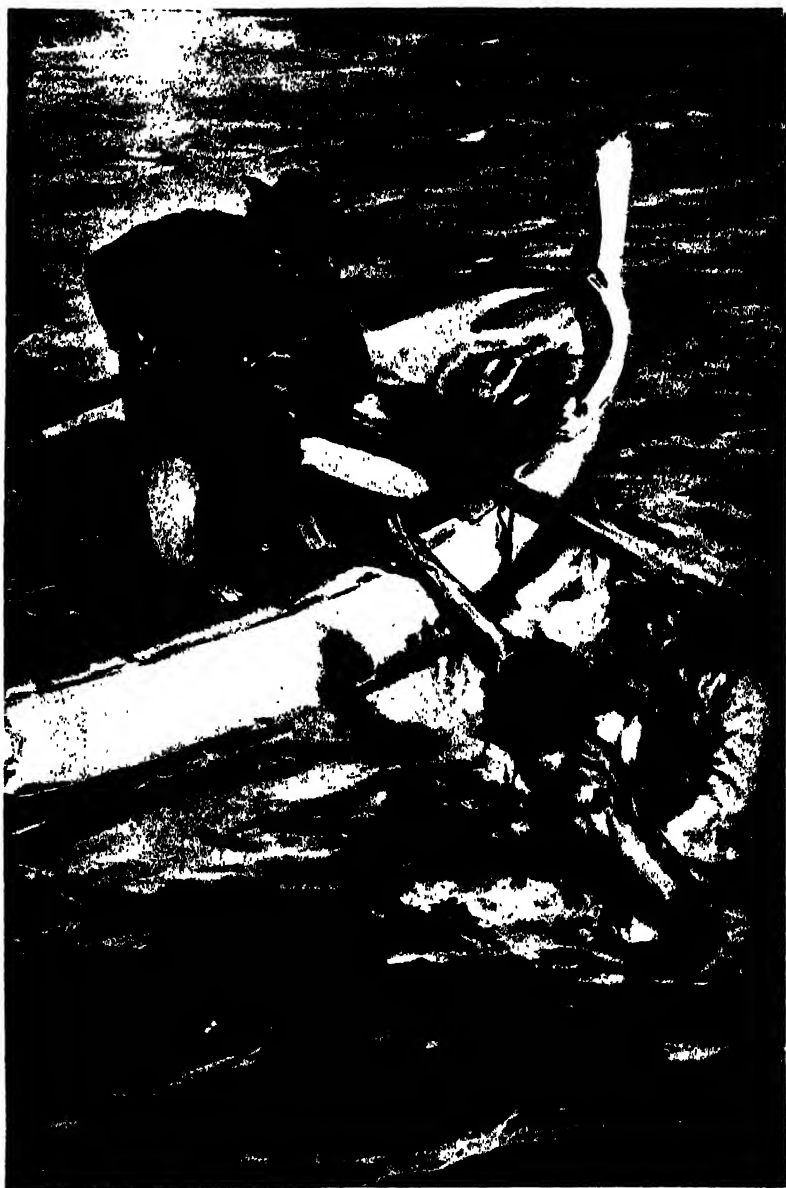
much of the story over anew. I doubt if any novelist living brings a more sensitive conscience to his work; Mr. Hichens is not one of those who comfortably convince themselves that each last book they have written is their best; nor is he of those who in the heat of composition are elated and uplifted with a sense of satisfaction in what they are doing; he is haunted all the while by a feeling that he is not getting the effect he wants, that he is not making the most of his theme, not doing so well as he had hoped to. The only book that he wrote with more of confidence was "The Garden of Allah"; he felt whilst he was writing this that he was doing something bigger than he had ever been able to do before; and he believes that whatever the critics might have said, that feeling must have remained with him; he was not surprised, therefore, when the reviewers emphatically confirmed him in his impression; but the swift, far-reaching success of the story surprised as much as it pleased him.

It is one of Mr. Hichens's most charming personal qualities that he is entirely natural and unaffected; he is too much a man of the world, or has too keen a sense of humour to adopt any pose, or to cultivate any conventionally artistic appearance; he has so little vanity that he is not desirous of talking about himself, but if you are interested in that subject and insist, he has not even enough vanity to daunt you with any coy, self-conscious, self-important reticence, but will chat with you as simply, frankly, easily, as if he were discussing somebody else and somebody else's work. He laughs at the notion of a novelist roaming the earth in search of human material or "local colour." He always winters in Sicily because the place attracts him; living there he has come to know its atmosphere, its spirit, its people, and has been moved to write about them as naturally as he was moved to write of London and its motley society whilst he was living here. "The Londoners" is not more essentially Londonish than his last year's novel, "The Call of the Blood," is essentially and wonderfully Sicilian, or than "The Garden of Allah" is more essentially inspired and alive with the magic and glamour and mystery of the desert. Mr. Hichens had no thought of writing anything about the Sahara until he had been there again and again and by degrees the strange spell of it had laid hold on him prevailing; he had been seven times into the desert before he was ready to write the first word of "The Garden of Allah."

On one of these seven occasions he had previously visited a Trappist monastery, and drawn by the perfect restfulness of the place, said how much he wished he could stay there for a while. "We take guests," remarked the lay brother who was showing him round. "We should

be glad to have you if you do not mind living very simply." So for three weeks Mr. Hichens lived there plainly and frugally, sleeping in one of the small, bare cells; later, he went out into the desert with the Arab poet, whom in the book he has named Batouch, for his guide, and as they stood one evening gazing across the eternal sands towards the sunset, a chance phrase of Batouch's touched him with a first dim thought of "The Garden of Allah." "This is the garden of oblivion," said Batouch in his usual dreamy monotone. "In the desert one forgets everything, even the desire of one's soul." Somehow his saying called a vision of the secluded, prison-like monastery back into his hearer's mind, and with it came a fancy to bring one of its mute tenants out here into the desert, and in this garden of oblivion let him forget his vows, his hopes, his God, and be willing to lose his soul for the love of a woman.

Not till five years after this could he see his way through that story and begin, at last, to write it; then he was working on it for the better part of two years, slowly and with infinite pains. Since its publication he has had hundreds of letters from all over the world blaming and abusing him for ending it so unhappily; Protestants and people of no religious persuasion have



Then he heard a shout, and the boat came up, with Salvator glaring down at him with fierce anxiety.

From "The Call of the Blood" ("Daily Mail Sixpenny Novels" edition)



Mr. Hichens's Sicilian servant, with dog.



At the higher end of the garden.



Three Views
of
Mr. Robert Hichens's
Mountain Garden
at Taormina,
in Sicily.

A corner of the garden, with an orange-tree.



Mr. Hichens's attendants
in the desert of Sahara.

assured him that no woman loving a man as Domini loved Boris would, on learning he was a renegade priest, persuade him to repentance, go with him to the gate of the monastery, and, leaving herself desolate, surrender him back to God. Mr. Hichens is not a Roman Catholic, but his heroine was, and from her standpoint this had seemed to him from the outset the only possible conclusion; to have wrested the story to any other would have seemed like tampering with the truth; and he has had as many letters from priests and laymen of the Roman Catholic faith praising this truthfulness, and assuring him that to a devout Catholic, like Domini, it was out of the question that she could go on regarding Boris as her husband once she was aware of his priesthood, and that the one course open to her was the course that she took.

"The Call of the Blood" has approved itself in every way a worthy successor to "The Garden of Allah," and for the immediate future, Mr. Hichens has two books coming out this autumn—a new novel, "A Spirit in Prison," with Messrs. Hutchinson; and "Egypt and its Monuments," illustrated with photographs and with pictures in colour by M. Jules Guérin, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish. Another book of his, "Barbary Sheep," will be issued by Messrs. Methuen in the spring; and already Mr. Hichens is writing another—a novel that he expects to finish this winter when he is at home again in Sicily. Next spring he has arranged to go to Syria and Palestine in order to prepare a second book of travel impressions that is to appear serially in the *Century Magazine*.

Moreover, he has a long-standing inclination to the stage. Some years ago, as most of us recollect, he collaborated with H. D. Traill in "The Medicine Man," in which Irving acted the principal part; and he was part-dramatist of "Becky Sharp." Shortly before Irving died, Mr. Hichens happened to be telling him his tale of "The Charmer of Snakes," a story suggested to him by a snake-charmer he saw at his charming in Egypt, and Sir Henry, greatly taken with the prospect of creating that eerie and picturesque personality, asked him to turn the tale into a play and he would produce it, but death putting an end to that arrangement, the play has never been written. Latterly, however, Mr. Hichens has completed a comedy which has been



Photo by Mus. Mauri, Biskra.

A sand diviner, who read Mr. Hichens's fate at Biskra.

secured by Miss Evelyn Millard for production in London, probably at the Garrick Theatre.

"A WHITE GULL IN A GREY SKY."

By JOHN BEVERIDGE, M.A., B.D.

LIKE a white gull in a grey winter sky"—so Björnson described Jonas Lie's first book, which he had read in manuscript prior to its publication. But that book, "The Visionary," was only the precursor of many, some of them much superior, a regular flock of white gulls that flew to every creek and corner of Norway's fjords and fjelds. For soon as each New Year approached his countrymen began to look for a new book from Lie (pronounced *Lee*), as for a dear friend who would be their welcome Christmas guest, and whose genial humour, wise counsel and helpful message would bring inspiration to them all. And those at sea, in cabin, caboose, or cuddy, looked on him as the writer for the homeless, for he had understood them and they understood and loved him. And now the news that their dear old friend has gone to his final rest will be received with sincere sorrow in every Norwegian family at home or abroad; on their houses in all regions, and on Norse ships in every port the wide world over, flags will be set at half mast, and all will feel that Norway is poorer to-day since Jonas Lie has laid down his pen for ever.

It must not be supposed that Jonas Lie was a second-

rate writer, following Björnson, for instance, but far in the rear. Björnson is perhaps better known in this country, partly because of his greater cosmopolitanism, partly because he has had more general interests, partly because he has been far longer on the literary stage. But Lie was second fiddle to nobody in Norway when once he found that he could play at all. As a matter of fact, he was the best beloved and most popular of all Norway's great writers. Nor has his fame been confined in any sense to Scandinavia. Many of his works have appeared in English, and one or other of his books has been translated into a dozen of the European languages, an honour very few British writers enjoy. The white gull in the grey winter sky has indeed flown far and wide and visited every ocean and every continent.

Jonas Lie was born in 1833, a year after Björnson, two or three after Ibsen. His father was a Government official, shifted from place to place as promotion came, so that Jonas saw a good deal of his native land during his boyhood. Some years were spent in Nordland, whose magic northern spell, along with a Lapland strain in his blood from his mother's side, exercised a

profound influence on him. The mysterious and supernatural always bewitched him, and like many other poets he was somewhat afraid of being alone in the dark. In later days this dread of the dark sometimes got him into difficulties. He was once staying at a country inn and had placed his heavy travelling boots by his bedside. During the night he started from his slumbers. Surely he had heard a noise! And what was that? He saw indistinctly something white moving quietly to and fro opposite him. Out went his hand for one of the heavy boots. He hurled it with all his force at the spectre. There was a roar of pain and a salvo of profanity. The missile had doubled up a late-comer, a lumber dealer, to whom the landlord had offered the unoccupied bed in Lie's room. He had been undressing as quietly as he could in the dark so as not to disturb the sleeper. It was indeed a mutually painful predicament.

Lie entered the navy, and was making good progress in his profession, when his career at sea was rudely ended by the discovery that the keen cadet's eyesight was defective. So he turned to the law, the refuge of so many; and for a time he had Ibsen, Vinje, and Björnson as his fellow-students. Then, to his profession of the law, he added journalism. At length dreams of literary fame commenced to visit him, and he began, as so many famous Norse writers have done, by issuing a volume of poetry which had some measure of success and not a little power. Some of the sailor songs are excellent, but the poems that deal with what is uncanny are by far the best. All that lies beyond the range of the senses, at that stage and for long years afterwards, had for him an irresistible attraction. But soon impelling thoughts and suitable subjects for great works flashed vividly through his brain; and then, in his thirty-seventh year, he found himself—the white gull spread its wings in the grey winter sky.

"The Visionary" is a wonderfully fine love story. The hero, David Holst, is afflicted with "second sight," and this gives its name and its note of pathos to the book, and prepares us for the tragic ending. The de-

lightful picture of Susanna is most artistically portrayed. She becomes so utterly real that one has difficulty in believing that the character is fictitious. It is quite understood that much of the book is drawn from Lie's own experience; and the scenery and atmosphere of the Nordland are as vivid as pen could make them. It was not merely because Lie had chosen a good *locus* and a new theme for his story that the book was an immediate success. The language, the style, the tenderness, the genius, showed that Norway had gained a new writer of foremost rank.

It was in the days of dawning realism that Lie took his place in the literary world; and it was not strange that some time passed before he discovered his limitations and his power. But when "The Three-master *The Future*" and "The Pilot and his Wife" appeared Lie found his sphere. The salt spray flew round the prow, the fresh wind filled the canvas—and there they sailed away. "Rutland," "Go Ahead," "The Commodore's Daughters" and others followed. Lie realised that he was the novelist of the sea, and no one approaches him there.

But he did not confine himself to sea stories. In early days in his books he had sailed the seas and skirted the coast; but he began to make his way up the fjords and into the valleys, over the mountains and into the hamlets; and then he visited the towns and made himself at home among the

homes of the people. And before long he became the great interpreter of home life, the counsellor and friend of the worried husband, the busy mother, the adventurous boy, the blushing maiden. He sketched the poor little sempstress who lets her life's happiness slip from her in "Maisa Jons"; he depicted the heartrending lot of the oppressed labourer in "A Slave for Life"; he conjured up the days of long ago in his incomparable "The Family at Gilje." They grip us by their truth; they touch us by their humaneness; they delight us with their humour.

Out of the depths of his own big heart and sure knowledge he seems to make a point of portraying for us men who have lived in the shadow and there-



fore have never been able properly to unfold. He lets us see what is meant by stunted natures that have never reached their full development, confined powers which were never realised, longings never gratified. He finds most of those natures that live in the shade among women. Jonas Lie's gallery of female characters is large and varied. In it there are some pictures that are exquisite, and two that are inimitable. The lot and fate of these two touch every heart—the captain's wife at Gilje and the doctor's wife in "Niobe"; Ma and Bente Borvig will not soon be forgotten by those who know them.

They who never found the way to happiness in life are a great number, but Jonas Lie does not on that account forget that there are people in plenty who have reached the goal and gained the prize of love, success, and happiness. He believed in men and in the good forces in life. And he caused these forces to win in the battle when the proper means were used. The one who has a high ideal, who is true to himself, who is persistent and patient in his life's quest, must come to victory at last. That was the doctrine and the message of Jonas Lie, and he being dead yet speaketh.

The Lap strain in his nature and the witchery of the north found vent particularly in a series of fairy

tales, "Troll," in which Lie's fancy runs riot and quaint imaginings succeed each other in most bewildering array. There is not a little of this mysticism in "Niobe"; there are ghosts about in "Dyre Rein"; and wizards play their tricks in broad daylight in "Lindelin"; while there is something of the witch in Mrs. Stephanie in "When the Sun is Setting." But it is because Lie was the friend of the home-keeping, of the homeless and the seafaring, that he was most beloved and will be sincerely missed and mourned.

And the great writer about home in his old age built a pleasant house for himself and his wife in a quiet spot where he himself had dreamt his early dreams. But suddenly his partner of so many years was taken from his side. He was left alone. He found love and peace in the homes of his children; he had been spending a quiet summer with his eldest son, and surrounded by loving attentions the lonely old man entered into rest.

No wonder the Norse at home and abroad are to-day mourning the loss of Jonas Lie; their great inspirer and comforter in the realm of native literature is gone; their friend and counsellor has passed beyond their sight. The Norse are looking eagerly for another white gull in a grey winter sky.

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

SOME of us have a too-easy habit of laying it down as a law that the novel with a purpose is necessarily inartistic; but it would be truer, I think, to say this of the novel that is without one. Seeing that we can scarcely take a step in any direction without having to face one or another of those old problems of humanity that are always repeating themselves, and that each man solves differently for himself, it follows that the novel in which no social, moral, or religious question is a factor cannot be true to art, for it is not true to life. Cain asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and, as we have not made up our minds on that point even yet, it is part of the purpose of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, "Holy Orders,"* to lead us to ask and answer that question for ourselves; and she fulfils her intention with all the force and fearless outspokenness that have done so much to make her the loudest discussed, most fiercely abused, and most popular of living novelists.

It is the fate of most very popular novelists to publish one book that "booms," to put out other books that sail gallantly in the wind of that roaring "boom" for a few seasons, and then to drop gradually into the background. But Miss Corelli has changed this order of things; her first books made stir enough to satisfy the most ambitious of authors, but her later ones have been more eagerly awaited and have sold even more

largely. I am not saying this is surprising; to me the surprise would be if it were otherwise. She is a keen student of the social life of her time; she is intensely interested in the motley world of her own generation, in its toil, its joys, its sorrows, its aspirations, and she appeals to it, mainly, with stories not of yesterday, but of to-day and of itself, and this counts for something in the explanation of her enormous popularity. She writes the tale for the tale's sake, simply, imaginatively, sympathetically; but she has large-hearted and large-minded opinions on the sins and wrongs that darken the lives of her characters, as they are darkening lives in the real world around her, and she expresses these opinions through the men and women of her fancy with a burning sincerity that gives her story a soul of meaning and purpose, and fills it as with living fire. She knows how often

"Truth in closest words will fail,
While Truth embodied in a tale
May enter in at lowly doors."

and I suspect something of her own high aim is expressed by young Laurence Everton, in "Holy Orders," when he declines to become a clergyman because he wants a big pulpit: "I shall be a writer, not a preacher. For when people will not go to church they will read—and when a sermon is forgotten and perishes—sometimes—only sometimes—a Book lives."

"Holy Orders" is, as Miss Corelli describes it, "the

* "Holy Orders. The Tragedy of a Quiet Life." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

tragedy of a quiet life." It relates how the Reverend Richard Everton, zealous, conscientious, intellectual, marries a winsome, innocently gay little wife and accepts a living in a squalid country parish in the shadow of the Cotswolds, and Miss Corelli describes the soul-deadening dullness of this parish, the ignorance, grossness and heartbreaking insensitiveness of its population, with a realistic faithfulness that nobody who knows such places can fail to recognise :

"The smaller the community of persons the narrower is their outlook on life, and the more self-centred do they become. The infinitely little matters of a provincial town loom large to the restricted brain of the provincial town councillor, and still more important are the ethics of the village pump to a handful of villagers. Such people know and care to know nothing of the larger world ; whether kings or republics handle the reins of government is a matter of indifference to them, provided their own cabbage-plots are prospering. Seasons come and go—the sharp inclement spring offers them just sufficient matter for grumbling, till summer arrives to be grumbled at in its turn, as being either too moist or too dry or too windy or too 'muggy'—summer passes into autumn, which brings them their annual burden of cherished complaints—colds, rheumatism and divers other aches and pains—then the long winter darkens down over them with its mornings and nights of black frost, and its pale cold noons of utter cheerlessness, when nothing occurs of any interest from the beginning of the day to the end of it—nothing to rouse the dormant intellect or give the slightest impetus to the vital forces—and no reason is apparent why such lives should be lived at all, unless it is necessary to remind man that in his bucolic type he is not much higher in the scale of creation than a beetle. . . . Even to a cultured intellect, no matter how well controlled by a philosophic spirit, a rural district which is wholly lacking in refined or intelligent society is apt to grow more difficult to live in as time goes on. For intellect is like steel—it must strike against something of the same resisting quality as itself before sparks of fire can be generated. Thus it happened that the Reverend Richard Everton, shut, as it were, within himself, ceased to struggle against what appeared to be his life's destiny, and unconsciously, but none the less surely, became more and more of a silent, reserved, and almost shy man, quite unintentionally managing in this way to widen the breach which had been so unreasonably created between himself and his parishioners by the Kiernan episode."

This is the Kiernan episode : Kiernan, a hulking labourer, good-hearted when sober, but little other than a fiend incarnate when drunk, beats and nearly kills his wife. The Vicar devotes himself to desperate attempts to reclaim the man ; and Mrs. Everton, shocked and inexperienced, incautiously warns the injured woman that her husband is cultivating a shameful acquaintance with a village girl, Jacynth Miller, a beautiful, reckless creature who seems to have been born without the sense of sin. The unhappy Mrs. Kiernan is incredulous, but presently asks Kiernan reproachfully about this, and, drunkenly resentful, he strikes her brutally again, and she dies as a result of his ill-usage. Public opinion in the village sympathises with Kiernan, and blames the Vicar's wife for interfering and precipitating the fatal crisis ; but the Vicar looks to the sinister influence that underlies this and so much of the poverty and degradation of his parish,

and has no hesitation as to where the responsibility for the crime should rest. Kiernan sober would never have done it ; Kiernan drunk was a frenzied brute not responsible for his actions ; therefore it is not Kiernan who is the murderer, but Minchin, the wealthy brewer, who dominates the countryside and is the stumbling-block in the way of all local reformers ; he owns the tied houses of the neighbourhood, and, teetotaler and High Churchman himself, has made a fortune by selling the legally impure beer that poisons the blood of the poor wretches who soak and dehumanise themselves with it. His excuse is that they are not compelled to buy it, and, in effect, he shelters himself behind that world-old question of Cain's.

Later, Kiernan is employed at the brewery, and his drinking habits increase upon him. One day he is out shooting rabbits, and seeing Mrs. Everton gathering flowers, recalls his grudge against her, and drunkenly mischievous, fires to frighten her, but in his muddled condition cannot fix his aim, and she falls, shot through the heart. There is real pathos in the earlier scene where Kiernan, having slept himself sober, sees his wife and realises that her injuries were inflicted upon her by him ; the same poignant note is struck when Richard Everton learns of his loss ; and again when his child comes to him in the darkest hour of his despair. But his great sorrow makes him "a better servant of the Master," and, because of the sympathy it evokes for him, gives him a power over his people that he had not theretofore been able to obtain. Minchin, the brewer, is ably and mercilessly drawn ; ably drawn too is the girl Jacynth ; and Azalea, Richard's irresponsible, charming girl-wife, and Father Douay, the lovable old Roman Catholic priest, Richard's staunch friend. But the book strongly opposes Roman Catholic doctrines, and even more so the Ritualistic practices of the Anglican Church ; it pleads for a retention of "the pure and quiet spirit of simple piety" in religious observances ; and, throughout, it denounces without any mincing of matters the Governments that allow, the wealthy lords and commoners who brew, and the licensed traders who sell the doctored liquors that steal away the brains of men :

"We hear and we read of Law and Government—and the hopes of the world spring up elated at the fair promises made of betterment—hopes only doomed to be crushed again by the depressing discovery that the very dispensers of Law and Government are frequently more corrupt than those they would essay to govern, and are too often found amongst the vilest sinners against moral and physical uprightness. Between Dan Kiernan and the 'gentleman' member of Parliament who daily and nightly fuddles his brain with innumerable whisky-sodas, is there a difference ? Not much, if any !"

Incidentally, Miss Corelli touches trenchantly on most of the pressing social topics of the hour : on the growing scorn of the marriage-tie, the "self-degradation" of women who are "screaming for a political vote," the murderous recklessness of motorists, the hypocrisy and worldiness of priests and prelates of the

English Church, the dangers of the stage, the shortcomings of the Throne, the significant increase of Jewish influence at Court and on the Press, the degeneration of the modern newspaper, the shallow soullessness of Society; and if she is sometimes bitter, it is because she is passionately sincere and in earnest; bitterness is no flower of indifference; withal, she can be exquisitely compassionate. "I take within my brain all creeds—all struggles for the good," sighs the gentle Father Douay, "—all sorrows—all difficulties—and I say, alas!—poor men and poor women! So slow to

learn—so hard to live—so quick to die! The great God cannot be angry long with these little, sad mortals!"

I am conscious that I have given no adequate idea of this moving human story; "Holy Orders" is a large and a full book, so crowded with incident and event that it is only possible here to sketch briefly the scope and purpose of it; and even if it were possible to do more, I think I have said enough to show that this is not a book to read about, it is a book to read.

New Books.

IRELAND'S CASE STATED.*

Before this shapely volume came into my hands I heard great praise of it. And now that I have gone through it from cover to cover, I bear witness to its excellence as a long-needed statement of facts, recorded in clear and telling style, with a strength not often visible in works of history written by women. Many reviews will be published in mitigation of the charges against England's policy towards the "sister island"—most ironical of epithets uttered by the conquering people—but the book will survive them. Its value does not lie in the eloquent words: it is no made-up story, shirring over that which refuses to be fitted into an *a priori* sketch. Mrs. J. R. Green is, indeed, of "Ireland birth," and she shares with her kinsfolk a devotion to the "Niobe of nations" unsurpassed by the Gaels themselves. But if her documents had been published anonymously, they would tell as convincing a tale. For the question is what did Ireland do on its own behalf in the four hundred years between Henry II.'s landing and the flight of the Great Earls after the defeat of Kinsale? And what did the English laws, invasions, confiscations, plantings of new settlers, bringing in of a new Church, do towards creating the "distressful country" in which victors and vanquished alike have found an insoluble problem? This double inquiry can be answered, in its main outlines, from the evidence collected, not without rare trouble, by the widow of him who described "The Making of England," which is really a less important study. We do know something of that much glorified theme. But Irish history, to the crowd, as to the politicians, is a legend, Kingsley's "Westward Ho" romantically touching up its Elizabethan form, J. A. Froude's "English in Ireland" ringing the changes on it as it moves down to the Union and "Quis separabit?"

"Who shall divide us?" But the policy of separation and suppression may be dated back through Acts of Parliament and royal decrees to Plantagenet eras, when killing a "mere" Irishman was no offence at law. Even in Catholic times the Christian outside the Pale was declared ineligible to any living or dignity under English control. The Lancastrian kings drove Irish scholars from Oxford, and Irish lawyers were not suffered to learn the secrets of the Common Law. When the Pale became a fringe twenty miles wide outside Dublin, native Ireland, which absorbed into its civilisation, says Mrs. Green boldly, Dane and Norman, had its European commerce, crowded havens, natural and highly wrought products, exchanging commodities with France, Spain, Italy, Belgium. Its architectural remains speak impressively of a strong and delicate genius, occupied chiefly about religion, but proud of its fortified places and the mansions erected in towns like Galway, of

which some challenge our admiration even to this day. From details exceedingly picturesque, not to be doubted, these pages build up a medieval Ireland simply unknown to our text-books, and even to University professors, which was advancing in culture, multiplying its resources, and assimilating the elements of its population so successfully, that, if let alone, it would have competed on many lines with England in the opening world-market after the discovery of America. It was itself an America, temptingly near the coasts of Britain. Accordingly, Henry VIII.'s councillors determined to exploit it. The Tudor Conquest, taking well-nigh one hundred years before it could be managed, undid all that Celtic-Norman Ireland had done. It broke the old Brehon law and the feudal system. It ruined the towns. Perhaps there is no chapter more enlightening certainly none is more novel than that which traces step by step the deliberate plan of commercial invasion whereby Galway, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, and other previously thriving cities lost their trade that the English market might flourish above their downfall. One expedient, disgraceful beyond words, was the debasing of the currency, which brings before us a series of English kings, and of course Queen Elizabeth, as robbing every one of their subjects across the Irish Sea to enrich their own coffers.

Then we must reckon with the "New Learning," which I am sorry to observe Mrs. Green still imagines was a title of the Renaissance, whereas it means the new doctrines of the Reformers. There was to be a "godly conquest" of the Irish, always painted as it below the Red Indians by those who were going to eat up their lands. But its inward sense was explained in 1536 to Henry VIII.:

"Take first from them their corn, so that the Irishry shall not live thereupon; then to have their cattle and beasts, . . . and then shall they be without corn, victual, or cattle, and thereof shall ensue the putting in effect of all these wars against them."

English pirates destroyed the native commerce; adventurers like Raleigh, with God on their lips and greed in their hearts, swarmed over to the Land of Promise, and a war of extermination followed. There was only one limit to its death-dealing havoc: the planters wanted cheap labour and kept a remnant alive in the condition of serfs. But they denied to them learning, security of tenure, and redress at law. Here the name of a "thorough godly reformation" became the preamble to enactments so detestable that, assuredly, the English Parliaments which passed them and the Courts which executed them deserve to be held master-patterns of hypocrisy till the world ends. In particular, the device of tearing children belonging to great houses from their parents, forcibly bringing them to England, and there making them Protestants whether they would or no, damns to everlasting infamy all who were concerned in it—

* "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing: 1200-1600." By Alice Stopford Green. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Elizabeth, Cecil, and the rest of them. Where was it derived from? Do modern Englishmen ever give a thought to these ancient glories of theirs? Do they know that it was the Turk who invented that shameful tribute, and degraded Christian children into Mohammedan Janizzaries? But can they wonder if the Irish memory of outrage inflicted on the souls of their noblest and most helpless has not yet died away?

That furious hatred against a people whom they had despoiled which breathes from the State papers dictated by English lawyers, soldiers, official clergy, and which culminated in "the ferocious Acts of Anne" (to use Burke's language), was not satisfied with robbery, murder, and man-stealing. It produced a foul caricature of its victim and held up the Irishman to scorn as a shameless, lying, cowardly, treacherous animal, who could not be civilised, though Church and State were ever offering him the benefits of a true Christian education. What these amounted to we may read in the Statute Book, where they are written at large. Mrs. Green has dwelt with power and knowledge on the destruction of Irish learning and the exile of all who desired culture in any shape, which left a population to be inevitably degraded, so far as their own poverty-stricken and persecuted clergy could not come to their aid. It is impossible, in short, to mention any crime against religion, good government, humanity, social order, that the English rulers of Ireland have not committed with open eyes and resolute will. If any man asks for the evidence, here is some of it reproduced in the self-glorifying language of the criminals themselves. Happily, public opinion shows signs of being educated, and this book will influence it in the right direction. It is more than a literary event. I congratulate the writer with all my heart. Nevertheless, crimes of a certain high order would seem to be unpardonable in Heaven's chancery; and the English conquest of Ireland may be among them.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. BELLOC'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is extremely probable that if the most inveterate of novel-readers were told a new novel had appeared that was entirely concerned with business in the City and the political intrigues of a *nouveau riche* who wanted to get into Parliament—and these things, not related as they are now, but as they may be in 1911—he could scarcely imagine a more unattractive and uninteresting, even depressing subject, and would, very likely, decline to read the book at all. Yet out of this seemingly most unpromising material Mr. Belloc has woven the most absorbing and fascinating of stories and made the most delightful of volumes. For he is a really great satirist, and no one who takes pleasure in satire of so high a quality could fail to enjoy this novel from end to end. Not a word should be skimmed over; it should be read with care all through.

The delightful tone of grave and rather ponderous irony begins on the first page, and his style—which reminds one occasionally of Dr. Johnson—adds greatly to the pleasure one takes in the sly humour of the story. Here is the description of Mrs. Clutterbuck, the wife of the business man who, at the beginning of the book, lives modestly in the suburban town of Croydon:

"Eighteen years of married life had rendered Mrs. Clutterbuck's features and manner familiar to her husband. It is well that the reader also should have some idea of her presence. She habitually dressed in black; her hair, which had never been abundant, was of the same colour, and shone with extraordinary precision. She was accustomed to part it in the middle, and to bring it down upon either side of her forehead. It was further to be remarked that round her neck, which was long and slender, she wore a velvet band after a fashion that royalty itself had not disdained to inaugurate. At her throat was a locket of considerable size, containing initials worked in human hair; upon her wrists, according to the severity of the season, she wore

or did not wear mittens as dark as the rest of her raiment. She spoke but little, save in the presence of her husband; her gestures were restrained and purposeful, and her walk somewhat rapid, and her accent that of a cultivated gentlewoman of the middle sort; her grammar perfect. Her idiom, however, when it was not a trifle selected, occasionally erred. . . . Her recreations were few but decided, and she had the method to attack them at regular seasons."

Mrs. Clutterbuck is essentially genteel, and at the same time strong-minded; she is generally at work on a piece of embroidery on yellow satin. Here is a most characteristic remark she makes to her husband while working at her table-centre, putting her needle through the fabric with a vigour and decision which spoke volumes for the restrained energy of her character: "I don't want to hear about your business affairs, Mr. Clutterbuck. I leave gentlemen to what concerns gentlemen. I hope I know *my* work, and that I don't interfere where I might only make trouble." It is remarkable that after this preface she should have added, "Though why you let every beggar who darkens this door make a fool of you is more than I can understand."

There are many lifelike real characters in the book. William Bailey is a particularly charming creation and quite admirably drawn. He was a fanatic and a faddist. He had gone mad upon the Hebrew race.

"According to him, Lombroso was a Jew, Mr. Roosevelt's friends and supporters, the Belmonts, were Jews, half the moneyed backers of Roosevelt were Jews, the famous critic Brandes was a Jew, Zola was a Jew, Nordau was a Jew, Witte was a Jew—or in some mysterious way connected with Jews, Naquet was a Jew, the great and suffering Hertz was a Jew. All actors and actresses *en bloc* and all the foreign correspondents he could lay hands on were Jews. . . . In his eyes the governors of colonies, the holders of Egyptian bonds, the mortgagees of Irish lands, half the Russian patriots and all the brave spokesmen of Hungary were swept into the universal net of his mania."

He even went further than that. He imagined there were Jews at Oxford, and at Cambridge, and at Trinity College, Dublin; they controlled the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the *Tribuna* of Rome, the *Matin* of Paris, and so on. All this is delightful irony. Bailey is altogether a masterpiece. Mr. Clutterbuck makes a large fortune in the City and becomes ambitious. He falls in with a crowd of fashionable and worldly people who show him something of society and encourage his ambitions for purposes of their own. These people, Charlie Fitzgerald, Mary Smith, the Duke of Battersea, all are not the stereotyped impossible and purely arbitrary types of the fictitious "smart set" of the novelist, but are perfectly natural and real people, and neither their slang, their point of view, their simple self-interest nor anything about them rings false. When Mr. Clutterbuck first receives an invitation from people he does not know he is rather shocked:

"Every rank in our carefully ordered society has its conventions; one which will doubtless appear ridiculous to many of our readers is that which forbids, among the middle classes, the extension of a warm invitation to people whom one never happens to have seen. The basis for this suburban convention it would be impossible to discover; but then, convention is not logical."

One grows fond of Mr. Clutterbuck as one sees him through the ups and downs of his new and very varying fortunes, and one is really sorry for his disappointment when, after doing all he can to get a title and being assured of his success, he discovers his name is not in the list on New Year's Day. I have rarely read a more touching little scene than that in which he tries to conceal his disappointment before his assembled guests. It is truly pathetic, for with all his irony, Mr. Belloc has nothing hard or inhuman about his satire; it is kindly, and that is why one is sincerely pleased at the end when the hero at last realises his ambition—paltry as it may be—and becomes Sir Percy Clutterbuck. He is a vulgarian, but he is such a good fellow! Fantastic and preposterous in a sense as the book of course is and is meant to be, if yet keeps its hold on real life. It is thoroughly consistent with itself and with its limitations, and since art is concerned mainly with limitations, we may justly call the book an artistic success.

ADA LEVERSON.

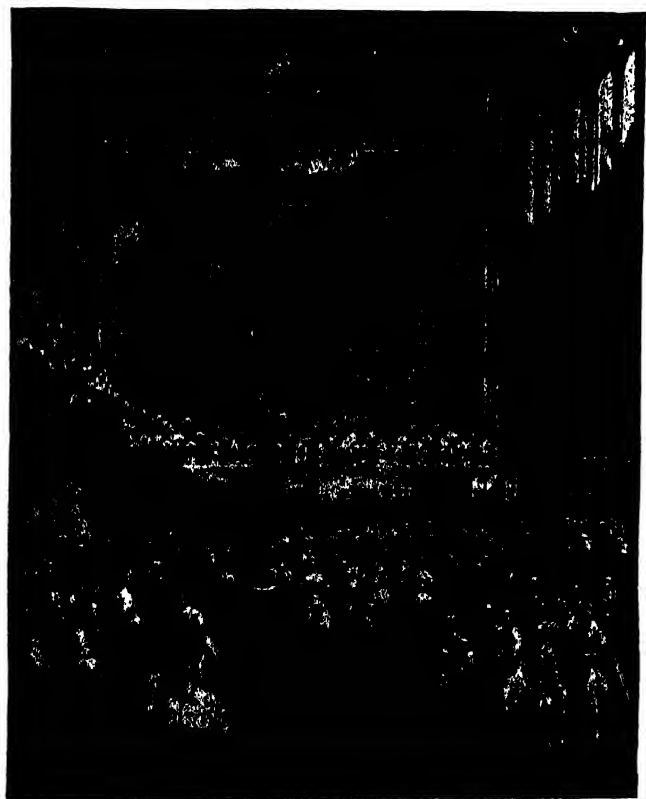
* "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election." By H. Belloc. 6s. (Evelleigh Nash.)

COLOUR-PRINTS.*

A curious by-path of collecting is made plain in Mr. Courtney Lewis's elaborate little treatise on George Baxter, colour-printer. Probably ninety-nine readers out of a hundred have never heard of this Baxter, who is by no means to be confused with the divine, his famous namesake. Yet Baxter the colour-printer has had admirers enough to form a Baxter Society, and this is not the first book devoted to his work. It seems odd that a man who was distinctly "Early Victorian" in his ideas of art should arouse such enthusiasm. Baxter's productions have none of the decorative charm or the masterly design of a good Japanese colour-print, none of the elegance and gaiety of Debucourt's Parisian scenes, none of the grace of those coloured engravings after old English masters which were the rage with wealthy collectors a few seasons ago. The best of them have much technical merit; Baxter often used as many as twenty different colour-blocks for one print, and the neatness of his workmanship and the purity of his colours are still remarkable. But it may be suspected that the "common Baxterite," as Henley might have called him, is attracted mainly by the subjects of the prints and their sentimental interest. Queen Victoria's coronation, views of the Exhibition of 1851, portraits of missionaries and scenes in the history of missions such as the murder of John Williams at Erromanga, landscapes whether real or fanciful, portraits of the Royal family, Jenny Lind, Peel and others, pictures to decorate little boxes or sheets of music or book covers—these are the things that Baxter turned out by the hundred thousand through a busy and blameless life. Among them are a very few reproductions of old masters, notably Raphael's Cartoons and a Holy Family from a tapestry said to have been designed by the same master, in the collection of Lord Brougham. But most of Baxter's prints were ordinary trade productions, good of their kind, but possessing no artistic interest.

Yet Mr. Lewis, in the little memoir prefixed to his exhaustive catalogue of the prints, is right in claiming a

* "George Baxter (Colour-Printer): His Life and Work." A Manual for Collectors. By C. T. Courtney Lewis. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)



The Coronation of Queen Victoria.
Baxter's Masterpiece.

From "George Baxter (Colour-Printer): His Life and Work."
(Sampson Low.)

certain historic importance for Baxter as a colour-printer. When he began in 1835, at the age of thirty-one, to work his so-called patent process, colour-printing was at a low ebb in this country, and chromo-lithography had not yet been perfected on a commercial basis. Baxter, who had been trained as a wood engraver, must fairly be credited with success in developing colour-printing from multiple blocks, until it became by 1860, when he retired, a regular business. As to the originality of his patent, Mr. Lewis has a good deal to say, and of course quotes the favourable opinion of Lord Brougham and other judges, who renewed Baxter's patent in 1840. Still, from the historical standpoint there can be no doubt that Baxter was reviving, whether consciously or not, methods that had been used long before. He prided himself on using an engraved metal plate as the foundation on which his colour-blocks were successively imposed; but the process had been employed by Goltzius and other German engravers of the sixteenth century. In the use of many colour-blocks, one for each tint, he had been preceded in England by Jackson in 1754, and Savage in the generation before his own, to say nothing of the French eighteenth-century engravers or the Japanese. But Baxter certainly improved the process, technically, and used better oil colours than had been known in the English trade. It is a pity that he had not better subjects on which to employ his talents. His masterpiece, the Coronation, is creditable and interesting, but this cannot be said of many Baxter prints. He just lived long enough to see his process supplanted for many purposes by chromo lithography. The next generation was to see the chromo-lithograph superseded in its turn by the photographic three colour process print, on which the *Edinburgh* has lately been turning its heavy artillery. It seems to be high time that a Chromo Collecting Society was formed, for if Baxter prints, according to Mr. Lewis, are fast appreciating in value and may soon be out of the reach of the humble person with a hobby for collecting, the turn of the old-fashioned chromo will come next.

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

POLLOCK ON IRVING.*

"An actor's work is in itself so necessarily ephemeral that, to a future generation, it cannot speak for itself. To leave behind him any record of his ideas, his methods, his purpose in what he did, or tried to do, an actor must either set down such record for himself, or depend upon those intimate in his lifetime, to whom he may, in moments of expansion, have confided something of his inner thoughts and feelings, to give a just account of him to posterity."

So writes Mr. H. B. Irving, himself a distinguished actor and accomplished man of letters, in a brief introduction to these "Impressions" of his father.

"Had my father lived, he had intended to have written his reminiscences, in which, no doubt, he would have given to those who came after him the fruits of his experience, the lessons learned, the ideas formed in the course of a career of strenuous endeavour and singular achievement. But this was not to be. It rests with those who knew him well, who at different times were his companions, to convey to those who neither saw nor heard him some idea of a personality the power and impressiveness of which none can question."

There are many sorts of dull books, but perhaps the dreariest of all are the "lives" of actors who have gone before, a few years, or a score or more. It may be, of course, that these men have been unfortunate in their biographers, and that there are writers who could produce a delightful book with such a man for a subject, but if such writers there be, it must be confessed that they have not hitherto turned their talent to this account. The career of a successful actor is full of interest, and no one can read without a thrill, to take an apposite example, the records of the life of Sir Henry Irving, from his first appearance on the stage to the day when he drew the town to see his im-

* "Impressions of Henry Irving, gathered in public and private during a friendship of many years." By Walter Herries Pollock. With a Preface by H. B. Irving. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

personation of Mathias in "The Bells," and from that time onwards until he was almost universally regarded as the greatest living English actor, and by all recognised as the head of his calling in this country. *En parenthèse*, it may be remarked that it is a pity that Mr. H. B. Irving has relinquished his intention to write his father's biography, for with his first-hand knowledge of the actor's life and the actor's art, and his trained pen, he was the very man to portray this side of it successfully.

What, however, neither Mr. Irving nor Mr. Pollock could do—and it is so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to mention it—is to reconstruct any impersonation of any actor. We may be told, as Mr. Pollock tells us, that "Booth's Othello was somewhat nearer to Kean's, perhaps, than was Irving's; he was splendid in some bursts of sudden passion, but he missed the significance of the swelling, not sudden, tide 'like to the Pontick sea,' " and, though this passage be elaborated to any length, we are entirely unable to conjure up the performance of any one of these actors. This is where the biography and the impression alike fail, and must fail, let who will essay the task. The description of an impersonation can get no nearer the impersonation than the description of a picture realise a picture: indeed, it can never get so near, for the human element on the stage counts for more than, genius excepted, in the studio. The better the actor, the better the painter, the greater the writer's failure.

In support of this contention Mr. Pollock may be quoted—though, indeed, support is scarcely needed:

"How far should an actor endeavour to sink his own personality in that of the personage he is representing? If one reduces it to its simplest form, that of assumption so complete that the disguise cannot be penetrated, then surely it is an accomplishment for the entertainer or quick-change performer who shows the superficial aspects of a character for a few minutes, and not for the actor who has to sustain a part of varying moods and feelings throughout a play or the greater part of it. There are, of course, instances where an actor's disguise is rightly so complete that for a minute or two the audience may be puzzled as to his identity. . . . But what could there be of nature or art in an attempt, successful or not, to keep up the first moment's illusion throughout the course of the play? The actor would have to concentrate all his thought and energy on that one point, so that his performance would at best be that of a skilfully handled marionette. Yet how often does one hear it said, unthinkingly, in depreciation of this or that distinguished actor, 'Oh! very clever, of course, very clever indeed, but then you know he's always Mr. X.' Well, what else should he be, showing you in his immutable fashion, immutable save as to surface qualities, the 'true inwardness' of Colonel Y, or King Z, in his habit as he lived. The people who make these remarks are not noted to observe of a first-rate painter's pictures, 'An admirable painting, but you can see it's by N. N.' Yet this implied reproof would be just as sensible as the other."

This being the case beyond all cavil, only those who have seen Irving in the parts about which Mr. Pollock writes can, from Mr. Pollock's statements, reconstruct the scenes and the impersonation: but these, at least, are the debtors of the author of these "Impressions."

Mr. Pollock tells us something of Irving's attention to details of production, of his willingness to profit by intelligent criticism, of his not unnatural desire to see himself in his performances "from the front"; he discusses the great actor's mannerisms, and points out very truly that all successful actors have had, or have cultivated, mannerisms; and he relates that to Irving the characters he portrayed were real people, as real to him for the time as the characters of the novelist to their creator: though against this he mentions that on one occasion when Irving as Othello was smothering Desdemona, he asked the actress "what her mother had ordered for supper"! This raises the vexed question, do actors "feel" their parts; and as a contribution to this oft-raised discussion may be given the answer made by a famous leading man of seventy summers, still in harness, to this question put by the present writer. "If I did 'feel' my parts, my boy," replied the veteran, "do you think I should still be acting? I should have been in my grave twenty years ago."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.*

There was a time when Christie Murray was a very popular novelist, and when not a few of us were looking confidently to his writing the novel that should lift him into something more than popularity; but he never wrote it. He seemed to have all the gifts of the born story-teller; he had a true feeling for dramatic effect, a broad sympathy with humanity, could touch you to tears or laughter, and mould his characters so that they lived; he had the mind and the heart and the great ambition, but he missed greatness, and the novels he wrote during his last seven or eight years have done his reputation more harm than good. Personally, I count among my happier memories one of the day when a novel of his first came into my hands. It was "Joseph's Coat," and I was so taken with it that in the next few months I had bought or borrowed "A Life's Atonement," "Aunt Rachel" (the finest thing, I suppose, that he ever did in fiction), "Rainbow Gold," "Val Strange"; and I have never re-read them in maturer years for something of the same fear he had, as he tells you in these "Recollections," about reading again a certain story that gave him "one superb moment" when he was young:

"That moment came with the reading of a story, entitled 'The Mandan's Revenge; or the Riccarce War Spear,' which came from the pen of Mr. Percy B. St. John, and may still be found in some far-away number of *Chamber's Journal*. I have never gone back to that story. I have never had the courage to go back. It would be something like a crime to dissipate the halo of romance and splendour which hives about it, as I know most certainly I should do if I read it over again. I daresay Mr. St. John was an estimable person in his day; but he could not have written one such story as that my memory so dimly, yet splendidly recalls without having made himself immortal."

Murray was born in Staffordshire, in 1847; his father was a printer and stationer, and at the age of twelve he left school and started work in his father's printing office. When he was nearly eighteen he came to London to follow the same trade, and a disappointment in love drove him to enlist. An old great-aunt presently bought him out of

Recollections.' By David Christie Murray. 10s. 6d. net. (John Long.)



Mr. David Christie Murray.

the Army, and it was Dr. Kencaly, the counsel for the Tichborne Claimant, who unconsciously gave him his first active impulse towards journalism. Kencaly was a Parliamentary candidate for the borough of Wednesbury, and at one of his meetings Murray interrupted once or twice, and being grossly snubbed could for the moment think of no retort.

"I spent a good part of that night in the invention of scorching phrases. But the exercise afforded me no relief, and on the following day I sat down and wrote my first newspaper article. We had in our new-made borough, in those days, one ineffective, inoffensive little weekly journal called the *Wednesbury Advertiser*, and I posted my article to the editor, who, as much to my surprise as my delight, printed it in all the glory of leaded type. I believe I was under the impression that it would kill Kencaly, but, as all the world knows, the poor man survived for years, and died from wholly different causes. That was the determining incident in my career, and for months afterwards I wrote the *Advertiser's* leaders without any sort of agreement, and without receipt or expectation of any kind of pay. . . .

"I have always held that there is no training for a novelist like that of a journalist. The man who intends to write books describing life can hardly begin better than by plunging into that boiling, bubbling, seething cauldron called journalism. The working journalist is found everywhere. Is there a man to be hanged?—the working journalist is present. Exhibitions, processions, coronations, wars, whatever may be going on, wherever the interest of life is richest and the pulse beats fastest, there you find the working journalist. There is no experience in the world which really qualifies a man to take a broad, a sane, an equable view of life in such a degree as journalism."

His first actual engagement on the Press was as a junior reporter at 25s. a week, and George Dawson, the brilliant Birmingham preacher and lecturer—"one of the highest types of men I have ever known"—was the first editor to pay him a salary. Dawson was then starting the *Birmingham Morning News*; it changed hands in less than two years, when Murray went to London again, and had perhaps the hardest time of his life:

"I abode in a shabby little back bedroom in a lodging off the Gray's Inn Road and sat at my table wrapped in an ulster to prevent myself from freezing, whilst I wrote and sent broadcast prose and verse, essays, short stories, journalistic trifles of every kind. All were ignored or returned."

For four nights he slept on the Embankment seats, chivied about by the police; for four days he was entirely without food; then the tide turned. He got a commission to write an article on Columbus for two guineas; followed this with a long one on "Impecunious Life in London," which yielded him sixteen guineas; and soon after was working on the *World* for Edmund Yates, and contributing a series of short stories to *Belgravia*. He served as Parliamentary reporter of the *Daily News*, and has some amusing reminiscences of Disraeli, Gladstone, and the political giants of those days; later he went through the Russo-Turkish War as correspondent for the *Chicago Times*. Before going on this campaign he had begun to write "A Life's Atone-ment"; soon after his return he finished it, and it achieved such a considerable success that "new commissions came in, and I found myself fairly launched as a novelist."

He tells in these "Recollections" many tales of his early days as a journalist; in the two thrilling narratives of mining disasters that he witnessed, and in the grim sketch of how he went to see a man executed you have haunting glimpses of his rare powers of observation and description; and you have abundant evidence of his shrewd sense of humour in a score or more delightful anecdotes about obscure or famous persons he had known. There are vivid little pictures of the two or three occasions on which as a young man he saw Dickens; and a record of how he saw Carlyle, the special object of his hero-worship, in the British Museum, and went out after him, and got into the same bus with him, and followed him home to Chelsea "and watched until the door closed behind him."

The whole book, indeed, is alive with interest; it would scarcely have been possible for Christie Murray to write anything that was not. He lived a full life; he played many parts, playing them with gusto and getting the most

out of all but one of them—as a novelist he never fulfilled himself. Whether it would have been otherwise had circumstances favoured him more, and had there been no tragedy in his life just when he was at his highest level of achievement, it is idle to speculate; he fell far short of what he had meant to do, of what many of us felt that at one time he could have done, and he knew he had failed, and accepted his failure philosophically, without offering excuses or raising complaints.

"My shabby study arm-chair," he says with a noble stoicism, in the final chapter written only a few months before his death, "is the seat from which I look compassion on a struggling world, as a man fairly drowned and accepting his fate might look on fellow mariners yet only in process of drowning. Fill the mind with memories of things wholeheartedly attempted! You have failed or half failed. Everybody has failed or half failed who ever tried to do anything worth doing. You are not more unblest than the average of your kind." A. St. JOHN ARCOCK.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

As, on this July evening, I turned the last page of Mr. Patterson's story, the massed drums of heaven were beating the first notes of a very devil's tattoo of advancing thunder. Then came a crash like the stoving-in of the roof of hell; and, as the great Car of the Thunder-God rolled away over the hills and out to sea, there uprose, from the old town of Hastings below me, the insolent, assertive stridency of a barrel-organ, playing some vulgar music-hall air.

When I say that the strenuous tumultuousness of some parts of Mr. Patterson's book seems to me to have as little in common with the light tinkle of the average circulating-library novel as the rumble of thunder has with the rattle of the street piano, I shall seem to be indulging in exaggerated high-falutin'. But the comparison arose in my mind naturally and spontaneously, and shall stand. To the whole of the book it does not apply. As a whole "Fishers of the Sea" has very apparent faults. The author spills ink with something of a Berserker's fierce joy in the spilling of blood. His narrative runs turgidly at times, and is as clouded by excess of adjectives and of description, as a mountain stream is clouded by the rubble and stones which it has torn from the heart of old Earth.

But, admitting this—and the wonder is, not that in his first novel, as I take it to be, there should be some blemishes, but that of blemishes there should be so few—the story has something of elemental grandeur, of tragic dignity and sombre strength.

The unpretentious title accurately indicates the subject. Mr. Patterson knows the fisher-folk of Grimsby and the North Sea as intimately as Mr. Hall Caine knows the Manxman, and like Mr. Caine, he writes of primitive passions.

Pep' Hawksley, the hero, comes to blows with his rival in love, Paul Freath. The scene of the struggle is the deck of the *Antelope* when the two men are alone upon the vessel and out in the North Sea. Paul is knocked overboard by Pep' in a moment of frenzy, and is presumably drowned. Pep' gives out that his comrade's life was lost in a collision, and no doubt is thrown upon the statement until some time after when Pep', now happily married, leads the fishermen in a strike against what in Grimsby is known as "winter-fleeting." A drunken loafer, whom Pep' has deservedly thrashed, hints that Paul was murdered by Pep'; but no one takes the matter quite so seriously as Pep' himself, in whose mind remorse is at work. At this point Mr. Patterson condescends to the one piece of conventionalism in the story. He introduces that familiar stock figure of melodrama—a mysterious bearded stranger

* "Fishers of the Sea." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Murray.)

whose handwriting is so remarkably like that of the missing man that the reader is put upon a false scent, in order that the excitement and mystery may be sustained and the *dénouement* come with the greater surprise.

Thereafter we see Pep' rise to honour and riches in his native town, and arrive at last at the dignity of Mayor. It is not here that Mr. Patterson is at his best. Someone has said that it is impossible to be heroic in a high hat, and Mr. Patterson's sense of humour (there *is* a certain grim humour in the drawing of some of his characters) should have warned him of the difficulties of describing a Mayor and Mayoress who take their civic and social functions very seriously, what time His Worship is consumed by secret remorse, and the Mayoress is troubled because a councillor's wife has ridiculed her for "eating boiled pudding with a fork." I do not say that it cannot be done. I do not say that Mr. Patterson has failed to do it. On the contrary, the unendurable torture which Pep' suffers under the questionings of his wife, who now suspects that her husband is a murderer, is no less finely pictured than is the agony of remorse which drives Pep' at last to suicide. But Mr. Patterson's story is miles removed from that of the mere descriptive book-maker. His is the story of a man who must have felt and suffered intensely, who has sailed strange seas and seen strange sights, and it is not when he writes of mayoral functions, but of the sea and of the fisher folk he knows and loves, that the reader is compelled to something of the same heart-throb—something even of the same heart-break—that are to be felt in the pages of this strong and tragic and remarkable book.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.*

To read this book is to be reminded of Arnold's lines :

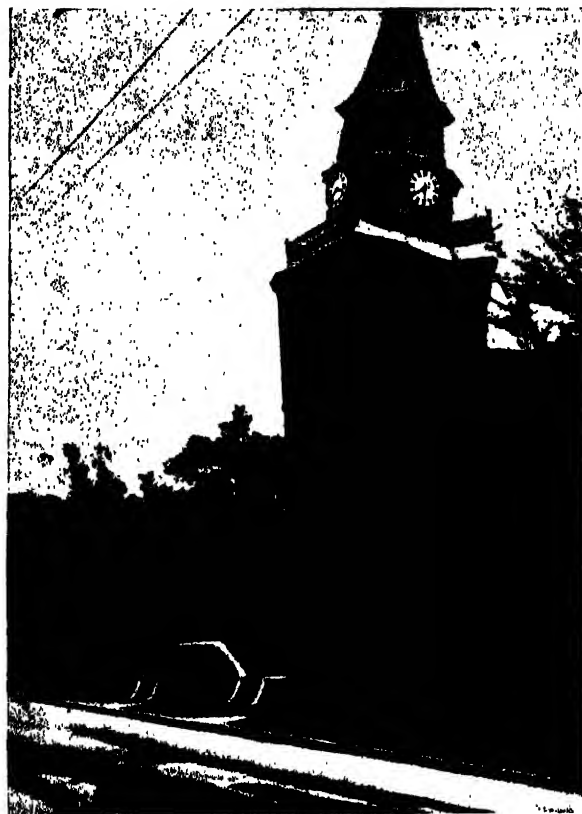
"What poets feel not, when the make,
A pleasure in creating.
The world, in its turn, will not take
Pleasure in contemplating."

That is to say, if Arnold be indeed the author of this jangling rhyme, and did not quote it from some simpler poet. Anyhow, here is a book which its writer took a pleasure in creating. There are books written from a sense of duty; they are good and profitable, but many of them fail to give pleasure in contemplating. Rarely comes a book so happy over itself, so glad to be alive, as this latest work by Sir Frederick Treves. In every page the reader finds not only his own but the writer's enjoy-

* "The Cradle of the Deep." By Sir Frederick Treves, G.C.V.O. 12s. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)



Port Royal : End of Chapel, after the Earthquake.
From "The Cradle of the Deep." (Smith, Elder.)



Parish Church, Kingston, Jamaica,
after the Earthquake.

From "The Cradle of the Deep" (Smith, Elder.)

ment; which is more than can be said for ninety-nine descriptive books out of a hundred.

It is hardly the business of a reviewer to be *personal*. Maybe he ought to wait, for personalities, till the book has outlasted its maker and is left in the land of the living without the man who gave it life. Still, to anybody who knows Sir Frederick Treves, and what he has done in and for his profession, the mere handling of one of his books raises immortal memories; and the reviewer is transported not to the West Indies, but back into that crowd outside the railings of Buckingham Palace, waiting his turn to read the bulletin. This book was written by the man who saved the King from death; and when a man has occupied this curiously intimate relation to Providence, it seems a waste of time that he should write about the Indies; he ought to go on saving the lives of good kings.

But the book is admirable. It proves the old saying that doctors, when they write well, write very well. If there be a fault, it is that Sir Frederick is now and again so filled with the enjoyment of writing that the sentence becomes hot and overcrowded. He is too fond of words for their own sake, of telling phrases, hard-hitting adjectives, and vivid comparisons. Everything reminds him of something else. It is a fine fault, and there ought to be more of it in the literature of to-day; still, it counts as a fault, and the absence of an adjective or a simile may be made as descriptive as its presence.

Never was a book more alive. He is not content to describe, with the utmost wealth of language, the present state and aspect of the West Indies. He peoples every town with the famous or infamous men of its past, and understands well how to raise the dead. Raleigh and Drake and Dudley, Columbus, Nelson and Benbow and Picton, live and move through the book; and he has wonderful insight into the hearts of buccaneers, pirates, and all ruffians. Teach and Sharp and Kidd are here, drawn with singular felicity; not even Stevenson has

given us a more excellent portrait-gallery. Where did Sir Frederick get all this unholy knowledge?

He so loves the ways of humanity, including inhumanity, that he sees all Nature through man's eyes. Take, for example, his magnificent account of the eruption of Mont Pelée, the chapter which he calls "The Last Night in St. Pierre"; he follows in imagination the last hours of one of the many thousands who died on that night, guesses all her least words and actions, tracks and fancies her, as it were, from minute to minute, till the end comes. Or take the chapters called "St. Kitt's in all its Glory," and "Tom Bowling's Chantry"; they are masterpieces of romantic word-painting. History, adventure, hardship, escape, all appeal to him. As Stella said of Swift, that the Dean could make poetry out of a broomstick, so a bundle of old letters, or an epitaph, or an old number of a *Gazette*, sets Sir Frederick to reconstruct a whole scene and fill it with animation. His characters do not talk much; but they are so strong, so natural, that we see with our own eyes the past as clear as the present and as true.

It would be idle to speculate by what reaction from professional work, what liberation of talents long disused, this gift of happy and exhilarant writing has come to him. We have only to be thankful for what we have received, a book full of noble imagery and passionate romance.

THE GREAT PSEUDONYM.*

It is a circumstance calling for some comment that Mr. George Greenwood's book on "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" has not yet been seriously grappled with by Shakespearean authorities in the press. For it is a book which cannot by any possibility be ignored. It is not based upon assertion but upon argument. It hits hard at accredited "Stratfordian pundits," as Mr. Greenwood calls the orthodox, all round. With great audacity it takes the war into the enemies' camp and meets the charge of "Baconian" with one of "Stratfordian." But the attitude which the author takes up is primarily destructive. He exposes what he regards as fallacies on both sides. His own plea is merely this, that there exists a problem, a mystery about Shakespeare, that the matter is by no means a *chose jugée*, and that the discrepancies existing between existing authorities render all existing solutions totally inadequate. We entered the book from the point of view of the most rigid orthodoxy, and with a something of that contemptuous spirit which a conscious orthodoxy but too often engenders. The most clamant Shakespearean problem, we repeated to ourselves, is the hatred, malice, and uncharitableness which Shakespeareans of all ages seem to entertain for one another. And it must be admitted that this foible of the Shakespeareans is most plentifully illustrated here. The chief critics are exhibited using every hard word against one another upon which they can lay their hands, and Mr. Greenwood goes beyond them all in the violence, far exceeding the bounds of literary courtesy, with which he assails the Tory party in this controversy. It may, perhaps, be his parliamentary experience which has betrayed him into badgering one or two of his adversaries with a persistence amusing enough in the heat of debate, but unbecoming and obsolete in cold printed controversy. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a recent pronouncement, deplored the disappearance of hard knocks from literary criticism. Mr. Greenwood can be relied upon to provide him with a banquet that would have delighted his possible ancestor the redoubtable George-a-Green, the fighting Pinder of Wakefield, himself. The point is, however, that having entered this book (as we have said) in a spirit of sanctimonious orthodoxy, we have emerged from it (despite

some disgust at its persistent and unfair personalities) sick and sore at heart, our deepest convictions bleeding and battered, for the time being, at any rate, in a hardened, unrepentant, agnostic frame of mind.

Mr. Greenwood, it cannot be denied, is a writer of very considerable literary skill, judgment, and acumen. The fact that he is a Member of Parliament must, of course, tell against him as a writer on Shakespeare, but it ought not to be allowed to weigh too severely. What the reader cannot fail to observe, whatever be his prepossessions, is the remarkable skill with which this debater has husbanded his strength. He allows the chief acknowledged Shakespearean authorities to do all the heavy work themselves, and bases his own superstructure almost exclusively upon their relevant inconsistencies. Here is an example of his method. Mr. Churton Collins, in a series of most learned articles, "proved" that Shakespeare must have read Latin as easily as a cultivated Englishman of to-day reads French. Other authorities have shown that he must have acquired this Latin at school between the ages of nine and fourteen, since it is generally allowed that he left school "unusually early." Such a knowledge of Latin as Shakespeare exhibits in "Love's Labour's Lost," "Venus and Adonis," "As You Like It," etc. (in his wonderful couages of words from the Latin and his elaborate academic puns such as Touchstone's "I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet Ovid was among the *Goths*"), could not possibly have been obtained by a boy of fourteen in a small provincial grammar school. Can it be, then, that the "Stratford rustic," as Messrs. Gosse and Garnett call Shakespeare, obtained this learning during the "veiled period" of his life from 1580 to 1590? Did he go abroad, as some of these authorities maintain and others as strenuously deny? If so, what becomes of the tradition about his acting as "servitor" at a London theatre? And how did he learn the profession of actor, in which he was sufficiently proficient by 1594 to act before the Queen? It is too true, as Mr. Greenwood points out, that the biographers use these "traditions" like putty for their own purpose and colour it differently for different effects. Analogous cases, so called, of Leonardo da Vinci, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Burns, Keats, and Dickens are disposed of by Mr. Greenwood with a force of logic which we do not feel called upon to dispute. It cannot be denied that the sort of accomplishments inseparable from the production of works such as "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Venus and Adonis" in 1592-3 or thereabouts are most difficult to marry to the meagre facts positively known about the "Stratford rustic" who left school "unusually early" and went neither to court nor to college, at home or abroad. Mr. Greenwood has succeeded in magnifying this discrepancy. Perpend now these "horseclaus" of cumulative evidence along with the fact that Shakespeare's father made his mark, that his favourite daughter could not write, and that the playwright was a man who not only had a Dickensian intimacy with the law of the police courts but a scholarly sense of recondite law expressions (a sense singularly lacking, as Mr. Greenwood shows, among his biographers), combine this with the singular silence of the chief theatrical diarists of the day, such as Henslowe and Allyn, combine it with the difficulty raised by the alterations made in the plays (alterations made with an object far removed from stage success, as Mr. Swinburne demonstrates) by one who is said to have regarded a play merely from the point of view of *£ s. d.*, combine it with the disingenuous use that Shakespeare scholars have made of some of the early references to the playwright such as those of Chettle and "The Return to Parnassus"; combine finally the two epitaphs:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. . . ."

and

"And curst be he that moves my bones!"

* "The Shakespeare Problem Restated." By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

and you will perhaps begin to share some of the uneasiness which this astutely constructed fabric of argument is likely to excite in the ranks of the faithful. Mr. Greenwood persists in regarding the orthodox, or "Stratfordians," as he calls them, as "in a tale," and as consciously twisting their literary criticism to suit their biographical hypothesis. This we believe to be absolutely unfair. The supposition, for instance, that Mr. Churton Collins defends the Shakespearean authorship of "Titus Andronicus" in order to uphold the "Stratfordian" view is a most gratuitous assumption. He does it obviously, in part, at any rate, because it accords with his conviction that Shakespeare was an excellent scholar, which in its turn forms one of the main planks in Mr. Greenwood's own argument! Inconsistencies may be found in this special plea; the author lays far too much stress on discrepancies of spelling, for instance; but the cumulative argument remains strong. We must admit that we should like to see a formal and combined defence. The weapons of offence used may be, most of them, old and more or less familiar, but the raggedness of the garrison has never been made quite so conspicuous.

Is it possible for the orthodox to compose their own internal differences? The positiveness, the petulance, and the dogmatism of the authorities have been responsible for much of the more or less calculated rudeness of the present exposition. This, we maintain, cannot be safely and indefinitely ignored. Mr. Greenwood may be an outsider, but he is an outsider to be reckoned with. We do not want any more authoritative displays. What we should like to see is a carefully reasoned argumentative defence, based upon reason and probability alone, on persuasion and not on "calling names best"—a defence that is a defence, in short, by the chief scholars involved against the positions assaulted by Mr. Greenwood.

IGNOTO.

A FAMOUS PIONEER.*

If Sir Harry Johnston is, perhaps, guilty of some slight exaggeration in prophesying that, as the events of the last twenty-five years recede into history, no Grenfell will have left a more famous name than the missionary-explorer who is the central figure of this book, it must at least be conceded

* "George Grenfell and the Congo." By Sir Harry Johnston. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Hutchinson.)



A photograph of Grenfell, taken January, 1906, six months before his death.

From "George Grenfell and the Congo." (Hutchinson.)



Bungudi, the Mission engineer, and his wife.

(Bungudi was a Bateke boy, trained by Grenfell.)

From "George Grenfell and the Congo." (Hutchinson.)

that the forecast is not without substantial justification. For thirty-two years (1874 to 1906) Grenfell laboured almost continuously at his arduous task, and has left behind him a justly earned reputation as one of the most noble characters in the history of the foundation of the Congo Free State. It would be vain to attempt to give in a few sentences any adequate summary of what Grenfell accomplished, but a fairly good idea may be derived from the obituary notice (quoted by Sir Harry Johnston) which was written by the Belgian geographer, M. A. J. Wauters. "It is to Grenfell," wrote M. Wauters, "that we owe the earliest reconnoitring of most of the other navigable tributaries of the Congo," and he goes on to explain how finally Grenfell "completed by a reconnoitring expedition on the Kwango (and into the Lunda countries) the cycle of great discoveries which he had just made, revealing the existence of peoples established along the banks of a marvellous network of free waterways, a network which doubles the economic value of the Congo itself. His Lunda Expedition at the time infused greater energy and a deeper conviction into those whose gospel was then the construction of the Matali Railway. . . . The most sensational of his discoveries was that of the Lower Mubangi, which gave rise to our hypothesis, whereby we identified this new river as the lower course of Schweinfurth's Welle."

The religious aspect of Grenfell's mission Sir Harry Johnston has left to a minister of his Church. His own object has been to insist upon the enormous amount of good that has been accomplished by Christian missions in Africa from a purely ethical standpoint, and to call attention to the "gigantic contributions they have made to the store of the world's knowledge in philology, in folklore, in first-hand studies of primitive people, in contributions to botany, zoology, geography, and map-making." In practically every one of these departments just mentioned Grenfell acquired valuable information, and it is hardly saying too much when we affirm that the exposition of his

various discoveries could not have been entrusted to hands more capable than those of Sir Harry Johnston. In the second of these two volumes (the first is devoted wholly to accounts of Grenfell's work as an explorer and to the history of the Congo State) chapters are devoted to all these and kindred topics. It is not for the reviewer to say which of these chapters is the most interesting. The individual reader will decide that point for himself according to his personal predilections. One or two passages, however, may be picked out at random as possessing a peculiar interest. The chapter on the religious beliefs of the Congo negroes, for example, compels one's most earnest attention, and, greatly as some of the conceptions of God quoted differ, it is evident, as Sir Harry Johnston writes, that "so far from the average Congo negro being 'materialistic' in his conceptions of the world around him, he, like most savages, is profoundly 'animistic.' Everything of importance has a soul, an impalpable spirit behind it. Genii or fairies are believed in, apart from the souls of men." Another most fascinating chapter is that upon traditions, stories, folklore. One story rife among the Bangala is especially amusing. It runs as follows:

"The chimpanzi (esumbu) was every day chased by the children of the villages. They shot at him crowds of arrows and missiles of every kind. One day, however, he fled no longer; to the general astonishment of the people he was seen coming armed with a spear, and he even slew a man. Then said one of the negro chiefs to the great ape, 'Whoever has given you that spear?' The ape replied, 'I ask you, in my turn, who has robbed me of my spears? Did I not precede you here? Have you not taken my place, man? Am I not your father?'"

Some of the wise sayings of the Western Congo show much homely wit and common sense. For example, "Men do not kill with their mouths; we ought not to be angry over words," has reference to the very complete freedom of speech allowed at public meetings; while the universal practice of attending debates unarmed may, perhaps, be accounted for by the maxim, "We are tempted to strike when we go with a stick in the hand." The most curious feature about these meetings for public discussion is that the last word of each suggestion is uttered, not by the speaker, but by the meeting in chorus. Any one who fails in this variety of "missing-word competition," or who forgets to repeat it, is driven out. "He does not listen," the saying goes, "therefore he has no right to interfere in the discussion." In some things, one is almost tempted to think, the white man might do worse than take a wrinkle from his black brother.

No book upon such a subject as this would be complete without a reference to the Congo Question, and, while Sir Harry Johnston expressly disclaims the idea of trespassing upon the ground already so fully covered by Mr. E. D. Morel, Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne, and others, he has been well advised in adding his criticism also. This chapter is the more interesting because Sir Harry Johnston speaks with such manifest freedom from bias, and because Grenfell himself was "so firm a believer down to 1902 in the philanthropic intentions of King Leopold, that until that period he was very loth to join in

open denunciation of the Congo Free State." Sir Harry Johnston sums up the situation very well when he declares that in the Congo has been seen "the last phase of that type of 'colonies' which began with the Spanish conquest of America, and was not absent from the middle-eighteenth century proceedings of the British in India, or from Bonaparte's conquest in Egypt." No notice of these most striking volumes ought to conclude without a reference to the many excellent and valuable illustrations. Not only are they excellently reproduced, but many have a great scientific importance.

TOWARDS THE DAWN*

As Sir Martin Conway remarks in his concise, ideally sufficient preface to this book, the land of the Turks is stranger to most Englishmen than are the wilds of Central Africa. "Travellers and missionaries have made us at home amongst African natives. But it is safe to assert that the average man understands nothing whatever about people and affairs in the Balkan Peninsula." Mr. H. C. Woods has made two extended tours through that little-known region of the Near East, and "Washed by Four Seas" is a vivid and uncommonly interesting record of what he saw and learned on his journeyings.

Recent events in Turkey, the bloodless revolution that has accomplished itself there in these last few weeks, lend a special value to the chapters in which Mr. Woods describes Constantinople, sketches with shrewd insight his impressions of Turkish life and character, descants lightly on habits and customs, outlines the history of the Turks, and gives a survey of Mohammedanism and its effect. "Constantinople," he says, "is one of the few places in the world about which one cannot expect too much; I have never heard of any one who was disappointed with it," and his impressionistic pictures of the three towns that go to the making of the city recapture something of that glamorous Eastern atmosphere that the pages of the "Arabian Nights" have familiarised us with. His conclusions as to the moral influence of Mohammedanism are of course in its favour;

* "Washed by Four Seas." By H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Sir Martin Conway. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)



The Stevanoff Kitchen, as used in the Bulgarian Army. From "Washed by Four Seas." (Fisher Unwin.)

he has even a good word to say for the manner of life in the harem; but he makes it clear that this religion which produces so much individual sobriety and prayerful faith is at the root also of the Sultan's tyrannical rule and the widespread corruption that prevails among the official classes.

Two chapters on the defences of Constantinople are of particular importance. Mr. Woods as an ex-officer in the Guards seems to have taken a natural, semi-professional interest in the military features of the city, and writes of them with an historical knowledge and a pleasant lucidity of style that appeal to the layman, and an alert intelligence and mastery of technical detail that should satisfy the expert. Other excellent chapters are those on the Bulgarians, and that on the Bulgarian army, which he considers perhaps the best army of any small European country: its officers are enthusiastic and thoroughly efficient; its men are a capable, well-equipped force, furnished with the most modern camping appliances, and it is so far ahead of most European armies that it has been trying experiments with a travelling kitchen, which looks like proving a successful innovation and one that will appreciably reduce the rigours of campaigning.

Whether you read "Washed by Four Seas" for the information it conveys or merely for entertainment, it will amply answer your expectations. Mr. Woods is a keen observer who thinks for himself and has the power of describing what he sees and of expressing his thoughts of it in simple, vigorous English. His book is illustrated with over sixty photographs and contains a serviceable map.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRANCE.*

There is one thing which Mr. W. L. George has not learnt from his long stay in France, and that is the Gallic literary quality of lightness of touch. Born, brought up, and educated among our neighbours, forced even to serve in the French army, this Englishman, who, after such a training in youth, has since spent several years in his own country observing the differences between the home of his adoption and his motherland, has some right to claim that he is qualified in a unique way to act as interpreter of France and the French to his fellow countrymen. But in his efforts—his very successful efforts—to combat English misconceptions about the French nation and its character he is rather too persistently strenuous and earnest. As he has set himself to show the erroneousness of the Englishman's notion that frivolity is the dominant Gallic trait, his pages are necessarily packed with argument. But he too rarely relieves the strain of close reasoning by jest or anecdote. His book is one long protest against the impressions, still largely prevalent among us, that France is a land given over to gaiety and pleasure-hunting; that the French are a light-hearted, light-loving folk with few domestic instincts; that their women, robbed of romance by the marriage of convenience, have few thoughts above dress and lovers; and that generally the race, while more passionate, is less moral, less steadfast, more lacking in solid qualities than our own. But in exposing these errors Mr. George adopts a cumbersome and somewhat solemn style, and permits himself too rarely to be witty or amusing. Always interesting, careful never to pass judgment till he has presented every aspect of a problem, he requires from his readers almost too alert an intelligence, too constant an application. Those, however, who are prepared to give Mr. George's weighty pronouncements the attention they merit will be struck by the thoroughness of his survey, and will be far from thinking,

as he modestly suggests, that he has left any material point unnoticed. From the principles of the French constitution to the marriage customs or the birth-rate, from the topics of Socialism and of Church and State to the trade, colonies, education, and drama of France, there seems no phase of his subject that called for comment on which he is not illuminating and instructive.

Perhaps for the general reader the chapters on "The French Woman," "Marriage," and "Morality" will furnish the most piquant reading. Herein, while admitting that France is "over-sexed," Mr. George pays an eloquent tribute to the seriousness and sobriety of the nation and to the self-sacrifice for which it is always prepared in the interests of the family. He is loud in praise of the Frenchwoman alike as wife and mother. Her devotion to her husband's career and comfort, he confesses freely, makes her often parsimonious, but the hardness of temper which her preoccupation with money and material things involves is only, Mr. George contends, the defect of a splendid quality. Similarly, though he allows that French mothers over-pamper their sons and are scarcely "makers of men," he insists that the average woman's affection for her children is boundless. And if he has to grant that the bachelor in France sows his wild oats pretty recklessly, he denounces vehemently the calumny which reckons "second establishments" as part of the daily life of the land. Even the most convinced believer in the "levity" of the Frenchman has always made an exception in favour of the domestic virtues of the peasant. Mr. George maintains that the ordinary middle-class husband in France is no less home-keeping; he dines out, we are told, much less than does the Englishman in the same social position, and he has no instinct at all for club-life. So far indeed is our compatriot from thinking that the morality of the French people stands in any need of apology that he expresses wonder that the standard is so high in view of the fact that the fiction and drama and art of the country are all dominated by sex-feeling, and that consequently the average man is subjected to constant provocation. Mr. George has even a good word for the marriage of convenience, though on principle and from national sentiment he disapproves of the institution. He says:

"The marriage of convenience represents a state of balance; in its train follow peace, sound domestic finance, education, and training for the child, comfort for its elders. It is comparable with a machine, smooth-running and noiseless, unlikely to get out of order, efficient and satisfactory."

There are other features of this study of "France in the Twentieth Century" on which it would be a pleasure to dilate, did space permit—notably the author's lucid analysis of the educational system of France, and again the nice balance he preserves in discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the nation's low birth-rate. On the population question Mr. George makes a remark which every travelled Englishman will endorse, that by reason of the smallness of French families the standard of living across the Channel is far higher than our own. But this critic is keenly alive to the other side of the picture, and he is not a little alarmed over the Frenchman's concentration on material comforts. Gazing at the rich crops of France and at its spacious territory in which there seems room for every member of the nation, Mr. George does not forget that across the frontier a rival people is growing steadily in population and trade, and is more and more feeling the need of "expansion." "Oblivious," says he, "of political dangers, the French continue to enjoy their lives soberly, to progress in education and refinement, and to cultivate the arts of peace; it is terrible to think that the time may come when payment for prosperity will be exacted to the full." Friends of France—and among their number must be counted every Englishman to-day—will fervently hope that such a forecast may never be realised.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "France in the Twentieth Century." By W. L. George. 6s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

Novel Notes.

THE BLOTTING BOOK. By E. F. Benson. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

In "The Blotting Book" Mr. Benson makes something of a new departure, and presents us with a strong sensational novel that differs from its kind in being much better written than novels of that type usually are. Moreover, though it makes the most of its plot, it does not make it everything; there is some admirable characterisation; Mr. Taynton, the comfortable, genial, middle-aged lawyer, who is destined to play a sinister and unforeseen part in the mystery that the story develops, is a clever, subtle study in humanity. Mr. Mills, his partner, is found brutally murdered on the downs outside Brighton; circumstances bring their client, young Morris Asheton, under suspicion, and the truth is not revealed until near the close of a dramatic trial scene that is also the close of the book. The whole theme is handled very ingeniously; the interest and excitement gather strength as the tale advances, so that a reader once starting it finds himself caught in its toils and has no will to break away, but must needs go on and finish it at a sitting.

SERVITUDE. By Irene Osgood. 6s. (Sisley.)

Vivid imagination and ability to spin a yarn without allowing any of the threads to hang loose are gifts which every one must admit the author of "Servitude" possesses. Miss Osgood gets on to her story in her first sentence, and permits nothing to distract her attention from it, until she brings it to a triumphant conclusion at the end of nearly four hundred closely printed pages. The novel is a novel of incident. It describes the existence dragged out by those men and women who were so unhappy as to fall into the hands of the Algerine corsairs a hundred years ago, and the subject provides Miss Osgood with plenty of opportunities for exhibiting her peculiar talents. We are bound to say that we find the story unpleasant; the crude colours are laid on with a broad knife and much of the realistic detail is horrible in itself; but there are some good descriptive passages, any amount of incident, and we can quite believe that the book will find many readers.

A MISTAKEN MARRIAGE. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (Lanc.)

In many respects this is a good and even distinguished piece of work. The story is well put together, the character drawing is at once fine and firm, the dramatic situations are handled with praiseworthy restraint, the sentiment rings true, and the writing as a whole is on a high plane of merit. The interest is held throughout the book, which in essence is a passionate warning of the disaster that may be brought upon many lives by the want of a little courage on the part of a single individual. Arthur Morrison fancied he was in love with Sara Lovall. She was in love with him. He went to Africa to make his fortune, and there he met Aimee Davidson, the flamboyant, mercenary, and defiant wife of a complaisant and venal man. Riches came rapidly to Morrison, and for five years he poured them upon this unworthy woman, procrastinating with Sara, who supposed that poverty alone barred the way to happy marriage. Then she took the matter into her own hands, and came out to Africa to marry him; he had not the courage to tell her the brutal truth, and, disguising his moral cowardice under a false idea that it would be dishonourable to break his word, allowed the mistaken marriage to go through.

LEAVEN. By Douglas Blackburn. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Four things that become clear to any one reading

"Leaven" are that the negro problem in South Africa is one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most momentous, problems of the day; that the brutal methods of treatment in favour with the majority of whites out there are not likely to solve it; that the kindly, humanitarian methods advocated by the minority are even less likely to do so; and that the safety, if not the very existence, of the usurping population depends on its solution. Bulahie, the Kafir, is drawn with amazing power and insight. You see him at first an unsophisticated young savage, living in his native kraal, afraid of his grim old father, infected with his father's fierce hatred of the white man, and yet secretly yearning to run away and revel in the joys of civilised life in Maritzburg, as a country boy among us hankers after the wonders and delights of London. In self-defence Bulahie kills his father in a quarrel, then runs away and has his desne. He works for a bullying English taskmaster, who cheats him out of his money; he is led ignorantly into committing a crime; he is charged with assaulting a white woman, when he is merely trying to get back from his landlady the diamond of which she has robbed him; he is flung into prison and suffers cruelly at the hands of his jailors; he slaves and arrives at a good position in a mining compound, and in the end gives his life to save that of the missionary who cannot convert him, and for whom he has no particular affection, but whom he reveres because he has found him "the only white man whose words are always true . . . the preacher who never lies." Mr. Hyslop, the missionary, is another able and convincing character-study. He goes out keenly enthusiastic, is discouraged and disillusioned from the hour of his arrival, yet never ceases to live up to his own high ideals of Christianity, nor to protest in and out of season against "the gross injustice, the universal conspiracy to regard the native as an animal—a mere beast of burden without soul or feeling." This is every way an original and an arresting story; it is alive with interest; its pathos and humour are unforced, and it is written by a man who brings to his work a profound knowledge of black and of white humanity, and a big-hearted sympathy with both.

THE BLOOM O' THE HEATHER. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The verses which conclude this volume of short stories are rather irrelevant. Why lines entitled "Proem" should be printed at the end of a book is a mystery which it is not worth while to solve. The stories themselves are mainly Scotch, and the best of them is the first. It describes the clerical career of a carter who was a handy man with his fists. Ninian finds his studies a sore trouble. "I'm nearly drove oot o' my wits wi' this weary Latin. It's Lacinus, man, and the God-forsaken brute leaves oot half the verbs. But I've wrestled in prayer for the Lord to vouchsafe me the victory. *Ye havena sic a thing as a Kelly's key about ye, hae ye?*" The story of Ninian's exploits is done in Mr. Crockett's best style. The rest of the stories are reminiscent of his earlier novels, but none the less readable on that account, though Mr. Crockett's humour is still superior to his tragedy, and much more to his sentimental vein. A story like "Big Sister" is worth three of tales like "First and Last," or "The Pest of the Village," or "The Junction Gang." One is a Carlist story, slight but pleasant. Yet it is on the heather or near the heather that Mr. Crockett usually contrives to make his characters appeal most to the reader. He has not many types, but those he presents are living enough. As, for example, the aristocratic schoolmistress in Edinburgh who belonged to the Episcopal Church. "She thought 'Protestant' quite the most degrading word in the Dictionary, with 'Reformation' a bad second. She called a minister, if he agreed with her, a priest, and if he didn't, a schismatic layman."

THE DAZZLING MISS DAVISON. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The present reviewer is bound to confess that he did not see through the plot of this clever, sensational story, till it was disclosed by the authoress towards the end. He made the experiment with another reader, who prides herself upon guessing "what is going to happen," but even she admitted that she was entirely baffled by Miss Davison's career. Obviously it would be unfair to give away the plot. All that can be said is that the heroine seems to her lover, and to the reader, to be a clever, unscrupulous thief. What she really is Miss Warden must be allowed to tell in her own way. The book is certainly an entertaining and exciting specimen of its class. The one drawback is that you lay it down with a sense of exasperation that you didn't see the secret all along. But that exasperation is a form of intellectual conceit, and the reader will do well to take the story of Miss Davison's mysterious pursuits in a humble and inquiring spirit. If he does so, he will be rewarded. Gerald, her puzzled and fatuous lover, is rewarded in his own way at the very last, and no one who has followed his persistent love-making will deny that he deserved his good luck.

THE COUNCIL OF JUSTICE. By Edgar Wallace. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Edgar Wallace takes us amongst "death-dealing" anarchists and a fearsome "Four Just Men" who retaliate on the anarchists and defeat their wicked machinations. The anarchists are all very bad men full of treachery, deceit, and cowardice, and bloodthirsty too we regret to say, and their organisation, the terrible "Red Hundred," with its enormous wealth, does unspeakable mischief with explosives. It even makes war on London, and its leader, the "Woman of Gratz," young and beautiful and pitiless, will stop at nothing. Mr. H. G. Wells's Martians dealt gently with London in comparison with the damage done to life and limb by these villains of Mr. Wallace's invention. As for the "Four Just Men," they are super-men with a vengeance, and the Count of Monte Christo was a fool beside them. We feel that "The Council of Justice" sternly pursuing its ends ought to make our flesh creep; but it doesn't, in spite of all the author's ingenuity. Scotland Yard provides a little light relief in this amazing chronicle of impossibilities, and there are occasional flashes of humour illuminating the lurid tale. We hope the "Woman of Gratz," converted from her unladylike ways, met the all-conquering Manfred in the end and married him, but we can't be sure.

THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a strong and powerful story of life under United States rule in the Philippines, written with an ability far exceeding the gifts of the average novelist. It is an indictment of the intrusion of party politics, of the "political machine," into colonial government, a fierce and bitter onslaught on the "man and a brother" policy in the Far East. But the book—for "The Little Brown Brother" stands above mere fiction, it is literature—contains a great deal more than views on East and West. (We confess we are tired of hearing of the "unchanging East." The process is slow, but East and West, North and South, man moves and must ever move, as surely as the grass grows.) It is the picture, so skilfully painted by Mr. Hyatt, of the islands round Manila and of their inhabitants that holds our attention. With all his pronounced opinions Mr. Hyatt is too good an artist to let racial and political convictions spoil his narrative. Rascality and heroism, courage and cowardice are displayed at work amongst both Americans and Filipinos. That the hero—a typical "white" man—and the heroine—as brave as she is beautiful—are both

British is, of course, a satisfactory matter. "The Little Brown Brother" is a remarkable piece of work, a story of exciting events in a strange land admirably related.

The Bookman's Table.

THE IRISH POEMS OF ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. 2s. net. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co.)

The mere curiosity of thousands about the other verses of the author of "Father O'Flynn" is a good enough excuse for the publication of this book. Added to this there is a preface by Dr. Douglas Hyde, than whom there is no one more deeply versed in Irish matters. He says that Mr. Graves's verses of the "Father O'Flynn" type used to remind him of Samuel Lover. But those he recommends here are of later birth, and show the "effect of the Gaelic revival upon one who does not know Gaelic, but who, being an Irishman and a scholar, has felt bound to keep in touch with the modern development of his country and her literature." Of this new spirit in Mr. Graves's work he gives a most interesting example in this verse:

"I'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street,
With no kind 'Good-day' on the way from the many I meet.
Still with looks cold, high they go by, not one brow now
unbends,
None holds out his hand of the hand of my fair-weather
friends."

It can be seen at a glance that Mr. Graves has not become one of those purveyors of a flimsy jargon, neither English nor Irish, which is so well suited to the half-thoughts and invented emotions of a set of mountebanks. He has founded his work securely on the earlier traditions of Irish poetry, instead of on the greatest living Irish poet, that most dangerous of masters. And the result is often delightful. Some of the pieces from the early Irish, for instance, introduce us to those clear, concise pictures in which Celtic literature is unrivalled. For example, in "The First Winter Song":

"Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows
Wild geese mourn
O'er misty meadows."

Some of his own pieces recover the same spirit, while "I shall not die for love of thee" and the like need only an old air to make them perfect. The greater number are short lyrics. But at the end are a number of tales in English or Anglo-Irish, humorous, pictorial, and pathetic, and including a version of the story of Aristæus, Orpheus and Eurydice, after Virgil.

NEW TRUTHS FOR OLD. By Robb Lawson. 2s. 6d. net. (The New Age Press.)

Mr. Robb Lawson, having written some little papers of the "turnover" type for the *Literary Guide*, the *Ethical World*, and other distinguished periodicals, collects them into a volume called "New Truths for Old." It is surprising how poor a book one can make by stringing together a dozen little essays that are individually not at all bad. Mr. Lawson's book is a case in point. Read, say, "The Failure of Success," or "The Use of Enemies," or "The Sorrow of Wisdom" (observe these titles) in successive numbers of a periodical, and you enjoy them without violence; but read them with nine or ten others in a volume, and violence keeps breaking in on the negative side. This doesn't seem fair, we admit; but it is unfortunately true. We think Mr. Lawson should have let well alone. However, the reader who will take the essays at the rate of not more than one a week may feel fairly certain of getting his money's worth.

THE GREAT COMPANIONS. By Henry Bryan Binns.
2s. net. (Fifield.)

Mr. Binns is the author of "A Life of Walt Whitman," and his new book is conspicuously the result of his discipleship. His prose poems, or whatever we choose to call them, are divided into paragraphs invariably consisting of one sentence each. Thus their appearance corresponds with their real disjointedness, and this is the less justifiable because it is not easy to find proofs of any such universal inspiration as drove Whitman to the same form. The discipline of normal prose would be no bad thing for the writer, we should say. Here and there he submits to the discipline of verse, rhymed and unrhymed, and seldom without advantage. At the end of "The Coming of Man," for example, there are some stanzas of which these are specimens:

"Man is my name, and my spirit is free;
Mine are the laws, and behold, I am free of them.
Garments are they that I doff or I don,
Mine for my service or else I have done with them.

"Are they my body? are they my breath?
Are they my purpose that now they should hinder me?
I am the maker and master of laws,
Man is my name, and my spirit is liberty. . . .

"I am come up out of fear and desire,
Quick in my nostrils the breath of the fellowship,
Out from mine eyes flash the forms that endure,
Throbs through my pulses the music that marshals them.

"For I was meek, for I was mild,
For I was penitent, humble and patient,
Therefore my heart is the heart of the Lord
And I accomplish the joy of creation."

That is a great deal more brief and more clear than Mr. Binns's prose. Yet even so the time should now be ripe for an expression of Whitman's ideas in a much less vapourish form than this. The core of Mr. Binns's work is sound. It is genuine if it is not inevitable. It makes for sympathy, for utterance, for awakening: and we welcome it.

OLD ENGLAND. By W. Shaw Sparrow. Pictures by James Orrock, R.I. 24s. net. (Nash.)

Author, artist, and publisher are each to be warmly congratulated on his share in this book. It is arranged on a well-thought-out plan, is charmingly written in an easy, gossipy, picturesque style that is admirably suited to its theme; the pictures by Mr. Orrock, many of them in colour, are exquisite examples of his delicate art, the light and atmosphere, the spirit and beauty of English landscape are captured and enshrined in them; and in the matter of type, paper, printing, and the reproduction of these illustrations the volume is a very handsome piece of work. The idea of it is that the story of Old England should be mirrored in her scenes. To quote from Mr. Sparrow's introduction:

"In illustrated works the great difficulty is to find a scheme by which the pictures and the text will be bound together in a whole. The present book has eighty plates, all of historic country scenes, and the plan which I have tried to carry out is one suggested by the drawings. The chapters are necessarily in the nature of roundabout papers, but they give in the right sequence, I hope, the purpose of the plan, namely, to show what historic landscapes represent in England's progress from the coming of Cæsar to the present day."

Artist and author have, in short, taken a trip together "through our country's social history, from the Roman to the jerry-builder." Mr. Sparrow argues ingeniously and soundly that a landscape painter who paints historical landscapes is as much of an historical painter as is the artist who portrays historical persons and events, and he exemplifies his argument in these pages. Opening with a chapter on the sea-coast and the sea, and illustrating it with the scene of William the Conqueror's landing-place, which was perhaps also Cæsar's, he passes to a pleasantly informing talk on the influence of roads and bridges, of how they built in Old England, of the churches, of the forests, of war and the ancient castles, of sheepfolds and shepherds, typical

features of natural scenery, the work of nature that outlasts the centuries, the works of men that survive and remain as a memorial long after those who delved and planted and builded are forgotten in the dust. These things are visible history; Mr. Sparrow writes it down, and everywhere the pictures are the complement of his story. You may differ from him when he touches on political economy; you may not even agree with all his art criticisms, but you cannot fail to find his book a valuable and wholly enjoyable chronicle.

THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS. By Anatole France.
Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (Lane.)

These collections of seemingly random reflections on the widest range of subjects, like "The Garden of Epicurus," or the "Pensées" of Joubert, are an art form peculiar to French literature. At first sight this might appear an engagingly simple method of working. It looks as though you had an idea and just jotted it down and went on to whatever occurred next. But in reality this apparently simple method demands a severity of restraint compared with which essay-writing is easy as A.B.C. For each of these fragments is the distilled essence of prolonged thought. It would be only too easy to expand them, and yet there is nothing essential to be added. They are no more unfinished than a Whistler etching is unfinished because the lines do not cover the whole of the paper. Nowhere has M. France been more prodigal of his ideas. A tenth part of the ideas in "The Garden of Epicurus" would richly equip the average essayist. A book so rich in pregnant and suggestive aphorisms cannot be summarised. It defies review and can only be read and quoted. It is packed with wisdom, sometimes cynical, often tender, always penetrating and delicately humorous. The reviewer is tempted to quote wholesale, but space forbids, and we must be content with one quotation only "a beautiful verse is like a violin bow drawn across the resonant fibres of our soul."

THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO. By Graf Sternberg.
Translated from the German by Ethel Peck. With 12 illustrations by Douglas Fox-Pitt, R.B.A. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This book, if we may venture the expression, is a treat. It is short, and tremendously emphatic. The author, Count Sternberg, is an Austrian noble, and so we need hardly say is an ardent Conservative, with a fierce disdain of Social Democrats, especially when they happen to be French. On a day, Count Sternberg, with an Englishman happily named Douglas Fox-Pitt, went to Morocco, and saw that which moved him to great wrath. He, a sturdy Conservative, beheld a true Conservative country that had conservatively slept for centuries, being stirred up and made to move by horrid Frenchmen. Forthwith he poured out his disgust in a torrent of words, while Mr. Fox-Pitt, as a good R.B.A. should, sate him down and produced delightful little blobby water-colours full of light and movement. In the intervals of denunciation, Count Sternberg gives us some admirable vignettes of Moroccan life and scenery, mingled with criticisms of several eminent European nations. Once he hated Englishmen, and in the Boer War fought against us; but since we have given the Boers their political freedom, he admires us immensely without distinction of party: for if the Liberals gave self-government to the Transvaal, Mr. Balfour promised it personally to Count Sternberg some time before. The reader will gather that the Barbarians of the title are not the Moors, but the French with their boulevardish notions of civilisation. If the Algeiras Treaty were torn up, the diplomatists banished, and Morocco allowed to sleep again (under German supervision), it seems that there would be at least one country worth living in. A bright and breezy book, which every one will enjoy even though they dissent from its opinions. The translation is first-rate, and reads like original work.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

The last few years have seen an extraordinary increase of Shakespeareana, that is, not merely editions of the plays, but studies of Shakespeare's contemporaries and of his editors. It was long a common error to think that Shakespeare was neglected in the eighteenth century, the truth being that he was zealously studied by the greatest man of letters in each generation of the century. No critic deserves more attention and respect than Samuel Johnson, and Professor Raleigh was happily inspired to bring together in one convenient volume *Johnson on Shakespeare* (2s. 6d. net). The book contains Johnson's prospectus for his edition, his celebrated Preface, an essay from "The Rambler," and the best of his critical notes. The last are especially a great boon to all students of the plays, for they have long been inaccessible except in early editions. And last but not least, the volume has a preliminary essay by Professor Raleigh himself. It is refreshing to come on such a verdict as this on Johnson: "It is good to remember that the dictator, when he was in a happy vein, was, above most men, sensible, courteous and friendly. The best of his notes on Shakespeare, like the best of his spoken remarks, invite discussion and quicken thought."

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

The series of Types of English Literature edited by Professor Neilson is already well known to scholars in this country. It is noted for the originality and scope of its method, and its freshness is undeniable even if its classification at times appears freakish. The latest addition to it is *Tragedy*, by Professor A. H. Thorndike (6s. net.). This is a very thorough and workmanlike review of an enormous subject. Most attention is given, naturally, to the sixteenth century, but the survey extends to the beginning of the nineteenth. As an instance of the author's determination to cover the ground we may mention that he includes the seldom-read plays of Sir Walter Scott. Books of this kind which enable us to see our literature from an un-English point of view are always interesting and generally suggestive. As in some of the other volumes of the series, we are struck here by a seeming want of proportion and by the inclusion of names that critics on this side of the Atlantic would not think it necessary to mention.

MESSRS. WHITCOMBE & TOMBS.

A book for poets and poetry-lovers to take note of is one which comes to us from a New Zealand writer, *Shingle-Short, and other Verses*, by B. E. Baughan (5s. net.). "Shingle Short" is Australasian for diction in intellect, and the first long poem, from which the volume takes its name, is concerned with one of these poor "deficients," and his common daily outside circumstances, and his strong uncommon life of thought and soul. The whole poem is written with ease and unaffected strength, and the effect is vigorous and clean-cut. In another poem, "The Eternal Children," we have lines which truly glow and sparkle and ring with colour and light and music; the brightness of sun, the wonders of sea and shell, the gleam of gems are in them. A poet from New Zealand is always sure of an attentive reading over here, and Mr. Baughan certainly deserves it.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

"Hadrian built a wall," and an enthusiastic and genuinely interested lady, Maria A. Hoyer, set out one day to go and see it, and what she found and how she found it are matters chronicled in an attractive volume entitled *By the Roman Wall* (2s. 6d. net). Some of us have thought of Hadrian's wall as one shape, some as another, some have pictured it stretching tidily across England, some have a vague idea it may have been across Rome, and some have not thought about it at all. Miss Hoyer, however, found it and traced it and followed the noble barrier, and she has enshrined her serious experiences as an antiquary, together with her lighter experiences as a cheerful tourist, in this chronicle, which is at once informing and amusing. An excellent map is given of the wall's course from the Tyne to Solway Firth, and sketches and photographs complete a delightful book.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.

"Thistle Anderson" has written with success in the past, and in her present volume, *Dives' Wife, and other Fragments* (2s. 6d. net), facility and an appreciation of dramatic situations are again to be found. The method of collecting short sketches and stories and putting them together between covers is a severe test for most writers: sameness and repetition are apt to impress the reader to the disadvantage of the writer. "Thistle Anderson's" "fragments" in this volume are concerned rather too frequently with the unhappiness of a woman caused by a brutish man; but she is, as she claims to be, sincere, and she gives vivid and well-expressed hints of Bush life and scenery which bear the undoubted trace of first-hand experience.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Routledge have sent us a new edition of that bookman's book, *The Book Hunter* of John Hill Burton (2s. 6d. net). It is edited by J. Herbert Slater, and forms a volume in "The London Library," in which these publishers have included many

lesser-known delights of literature. Burton, we suggest, would not have approved of the type and binding which are too often the signs of a cheap edition; he revelled in fine, excellent leathers and all that makes a book a pleasure to hold; but followers of Burton will, at any rate, appreciate to the full the editing of Mr. Slater, with its informing notes. Mr. Slater has admirably selected the salient points for explanation and allusion, and has elucidated them, where elucidation was necessary, in a sensible, amusing, and at the same time dignified manner.

From the Clarendon Press comes a quiet-looking volume of *Selections from Erasmus*, made by Mr. P. S. Allen (3s. 6d. and 4s.). The book is, primarily, one for beginners, for as Mr. Allen says, Latin to Erasmus was a living language, and his straight-ahead style is quickly interesting. It makes the early period vivid to us again when we read of the sage's dinner-party at Oxford, his journeys and his conversations, his life in an English home, and his intimacies with More and the wonderful circle which surrounded that strongly gentle statesman. Notes and vocabulary are added, and the "Selections" can be recommended as admirable both for schools or private tuition.

Hypatia, one of the first novels in which a serious attempt was made to represent the heights and depths of conduct in the degraded yet great fifth century, is now reprinted by Messrs. Macmillan in excellent and inexpensive style (1s. net). It is a new volume in this firm's handy edition of Charles Kingsley's works.

The unique *Eothen* of Kinglake is now published by Messrs. Nelson at the price of sixpence. It is quite the book for the traveller, being "pocket-size" and printed in noble type.

Boys and girls, students and politicians, lovers of fiction and lovers of fact, will all find something to enthral and inform them in Mr. George E. Boxall's *Story of the Australian Bush-rangers* (5s. net), which Mr. Fisher Unwin is reprinting. It is a book which has stood the test of time and is fresh and trustworthy as ever. Adventure and statistics combine to make it a book for pleasure and for serious reference.

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FICTION.

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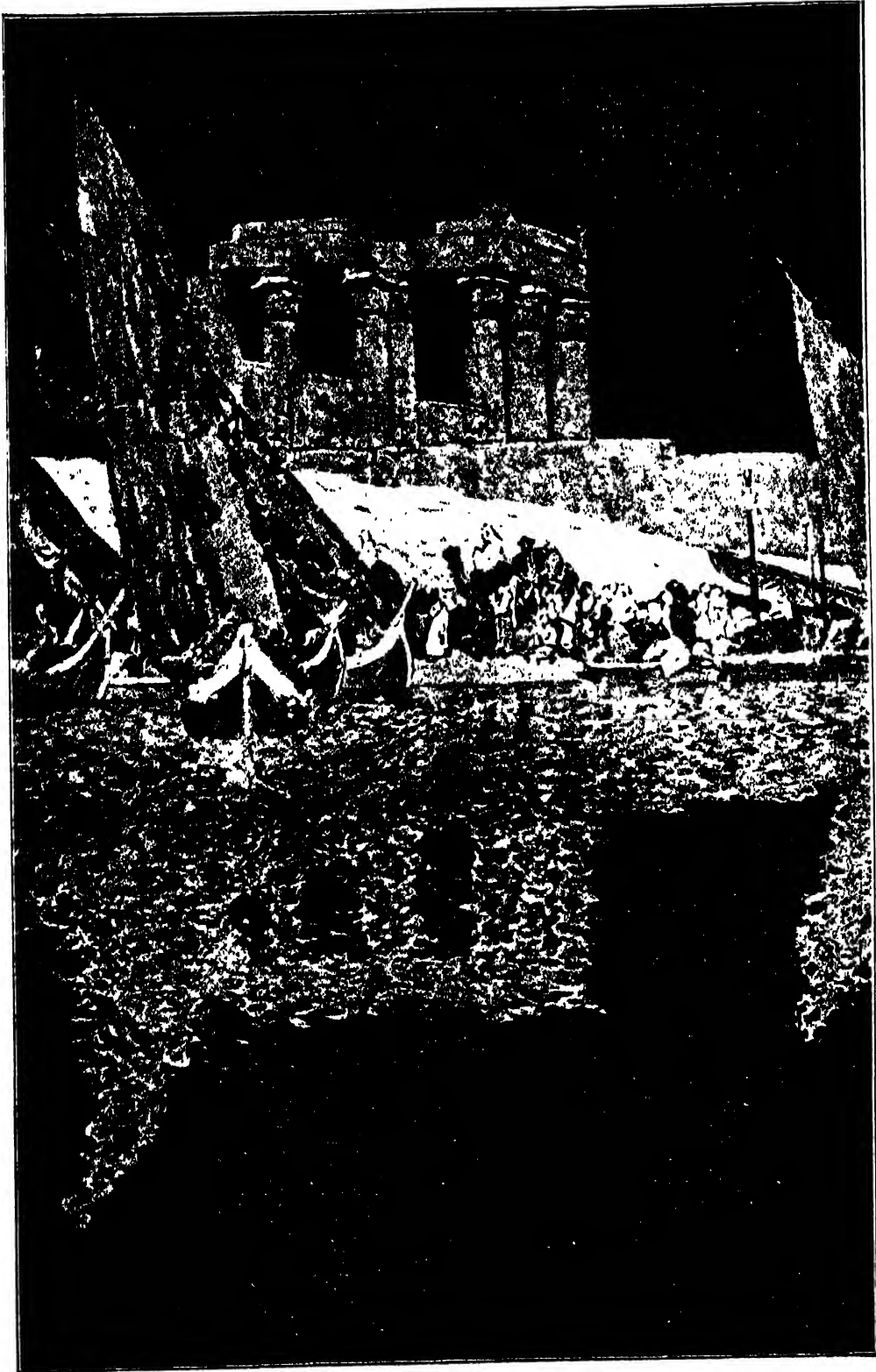
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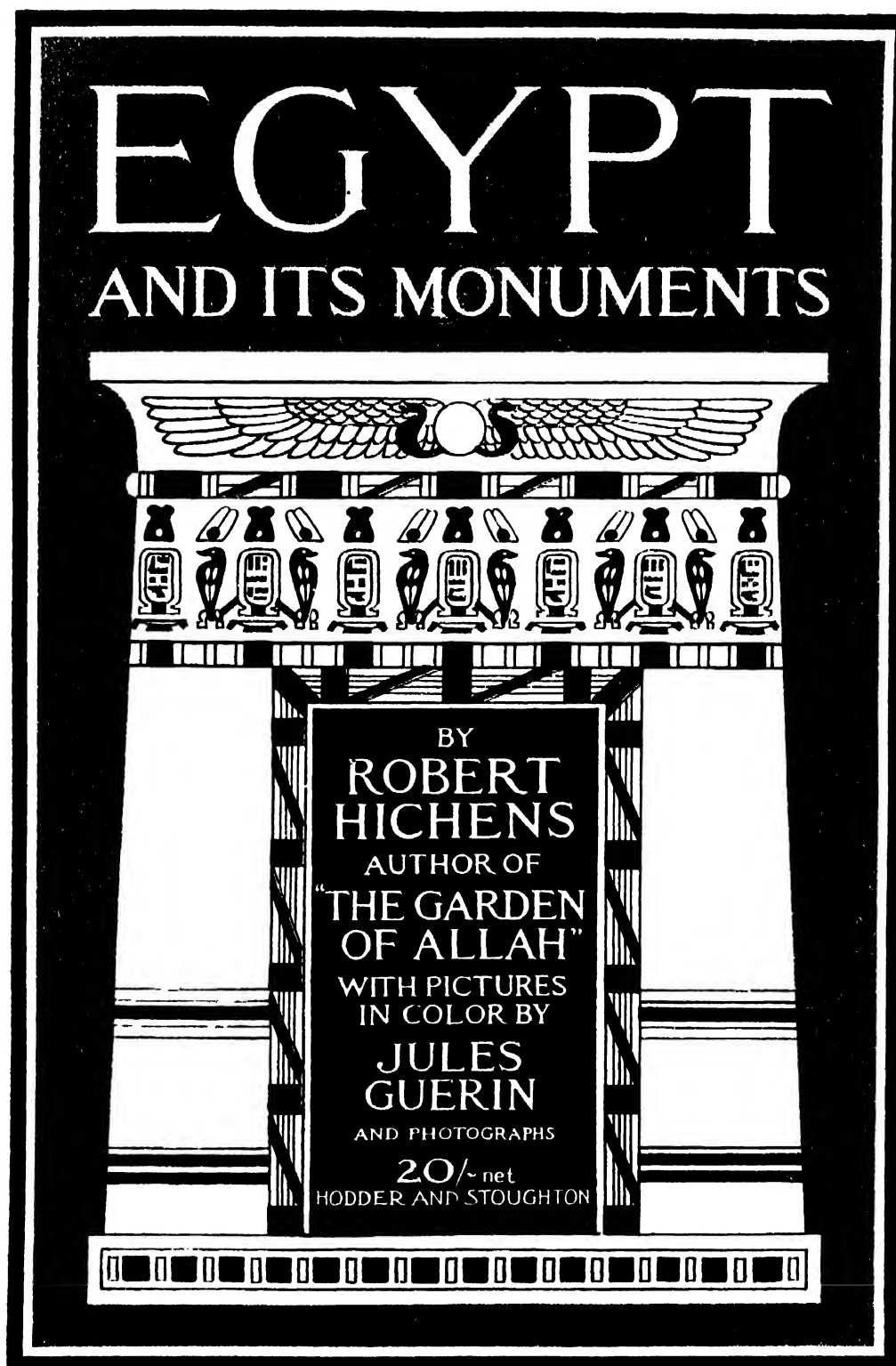
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No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

An interesting feature of the November BOOKMAN will be a symposium on the disadvantages of working in London—and out of it, the contributors to which include George Bernard Shaw, Jerome K. Jerome, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, H. Rider Haggard, Eden Phillpotts, Arthur Morrison, W. Pett Ridge, Richard Whiteing, Horace Annesley Vachell, W. E. Norris, Tom Gallon, E. F. Benson, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, and Miss Beatrice Harraden.

We are able to announce that the Love Letters of Jane Welsh to Thomas Carlyle will be published next year. These should go far to solve the Carlyle problem, and we are very glad that the resolution has been taken. Mr. John Lane will publish the volume.

Messrs. Duckworth, taking their courage in both hands, are to publish on November 25 the first number of the *English Review*, price 2s. 6d. net. They have got all the people as contributors—Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, Count Tolstoi,

H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, Anatole France, G. K. Chesterton, etc. They will complete a novel by Mr. Wells in four numbers, each containing about 40,000 words, and will pursue the policy with regard to fiction in the future. Mr. Conrad's Autobiography ranges from exile in Poland as a child to command of ships at sea, and to experiences in the Congo and the Malay Archipelago. This is a most inviting programme, but the success of the *Review* will depend quite as much on the choice of subjects as on the choice of contributors.

Publishers, booksellers, authors, readers, in fact the whole public will learn with great satisfaction that the miserable *Times* Book Club controversy has been satisfactorily ended. We may expect an increased circulation for the *Times* and a steady development in the *Times* Book Club.

The unveiling of the Boswell statue by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald at Lichfield was clouded over by the lamented death of Professor Churton Collins. Great public interest was taken in the proceedings and many visitors came from Birmingham and other parts. Among those present was Mr. Alexander Boswell of Ashbourne, who belongs to the Boswell family. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald spoke at the Johnson supper and also at the unveiling. The birthplace of Dr. Johnson was purchased by

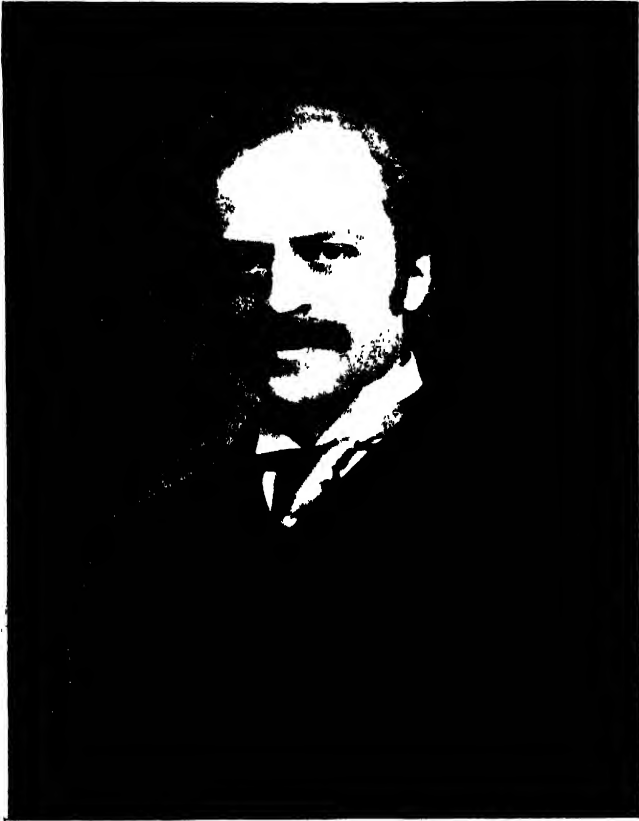


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. E. T. Cook.

Joint-editor of the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Gilbert, V.D., in 1900, and presented by him to his native city. The house has been carefully restored, and a considerable number of valuable relics are to be found in it. These might be increased with great advantage.

Mr. Hall Caine's forthcoming volume of autobiography, "My Story" (Heinemann), contains some interesting personal recollections of Ruskin.

"During the last year but one before Ruskin's death," says Mr. Hall Caine, "I had the pleasure to meet him at his house at Coniston. Although I had known more than a little of him for so long, and had enjoyed so many points of touch with him, it was the first time I had met him face to face. He had then been for years silent, and so far as active interest in the affairs of life goes, he had long been dead. I found him very old and bent and feeble, a smaller, frailer man than I looked for; well in health, both of body and mind, but with faculties that were dying down very slowly and gently and almost imperceptibly, as the lamp dies down when the oil fails in it. His head was not so large as I had expected to find it, or it hardly seemed to me in form or size grand or massive; his eyes were slow and peaceful, having lost their former fire; and his face, from which the quiet life of later years had smoothed away the lines of strong thought and torturing experience, was too much hidden by a full grey beard. He spoke very little, and always in a soft and gentle voice that might

have been the voice of a woman; but he listened to everybody and smiled frequently. All the fiery heat of earlier days was gone, all the nervous force of the fever patient, all the capacity for noble anger and wrath. Nothing was left but gentleness, sweetness, and quiet courtesy, the unruffled peace of a breathless evening that is sliding into a silent night. In short, his whole personality left the impression of the approach of death; but of death so slow, so gradual, so tender, and so beautiful, that it almost made one in love with it to see it robbed of every terror.

"It was winter time," Mr. Hall Caine continues, "and Coniston Old Man was heavily capped with snow, yet once a day Ruskin took a walk in the road, going slowly with a stick and leaning on the arm of his manservant. Behind his house there is a rocky hillside, with winding steps to the summit, and in former days he climbed the path constantly; but that was an impossible exercise now. Apparently he passed most of his time in a little parlour overlooking the lake, taking his meals there instead of with the family, and only coming into the drawing-room after dinner. The little sitting-room contained some priceless treasures, chief among them being bound copies of certain of Scott's manuscripts. Ruskin's bedroom was, I think, the room above his sitting-room—a small chamber of perhaps twelve foot by ten papered round from ceiling to floor with water-colour pictures by Turner, making



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C.

Joint-editor of the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works

*Photo by W. & D. Doane***Mr. Richard Bagot.**

Author of "Anthony Cuthbert."

the air warm with the glow and splendour of their colour. The windows of the little room looked out on a far different scene from the scenes pictured within— the white top and bare sides of Old Man, the half-frozen lake, and the grey mists of the moorland floating between. And standing there in the midst of those priceless treasures, with the fiery soul beside me, now tempered with age and softened by the joys of home and the love of devoted kindred, it was difficult to recall without emotion his glorious passage which begins, 'Morning dawns as I write,' or to think without tears of the day, that was then so near, when he who loved it so would look on the scene no more."

Few Englishmen have a more intimate acquaintance with the social and political life of Italy than Mr. Richard Bagot. He has lived almost as much in Italy as in his own country, and had written and published in Italian before he made any contributions to English literature. The scenes of his new novel, "Anthony Cuthbert," which we review elsewhere, are laid partly in Tuscany and partly in Northumberland, with which county he is connected by family ties.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who is well known as the painter of the famous picture, "Love Locked Out," that was purchased for the nation by the Chantrey Bequest, has written a book that she is calling "An

Artist's Garden," and Messrs. George Allen are to publish it this month. Mrs. Merritt has lived for some years past in a Hampshire village, and spends much of her time in a charming garden that she has made and tended herself. It is this garden that she describes in her book, and, being artist and author too, she illustrates it with sixteen full-page drawings in colour.

Two new volumes in Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations" Series are to be "William the Conqueror, and the Rule of the Normans," by F. M. Stenton, and "Charles the Bold, Last Duke of Burgundy," by Ruth Putnam.

Though "The Story of Anna Beames," which Mr. Heinemann published last year, was Mrs. Amy Dawson-Scott's first novel, it was not by any means her first appearance in print. She had published two books some time before that: "Sappho," an epic, when she was about one-and-twenty, and three years later, "Idylls of Womanhood," a volume of poems. A period of ill-health compelled her to give up writing for a while; then she wrote "Anna Beames," which she had rather wanted to entitle "Some Women: Vol. I.," it and her new novel, "The Burden," and "Treasure Trove," another

*Photo by Ellis & Walery.***Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott.**

Author of "The Burden."

which she has just finished, being all three studies of women in exceptional circumstances. In "The Burden" Mrs. Dawson-Scott set herself to answer the usual question: "What in the given circumstances would these particular people have done?" and she also allowed herself to talk freely on a subject which, as a mother, she has very much at heart—the proper care of little children. Her book is dedicated to "H. D. L.," the initials being those of her cousin, the late H. D. Lowry, the Cornish poet and novelist. "I felt it was only fitting," she says, "that such a book should be dedicated to one who, as all who knew him are aware, was a tender lover of the little folks."

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are only superficially the newest publishers in London, for the head of the firm was for many years with Messrs. Hutchinson. Their first list of publications includes novels by Helen Mathers and George Colmore, in addition to the cheap reprints of two of Mr. Crosland's sensationally humorous books that have already made their appearance; it includes also an admirable series of practical handbooks on decoration, painting, and building, under the general editorship of Arthur Seymour Jennings; a new "Up-to-Date Reciter," edited by Alfred H. Miles, and the same editor's very popular series of "A1" Reciters, the publication of which Messrs. Stanley Paul have taken over.

The forthcoming publications of the Oxford University Press include "Stow's Survey of London," edited with an introduction and notes by C. L. Kingsford; "An Alabama Student, and other Biographical Essays," by William Osler; "The Renaissance and the Reformation," by E. M. Tanner; "The Moral System of Dante's 'Inferno,'" by W. H. V. Reade; and "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena," by C. G. Knott.

One of the most important of the autumn publishing announcements is "The Panmure Papers," edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart., M.A., and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B. The Papers comprise a selection of the correspondence of Fox

Maule, second Baron Panmure, afterwards eleventh Earl of Dalhousie. Lord Panmure succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as Minister for War in February 1855, at the most critical moment of the war with Russia, and these letters of his written to Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Generals Simpson and Codrington, and others are, in effect, the secret history of the Crimean campaign. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing the book, which contains also a biography of Lord Panmure and other matter of unusual interest.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds, who has been caravanning through Cornwall, collecting material for a book she has in hand, publishes a new novel, "Love's Magic," with Messrs. Hurst & Blackett this autumn. It is a study of character affected by pre-natal influences.



Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.
The author of "The Tramping Methodist,"
recently published by Messrs. Bell.

Messrs. Dent have in preparation what will be the first complete English edition of Beethoven's letters. The letters have been translated by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, and are supplied with explanatory notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer and the translator. The volume will contain a photogravure frontispiece, many interesting portraits, and facsimiles of hitherto unpublished music, etc.

Messrs. Longmans are issuing a collection of the late Mr. Lecky's essays, including those on "Ireland in the Light of History," "Old Age Pensions," "Carlyle's Message to his Age," and "Queen Victoria as a Moral Force."

Early in October Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish some "Literary and Biographical Studies," by James Baker, the author of "John Westacott" and "The Gleaming Dawn." The book contains two important articles on the life and death of Queen Victoria at Osborne, and is rich in fresh and interesting details concerning many of the great writers of the Victorian era. Most of the articles have a strong personal touch, Mr. Baker having gathered the information embodied in them by

means of correspondence or conversations with the authors he writes of or with persons who were intimate with them.

Had Robert Louis Stevenson's life been prolonged it seems more than probable that we should have had among his works a Biography of George Brown, Missionary and Explorer. Dr. Brown lived for fifteen years in Samoa, and saw much of Stevenson, who expressed a strong desire to write the story of his life and work. Dr. Brown was more than willing that he should do this, but was still waiting for leisure to get together materials for the purpose when the novelist died. At length Dr. Brown has been induced to write his Autobiography and the narrative of his forty-eight years of travel and residence in Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, New Britain (where he landed when the natives were still wild, naked savages and cannibals), New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands. The book is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

From Mr. Eveleigh Nash we are to have "The English House," by W. Shaw Sparrow, an amply illustrated volume which aims at supplying, in an entirely practical manner, the means of distinguishing the style or period of any house without having recourse to architectural technicalities.

"The Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother," one of Mr. Murray's autumn publications, seems likely to attract a good deal of attention. Incidentally, it furnishes information that should be of value to any one who is thinking of going out to Canada, but its chief interest lies in its revelation of the experiences of a "remittance man," a too-often hapless creature who makes no progress and is ruined by a small income from home, because, instead of working, he spends his time in waiting for its periodical arrival.

Miss Helen Keller's autobiography, "The Story of my Life," was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a few years ago and has already gone through eight editions in England alone. Miss Keller, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, has written a new book, "The World I Live In," which the same publishers are about to bring out. It tells vividly and intimately her experiences in a world of silence and darkness where she lives apart and has no way of communicating with her fellow-mortals except by means of the sense of touch. The book is described as a pathetic and very remarkable human document.



Photo by J. Russell & S.

Mr. Keighley Snowden.

Author of "The Life Class."

Mr. Keighley Snowden, whose new novel, "The Life Class," was issued the other day by Mr. Werner Laurie, began his career as a North Country journalist; he served on the staffs of the *Bradford Observer*, the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and the *Yorkshire Post*, and has for some time past been a prominent figure in London journalistic circles. His first work of fiction was a book of short stories, "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds"; he has contributed largely to the magazines, and has written some half-dozen novels; in his latest, as in "Kate Bannister," he deals with problems that the woman worker has to face, and looks forward to handling in future books certain pressing social questions to which he is nowadays devoting most of his thought and labour.

"De Libris" is the title given to a book of prose and verse by Austin Dobson that Messrs. Macmillan have in hand for this autumn. The prose section includes essays on Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson, with reproductions of several of their characteristic illustrations.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein are publishing this month the third and final volume of "The Student's Text Book of Zoology," by Professor Adam Sedgwick.

Mr. G. D. Armour, of *Punch*, has done twenty-five drawings to illustrate certain chapters taken from Surtees' famous novel, "Handley Cross," which, with Mr. Armour's illustrations reproduced in colour, will be published before the hunting season by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the title of "Hunts with Jorrocks."

Barrister, journalist, critic, dramatist, essayist, Mr. Comyns Carr has for thirty or forty years past been a prominent figure in the Bohemian society of London and has been intimate with many of the most interesting and famous men of his time. In "Some Eminent Victorians," which Messrs. Duckworth are issuing, he has gathered up his personal recollections in the world of art and letters of the last half-century, and has much to tell of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Fred. Walker, Whistler, Irving, and other great men living and dead. The book will be illustrated with numerous portraits of celebrities, with drawings by Burne-Jones, and facsimiles of several hitherto unpublished letters.

Despite his many public engagements and the distraction of getting married, Mr. Winston Churchill has found time to revise his new work, "My African Journey," and to select the illustrations for it from amongst the numerous photographs he took whilst he was out in Africa, and Messrs. Hodder &

Stoughton have the book ready for immediate publication.

Mr. Robert Halifax scored his first literary success as a winner of "Tit-Bits" prize competitions: a gold medal was offered to the writer who won a certain number of prizes for short stories, and this trophy was not long in falling to the bow and spear of Mr. Halifax. Thereafter, some three years ago, he published a striking novel of London low life, "The Drums of Fate," a vividly realistic study of a typical slum girl. The slums of London had a peculiar fascination for him; he haunted them by day and by night for many years; he believes in the novel with a purpose, and in "The Drums of Fate," and again in his new story, "The Borderland," he set himself to touch and shame the public conscience with a knowledge of the bare and ugly truth about the lives the poor live and the places in which they live them. He has not escaped the usual hard and heart-breaking struggle for recognition; he has had more than his share of ill-health and ill-luck. Since the publication of his first book he has contributed several sensational serials to the newspapers; but he has settled down again now to more serious work in a quiet cottage in Essex, and divides his time between his desk and his garden, with occasional excursions to town in quest of ideas and inspiration.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce for immediate publication "The Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots," by Jane T. Stoddart. It is a narrative of the thirteen years, 1548 to 1561, spent by Mary at the French Court, and is based upon a careful study of contemporary letters, pamphlets, and diplomatic reports, and more especially on the correspondence of the Guises from 1538 to 1588.

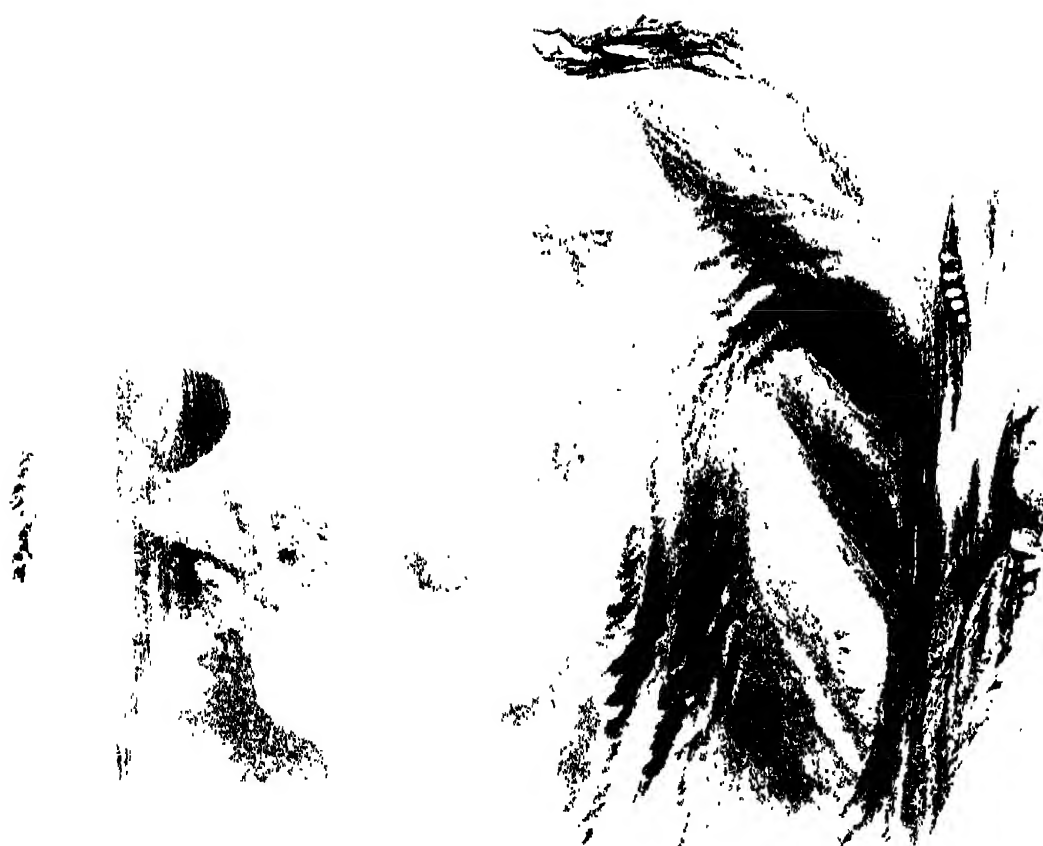
Mr. Eveleigh Nash is making something of a new departure in his method of advertising "John Silence," Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new novel. Going about the streets nowadays you can scarcely avoid seeing the name of the book and a striking presentment of its hero, the weird Psychic Doctor, turning his back on you on every hoarding you pass. One is reminded of the time—how many years ago is it?—when Mr. Arrowsmith was startling and puzzling London with his big yellow and black posters and their two inexplicable words, "Called Back"; or thinks of Mr. John Lane's hoarding advertisements of "The Quest of the Golden Girl"; but the latter was a small poster and the former was



Photo by Edgar Salomon.

Mr. Robert Halifax.

Author of "The Borderland."



not illustrated. To the advertisement of "John Silence" belongs the unique distinction of being the largest illustrated book poster that has ever appeared on the hoardings, at all events in this country.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month the two first volumes of "The Reader's Library," by W. J. Dawson and Coningsby Dawson. The plan of the series is to collect under generic titles (as Great Biographers, Great Essayists, etc.) the best examples from the various branches of English literature. Each volume will have a critical introduction, and biographies of the writers included will preface the specimens of their work—a blending of criticism and anthology that should satisfy the student and prove attractive to the general reader. Volumes 1 and 2 are devoted to "The Great English Letter Writers."

Mr. Watts-Dunton is one of the very few English poets who have a Continental reputation. Of late years an increasing interest in his poetry has been manifested in France, Germany, and Holland. Mr. Edward B. Koster, the eminent Dutch critic and student of gipsy life, recently published at The Hague a glowing appreciation of Mr. Watts-Dunton's prose and poetical work, eulogising the beauty and high imaginative qualities of that "chirikee-song" "The Coming of Love," and commenting on the significant circumstance that at a time when England was apparently interested only in its commercial and material triumphs so exquisite and spiritual a story as "Aylwin," with its fine idealism and wonderful atmosphere of romance, should yet take such hold on our practical generation as to become instantly one of the most popular of recent English novels.

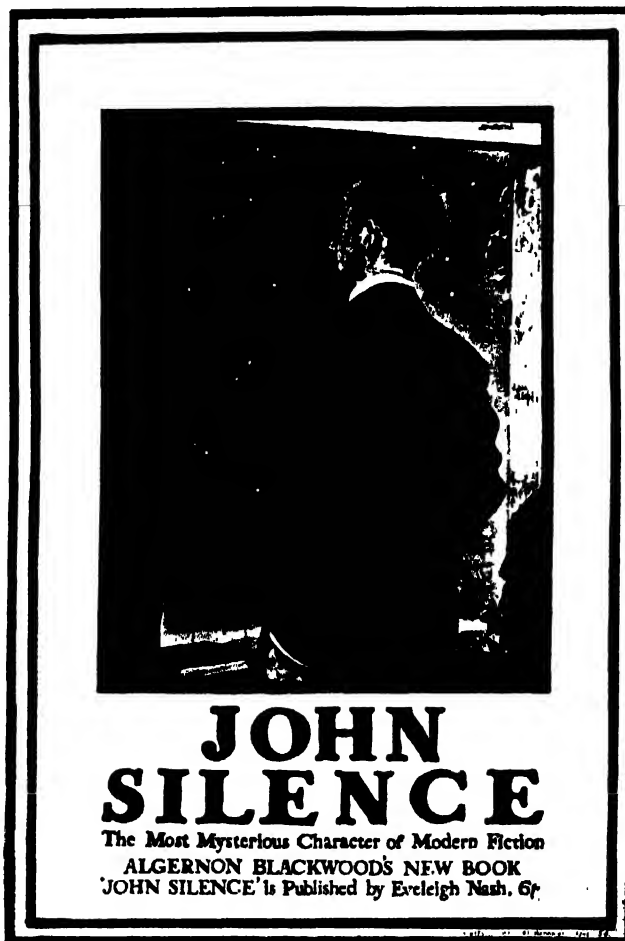
Mr. J. B. Williams has written for Messrs. Longmans the story of the origin and progress of

English newspapers, from their commencement to their culmination in the still existing official *Gazette*. He gives useful biographies of all the principal writers for the Press of those early years, most of them men who have long been forgotten, and supplements the record with a catalogue of periodicals published down to 1667—no light task when one considers that over three hundred different periodicals made their appearance during the period of the Civil Wars alone. The book, which will certainly fill a gap in the history of journalism in England, is to be issued shortly, with the title of "A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the *Gazette*."

A few years ago Mrs. Mackirdy, then Miss Olive Christian Malvery, made a sensational descent upon London as a lady journalist of the most up-to-date and enterprising description. She dressed as a workgirl and studied the life of factories and of slums and workhouses from the inside; she turned gutter-hawker and sold matches in the street; dressed for a new part and went into service as a "general" in a suburban villa, a "slavey" in a lodging-house, a lady's "lady" to a fashionable mistress. Some of these experiences went to the making of those impressively realistic books "The

Soul Market" and "Thirteen Nights," and others of them are gathered into "The Family Skeleton," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month. The book throws a strong sidelight on domestic service, and makes some startling revelations that should be of even more interest to the mistress than to the maid.

Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox is probably the most popular of living poets here and in America; she is less known as a writer of prose, but has contributed a number of short stories and essays to the American magazines, and Messrs. Gay & Hancock are publishing this autumn "An Ambitious Man," the



The already well-known poster of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new book.

longest story she has written. The same firm is adding three new volumes of Miss Wilcox's poems to their cheap and popular edition of her poetical works, and has also in readiness "The Ella Wheeler Wilcox Autograph Book," a dainty volume that allows a blank page for each day of the year and gives at the top of each page a quotation of four to six lines from her poems.

Messrs. Longmans are shortly to publish "Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth," edited by their niece, Margaret J. Shaen, a book that will appeal to all who are interested in the religious life of the 'fifties and 'sixties. Catherine, the younger sister, is the better known of the two. She was the translator of the famous "Lyra Germanica" collection of hymns, the first series of which appeared in 1855. The best-known work of Susanna Winkworth is her translation of the "Theologia Germanica," for which Charles Kingsley wrote a preface. The "Memorials" that Miss Shaen is editing consist mainly of letters from the sisters, in which they reveal the literary and religious interests of their lives, and of letters to them, giving glimpses of divers notable contemporaries, from such friends as James Martineau, Denison Maurice, Charlotte Brontë, Mazzini, and others.

Mr. A. R. Waller, M.A., has prepared and is editing a selection of characters and passages from the note books of Samuel Butler which the Cambridge University Press is issuing shortly in the "Cambridge English Classics" series.

An important new biography that will particularly appeal to students of music is a "Life of Bach," by Sir Hubert Parry, which Messrs. Putnam will publish towards the end of the year.

Another book that throws a good deal of light on the character of Napoleon is the "Memoirs of Comte de Rambuteau," which Messrs. Dent announce. Rambuteau was Napoleon's Chamberlain, and in these memoirs of his he gives a vivacious and interesting record of the business and amusements of the Imperial Court.

Four new books to be included this month in "Newnes's Shilling Cloth Novels" are E. F. Benson's sensationally successful "Dodo"; "The Pride of Jennico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "Red Pottage," by Mary Cholmondeley; and "David Baring," by Joseph Hocking.

Mr. Andrew Lang has finished the revision of his study of Jeanne d'Arc, and the book will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans under the title of "The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." Many important documents have become accessible since the appearance of Mr. Lowell's "Joan of Arc" twelve years ago, and Mr. Lang has been able to clear up certain hitherto obscure points in the Maid's history, and refutes many of the insinuations that

have been made against her greatness and her intelligence.

A new and comprehensive history of British and Foreign Arms and Armour has been completed by Mr. Charles Henry Ashdown for Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack. It is illustrated with some three hundred plates and engravings of brasses, effigies, illuminated MSS., etc., and from the arms and armour preserved in the British Museum, the Tower of London, the Wallace and various other public and private collections.



Mr. H. G. Wells.

Whose new novel, "The War in the Air," Messrs. Bell will publish on October 22.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Severn for kindly permitting us to reproduce Ruskin's water-colour portrait of himself for one of our presentation plates; and to Mr. E. T. Cook, Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C., and Messrs. George Allen & Sons for the generous assistance they have given us with the Ruskin illustrations in general, and for permission to make use of photographs and original drawings; and to the Ruskin College authorities for allowing us to reproduce the caricature of Ruskin as a roadmaker and the photograph of the students. For the use of several of the other illustrations and portraits in this number our acknowledgments are due to Miss Bertha Synge, to Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Bell & Sons, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and Messrs. Jack.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1 to November 1, 1908.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

- BINYON, LAURENCE. *Painting in the Far East.* 218. net.
 BLOMFELD, REGINALD, A.R.A. *The Mistress Art.* 48. net.
 CHAPMAN, ABEL, F.Z.S. *On Safari.* 168. net.
 CORNWALLIS-WEST, MRS. GEORGE. *The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill.* 158. net.
 CRICHTON, MRS. F. R. *Prep-in-the-World.* 48. 6d.
 DART, E. C. M. *Miriam.* 68.
 FARRER, REGINALD. *Alpines and Bog Plants.* 78. 6d. net.
 FARRER, REGINALD. *In Old Ceylon.* 128. 6d. net.
 FORSTER, E. M. *A Room with a View.* 68.
 FULTON, DAVID KERR. *The Witch's Sword.* 68.
 GEORGE, FLORENCE A. *Vegetarian Cookery.* 48. 6d.
 GRAINGER, M. ALLERDALE. *Woodmen of the West.* 78. 6d. net.
 HARRISON, A. H., F.R.G.S. *In Search of a Polar Continent.* 128. 6d. net.
 HOLMES, THOMAS. *Known to the Police.* 108. 6d. net.
 LUCAS, ST. JOHN. *The Rose-Winged Hours.* 48. net.
 MATTHEWS, REV. C. H. S. (Brother Charles). *A Parson in the Australian Bush.* 68. net.
 MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, BART. *Chronicles of the Houghton Fishing Club. With numerous illustrations, many in Photogravure or on Japanese Vellum.* 12. 28. net.
 MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, BART. *Scottish Gardens. Illustrated in Colour by M. M. G. Wilson, with 32 Full-page Coloured Plates.* 218. net.
 MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, BART. *Scottish Gardens (Edition de Luxe).* 12. 28. net.
 MYERS, LEOPOLD H. *Ararat.* 48. 6d. net.
 PAYNE-GALLWEY, SIR RALPH, BART. *The History of the "George" worn on the Scaffold by King Charles I.* 78. 6d. net.
 ROOK, CLARENCE. *London Side-Lights.* 68.
 SCOTT, HON. MRS. MAXWELL. *Madame Elizabeth De France, 1764-1791.* 128. 6d. net.
 SEDGWICK, ANNE HOUGLAS. *Amabel Chumce.* 68.
 STUART, MRS. ARTHUR. *Chronicles of Service Life in Malta.* 48.
 SYERS, ELGAR. *The Book of Winter Sports, with an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton.* 158. net.
 TOLLEMACHE, HON. LIONEL. *Old and Odd Memories.* 108. 6d. net.
 TUCKER, RIGHT REV. A. R. *Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa.* 2 vols., 308. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

- AUSTIN, ALFRED, and AGNES LOCKE. *Limits of Ancient Peace.* 20. Illustrations in Colour. 78. 6d. net.
 CALVERT, A. J., and TREVOR HADDON, R.B.A. *Southern Spain.* 75. Illustrations in Colour. 208. net.
 CONWAY, MISS A. J., and SIR MARTIN. *Children's Book of Art.* 16. Illustrations in Colour from British Public Galleries. 68.
 GILLI, REV. R. C., M.A. *God's Lantern Bearers. With illustrations, including Sargent's Frieze in Boston Public Library.* 68.
 GRAHAM, REV. HENRY GREY. *Scottish Men of Letters in the 18th Century.* (Cheap Edition) 58. net.
 GRIBBLE, F., and J. LEWIS and M. HARDWICKI. *Geneva.* 20. Illustrations in Colour. 78. 6d. net.
 KILMAN, JOHN, D.D., and MARGARET THOMAS. *Damascus to Palmyra.* With 70 Illustrations in Colour. 208. net.
 KIDD, DUFFY. *The Bull of the Kial. A Tale of Black Children.* With 12 Illustrations in Colour by A. M. Goodall. 68.
 KIRKUP, T. *Primer of Socialism.* 18. net.
 MARKHAM, SIR CLEMENTS R., K.C.B. *The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes.* Illustrated by S. Baghot de la Berl. 38. 6d. net.
 RAPHAEL, J. N., and FRANK REYNOLDS. *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.* With 45 Illustrations. 38. 6d. net.
 ROBERTSON, JOHN M., M.P. *Trade and Tariffs.* 38. 6d. net.
 SCHMIEDT, PROFESSOR PAUL W. *The Johannere Wietings.* Translated by Maurice A. Canvey. 38. 6d. net.
 SMITH, R. GORDON. *Ancient Tales and Folk Lore of Japan.* 70. Illustrations in colour by Japanese Artists. 208. net.

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- BEAN, W. J. *Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew.* 208.
 CROSS, DUNCAN. *Choosing a Career.* 28. 6d. net.
 FOWLER, ELLIS THORNEYCROFT. *Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.* 68.
 FRASER, JOHN POSTER. *Life's Contrasts.* 68. net.
 HASLICK, P. N. *Cyclopaedia of Mechanics.* 78. 6d. net.
 HAW, GEORGE. *From Workhouse to Westminster.* 28. 6d.
 HUBBERT, W., F.I.C., F.C.S., etc. *Popular Electricity.* 38. 6d.
 HIRD, W. B. *Elementary Dynamo Design.* 78. 6d. net.
 KEARTON, R. *The Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate.* 38. 6d.
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 MASTERS, ELLEN T. *100 Useful Things.* 18. 6d. net.
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 McFEE, WILLIAM. *Letters from an Ocean Tramp.* 48. net.
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 RAEBURN, DAVID. *Hoodman Grey, Christian.* 68.
 RHY, GRACE. *The Child's England.* 18. 6d.
 ROBINSON, REV. A. W. *Co-operation with God.* 18. 6d. net.
 SHORTER, CLEMENT. *Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers.* 128. net.
 THOMAS, H. H. *Little Gardens.* 18. net.
 WALLACE, HELEN. *Life's Chequer Board.* 68.
 WALLING, R. A. J. *George Borrow.* 68. net.
 WARD, JOHN J. *Life Histories of Familiar Plants.* 68.
 WARDEN, FLORENCE A. *A Life's Arrears.* 68.
 WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT. *The Golden Precipice.* 68.
 WHITEING, RICHARD. *Little People.* 68. net.
 WOOD, WALTER. *The Revenge of Gilbert Strange.* 68.
 "Little Folks" Christmas Vol. 38. 6d. "Quiver" Yearly Vol. 78. 6d.
 "Cassell's Magazine" Vol. 88.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

- ASHTON, ALGERNON. *More Truth, Wit and Wisdom.* 68.
 BAKER, JAMES. *Literary and Biographical Studies.* 78. 6d. net.
 BARNARD, FRED, and OTHERS. *Scenes and Characters from Dickens.* 806. Illustrations. 108. 6d. net.
 BATEMAN, MAY. *Paraphrase of Glune.* 68.
 BENNETT, ARNOLD. *The Old Wives' Tale.* 68.
 BROWN, VINCENT. *The Christian Marriage.* 68.
 BROWN, H. B. *Short Plays from Dickens.* 28. 6d. net.
 BULLOCK, J. M. *The Gay Gordons.* Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 108. 6d. net.

- COURTNEY, W. L. *The Literary Man's Bible.* (New Edition) 38. 6d. net.
 DICKENS, CHARLES. *Miscellaneous Papers, uniform with Biographical Edition.* 38. 6d. Intro with Authentic Edition. 58.
 FRITH, J. B. *The Ministry of 1848. An Anthology of Oxford Verse.* 38. net.
 HARPER, C. G. *Half Hours with Highwaymen.* Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 128. net.
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 NOYES, ALFRED. *The Magic Casement. An Anthology of Fairy Poetry.* Illustrated by Stephen Reul. 38. net.
 PAIN, MRS. BARRY. *More Short Plays for Amateurs.* 28. 6d. net.
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 WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSELL. *My Life.* (New Edition, illustrated) 68.
 WHITE, PERCY. *The Resner.* 68.
 WOODGATE, W. B. *Memories and Moods of an Old Sportsman.* (Illustrated) 158. net.
 YEATS, W. B. *Complete Works of, 8 vols.* 848. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

- DAVIES, RANDALL, and CECIL HUNT. *Stories of English Artists from Van Dyck to Turner.* Coloured and plain plates. 78. 6d. Large-paper edition, 158. net.
 HYATT, A. H. (Compiler). *The Charm of Venice. An Anthology.* 28. and 48. net.
 JEFFRIES, RICHARD. *Nature Near London.* Illustrated in colours by Ruth Hollman. 58. net. 78. 6d. net.
 LUCAS, F. V. *Anne's Terrible Good Nature, and other Stories for Children.* Illustrated by A. F. Buckland and F. D. Belford. 68.
 PENNY, F. R. *Dark Corners. A Hindu Novel.* 68.
 REYNOLDS, VICTOR. *Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists.* Coloured and plain plates. 78. 6d. net. Large-paper edition, 158. net.
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 SOWERBY, MILICENT and GITHA. *Yesterday's Children.* Coloured pictures. 38. 6d. net.
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(Miss Muriel Bussell, Wisteria, Zetland Road, Malvern.)

THE VIRGIN IN JUDGMENT. BY EDEN PHILLPOTIS. (Cassell.)

In this delightful book Mr. Phillpotts has scored a success which is more than clever or brilliant. Every chapter that leads up to the tragic ending is planned with consummate skill; the characters unfold themselves with a perfectly natural effect—serious and gay, reflective and thoughtless in turn. Thomas Hardy has never drawn a more delightful group of peasants than Simon Snell, Screech, Shillabeer and their friends, while Bartley is splendidly conceived, a living, amazing, lovable creation; and behind all broods the spirit of the great tors. It is, without doubt, among the author's finest work, second only to "The Secret Woman."

(Geo. Greenwood, 131, Ferndale Road, Clapham, S.W.)

"ARTHUR'S." BY A. NEIL LYONS. (John Lane.)

In this collection of sketches the book can scarcely be called a novel: the author presents a series of life-like portraits of the whimsical personalities who nightly congregate round "Arthur's" coffee-stall. Most of the habits are pitiful human derelicts, whose tragic histories draw tears to the eyes. The background is necessarily a gloomy one, but flashing across it, like lightning over a dark sky, are some very real and vivid gleams of humour. The book is hardly one to appeal to lovers of "light fiction," but as a faithful study of the "seamy side" of life it is conspicuously successful.

(Evelyn Campbell-Collins, St. Antholius House, 15, Queen Street, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.)

THE DIARY OF A LOOKER-ON. BY C. LEWIS HIND. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This book is replete with terse, delightful phrases which lurk round unexpected corners, and make one stay to question: "Do I agree with that?" Hence, being conducive to thought, it is stimulating; it is also informed throughout with that strange, magical light that is shed by the thing which we name "poetic vision"; and if occasionally the purple is too heavily laid on—well, one can always turn to another entry in the diary, and assimilate the pill of education in a jam which is composed of quite a number of things—music, pictures, and the human comedy dominating all!

(Miss B. M. Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

Some of the competitors omitted to give names of authors and publishers of books they reviewed—some exceeded the hundred words limit—one indeed ran to close on a thousand words. From amongst the large number of good reviews sent in, we select for special commendation those submitted by the Rev. G. M. Y. Hickey (Cheshire), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Gertrude Leslie (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Helen Smythe (Notting Hill, W.), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Miss F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), C. L. Arden (Yoxall), A. R. Williams (Denbigh), Mrs. Bramwell (Cheltenham), Gertrude Pitt (Gloucester Gate, N.W.), M. R. Ridley (Clifton), and Miss Godley (Dublin).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MISS GERTRUDE PITT, 15, Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE
OCTOBER, 1908.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. HAROLD BINDLOSS.

MOST of us have met the man who has roamed over the world with his eyes open, and found himself at grips, here and there, with the big, elemental things. Sometimes he will talk, sometimes not. On the rare occasions when he is moved to write about his experiences he usually becomes interesting. Mr. Harold Bindloss is a case in point. In early manhood the wander-thirst drew him to the New World, to Canada first, ranching, prospecting, wood-cutting, losing himself in the bush on the Pacific Slope, then to sea in crazy cattle-boats, in merchant-ships to Africa, up into the mysterious mangrove swamps of the Congo. A time of service on Spanish boats, a long period spent in and about the Canaries, and more seafaring in various capacities, hardly served to satisfy his vagrant instinct. Twelve years ago Mr. Bindloss came back to England and sat down, as it were, to describe everything that he had seen. It was almost by chance that he discovered his own abilities in this direction. "I took to literature," he told me, "by accident, and at a time when I was broken up by malaria and couldn't find anything else to do."

He was born, nearly forty-two years ago, in Liverpool, and received the ordinary middle-class private school education.

This training was, he thinks, in his case rather worse than usual. There were but two periods in those early years in which he remembers being taught anything worth knowing. He read for a year with a clergyman of the Church of England, an old man deeply imbued with the philosophy of Carlyle, whose teaching left a lasting impression on the growing character of his charge. The only other time during the school period in which he learnt anything of value was, he declares, an interim of six weeks spent in a Liverpool Board School. At sixteen he started in life, and was not a little astonished to find that he knew virtually nothing. To make up for lost opportunities he began to attend night classes of all kinds. He thus acquired a smattering of several languages, some knowledge of mechanics and chemistry, and a nodding acquaintance with all the other subjects that such institutions profess to afford

instruction in at moderate fees. It was a fortunate inclination that led Mr. Bindloss to acquire proficiency in the arts of carpentry and boat-building. On many a night in winter he would forfeit hours of sleep to patch up an old boat by the light of a bicycle lamp beneath a tarpaulin.

His first experience of a man's work was in the steel export trade, and it became part of his duty to go round the big steel mills, testing and inspecting. This work went on till, as he says, "McKinley's American

Tariff came and knocked the bottom out of that trade." He lost his job, as a wise Providence meant that he should, and went to Canada. He joined two partners on a ranch, but their first season's yield was a bad one, and an involuntary dissolution of partnership was the result. There is a good picture of these years in a little book of his, "A Wide Dominion," published by Unwin as one of the "Overseas Series" in 1899. Than this little volume, nothing written by its author pleases me better. It shows none of the characteristics of fine writing, saving only simplicity and vividness. Mr. Bindloss has put before himself as his chief object the portrayal of the rougher side of active open-air life as it really

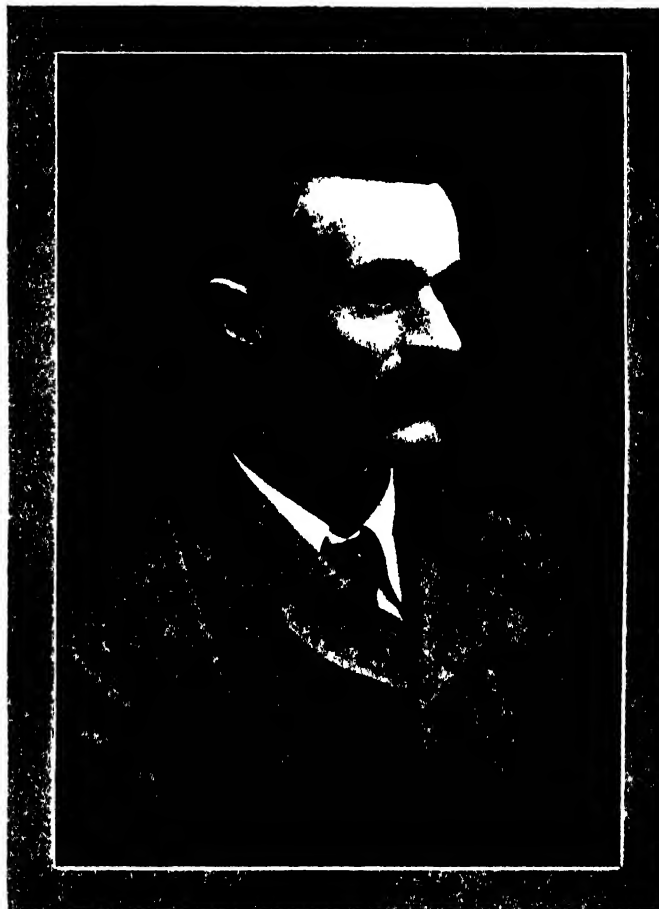


Photo by B. Scott & Son, Carlisle.

Mr. Harold Bindloss.

is, a simple task perhaps, but one well worth the doing. "A Wide Dominion" relates the experiences of a young colonial, a green hand, a new chum, a raw Britisher, but as such it is alive, refreshing, convincing. When the ranch failed, Mr. Bindloss wandered about Western Canada, doing odd jobs at boat-mending, harvesting, and wood-cutting. He came back to England in a leaky cattle-boat, rushing for twelve days before a north-east gale that washed away the Liverpool doctor. That brief voyage was an education in itself, but not one to induce Mr. Bindloss to forsake a sailor's life. Almost as soon as he reached Liverpool he shipped aboard a Spanish steamer as purser. It was after this that he visited the Canaries, subsequently working on an African line of steamships, and spending some years as secretary of a Royal Yacht Club.

Much of his life has passed, as he puts it, "in getting more or less knocked about the world," in some doubt as to the possible existence of a next meal. The man who wanders the world over, seeing and doing things, gets quite a lot out of life, everything in fact but money, and of this it would seem that he generally gathers very little indeed. Mr. Bindloss was no exception. He was always wondering, he says, where the next few shillings were coming from. From somewhere, and somehow, they generally did come. "I always just managed to earn them," he says, "by some kind of very hard work."

In a life full of incident and change he has had but few adventures, in the popular sense of that term. He has indeed been several times upset out of boats, and even shot at. Only once did a more serious thing happen, at least it seemed far more serious to him at the time. It fell to his lot to have to follow a trail through the bush in Western Canada for three days. During the whole time he never tasted food. Also it rained continuously. Such tales bring the rougher side of the pioneer's life home to one with a vengeance. Looking back on those years, Mr. Bindloss has a pleasant remembrance of the many kindnesses he received on his journeyings up and down the world. Mostly, he says, they were from colonial wood-cutters and road-makers, from sailors, and Bohemians a little outside the pale of civilisation. It somehow happened that he failed very often to get on well with prosperous and conventional folk. Generally, he says, he was too hard up to see much of such people. I think he lost but little. Sleekness, smugness, and conventionality generally have but little in common with the pioneering spirit. It is from contact with the men who make roads and till the ground that one benefits. The villains of Mr. Bindloss's stories sit in their city offices and scheme to snatch the profits of those who have laboured with their hands to open up new countries, to drive highways through the primeval forest, to locate the mineral riches that Nature has hidden for centuries in her mountains and rocks. This, I think, is typical of Mr. Bindloss and his attitude.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark of Mr. Bindloss that he never had an office and never floated a company. Of his first essays as a writer I have spoken

already. He staked his last month's supplies, he says, on a batch of short sea and colonial stories and sketches, and most of them he was fortunate enough to place immediately. From that time until he was well established, "I went on living," he told me, "in the very grimmest fashion, without a fire in winter and generally with about sixpence in hand." By degrees he worked up a connection with various magazines and papers. By natural stages he proceeded to the writing of novels, work that has engrossed most of the twelve years he has spent in the country since his return to England. That he is still a believer in the doctrine of hard work is denoted by the lengthy list of works to his credit. "In the Niger Country," a careful record of travel and observation published by Blackwood in 1898, was his first book. Then came "A Wide Dominion," and afterwards a string of novels: "Ainslie's Ju-ju," published by Chatto in 1900, and "A Sower of Wheat" from the same firm in the following year; "Sunshine and Snow" with Partridge, and "The Concession-Hunters" with Chatto, in 1902; in 1903 "His Master Purpose" (Long) and "The Mistress of Bonaventure" (Chatto); "Daventry's Daughter" (Chatto) and "The League of the Leopard" (Long), in 1904, with "True Grit," a boys' story, published by Partridge; "Alton of Somasco" (Long), "In the Misty Seas," a tale of Behring Strait (Partridge), and "The Impostor" (White), in 1905; "Beneath Her Station" and "A Damaged Reputation" (White), and "The Cattle Baron's Daughter" (Long), in 1906; "His Lady's Pleasure" (White), "Delilah of the Snows" and "The Dust of Conflict" (Long), in 1907. This year we have had "By Right of Purchase" (Long) and "The Liberationist" (Ward, Lock).

His one distraction from work has been the patching up of old boats, and the subsequent sailing of them. In his work he has sought to refrain from any discussion of matters about which he has little or no knowledge. Of his positive endeavour, the picturing of the active open-air life, I have already made mention. If one might express a wish as to his future performances, it would be that he should give fiction a rest for once, and produce another book like "A Wide Dominion." Perhaps he will, for he has not finished writing yet.

THE READER.

RUSKIN—EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

THE LIBRARY EDITION OF RUSKIN.*

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

ONLY two volumes remain to be published of the magnificent Library Edition of John Ruskin's works. These will make up thirty-seven noble books. It is impossible for us to calculate the total extent of Ruskin's work, as the volumes vary in size. But the conjecture may be hazarded that measured by quantity, Ruskin is ahead of any other among English classics. It may also be said that the volumes are unsurpassed in the care and scholarship with which they have been edited. Even Dr. Birkbeck Hill must yield the palm to Mr. E. T. Cook. In some respects Mr. Cook's work has been even more laborious than that of Dr. Hill, though his path has been smoothed for him by the labours of others, and notably by those of Mr. Wise. He has had much to do in searching periodicals and fugitive writings of all sorts. The work has been done so well that at present we are not able to indicate a single error or a single omission. As yet we have not received the two volumes of letters. In these we hope Mr. Cook will not repeat the error of "Igdrasil" in leaving out important passages. We refer especially to the references made by Ruskin to his wife in the letters to Miss Mitford. All these are erased in "Igdrasil," but ought to find a place in the permanent edition. For example, Ruskin writes on Good Friday, 1853, from Keswick: "But my purpose was variously stayed, chiefly, as I remember, by the events on the Continent, fraught to me with very great disappointment, and casting me into a depression and fever of spirit, which, joined with some other circumstances nearer home, have, until now that I am resting [with my kind wife] among these quiet hills, denied me the heart to write cheerfully to those very dear friends to whom I would fain never write sadly."

* "The Works of John Ruskin." Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. (Allen.)

Again: "But you are better and the spring is come [and I hope, for I am sure you will allow me, to bring my young wife to be rejoiced (under the shadow of her new and grievous lot) by your kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or she will certainly lose her wits with pure delight, or perhaps insist on staying with you and letting me find [sic] my way through the world by myself, a task which I should not *now* like to undertake.] I should be very, very happy just now but for these wild storm-clouds bursting on my dear Italy and my fair France, my occupation gone, and all my earthly treasures (except [the one I have just acquired and] the everlasting Alps) periled amidst 'the tumult of the people,' the 'imagining of vain things.'" Again: ["My wife begs me to return her sincere thanks for your kind message and to express to you the delight with which she looks forward to being presented to you, remembering what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that, whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends, whom she would have every cause to love and

to honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them."] Once more: ["I ought to tell you that we have sent cards to no one, or most certainly this formality would not have been omitted with Miss Mitford."]

I can supplement slightly Mr. Cook's collection of scraps. Ruskin was asked by the *British Weekly* in 1887 to write on a postcard the names of a few books which had chiefly influenced him. Mr. Gladstone had previously written a postcard which was enclosed with the request and a cheque was sent for three guineas. Mr. Ruskin wrote:

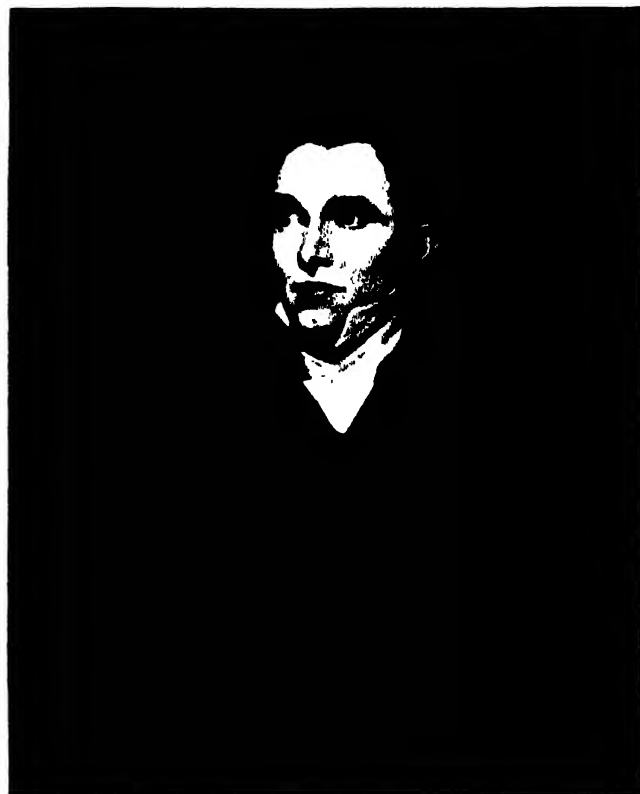
"May 14. 1887.

"I am always ready to do a good three guineas' worth of work - if anybody will be so good as to ask me for it - but I fear that I should have to charge you more for reading one of



John Ruskin.

From the drawing by George Richmond.



Ruskin's Mother and Father.

From the portraits by James Northcote, R.A.

Mr. Gladstone's letters. You have luckily left it out of your note." Then follows the letter as printed. The conclusion was: "I think this is a fair two guineas' worth of information. You shall have an explanatory third guineas' worth if you tell me what you'd like explained."

The second letter is printed in full. I may also quote a letter in my possession to Mr. Jowett of Aylesbury, Ruskin's printer. It is written from Brantwood, May 9, 1889, and is as follows:

"DEAR JOWETT,

I am so very glad to have your note, and so very grateful to you for your expedition. Miss Alexander will be happy, too, and some other people will be in seeing this new number of *Christ's Folk*. And I have good hope now of advance with *Præterita* also—but must be extremely cautious. —However, I've written this without spectacles and see colour as well as I used to do—so that I'm not going to give myself up for a piece of *Præterita* altogether.

Ever affectionately yours."

The publishers have done their part with conscientious thoroughness, lavish liberality, and excellent taste. One cannot be sufficiently grateful to them for the noble array of illustrations, for the clearness of the type, and for the general soundness which marks all their work.

Dipping into these great treasure-houses here and there it is impossible not to feel that the strength and the weakness of Ruskin are to be found in his enthusiasm. This enthusiasm often passes into fever, and at times into raging fever. A recent critic has very justly remarked that we disagree with Ruskin as we disagree with a friend gone wrong, a friend who has suggested more than he has fulfilled. But Ruskin has gained great victories, and in important matters the flowing tide is with him. It is probable that he will be appreciated by the coming generations even more than he has been valued by the present. In any case his position is with the supreme masters of English prose, and he will never be read to more advantage than in this splendid and magnificent edition.

RUSKIN'S POSITION IN THE WORLD OF ART.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

WHAT, I am asked, is the position of Ruskin to-day? Has his influence in the world of art increased or diminished during the eight years that have elapsed since his death? Well, but his influence, with whom? For Ruskin appealed to two publics, two great incompatible constituencies: the artists—students, painters, sculptors, and architects; and the general cultivated or cultivable public. It was his triumph for a long series of years that he held them both, that he swayed architects towards Gothic against their natural bent, and painters towards Pre-Raphaelitism and naturalism against their habits and practice, while he turned the public attention to art, partly by the essential truths he told of it, partly by dwelling on the emotional, spiritual, religious, and scientific sides of it, thus interesting a vast crowd who would not have been attracted and gripped, as they were, by any synthetic disquisition on aesthetics or theory of art.

It may be assumed, without discussion, that Ruskin's reputation as a man of letters remains where it was—and where it will continue to remain. That proposition, I think, is not contested. The vast sale of copyright, non-copyright, and pirated editions settles the point of popularity pretty conclusively, and if a seal needs be set on it, we may point to the superb Library Edition—

a noble monument not only to Ruskin's genius, but to Mr. E. T. Cook's amazing editorial capacity—which is a noteworthy commercial success. That circumstance is remarkable enough in itself. It is to be expected that as long as we retain the love of literature and as long as we appreciate a pure and noble style, so long will Ruskin maintain his position as a literary artist. Whether we prefer the torrential and burning eloquence of his younger days, glowing with colour, studded with gems of diction, convincing through passionate pleading or sweet persuasiveness; or whether we esteem him for his later style, when, shocked and humiliated to find that people read and applauded him not for what he said but how he said it, and that they were carried away not by his statements and his reasoning, but by his raptures, he closed down his jewel-mine of words and phrases, and gave himself over to the utmost simplicity of word and expression.

[He told me that he was once surprised and gratified to find that he had written a page and a half in words of one syllable, I think in "Our Fathers have Told Us"—we still feel that he is one of our truest makers of literature, even when he is colloquial in manner, and we do not quarrel with the critic who declared that his place as a writer of English is beside Jeremy Taylor. As a writer, Ruskin will never grow out of date.

As regards his art criticism, broadly speaking, Ruskin's position has changed—or, rather, his name has been somewhat tarnished, if only for a time. For it is greatly a question of his name, not of his work. As I shall presently show, certain of his chief art theories are precisely those which annulate the "modern" artist, who, as a rule, is sublimely unconscious that in his modernism he is blindly acting on the teaching of the repudiated sage of Coniston. Ruskin has been written down, among a coterie, rather than thought or argued down, and certain unfortunate phrases, self-contradictions, and limitations of personal taste have been used against him as a battering-ram, and he has been denounced as old-fashioned—that most damaging and injurious of all charges. His dislike of the uninspired and often debased and degraded subjects of the seventeenth and eighteenth century school of Holland (like Michael Angelo's dislike of the Flemish), and his indifference to the genius and methods of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Constable, not for themselves, but by reason of their neglect of certain principles he held to be essential—these are among the offences which provide one of the levers with which it has been sought to overturn him from his pedestal. It is, I believe, the fact that if Whistler had not sent to the Grosvenor Gallery certain pictures lacking certain qualities, and had they not been attacked by Ruskin, with the result that Whistler *versus* Ruskin awoke the artist

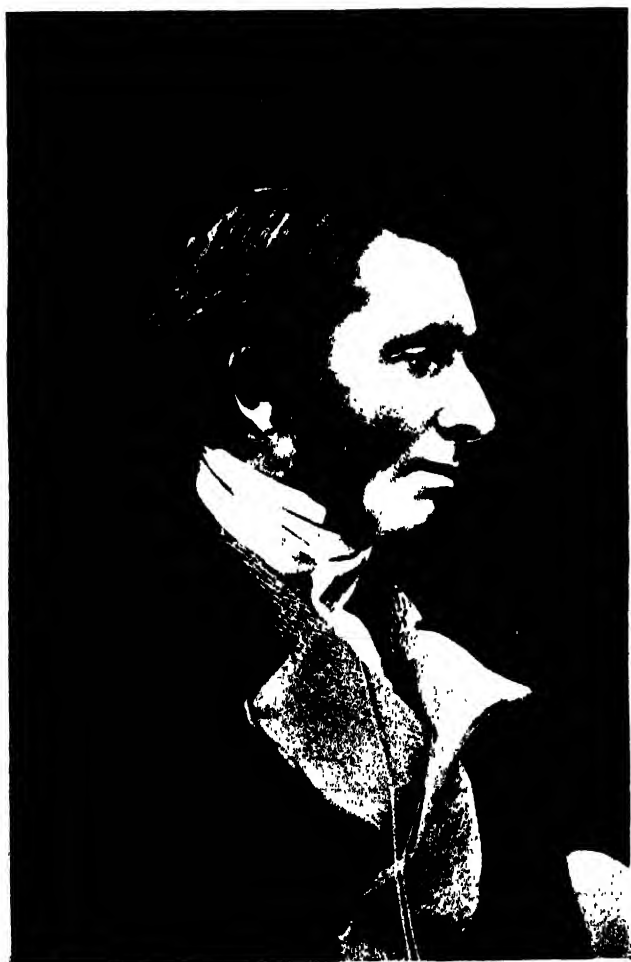


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

John Ruskin, 1876.



From an oil painting by James Northcote, R.A.

Portrait of Ruskin at the age of 3½ years.

to action and brought to his camp certain young men to whom he talked and then spurred to "get on" to certain papers as art critics—or sought to secure the support of others already at their posts—we should have heard vastly less of the falsity of Ruskin's outlook and of the out-of-dateness of his art criticism.

By the general public the function of art criticism is curiously misunderstood and its scope is greatly under-estimated. It is commonly supposed to mean the writing of newspaper articles dealing with the works in the picture exhibitions, and the expression of an opinion as to the excellence or otherwise of the more noteworthy canvases. To the philosophy as well as the science of technique, little heed is given; of the relation of art to life and its attendant problems, together with all the considerations which have called into being the "Arts and Crafts"—of the sociological value of art and its relation to morality and spirituality, that is to say, the social function of art—little is considered; these points, from the artistic morality of the painter, sculptor, and architect down to the everyday politics of the world of art, all come within the purview of the art critic, whose attitude towards them must be governed by well-defined

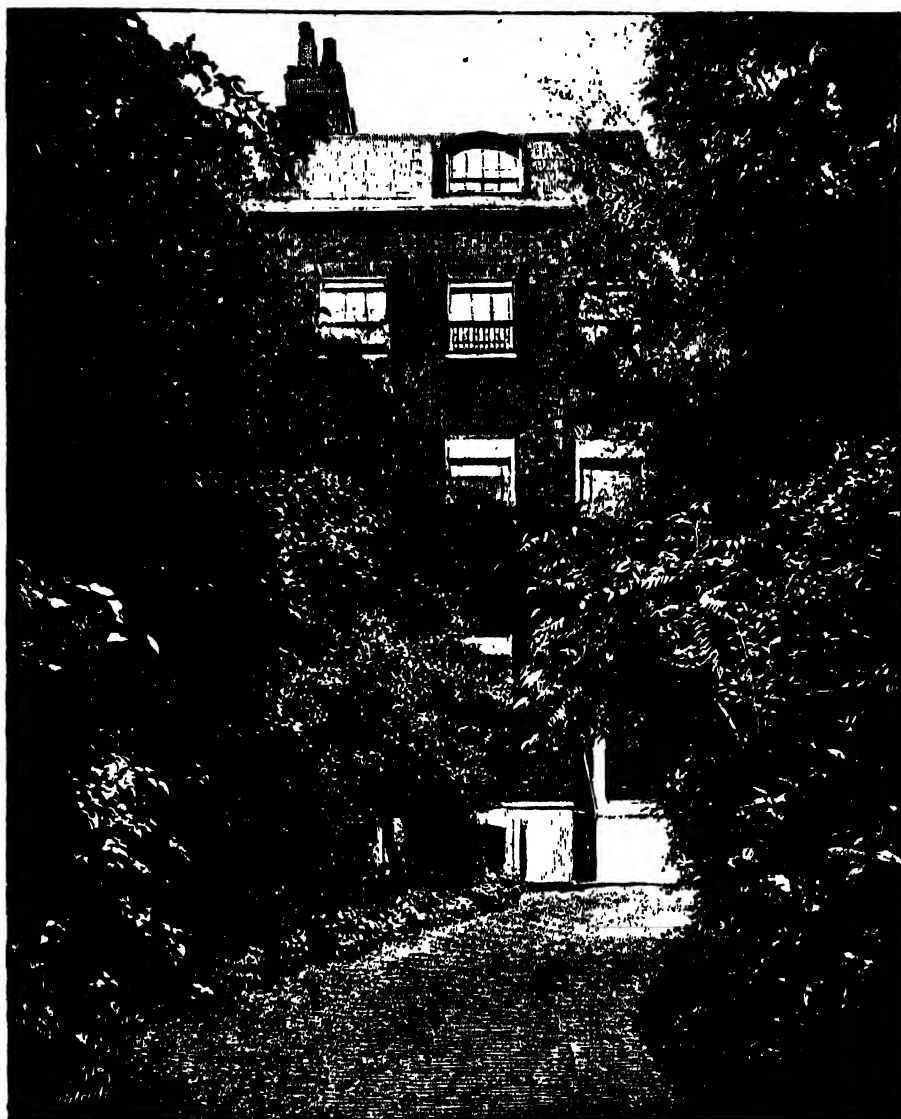
principles based upon wide knowledge, sympathy, and philosophical understanding. Basing himself upon the theories that were the outcome of his reasoning, Ruskin perforce attacked the work of whole bodies of artists, living and dead. The dead might be championed by whosoever pleased to enter the lists; the living artists criticised, unconvincingly but effectively retorted that "Ruskin doesn't know what he's talking about," and, repeating the dictum in the schools, brought up generations of students in the same belief. These students, and the readers of the newspapers referred to, knew little of the processes of Ruskin's reasoning—they knew less that his teaching contained the very rock-basis of some of the leading art-movements of the present day which they fondly imagine are "new" while Ruskin is "old-fashioned." That is why I said that his name is tarnished "for a time." For when the strife in respect to the minor matter of Whistler and his manoeuvres is forgotten (I am here expressing no opinion against his art) it will be recognised that Ruskin busied himself with the eternal truths of art and life, and it will be seen that he dealt with questions that animate the later schools and taught the very principles that those who have been misled into the bitterest



From an oil painting by James Northcote, R.A.

Ruskin, 1824.

Study for a classical subject, "Thorn in the Foot."



Ruskin's House at Herne Hill

Where, with his father and mother, he went to live in 1824.

denunciation of him are successfully practising, as they think, in opposition to what he preached. Let me explain. It was Ruskin who first outlined the subdivision of colours—one of the leading sectional teachings of Impressionism—that is to say, the most recent innovations in the technique of painting—who insisted on the collaboration or identity of the artist and the craftsman, and on the social function of art; the latest movement in decorative art; and the aim of contemporary (non-professional) criticism to delimit the inter-relation of art and life. Of course, there is little in the last-named section to interest the "artist" who paints only to sell; but the first two lie at the very heart of artistic endeavour. All this was very clearly set forth by M. Robert de la Sizeranne on the morrow of Ruskin's death.

It will therefore be news to many of the students of to-day, and perhaps, too, to not a few of those able writers who have been seeking to undermine Ruskin's influence, that "the Master," as his adherents loved to call him, not only understood clearly, but set forth with all the eloquent persuasiveness possible to him, those tendencies in the art of to-day which we recognise as among the newest. It was in 1856 that Ruskin wrote the words which later on were adopted and proclaimed by Manet,

Monet, and the later *luministes* and *pointillistes*, who none of them suspected that it was old-fashioned Ruskin who first preached them. In his "Elements of Drawing" you will find, he says, that it is better to consider all Nature as a mosaic of different colours, and gives detailed instructions how to proceed, urging the painter to practise the production of mixed tints by interlaced touches of the pure colours out of which they are formed; and it was he who first pointed out that in certain conditions shadows in intense sunlight are purple. "Go to Nature, go to Nature," he preached while studio conventions were still the rule, and he taught that men should paint "to the very last touch" in the open air (since called *plein-airisme* by his scornful critics) as the only hope of the landscape-painter and the painter of open-air scenes. And many years before, as long ago as 1846, he explained that extreme tints and pure colour should only exist on points. Thus, in details of technique, afterwards adopted by the greatest of the "reformers," Ruskin was the pioneer, and his teaching triumphs while his influence is indubitably considered to have waned,

and he is the despised of certain men who indirectly have benefited most from his writings and his theories.

Similarly, it was John Ruskin who declared that no man could be an artist-artificer who was not also an artisan—a workman. To the misfortune, induced by the trade unions, that the designer was no longer the maker Ruskin first called attention, and laid it down that no work can contain the breath of life, such as we marvel at and applaud in even the most archaic productions of mediæval times, unless designer and maker are one. Then arose William Morris and his friend Walter Crane, and the "Arts and Crafts" movement was the direct result—a movement that has spread over the civilised world, and in spite of many exaggerations and extremes and absurdities born of the new enthusiasm, has rejuvenated the art-craftsmanship of to-day. I remember that during the Liverpool Art Congress of 1888 a speaker denounced Ruskin for having by his teaching kept art back in this country; whereupon William Morris sprang to his feet, and with indignation qualified by contempt exclaimed: "Ruskin kept art back? I say that Ruskin is the one man who has made art possible in England!" The point need not be laboured. But read "The Elements of Drawing," "Aratra Pentelici,"



Ruskin's House at Denmark Hill.

to which the Ruskin family moved in 1844.

the "Lectures on Art," and "Ariadne Florentina," and then say if you think Ruskin is out of date. You will find them a strange antidote to "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice," to which students usually confine their reading. As M. de la Sizeranne neatly put it: "If we wished to write a summary of the newest and boldest theories of our rising artists, we need only copy certain pages written by the hand now cold."

One of the main reasons for the turning from Ruskin of the artist-student (apart from the great writer's unforgivable popularity) is the teaching he opposed to the cry of "Art for Art's Sake," substituting for it "Art for Man's Sake." As he had insisted that the artist should identify himself with his material and work in it; as he had declared that an artist should be painter, architect, and sculptor, too, like the great fourteenth-century group of Italian masters ["I know only one art," said Alfred Stevens, who himself practised all]; so he insisted that the artist had responsibilities towards life and his fellow-men, through his art, without which he was only a craftsman and not an artist. He did not ask that art must go to the extreme of being didactic; but he did applaud a picture "with a purpose," so long as it was a pictorial purpose—a definition as to which, no doubt, opinions may greatly differ. No wonder that Whistler, whose views were diametrically opposed and whose capacities of intellect were strictly limited, kicked at the theory and was followed by his disciples who probably had never read a line of Ruskin, except the libel. Ruskin demanded that the artist should not only think artistically, but think "rightly," and that, just as the poet must not be content with only pleasing measure and ear-caressing rhyme, but give us thoughts and fancies too, so the artist must justify his place in the scheme of life, and satisfy all the spectator's desires and all the capabilities of art itself rather than leave the better part of them unemployed. Otherwise the result

would be but Dead Sea fruit. It was not "morality" he asked for, but intellectuality, intelligence as well as technique, poetry of thought as well as of presentation, so that the result might be a work of art—the production of heart and brain—as well as a mere *biblot*. In short, that painting does not begin and end with the painter's brushes and palette.

Art criticism of to-day differs strangely from what it was only a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was addressed to the public; to-day it is written with one eye on the painter, and technique is looked at rather than the picture as a whole.

That, at least, is the impression that is derived from some of the ablest commentary that is published. "The paint's the thing" is the modern method. "The art and thought's the thing" was the principle on which Ruskin went. Ruskin, who had more of the scientist in him than any critic of to-day, is now voted too unscientific for consideration, or at any rate for sympathy. Materialism has invaded the



Photo by Abraham, Kenwick.

Brantwood, Ruskin's House at Coniston.

critical world as every other, and "Ruskin is old-fashioned." That is to say, his name has lost its influence, while his theories have become more and more firmly established and more and more emphatically the basis of the art of to-day.

Such is the situation in art circles. Beyond them, the case is different, although no doubt the open sniffing at Ruskin's name within the said circles has attracted some attention outside. But the intellectual world generally is still deeply interested in his personality, his teaching, his writing, and his art. As a public lecturer on Ruskin, his achievement and his limitations, I have had abundant opportunity for observing the powerful attraction of his name, the profound interest in his work, and the admiration for his teaching and the reverence for his pre-eminence. From that point of view his influence has not diminished, for, like Dickens, he touched the heart of his hearers, and so like Dickens he will survive in the esteem and affection of that larger public, that larger audience, to whom he mainly addressed himself and for whose advantage he laboured during a fruitful half-century of art teaching, and art practice too.



John Ruskin.

JOHN RUSKIN AS SOCIAL REFORMER.

By J. A. HOBSON.

ALTHOUGH for about forty years Ruskin set himself in all his utterances with a persistent passion of endeavour to impose revolutionary doctrines of social progress upon the mind of a great reading public avid for his books, it cannot be said that during his lifetime this teaching produced any definite effect upon national thought, feeling, and conduct commensurate with its truth. This was due partly to the disturbing nature of his doctrines, partly to the characteristic attitude of the educated classes in this country towards literature, art, and the whole of what is called "culture." This attitude involves an abrupt severance between the "practical" affairs of life, things that really matter, such as business, sport, and in a lower degree politics, and the ornamental activities, which include the fine arts, literature, and all forms of disinterested science. This makes it of necessity very difficult for a man who has taken sides with culture, and has become an authority and a distinguished figure in art and literature, to get a hearing when he claims to "interfere" in practical affairs, tendering advice in the management of private or public business.

When the chapters of "Unto this Last" were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Ruskin complained that they "were reprobated in a violent manner, as far as I could hear, by most of the readers, they met with." But in truth it was not so much reprobation that greeted his attempt to teach political economy, but

a feeling among his readers that an art critic, a beautiful word-painter, a sentimental moralist, ought not to trespass in a world which did not belong to him. If, however, a literary man insisted on thus trespassing, he ought at any rate to throw off his art-robe and grub away at fact and theory with other hard-headed practical men, and not to insist on mixing literature and morals with his social politics. To use his flow of passionate eloquence in driving home some doctrine of wages, some revolutionary definition of value, they felt was not "playing the game." This is still the view taken in academic and other intellectual circles of his contributions to social reform, and in particular to industrial changes. Readers of his argumentative analysis of the current doctrines of wealth, capital, and cost of production, especially in the closely reasoned passages of "Munera Pulveris" and "Fors," will probably agree that these doctrines, extricated from their literary setting and formulated more fully in a dull unemotional treatise, would have vastly improved his influence as social reformer in his day. Those who believe that progress is mainly achieved by an appeal to reason may be disposed to regret that Ruskin did not use his analytic and constructive genius in this way. But their regret would be foolish. Ruskin well knew that what was wanted was a change of heart as well as a change of head, and that no amount of acute ratiocination would secure the substitution of a better for a worse national economy.

He therefore marshalled for his work of reform all the various powers of his rich flowing personality, working with voice and pen and brush, and even incidentally with axe and shovel. It is worth remembering that he set out upon this mission not as an enthusiastic young prophet of social justice, nor as a constructive theorist, but as a practical student of work in various sorts of arts and industries. To the academic teachers, the bankers and the cotton manufacturers, who intellectually financed the orthodox theory and art of the current political economy, Ruskin appeared as an inexperienced litterateur. In point of fact his close years of practical study in many sorts of good productive labour gave him a far better claim than any of them to pose as an authority upon practical questions of production and consumption of wealth. His central indictment directed against their conception of wealth was valid not only sentimentally, but scientifically, and the works in which he resolved "value" from terms of money into terms of human life will assuredly rank as important contributions towards a sound art of social economics.

His insistence that, in order to know the "value" of a thousand pounds' "worth" of any sort of goods

it is essential to discover what the real "cost" of production in human painful effort is, upon the one hand, what the real utility of consumption in human enjoyment is, upon the other, is a principle of the first importance in the social interpretation of industry. For since it is admitted that industry exists for the welfare of man, the worth of any act of industry must be measured in terms of human benefit. Degrading and painful work, employed to make ugly or injurious products, implies so much wanton waste of life, in producing not wealth but "illth"; and even articles good and serviceable in their proper uses become "illth" if they pass into the possession of those who are incapable of using them, either because they have no "taste" for them or because they are already in possession of as much as they can use.

Born at a time when the "condition of England" had sunk to an unprecedented state of degradation, when the factory system and the dominion of machinery were mere instruments of unbridled greed, and when the masses of the workers in country and in town were living in degrading toil on the verge of starvation, his sensitive nature was driven to revolt against the whole conception of "progress" which was linked with such degradation. Though his youth and early manhood were mostly absorbed in studies of art and nature, the human note was always dominant. "In these books of mine their distinctive character as essays on Art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope." From the study of art he passed to art origins, to the understanding of the history of the conditions of national life which produced great periods of flowering and decay of art. Then, turning his critical mind upon the life he saw around him in his own country, he was driven well-nigh to despair.

How were sound work and a happy life possible in such a material and moral atmosphere as he encountered there? "For my own part," he wrote in the early 'sixties, "I feel the force of mechanism and the fury of avaricious commerce to be at present so irresistible, that I have seceded from the study not only of architecture, but nearly of all art; and have given myself, as I would in a besieged city, to seek the best modes of getting bread and butter for its multitudes."

Where avarice was the ruling motive and mechanism the prevailing method, there could be no true national prosperity, not even security of bread and butter for the multitude.

Ruskin's indictment of the competitive system of commerce, and his firm conviction that the monster machine fouling the air of heaven with its breath was destined to destroy all opportunity of interesting and really skilful work, appear to most of us to-day fraught with extravagance. Though competition still lords it over great provinces of trade and industry, its power is limited, sometimes by combination, sometimes by co-operation, sometimes by legal restraints: large fields of employment in most civilised countries are passing from private into public enterprise. Though the sub-division of factory labour still proceeds apace, in this



From the drawing by Ruskin in the possession of John Brown, Esq.

Calais: Lighthouse and Belfry, 1842.

country, at any rate, the mechanical life of mere routine does not prevail over an increasing area of employment; the machine is becoming less the master and more the servant of man; and even the sub-divided labour of the machine-feeder is partly compensated by increased leisure from a shorter working day. Many of the industrial disorders which Ruskin diagnosed still remain unremedied, notably that waste of work and life through unemployment, the worst symptom of economic anarchy; poverty is still rife in all the lower grades of labour, and the sweating system, which Ruskin and the Christian Socialists of the mid-Victorian era exposed, still festers in the body politic.

But upon the whole the progress has been so considerable that it is difficult for modern readers adequately to realise the true enormity of the outward and inward evils which Ruskin assailed, or to recognise the amount of influence which he exerted in combating them. Though the agricultural and industrial experiments in co-operation connected with the Guild of St. George were inconsiderable and short-lived, Ruskin lives as a personal force, only second to Owen, in the great co-operative movement which is doing so much to improve the moral and economic condition of great masses of

workers in our northern and midland towns. His saying that "Government and co-operation are the laws of life: anarchy and competition the laws of death" breathes the very spirit of the era of social reconstruction which we are entering.

The necessity of interpreting industry in terms of human life is leading every civilised people to-day to place restrictions upon private enterprise in the interests, sometimes of the workers employed therein, sometimes of the consumers of the product, sometimes of the public order. The old anarchic notion, that a business simply "belonged" to the employer, who was to have the untrammelled right to make what bargains he chose with his individual employees, to conduct his business as he chose, and to sell whatever he chose, anywhere, at any price, to any buyers, is being undermined in a dozen different ways; partly by combinations and agreements among employers themselves; partly by collective bargaining with workers; partly by the growth of co-operation and profit-sharing businesses; partly by municipal and state control; and partly by the displacement of private by public enterprise. All these are different substitutions of the principle of order and co-operation for the older anarchic competition. Though



From the painting by Sir John Millais in the possession of Rear-Admiral Sir William A. Dyke Acland, Bart.

John Ruskin, 1853.

in some instances the movement is motived by a wider and a more enlightened selfishness rather than by a truly social spirit, it will be remembered that Ruskin himself appeals to the intelligent self-interest of employers, as well as to their humanity, when he invites them to utilise the "good-will" of their employees. Though Ruskin's ideal of an industrial society was that of a benevolent aristocracy, in which landowners and employers assumed authority and exacted obedience, rather than that of an industrial democracy, the difference is not so great as at first appears. Any reasonable democracy repudiates equally with Ruskin the conception of a workshop, a mine, or a factory in which the will or votes of the particular persons employed determines the conditions of employment, the methods of work, or the distribution of the product. Authority and discipline are essential, whether they are ultimately derived from the will of the people or, as Ruskin held, from the conscious superiority of the "best" men. So it has come to pass that those who repudiate as fantastic and utterly impracticable the revived feudalism which Ruskin held out as his political ideal, have nevertheless absorbed the social spirit which animates his policy of reconstruction, and have often poured it into the same moulds which he provided.

This is particularly true of the changed attitude towards wages and the employment of labour, discernible both in public and in private businesses. The mixed folly and cruelty of making workers in want of a job

compete with one another until a wage was reached which was the lowest for which any of them would consent to work, was exposed more forcibly by Ruskin in "Unto this Last" than ever before; and his net influence in modifying the old conception of labour as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market has been very great. But even shrewd business men of his day were coming to recognise "the economy of high wages" for some sorts of work. What Ruskin did was to impose a general principle, towards the adoption of which we are now slowly but surely moving, viz. the substitution of a fixed sufficient salary with security of employment for the competitive wage and right of unconditional dismissal.

The new notion that a worker who puts his best labour-power into a business has a first equitable claim to be supported in decent comfort out of that business, and to be retained in regular employment so long as the state of business permits, is rapidly gaining ground as a principle of social policy, and not only trades unions but Governments are lending their support to the establishment and enforcement of this new conception of the "rights" of labour.

In other words, the policy which all public bodies and many private businesses have long applied in the case of salaried officials and other skilled responsible employees, is beginning to be extended to all the lower grades of employees as the sound economic and social policy. Beating down the wage of workers by sheer



The Field behind Ruskin's House at Denmark Hill, 1860.
By Ruskin.

force of bargaining-power and throwing them upon the labour market whenever trade is slack are recognised as anti-social methods of doing business, inconsistent with the maintenance of social order and not to be tolerated in a civilised state. All this Ruskin saw and said with incomparable courage and force, and our actual policy is moving towards the assimilation of these profoundly important truths.

Hardly less significant has been the efficacy of the protest against the abuses of machinery which Ruskin voiced with so much vehemence. Here again his real influence is not to be measured by the size of the return to handicrafts and the scores of little experiments in skilled manual arts to which his teaching and example gave rise. Ruskin was evidently excessive both in his general denunciation of steam-driven machinery and in his desire for the revival of hand-labour, much of which indeed is open to worse abuses than the modern factory discloses. But his passionate exaggeration of the real injuries which the despotism of machinery inflict upon the producer and the consumer has greatly assisted to remedy these injuries. The reign of machinery is being limited in two ways. The shortening of the working day is securing for the workers a growing share of the true economy of machine production, increasing the proportion of the time which they have at their own disposal as men and citizens, diminishing the proportion of their subjection to the machine. Not less important is the gradual education of the taste of larger bodies of consumers which leads them to demand goods containing some qualities of genuine art and human skill, instead of quantities of goods turned out wholesale by machinery. This does not chiefly mean an abandonment of machine-work for handwork, but in many instances a combination of the two which makes it necessary for producers to employ considerable numbers both of designers and skilled executants, using the machines for the duller routine processes alone. This friendly union of the artist and the me-

chanic is destined to go very far in the transformation of industry, and the spirit of artistic demand which it implies owes more of its inspiration to Ruskin than to any other man, unless perhaps to William Morris.

But perhaps the strongest of all claims for Ruskin as social reformer is based upon his labours for the cause of humane education. For in an age when the art of education was little better than an empty phrase, and when the utility of popular education in the wide sense received the scantiest recognition even among educated men and women, Ruskin perceived and taught that social reform was impossible unless its foundations were laid in an organised attempt to discover, educate, and utilise all the varying faculties of children. But he saw much further than this. He realised the double nature of the danger to which educationalists in this and other countries are exposed from their exaggerated stress upon the cultivation of the merely intellectual faculties, and the separation of theoretical and practical knowledge. Education to him meant primarily the building of character, in which the cultivation of wholesome feelings was more important than the training of the intellect, and far more important than the acquisition of knowledge of facts. "You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by

making him what he was not," is one of those common-places which need constant reiteration. But Ruskin's peculiar contribution towards education was the insistence he laid upon the appeal from books to nature. The beauty and the marvel of the processes of nature he held with Wordsworth to be the greatest of educators. But nature he would study not merely as spectator. Education requires a more intimate association with nature, that of the artist co-operating with some forms of natural material. He would therefore have every boy "learn to do something well and accurately with his hands." In this and this only shall we get that organic co-opera-



From a photograph taken by Miss Acland at Brantwood, August 1, 1891.

**John Ruskin and
Sir Henry Acland.**

tion of brain and heart and hand required for the harmonious development of human powers. Rooted thus in nature and in manual work, and fed by a vital and intelligent teaching of history and of literature, children will grow into those "habits of gentleness and justice" which are the supreme end of education.

But while Ruskin's contributions to these definite forms of industrial and educational reform were so considerable, his great influence lay in the power of his writings to impose new and nobler standards of life for the individual and the nation. The ennobling and persuasive eloquence of such books as "Sesame and Lilies," "Unto this Last," and "Time and Tide" is now beginning to exert a wider force in national education than ever before. For the prices at which most of them were procurable until these last years confined their possession to the upper and what Ruskin called "the undistressed middle class." Now they are circulating in great numbers among the masses of a people whose standard of intelligence and literary training is gradually rising to enable them to absorb the great thoughts and feelings they contain. The more cultivated well-to-do persons who read his books during his lifetime mostly prized them for the literary qualities which their author valued least. It is likely that the simpler mind of the artisan, the clerk, the skilled mechanic, and the factory hand will get out of these books more of the revolutionary force which they contain. For the real trouble in which Ruskin found himself involved was the persistent refusal of his admiring readers to take his statements seriously. This was no doubt

partly because the saturation of our more "educated" classes in print has produced a mind highly susceptible to passing intellectual and emotional impressions, but incapable of choosing and retaining any truly guiding thoughts for the practical conduct of life. In the midst of such a flood of print as that which nowadays pours over us, even great books may easily escape unnoticed or may win a merely transitory fame. But there is another reason why Ruskin's weightiest words were taken lightly. If his really revolutionary utterances had been taken as he meant them to be, they would have incited their readers to changes of conduct involving great immediate trouble and self-sacrifice, a grave disturbance of existing social order. Now the whole of modern "culture" has been built up in such a way as to furnish an instructive rejection or warding off of ideas which carry such inconvenient implications. So it became possible for well-to-do ladies in reading circles to bubble over with platonic love for the beautiful sentiments in "Unto this Last" without entertaining the faintest intention of "doing anything different" in consequence of reading Ruskin.

The less sophisticated mind of the working classes will be likely to take Ruskin more seriously, and though the aristocratic features in his concrete schemes of social reconstruction will not win wide acceptance,¹ his great underlying doctrine of wealth as "the multiplication of human life at its highest standard" and of the complete subordination of the demands of industry and politics to this great end will claim an ever-growing range of influence and an increasing intensity of power as the motive force in social reform.

THE INFLUENCE OF RUSKIN.

BY HALL CAINE, ARTHUR C. BENSON, W. M. ROSSETTI, I. ZANGWILL, WALTER CRANE, HON. JOHN COLLIER, FREDERIC SHIELDS, JAMES ORROCK, R.I., ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, LL.D., W. B. BOYD-CARPENTER, EDWARD CLODD, JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, JOHN CARTER, of Pusey House, Oxford; and DENNIS HIRD, M.A., Principal of Ruskin College.

HAS the influence of Ruskin, in art, literature, and social politics, increased or decreased during the eight years that have passed since his death? This is the question that we put to the representative authors, artists, and social workers who have very kindly sent us the following expressions of opinion:

I am sorry it is not possible for me to meet your kind request, being at the moment very deeply occupied with my work and not by any means in the best of health. Otherwise it would have been a great happiness to me to express my strong conviction that the *ethical* influence of Ruskin's writings is greater now than it was at the time of his death, and immeasurably more powerful than during that feverish and tumultuous period in which his mind, and consequently his temper, seemed to be seriously overbalanced.

I recall with a good deal of interest the fact that when,

not long before his death, I spent a day or two with him at Coniston, he took great joy in my assurance that his economic writings (which, after all, contain the quintessence of his ethical aims) had made enormous progress in public esteem since the years of my own early manhood. I may add that I look forward with high hopes to the revival of interest in Ruskin which Mr. E. T. Cook's "Life" and his Edition of the Collected Works may be expected to produce.

HALL CAINE.

I believe that Ruskin's art criticism is to a great extent discredited, as being obtrusively vehement and prejudiced; while his theory of art is little more than an attempt to express personal preferences in a philosophical way. At the same time I imagine that his art criticism is still highly illuminating and stimulating incidentally, because it shows people how to observe and admire; though it fails, in so far as it is an attempt to substitute one convention for another.



From the bust by Sir J. Edgar Boehm, R.A., now in the Ruskin School in the University Galleries. **John Ruskin, 1880.**

His social theories seem to me to be to a great extent sound and fruitful: of course they are obscured by whimsical and minute fancies; but his altruism, his views of work, of civic duty, of individual rights, to mention a few points, closely correspond to, if they are not responsible for, a good deal of modern so-called socialism, and are likely to have an even extended influence.

As a writer I should not rate his philosophical style, or even his rhetorical style, very high. The most characteristic passages, which are still quoted and admired, seem to me to contain an abundance of beautiful things, but to lack restraint and economy. But I think that when he is neither rhetorical nor dogmatic, and mainly when he is personal, humorous, and satirical (as in "*Præterita*," for instance, and many of the later writings) his style seems to me to be as near to a certain sort of perfection as is perhaps possible; it is absolutely lucid, proportioned, harmonious. It reveals with entire distinctness the slenderest *nuances* of thought; and it has that indefinable charm of personality, so that one is brought into the frankest and most direct contact with a beautiful, ardent, gracious, and sorrowful spirit.

A. C. BENSON.

I will take your several points in order.

1. *Art theories and criticisms.*—Ruskin's theories in art varied very considerably at different periods of his life: he has himself affirmed this, and has revoked several of his earlier theories and criticisms. I think that he was always inspired by very high, noble, and impressive conceptions of art, and that thus his theories, however diverse or disputable they may be, constantly worked for good in one phase or another. As to his express criticisms, I think he often went astray, but also right very frequently. He did a great service in upholding Turner, and Tintoret likewise. It is a curious fact, of which evidence was produced a few years ago, that, long before Ruskin, the great Duke of Wellington was the Englishman who first pounced upon Tintoret as a supremely great figure in the art of Italy and of the world. Ruskin's criticisms of art were often capricious, strained, and fanciful. On this, and on all subjects, his mind frequently went off at a tangent; and, before he had finished saying something sensible, he said something the reverse of sensible. In fact (as we all know) his mental processes were not always under his own control.

2. *As a philosopher.*—The question here relates (I suppose) chiefly to Ruskin's writings on political economy and social regulation. I am not fully acquainted with these writings, and, even were I so, I should not perhaps be very well qualified to pronounce an opinion upon them. I understand that Ruskin's views were substantially in the direction which we call socialistic: I am myself a quasi-socialist, and should therefore sympathise with Ruskin to a large extent. I strongly dissent, however, from his thesis that liberty is a bad thing, and that, when the question lies between liberty and control, the latter is the only good thing. This, of course, does not invalidate the importance and value of *self-control*.

3. *As a man of letters.*—Ruskin was most pre-eminently gifted with eloquence, combined with refinement and delicacy, and also with a great faculty of hard hitting. He had the defects of these qualities, in sentimentalism, fineness, and violence. He was likewise often unable to



By Arthur Severn, R.I.

Ruskin's Bedroom at Brantwood.

fix himself down to his own main point, and he started off in a rambling manner, so that one hardly knew what he was "up to," or wanted primarily to enforce. Notwithstanding all this, he was a great writer, full of beauty and of cogency.

4. *The increase or decrease, since Ruskin's death, of the influence of his ideals and teachings in art or literature.* Ruskin's ideals and teachings in art sank deep, from an early period of his life, into the popular conscience, overthrowing many notions, transforming others, and establishing some. This general influence remains, and will hardly disappear hereafter: but I think that people have, to a great extent, forgotten by now the details of Ruskin's views of art, and pay next to no attention to the less salient points in them. His actual practical "teachings" in art, as in the Working Men's College, do not seem to have at all superseded other and totally opposite methods of teaching. As to literature, Ruskin preached Dante and Wordsworth with great fervour, and much acceptance in his own lifetime. The value of his homage to Dante has, I think, been permanent, and fruitful of much in the feeling of the Anglo-Saxon race up to the present day. His services to Wordsworth appear to me to have been much more transitory. I cannot discern that the influence of Wordsworth, great as are the excellences of several of his poems, is at all on the increase, but rather the contrary.

5. *Increase or decrease in relation to social politics.* Every year seems to increase the power of socialism, and, in that sense, the influence of Ruskin's views upon politics.

WM. M. ROSSFELL.

Some of Ruskin's judgments upon individual pictures, together with his general mystical art theory, are already outworked. But his social, spiritual, and artistic ideals are destined to ever wider acceptance, while his style, being a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever.

I. ZANGWILL.



John Ruskin, 1862.



Photo by Elliott & Fry

John Ruskin.

I can never forget the inspiring influence of Ruskin's writings upon my mind, when I began to read "Modern Painters" as a boy of fourteen and onwards, and I shall always value the help and guidance I found in his works in my earlier years, but I have come to value his teaching less for its critical and artistic bearing and more for its social and economic significance.

It seems curious that while he was accepted as a guide, critic, and philosopher in the region of art in his lifetime, he was denounced and abused as a social and political economist, whereas nowadays his influence as an art critic has declined, while his economic and social teaching is a powerful influence. It may be remembered that Ruskin himself considered this part of his work the most valuable and enduring; when it was laughed at by orthodox economists.

Ruskin's honesty and sincerity, whether wrong or right, must always be respected. He was impulsive, and often whimsical and contradictory, but he cared for the moral and spiritual meanings in art (which he expounded with wonderfully moving eloquence), regarding it, from however narrow a point of view, rightly, in its highest forms as a language of intellectual expression, as well as an interpreter of Nature and he was himself a sensitive and charming draughtsman, but was more of a naturalist than an artist.

While he had a scientific side, he seemed never to grasp the meaning of evolutionary philosophy and was inclined to be scornful of the results of Darwin's great discoveries, which have so profoundly influenced the thought of the modern world; but this may have been partly owing to his theological bias, which, though tempered by keen human sympathies, coloured his writings throughout.

WALTER CRANE.

My own view of Ruskin is that he was a great master of the English language, and a most stimulating and ingenious critic of art. But his criticisms were mostly fantastic and frequently absurd—and his contributions to philosophy and to political economy are not worthy of serious attention. But when all reservations are made, it must be acknowledged that he had one supreme merit:

Abbeville



View from my window at Mornex 1862



The South Side of St. Mark's 1846



San Miniato Florence 1845



San Michele Lucca 1845



The Grande Chartreuse



Moonlight on Venice



Chamouni - Study of Rocks & Lichens 1844

he succeeded in making art criticism interesting. This is an almost unique achievement. JOHN COLLIER.

Personally, as man and artist both, I owe to Ruskin's teaching a debt of inexpressible and reverential gratitude. FREDERIC SHIELDS.

Any one who desires to know the best in Ruskin's work as an art teacher—I say the *best*, because a great deal is far from good and permanent—should read the following books :

1. "The Elements of Drawing."
2. "Modern Painters."
3. The "Lectures on Architecture."
4. The "Notes on Prout and Hunt."

There is here a wide variety of reading that shows the Master in all his moods and convictions: moods, because a man of genius is swayed by wayward emotions from time to time, and allowance must thus be made for their transitory nature and value. Further, Ruskin himself owned that he wrote things descriptive of natural scenes and used this "copy" in his occasional criticism. But underlying all this rather superficial eloquence, we find the critical faculty that guided Ruskin to a thorough knowledge of landscape art. This was his favourite subject; he was the first writer to do it justice, and I hold that this part of his work will endure. His knowledge of trees alone is a revelation, and has any one a more delicate sympathy than he displays for cloud effects and for mountain scenery? His observation is, indeed, wonderfully sensitive, and hence the delight he takes in the tender and luminous qualities of water-colour. This medium was discovered to him by Turner, and it gave him the bulk of the illustrations for "Modern Painters." JAMES ORROCK.

I have no adequate knowledge of the influence of Ruskin at present. Personally I hold him to be in the front rank as a writer, and as a philosophical thinker on art, ethics, and social economy. My impression is that his influence is increasing, and that it ought to increase. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Ruskin's prose was instinct with all the subtler forms of insight into art and beauty. Ruskin's skill as a writer has placed him as a model which any generation may be proud to make its pattern, whilst his thoughtful analysis of social actions and social hopes in his "Unto this

Last" at least made the chance of conceiving that what appeared to be alteration of design, was, in reality, the ordered sequence of progressive development. His crown must be found in his influence over modern men and women; they have, consciously in some cases, unconsciously in others, so absorbed the spirit of his writings and his life that they preach the doctrines he advocated, and still prepare the coming generation for the lessening of ignorance, the mitigation of inhumanity, the decline of pedantry in the rules which govern society at large.

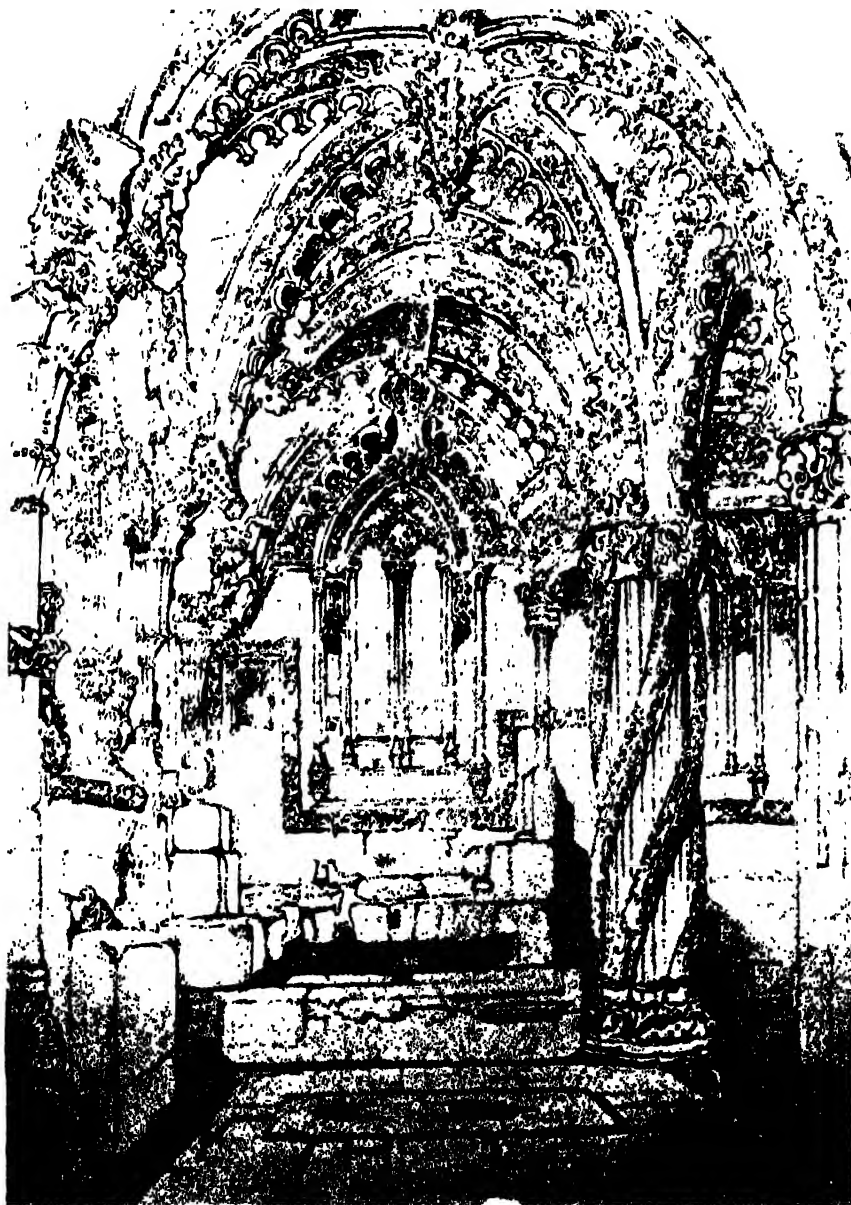
Ruskin is dead. But his spirit is still a motive force of modern efforts. W. B. BOYD CARPENTER.

I am not competent to express any opinion on the waxing or waning of Ruskin's influence. His wonderful prose has laid its spell on me, as on so many others, and if it be within my power to say where his influence may be detected, it is in the infusion of a moral element into what Carlyle called the "dismal science"—Political Economy. EDWARD CLODD.

I must confess that I have a real feeling of hesitation in saying anything about Ruskin and his influence on the modern world, in the fear lest in my ignorance of art, to which he devoted so great a part of his life, I might unwittingly do his great "shade" the least show of injustice or irreverence. But the following are a few of my impressions which I put forward tentatively and with the greatest deference. I may say, to begin with, that I had never even heard of his name until shortly after I came

from Canada to England in '72, when some casual notice in a newspaper made me feel that here was a writer who could possibly help me in what at that time was my main object of pursuit, viz. the great problem of the world and of human life, and of how I was to figure it all to myself as a preliminary for the life-work on this problem to which I intended to dedicate myself.

I had but recently joined Mudie's Library, and fortunately taking "Modern Painters" at a venture, to start with, I found that far from confining himself to art, Ruskin had in the interspaces of his great work ranged freely over many of the very questions for the solution of which I was seeking. I remember being deeply impressed with his chapters on the various forms of imagination and the illusions to which they give rise not



The Chapel of Roslin, 1636.

By Ruskin.

only in art, but in poetry and philosophy as well--studies which were free at once from any trace either of the current dogmatic theology of the time, which I had rejected, or of the materialism and agnosticism with which I was entirely dissatisfied, but whose closely knit arguments in the hands of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer I could not as yet see how I was to get over. I was not only delighted with his style, his high ideals, and the clear-cut analytic subtlety exhibited in all parts of his work, but was so far deflected from philosophy to art for the time being by them, that for months, in the intervals of my work, I haunted the National Gallery with his "Modern Painters" in my hand, to try and see for myself what were those differences between the two rival pictures of Turner and Claude which challenge and confront the spectator side by side on its walls, and on which he so much insisted; as well as to

but from his manner I judged that he was somewhat lukewarm, for he said simply, "Ruskin is a man of high and pure ideals, but not quite level with the present world"—or words to that effect.

I do not remember having looked into Ruskin again for some ten or fifteen years, with the exception of occasionally keeping my eye on what he had to say in the newspapers and elsewhere on the art of the day, and going to the Royal Academy to see if I could grasp the real significance of his criticisms. But his severe strictures on Whistler's picture, "Cremorne by Night," in which he accused the artist of having the impudence to throw a pot of paint in the public's face, and ask a hundred guineas for it (all of which I accepted as gospel, coming from him), so shook up my ideas of art a few years later, I remember, when I found that this same Whistler was regarded as a



Photo by F. Hollyer.

"Datur hora quieti."

(Brantwood, September, 1896.)

verify the remarks on Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio and the rest, with which his book abounded.

But it was all of no avail, and I had to give it up; for having no technical knowledge of painting whatever, I found myself quite unable to judge. In the meantime I had gone on to his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and the "Stones of Venice," but here, too, I was baffled for the same reason; and imagining in my ignorance that his smaller books also—the "Crown of Wild Olives," "Munera Pulveris," "Unto this Last," and the rest—were from their peculiar titles also dissertations on art, I did not feel that I was likely to be further helped in my own course of thought by reading them. I was still, however, so deeply impressed by the largeness and scope of his mind, that early in '73 when I made my first pilgrimage to Carlyle, I ventured to ask the sage, among the various other topics for which I had begged the favour of an interview, what he thought of Ruskin. He was quite frank,

"master," and this picture as a masterpiece, that I felt it was no use my continuing the subject farther.

This was just before I began to collect material for my projected volume on political economy. And having learnt in the meantime that Ruskin's books "Munera Pulveris" and "Unto this Last" were really not (as I had imagined) books on art, but were on this very subject of political economy, I hastened to make myself acquainted with their contents; and it came to me as a surprise that he of all people should have become interested in a subject so remote from his own way of life as that of political economy.

Now to make clear Ruskin's position on this fresh subject of his speculations, it is necessary to remark that Carlyle, who had taken up a purely humanitarian and sociological standpoint on political economy, had confined himself to flinging out contemptuous jibes all round at its professors—great boulder-rocks of denunciation, without any

analysis beyond that of pointing his finger of scorn at the actual facts of life which the precepts of the existing political economy had abetted and encouraged, as for example those stacks of shirts piled up in warehouses, while bare backs were standing shivering outside in the cold; the regiments of able-bodied unemployed swept into poor houses, there to "sit enchanted, like apes by the Dead Sea"; and the fact that while dogs and horses could be sure of their provender, these poor wretches were neither allowed by law to be

shot outright, nor yet permitted by religion to go and quietly hang themselves—and, as Carlyle alleged, arising out of those damnable doctrines of "*laissez-faire*" and "freedom of contract" which, as being the bases of existing political economy, were the root of all the evil. Ruskin, who had embraced this humanitarian standpoint of his master, set himself deliberately to track the political economists from point to point in their analysis, and try to turn them and their so-called "principles" inside out: concentrating himself mainly on John Stuart Mill. And here I must confess that I greatly appreciated Ruskin's general line of attack—his high and noble tone, the uncompromising claims he made for the ideal, as well as the originality and subtlety of his analysis—all of which were summed up in the one pregnant question which he asked the capitalists, viz., as to what living human *reason* (as distinct from brute human *exploitation*) they had to give for paying a workman less when there were two or more competing for a job, than if only one had presented himself at their factory gates?—and from that hour I felt that "freedom of contract," as a cardinal principle of public economic policy, was doomed. I entirely assented, too, to his idea that men should be paid according to the amount, character, and quality of the services they rendered to the community, on some more or less *fixed scale*—as they were already in the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, and among the judges, bishops, and other members of the high professions—and not left to pile themselves up into colossal millionaires on the one hand and a starving populace on the other—as indeed was sure to come to pass when *competition* took the place of *competition* among employers, as it is doing to-day.

But all the time I could hear Stuart Mill, who was as high-minded and pure a man as Ruskin, saying: "Well, if you want the workmen to have more wages, why don't you tell them to restrain their population, and then you will have your one man only at your factory gates instead of two, and he will get the job largely on his own terms?" But I saw, on the other hand, that the increase of population, against which Mill so inveighed, was a necessity in the present world; and that Adam Smith was right when he declared that "national defence was more than opulence." I also saw that Ruskin's view on a graduated scale of incomes for all men, with an upper and lower register beyond which they were not to pass (the view which I am now myself engaged in advocating), was, and is even yet, quite utopian for the present; although I believe it to be the next step in evolution—and not that Marxian socialism which goes to the other extreme, and



Study of Plumage of Partridge.

By Ruskin.

their system—considered, that is to say, from their own, and not from his exclusively humanitarian point of view, which was its exact antithesis; so I was obliged to let his works pass, for reasons into which I cannot enter here, but which are set forth in detail in my "Wheel of Wealth."

As regards his later writings—his "Fors Clavigera" and the rest, my impression was, and is, that he had grown somewhat capricious and wayward in his views: and that partly from the great authority and reputation which he enjoyed, and partly from his failing health and the crosses and disappointments of his life, he had become somewhat over-dogmatic in tone, occasionally perverse and self-contradictory, and sometimes held himself as if his momentary whims were endowed with the sacramental character of eternal truths. But taking him for all in all, I should say of Ruskin, as of Carlyle, that if you do not take his *particular* doctrines too seriously on questions which have in the interim and in the process of evolution been developed to a higher stage than where he left them fifty years ago, no greater works than his can be put into the hands of young men on their entrance into life, and before they have settled down to their special callings—and to these two I would venture to add the few others who have been all in all to myself—Bacon, Goethe, Emerson, and, strange as it may seem to many, Cardinal Newman. These were all great and original creative spirits, "great men" in the highest sense of the term, and of the finest intellectual subtlety and penetration, each pure as crystal, but with his own distinctive plane and angle of observation; each too, like Bacon, taking all knowledge as his province—in its widest ultimate implications, I mean—while at the same time plumbing all the depths and riches of the human spirit on the way; and all without a trace in their composition either of the pedantry of the academics or the preciosity and topsy-turvydom of the epigrammatists and phrase-mongers. And of these great men, not the least was, in my judgment, John Ruskin. His work, I believe, will survive and grow in power long after the specialists who have supplanted him in this or that particular doctrine shall have chased one another into oblivion.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

RUSKIN AT OXFORD.

"It is not easy, I am afraid, to give anything like a definite answer to your question with regard to Ruskin's influence in Oxford," writes Mr. John Carter, of the

would have us reduce all men alike to an equality of pay all round. I saw, in a word, that Ruskin's views, which would have been possible, perhaps, under some magnified half-divine potentate like the Czar of All the Russias, were in England, where the capitalists themselves with the landlords practically controlled the entire legislative machine, quite utopian. I felt, too, that in spite of his determination to run Stuart Mill and the economists to earth, he had not readily put his finger on the fallacies of



John Ruskin the Roadmaker.

"Now it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity."—"The Nature of Gothic," *Stones of Venice*.

Pusey House. "No doubt his books are still read, and will continue to be read. And students of 'Unto this Last,' or 'Munera Pulveris,' and the like, can hardly fail to have their social sympathies quickened and their economic ideals strengthened and enlarged." Mr. Carter encloses a leaflet published by the Oxford University Branch of the Christian Social Union, after a systematic study of Ruskin's works, and adds: "Of course, it only professes to be a brief summary of the main points in Ruskin's teaching; but, at all events, it may serve to show that Ruskin has by no means been entirely forgotten in Oxford." Anyhow, that the world at large has done very much more than not forget him, this leaflet makes abundantly clear, and concludes, touching on the way in which we are realising his ideals: "It is significant how far we have gone in the direction of Ruskin's socialism, which was essentially ethical or aristocratic, rather than economic or democratic. Of his revolutionary proposals some have already been adopted, e.g. the State maintenance of elementary and technical education and the principle of a standard wage; while others are at least within the range of practical politics, e.g. Government Workshops for the unem-

ployed, Old Age Pensions, and the treatment of the idler as a criminal."

Moreover, in the firm of Thomson & Sons, Ltd., of the Woodhouse Mills, Huddersfield, one has a concrete instance of how Ruskin's economic theories have been "taken up by eager and intelligent business men with the happiest results." This firm of woollen manufacturers was reorganised over twenty years ago and is still managed by Mr. George Thomson, as Mr. Carter reminds us, "on Ruskinian principles." It employs some hundred and fifty hands who work on a co-partnership footing, and, to quote a writer in the *Spectator*, it "has gone further still in Ruskinian economics, adopting not only the eight-hour day, but the principle of fixed wages for all, so that it is really a working or industrial partnership. . . . The result of the adoption of the eight-hour day has been to give this firm some of the healthiest and best workers of any place in England. In a word, all the workers are satisfied and none would go back to the precarious and non-ethical conditions which obtain generally in industrial life. Some of Ruskin's business methods, at any rate, pay in the truest sense of the word, even if you cannot turn yourself into a millionaire by their adoption, and it is well that this should be proved."

RUSKIN COLLEGE.

When all is said, it would seem, at least, that Ruskin's influence at Oxford is stronger, more potent now than it was in his own day. "Mr. Ruskin's personal influence over the grown-up University was not great," Dr. G. W. Kitchin tells us in his "Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies"—"a few understood, many admired; some sneered, many laughed; the graver world was often angry. He tried strange things. I remember that he tried to make University society pause in its race for show and display of luxury; he bade us cease from competing dinner parties, and take to simple symposia. A few tried it, but their *mouton aux navets*



Ruskin College.

Students on the wash-up.

did not attract the Oxford Don more than once. . . . Perhaps the oddest thing of all was his new Botley Road. He used to lament to his friends among the young men the misfortune of the waste of power in their games and amusements; he held that all energy should have fruitful results; that they should find interest in some work which would unbend their minds and exercise their sinews. 'Take pleasure in constructive work,' he would say; 'you will soon discover the delight of feeling that your efforts are productive.' This, he urged, was better than kicking a football, and presently he got leave to make a new road across the fields towards Ferry Hinksey: "Thither a gang of undergraduates in flannels, with spades, picks and barrows, went day by day, while the professor came forth sometimes and applauded them at their task. I do not think he ever handled a spade; the lads worked with a will, but small knowledge; a mile or so of road was laid out; it led to nowhere in particular, unless it had been intended to lead to a comely farm on the hillside; and even that it did not reach. . . . The world naturally laughed at such undirected enthusiasm; still it did good to the better men. . . . It did the lads good. The road also expressed a valuable principle. It was an impractical protest against the tyranny of games. . . . Oxford, let us hope, will always feel the influence of this singularly characteristic nature; let us hope that the College framed on his principles, and called by his name, Ruskin Hall, may grow into a great power for good, because it aims specially at bringing the working world into closer relations with ancient Oxford."

Ruskin College, Oxford, was founded in 1899, and incorporated in 1900, the year of Ruskin's death. It is "a school of citizenship and public administration for working men." The normal curriculum consists, in the main, "of courses of instruction in Sociology or Social Science," the aim of the institution being to educate young men of special promise who are likely

to become leaders of their fellow workers, and who by raising themselves may help the class to which they belong, and it is significant of much that "not a single working-man student who has passed through the College has failed to return to his trade." For fifty-two pounds the student obtains board, lodging, and tuition for the College year, and as there are no servants, except a cook and an assistant, each student has to do his share of the house work, and is expected to give two hours a day to washing floors, dishes, etc. The College has been well filled from the outset; three hundred and ninety-seven students have resided in it during the last eight years, the number rising from twenty in 1899 to fifty-four in the present year, and that these are really working men is shown by the list of students now in residence, which includes twenty-eight miners, six engineers, three weavers, two locomotive firemen, two carpenters, two pattern-makers, a bricklayer, a boiler-maker, a coach-builder, a cotton operative; and it is gratifying to learn that though the College has no official connection with the University, "University men, both graduate and undergraduate, are taking a considerable interest in it, and are helping it in educational and other ways." So far the College has proved an unqualified success. "We are not able to point to any lack of success anywhere," writes Mr. Dennis Hird, the Principal. "The students are in earnest and bring great industry and intelligence to their work. I cannot offer any opinion on Ruskin's influence on Oxford University," he concludes, "but I think it is not so great as it used to be." Just now, by the way, the College has an interesting exhibit in the British Education Section of the Franco-British Exhibition, comprising portraits of working-men students, plans and photographs of the College buildings, copies of letters from Ruskin, and the original of a water-colour caricature of him as a roadmaker that was painted in 1874, by an undergraduate of that time who is now an R.A.

MOLIÈRE IN AMERICA.

By Y. Y.

TWO handsome American octavos* sent me as not unlikely to prove suggestive, have suggested no more than a favourable but quite brief review. Yet an English translation of Molière would afford the practised literary person a holiday task just to his mind; while playing chess or watching a prize fight, he could scribble off to order any number of columns on, over, under, and round about this or any other of the great writers most in demand. But I shrink from adding

another to the thousand and one unentertaining and stereotyped dissertations on the "Life and Times" or the "Mind and Work" of Molière. If it followed the beaten track, it would be insincere, for some of the venerable platitudes, both the dogmatically orthodox and the cautiously vague, I disbelieve. On the other hand, my heretical views on Molière were formed from a rather careful study of him very many years ago, and so not wisely but too well. The judgments remain, the data on which they were based, and by which they could be defended or corrected, are partly forgotten.

* "Molière Translated into English Verse." By Curtis H. Page, Ph.D. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Putnam.)

It would be rash to set them forth without again carefully reviewing the plays, which are of late only taken up now and then for pleasure.

First as to this book. It is the third—Rabelais and Montaigne have preceded it—in Putnam's new series called "French Classics for English Readers," whereof paper, print, and binding are all excellent; books that will really ornament a library. The principle of the scheme is at least novel, but after all, it may be quite sound. Existing standard translations are adopted; where such is wanting, Professor Page makes a new one. So far, good. Though only portions of each author are given, these are not in the nature of "gems" or "elegant extracts." The best and most typical works are to be given in full, and the use of extracts avoided if possible. Thus in the exceptional case of Rabelais, "all the best" (probably meaning the most presentable) chapters are given in full from Urquhart and Motteux. Here six of Molière's most approved plays are selected. Confining ourselves to these we may repeat the ancient question, *Cui bono?*—I do not mean in the ancient sense, which might seem rude here but that so few know what it was. We simply ask, who are the readers who will profit by the boon? Who wants a specially good translation of these six plays? Several fair translations exist of Molière's complete works—the early ones the raciest, the latest the most correct. He who wants six plays should want the whole. Again, he who wants Molière at all, will want him in the original. Again, he who does not take the pains to learn French is not likely to trouble about Molière or any other French author. All which may be true enough, but good scholars who scorn translations forget that though to one ignorant of French a translation conveys a totally false conception of the plays, it is of great efficacy to those who have read more or less French, yet cannot read Molière properly.

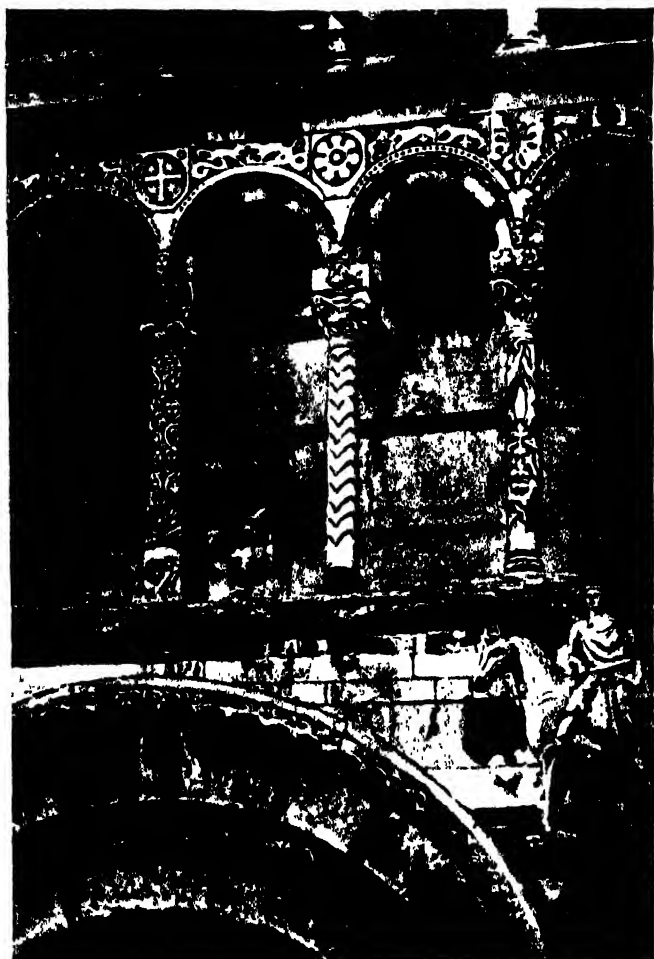
He is not so easy as he looks, nor does he bear skimming. You miss half the cream unless you are constantly pausing to think with him, to weigh his words in order to be sure of his purpose, of the point he is trying to insinuate. And therefore I think that to very many who have been only fairly taught, who can chatter glibly and devour French novels with ease, Molière will introduce himself best in a good translation. That would give them his real meaning; their superficial French reading would help them to realise the French tone and atmosphere. Good translations then do more for imperfect knowledge than

for ignorance. Perhaps after all, two volumes of specimen plays suffice. And their stately form is perchance judiciously tempting—Americans can afford luxuries. Professor Page may be opening a window to many an imprisoned soul who may hail the new light and fly forth for more. Take one case. I picture a noble millionaire torso: the legs were removed in a motor accident, the arms went in an undirigible airship smash—as plutocracy and mad locomotion advance these impressive figures will become common. A money-bag of fine intellect but neglected education. He reclines on a bed of antique brocade inflated afresh thrice a day with costly oxygen, and before him, on a solid gold Invalid Literary Machine (geared to turn the pages at any pace required), lies open one of these imposing volumes—of course he would not look at a cheap duodecimo. No longer can he patronise the turf, so he will patronise literature. The truth, the fidelity of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" ravishes his soul; the cap seems to fit—certain Wall Street friends of his. Molière has struck home. The torso bends a Jovian eyebrow. Instantly the Professor appears. "Sir, complete your translation of Molière in record time—at my expense!" "Mr. Putnam, sir, publish it in an *édition de luxe* in record time—at my expense!" And then he imports from Paris by special boat a governess of the most attractive manners and highest diplomas, under whose auspices he founds cosy narcotic beds, not in hospitals, but in universities where they call them Chairs—but it means much the same thing; and when at last the Mæcenat torso goes to rejoin the limbs, the academical eagles flock to the spoil. There the Professor's dream fades into bliss; may it all come true.



On the Reuss, below Lucerne.

Drawn by Ruskin.



The Cathedral of Lucca.
By Ruskin.

The little Introduction by Professor B. Matthews is too slight for comment, save that the generalities of the first section seem dubious, and that later on he seems to argue an antithesis between "Comedy" and "Drama." His very brief notice of Molière's life, though judicious, is disappointing. The very careful tables of Bibliography show the vast amount that has been written about him of late years, whereof I am quite ignorant, yet very few new facts come to light, though the old legends like the absurd *en-tout-cas* story and the sensational funeral are exploded; but these one never believed. It is very curious. Apart from professional facts about the appearance of the plays and so on, mainly derived from the archives of the Théâtre Français, and especially from the diary of La Grange, a few pages suffice for the second name in French literature. If only he had left his memoirs!

Professor Matthews's best point is the singular maturity of Molière's great work, which was all crowded into the last fourteen years of his life—a contrast to Shakespeare and to every other great dramatist. His prentice essays, nearly all lost, were mere managerial adaptations and trifles. He waited till he was ripe, and then in his delicious "Précieuses," and even in his "Fâcheux," he suddenly shines out the same mature philosopher and finished writer which he remained to the last. How did this busy provincial actor and manager of a company perhaps less rowdy than that of the "Roman Comique," but assuredly with its seamy side, train his mind and pen to such perfection?—for remember that as much as Boileau, Corneille, and

Racine he helped to fix the *norma loquendi* of polished French, and I should say has done much to correct their tendency to chaste barrenness. Maybe there is a whole history to be written, if we could only get at the facts, of literary intercourse, correspondence and influence; for the scholarly circles of the provincial capitals where he spent so much time counted many congenial spirits among their eminent savants and writers.

Professor Matthews's comparison of Molière with Shakespeare is sober and no doubt correct, but here comparison is even less fruitful than in most cases. Molière has few faults, and those of the age which he was gradually reforming, and he is supreme in his own restricted field. Shakespeare has many and enormous faults, but he is supreme in most and excellent in all the many fields he occupied. Their real affinity lies in their calm, assured, benevolent, profound and at heart melancholy and divinely compassionate views of human life—for I think Molière consciously insinuates (not by direct words or preaching, but by the purpose and moral trend of his plays) more profound truths than is generally recognised. Shakespeare's is the deeper mind, Molière's the more consistent and well-balanced. I would distinguish thus: Molière's view is that of the perfect *civilised* mind, the heir of all the ages; he has the world's centuries of experience at the back of his vigorous, clear-sighted, reforming spirit—original not in creation, but in criticism and judgment of ideas. All this in a less degree is Shakespeare, but at his greatest, in his highest flights—in short, where he is the incomparable, the unapproachable, the ineffable Shakespeare, the *stupor mundi* for all ages—there he is the perfect *natural* mind, disciplined no doubt by civilisation, but absolutely unbiassed and unprejudiced by it. By intuition such minds without effort or consciousness see the truth as it is—simply and naturally; they have not the acquired power to see it otherwise. The world sees slowly—it takes centuries to clean its old telescopes and microscopes, and to get the right focus. A Shakespeare needs no optical aids. The truth is there plain enough, and he sees it, because his eye is not only strong, but unblurred by prejudice and tradition, undazzled by false side-lights—because he is a *seer*. And with the same native power he enunciates the truth instantly, spontaneously, without premeditation or refining, in a few words that may be a little clumsy, a little obscure, but that in a flash convey the whole truth with glimpses of truths beyond—which, once read, we recognise as for all time the only appropriate, the only possible words. This rare power is called inspiration, as if it were the breathing-in of some external spirit; rather is it the out-breathing, the absolutely spontaneous, unfettered, uninfluenced emanation of pure intellect and emotion. This is no matter of poetry, for Shakespeare was a great poet, while Molière was, as we English understand poetry, hardly a poet at all, though it be true that Shakespeare's supreme sayings seem poetry raised to something beyond poetry. But regarded

merely as words of wisdom, how many of his inspired sayings are treasured in our hearts, to which we find no single rival in Molière. I know no line of his to place beside those incomparable gems. But after all, how rare they are everywhere! One picks them up here and there, mostly from simple, unsophisticated writers, not often from the sages or illuminati. The Greek dramatists and philosophers, even Socrates, may impress, but do they flash upon us, startle us like a conscience? In the literature of all the higher religions no doubt these electric flashes occur, but this is due to the aloofness, the outside standpoint, from which the mind imbued with supernaturalism regards things mundane. No, Molière is not a seer, but rather the greatest of all social critics and censors, as great as Johnson without his, or indeed any, whims and eccentricities—say, therefore, the perfection of moralists.

Just one other point. Shakespeare died at fifty-two, having begun early, triumphed in many fields, and probably completed his work. Molière lived one year less; he began late; he laboured in but one field, founding and perfecting modern comedy. Might he have attempted more? I think he might, and would. Perhaps reformed and vitalised French tragedy—which sadly needed it. Perhaps anticipated the modern serious drama and the tragedy of contemporary life and manners; perhaps given a new and permanent form to historical drama. For he was a progressive genius. Probably his development has been worked out, but I have never seen it done. It has always struck me as phenomenal in such a conventional period. Of course his views, his attitude and opinions, once matured, show no change, but in his art he was ever progressive, shuffling off the old trammels, and reaching out to Elizabethan and modern freedom. His originality is an inexpressible instinct. In his prose plays and farces the critics allowed him greater licence; that is why I rate some of them above the conventional "Tartuffe"

and "Misanthrope," for in them he is all himself. Himself, and others too of whom he dreamed not. In "Don Juan" he sometimes touches Shakespeare; Sheridan in the incomparable "Comtesse" (why is she so neglected by critics and readers?); "Pourceaugnac" is Smollett and Dickens blended. Is it not possible that in time he would have undermined all the old dramatic conventions, unities and the rest? The play which was his swan song and death scene too opens with a soliloquy by the hero—an audacious defiance of the rule that the hero should be kept back if possible till the second act.

I have put off the translator's introduction lest I should be ensnared into a discussion of French versified drama, which would interest but few. Professor Page's views and arguments on the thorny subject of translation seem very sound. His prose translations are good; here he has many rivals, but his success is most remarkable in this the first serious attempt to render the verse plays in verse. I have tested one of the three, which I happen to know almost by heart, and am surprised at his correctness, completeness, and colour. Some expressions I could wash away, but the general effect amazes me. He discovers that the English heroic just suffices for the French alexandrine, and indeed he is sometimes able to translate literally for several lines together. It is a revelation how well Molière lends himself to this metre, and detesting as I do the alexandrine, I really feel the translations in heroics read more natural and Molièresque than the original. Prose versions are deplorable; they expose the padding which even Molière had to use sometimes to "make his line." Even the critics will perhaps allow that where a thorough knowledge of French is lacking, Professor Page for the first time brings the reader into the actual presence of Tartuffe, the Misanthrope, and the Femmes Savantes. May his readers be many and grateful.

New Books.

AN ELIZABETHAN HERO.*

There was once a genial and intelligent editor who used to say to his myrmidons when he handed them books to review, "Now put on your theological jacket," or "your military," or as the case might be. If this course had been pursued in reference to Mr. de Sélincourt's book, the present reviewer would have had to pause some time before his wardrobe. The very title of the volume indicates that it is not a "serious" historical treatise; and a prelatory note of the author's puts that matter out of all possible doubt. Neither is it a pure historical novel, nor even one of the hybrids between story and history which have sometimes been attempted. It is a sort of picturesque essay-biography on the greatest but one of Sir Walters, consid-

ered partly as himself and partly as a type of the Elizabethan hero—an essay allowing itself very considerable divagation and a good deal of indulgence in personal utterance. And it would seem rather intended to put a graphic view of the facts (or some of them) before the reader, than to sum them up into a definite "judgment" or "character."

Probably Mr. de Sélincourt started with a conscious or unconscious feeling of the extreme difficulty of realising the Elizabethans. It is in fact a great deal more difficult to grasp the Englishman of Tudor and early Stuart times than to perform the same operation either upon his ancestors or upon his successors. If you choose to take the trouble, you can get at the mediæval man more or less accurately, if not quite adequately—you can't cross the gulf perhaps, but you can see the man on the other side pretty clearly. From 1660 onwards he is coming towards you and assuming your own likeness more and more every year. But from (and

* "Great Raleigh." By Hugh de Sélincourt. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

from a little before) the Reformation to the Restoration he is an enigma made up of all sorts of contradictions, and of some things that are worse than contradictions, patches of sheer cypher and hieroglyph to which there is no key. Mr. de Sélincourt says of the strange devices to which Raleigh himself resorted in his last struggle with ill-luck, "Men like Raleigh have different values from the values of ordinary men." This extension of Sigismund's "supra-grammatical" theory is perhaps rather questionable—at best it only cuts the knot. Others have said that on this and other occasions Raleigh "lied freely"; and whether this be excessive or not it is certain that while neither England nor any other country has ever bred greater gentlemen in most ways than the best of Elizabeth's men, the very best of these men had notions about truth which would rather "stick in the gizzard" of most of us now. The fact is that, as Mr. de Sélincourt is here quite right in saying, or implying, they conducted all the affairs of life on a diplomatic basis. Those letters which in other times are so revealing, in *their* case for the most part add fresh puzzles—instead of the letter acting as a key to the conduct, you have got to rack your brains and the circumstances for the key to the letter itself. It is certain that they were as a rule much more religious than we usually are. Mr. de Sélincourt accepts, or rather (for he does not accept it exactly) puts a construction on the charge of atheism against his hero too readily. But people who were as religious now as they were then would probably not do some things that they did.

One point on which Mr. de Sélincourt has gone right, though the way in which he expresses himself about it is sometimes a little crude, is that devotion to the Queen as a woman which has amazed some people and has been regarded by others as a degrading and servile affectation. Although his repeated description of Elizabeth as "beauti-

ful" is excessive—she never can have been that at any time of her life—there is no doubt that at one time she had good looks enough for a Queen, and that she made pretty free use of them. Patriotism, religious zeal, covetousness, ambition, the "little brain-fever" given by the unknown regions and tempting adventures open to them, the breath of poetry everywhere blowing, and this chance of the great game of flirtation—of the royal *Pays de Tendre* as a sort of other Indies to be conquered—everything came together to intoxicate the young Elizabethan gentleman, and to keep him intoxicated when he ceased to be young.

On one of these conditions Mr. de Sélincourt has not laid as much stress as he might. "Raleigh," he tells us—tells us indeed twice over and at the beginning of two consecutive paragraphs—"was a poet." He certainly was; but his biographer makes no direct use of the verse except to quote the famous final lines, "Even such is time." He might indeed plead that the separation of probably true, perhaps true, improbably true, and certainly false, in the case of the verse attributed to Raleigh, is the most difficult among the many difficult problems of the kind in that age. But there is a certain colour about the pieces least probably attributed to any one else which is pretty unmistakable. Except Donne's and in a very much less degree Fulke Greville's, no other verse, even then, has a certain quality of "strangeness" to the same extent, and yet no Elizabethan poet was more of a man of action and business than Raleigh. Except perhaps Spenser, he seems to have had no very intimate friend: and there is the curious fact—not much dwelt on here—that he was admittedly one of the most unpopular men in England till the atrocious and disgusting injustice of his treatment in the Cobham matter turned the public mind. Whether Raleigh was, as his biographer thinks, "one of the greatest men that ever lived," depends of course on the limits which may be assigned to that Legion of Honour. But his claims to greatness are certainly numerous and strong. His quality as a warrior and commander both by sea and land; his administrative power; his unlucky but persistent efforts in colonisation; his verse; the "History of the World" and his other prose; and last but not least that personal vitality to which, much as he was hated, even the hatred is a sort of negative testimony, while the love of Spenser and of Elizabeth is a positive one—these things go far. And it is hard to say what is the set-off. The charge of cruelty in the Irish wars is historically absurd; if he was bitter against Essex at the last, it would, considering the circumstances and the past relations of the two, have been almost a miracle if he had been anything else; the rather mysterious business of his marriage (on which Mr. de Sélincourt is less explicit than from some other passages one would have expected him to be) ended very well indeed, however it began; there was not evidence against him in the matter of the plots enough to have hanged Cobham himself or Sir Lewis Stukeley; and difficult as the Guiana matter is, and strongly as we may suspect that Raleigh carried into the seventeenth century too many of the quasi-buccaneering habits of the sixteenth, it is pretty clear that he believed in the mine and fairly certain that the mine existed. Perhaps he did not "stick at trifles," but he did some great things, and one feels somehow that he was greater than the greatest things he did. So our wheel comes pretty full and even circles with Mr. de Sélincourt's; though perhaps not through quite the same movements.



Chamouni.

The view from the Hôtel de l'Union. By Ruskin.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.



View of the Upper Reach of the Grand Canal, Venice

From the drawing by John Ruskin



J. Ruskin

"The Vestibule"

From the collection of Sir John Simon, K.C.B.

MR. CONRAD'S SHORT STORIES.*

Mr. Conrad's six new stories are labelled, rather whimsically, a romantic tale, an ironic, an indignant, a desperate, a military, and a pathetic tale. But they are all perfect tales, fascinating arrangements of character and event so as continually to delight and surprise. At a first reading we are inclined to think that here is an entertainment, of the oldest kind, that has just reached its hardest, clearest, least wasteful form—an entertainment and perhaps nothing more, except that it is unique in quality. Not, of course, that this would be a small or a common achievement. To excel in the telling of a story is to excel where all men are competitors. And the invention and external form of three of these six tales are in themselves so good that every one would be very much charmed if the colouring, the words, the filling in of the prescribed outlines had been done by less than a master hand. The other three tales, of a mad ship, of an anarchist, and of a quiet old gentleman and a *Camorra*, are not imaginable in any other man's hands. We are, however, much more than charmed. Some very good stories are "writ in water"; they sting us for one short moment only and vanish away. These are not. The substance of them is of precious material, no less than the English of a master who seems to be practically incapable—except, where it is inevitable, in dialogue—of using words without that magic of labour and of character by which the whole, the sentence or the paragraph becomes incomparably greater than the mere sum of its parts. Nor is Mr. Conrad only a lord of language. These stories, without any irrelevancy, bear a heavy weight of experience, of observation and of reflection. With all their speed, therefore with all their ease and spirit, they produce a richness of effect which compels you to read them again in order to understand it. And then you notice the colour, both physical and spiritual, that is in the words—the cadence you must have noticed before, for such movement is not of every day. 'Tis the colour, first of all of a man who is vowed to beauty. This is an admirable sentence: "In the colourless and pellucid dawn the wood of pines detached its columns of trunks and its dark green canopy very clearly against the rocks of the grey hillside." But then he sacrifices nothing to

* "A Set of Six." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Methuen.)



Eliza Cruikshank.

From a painting by George Cruikshank in the South Kensington Museum.

From "George Cruikshank." (Duckworth.)

produce such sentences. His are all equally good, though there is no harm in admitting that it is when they are used to depict the visible, the faces and forms of men and nature, that they have the most relish. And not only parts of things, and things still and waiting to be painted; but things moving, as in the description of the retreat from Moscow:

"... Often from daybreak to dusk no one spoke in the whole column. It was like a *macabre* march of struggling corpses towards a distant grave. Only an alarm of Cossacks could restore to their eyes a semblance of martial resolution. The battalion faced about and deployed, or formed square under the endless fluttering of snowflakes. A cloud of horsemen with fur caps on their heads levelled long lances, and yelled 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' around their menacing immobility, whence, with muffled detonations, hundreds of dark red flames darted through the air thick with falling snow. In a very few moments the horsemen would disappear, as if carried off yelling in the gale, and the sacred battalion standing still, alone in the blizzard, heard only the howling of the wind, whose blasts reached their very hearts. Then with a cry or two of *Vive l'Empereur!* it would resume its march, leaving behind a few lifeless bodies lying huddled up, tiny black specks on the white immensity of the snows. . . ."

But it is also the colour of a great character and a great courage, of one who has pathos, irony, wit, understanding, and always grace and an admirable air, above all, one who has the spirit of comedy.

EDWARD THOMAS.

CRUIKSHANK.*

Art has been defined many times; and again, unsatisfied, we are asking: *What is art?* For what definition can be so catholic that with door wide open to Giotto and Monet it will yet find room for the political caricaturists of a hundred years ago? Nevertheless, definition or none, here is George Cruikshank, author of *Boney's Elbow Chair*, included in the "Popular Library of Art," and furnishing text for a most able discourse. As befits an imaginative writer, Mr. Chesson employs the subjective method—that is to say, he puts into his theme at least as much as he draws from it. But some fair rate of exchange must be observed in these matters, and Leonardo and Dürer are more generous than the "great George." So it cannot be expected that Mr. Chesson will be quite so fascinatingly self-revealing as Pater or Mr. Sturge Moore. He makes, however, most excellent use of his material and discusses Cruikshank as caricaturist and journalist, moralist, humorist, and supernaturalist in a really sparkling manner. Sometimes there is a slight straining for the epigram and there are some unpardonable puns, but the book abounds in felicities. And when what Cruikshank was becomes barren of inspiration he ingeniously uses what Cruikshank was not. Thus, of *The Worship of Bacchus*, lying hidden in a vault beneath the National Gallery, is quotable as a masterpiece of negative imaginative criticism.

So it lay, and perhaps yet lies in its dungeon, and overhead Silenus still triumphs divinely drunk on Rubens's canvas, and Bacchus, ardent for Ariadne, leaps from his chariot in that masterpiece of Titian, which Sir Edward Poynter believes is "possibly the finest picture in the world." Poussin's Bacchanalian festivities are still for the mirth of a world whence Bacchus has fled; but the god enthroned on hogsheds is not mistaken for Bacchus now: Bacchus was stronger than Cruikshank. The whole deathless pagan world of beauty and laughter is by him made rosier and more silvery. Cruikshank never drew him; the god he drew was Bung in masquerade.

After all, one may easily be unjust to George. If his humor appears buffoonery and his romance melodrama to a generation which believes itself neither sentimental nor obvious, it must be remembered that he drew for Harrison Ainsworth, not Maurice Hewlett, and for an age of absolute attitudes, that could have found no manner of satisfaction

* "George Cruikshank." By W. H. Chesson. 2s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

in a Beerbohm or a Beardsley. He could rival Gillray in grossness, but he drew fairies which are far more illuminative of folk-tale and nursery lore than the exquisite arabesques of Mr. Arthur Rackham. Whether that be sufficient to establish his claim as an artist or not, Mr. Chesson has made him the subject of a very clever piece of art criticism.

JAMES II. *GALANT*.

The surfeit of books we have been having poured forth of late on Tudor and Stuart princesses would seem to point to some curious morbidity of the public—or can it be mainly the publishing mind? Elaborate, and for the most part defensive, books on Mary I. and Mary II., on Lady Jane Grey, on Henrietta Maria, on Catherine of Braganza, on Mary of Modena, on Queen Anne, not to speak of the later Carolingian beauties generically, have streamed across the literary firmament. We have not yet had a book frankly descriptive of Charles II. and his mistresses, but the reticence has been one of expression merely. Mr. Allan Fea's ingenious formula for a book of dissolving chapters on a period which was dredged exhaustively as far as picturesque detail is concerned sixty years ago by Macaulay, is "James II. and his Wives," by which he really means "James II., his Wives, et cetera." The chief attraction in the present volume, however, is indicated by the words that follow, "With forty illustrations." Mr. Fea seems thoroughly to understand the art of portrait-furnishing, and his reproductions in this volume, though not of an expensive kind, are every one of them successful and every one of them interesting. We must say that we should like to peruse under his guidance a similar gallery of Williamite, Queen Anne, Kit-Cat or Herrenhausen portraits. The portraits are often the more interesting because they do not by any means always confirm the popular or generally received historical idea of the personages they represent. The first Duchess of York, for instance, in common estimation is shrewd, clever and witty, but no beauty. She had a very nice, fat white hand which Pepys loved to kiss, but of other attractions, we are given to understand, the less said the better. Yet here, in the portrait by Lely at Hampton Court, admirably reproduced, she looks decidedly attractive both in face and figure, and so confirms the verdict of Reresby which I came across quite accidentally the other day. At York in August 1665, he records at the beginning of his Memoirs, "it was observed that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, and of the duke's bedchamber, was greatly in love with the duchess, and indeed he might well be excused, for the duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hyde, was a very handsome personage."

One of the most attractive of all these portraits, curious to relate, is that of Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, who is always regarded in the fable we call history as the type of impudence and wit without beauty, the lady who was so plain that the witty Charles said she must have been prescribed to his brother as a penance by some malicious priest. It cannot have been for her wit that James admired her. Her common style of retort bore a general resemblance to that of Nell Gwyn, but the flavouring in her case had more of Billingsgate than of Covent Garden. Another puzzling verdict to my mind is that passed upon Mary of Modena. Mr. Fea goes into ecstasies over her. "Slim, graceful, and remarkably handsome, the portraits we have of her painted when she was young compare favourably with contemporary court beauties. There is a dreamy loveliness in the face and not a touch of sensuousness."

The portrait here seems but a poor advocate for the possession of such charms as those enumerated. The face seems too long and the complexion too muddy. But in

hope of outside corroboration, I turned to the frontispiece of the excellent *Life of Mary of Modena* recently produced by "Martin Haile." The far from attractive portrait there sent me to the National Portrait Gallery, from which I came away a profound disbeliever in Mr. Fea's vision of dreamy loveliness, though ready enough to assent to his last proposition that the lady was deficient in sensuousness—a strange commendation, you will say, for a beauty at the court of Henri Quatre's grandsons, concerning whom we fully agree with the implied verdict of these pages that it was "six of one and half a dozen of the other." James himself was a decidedly handsome man, as you may see in half a dozen portraits here, in the clever portrait in James Ward's picture in the Tate Gallery, and in the fascinating statue which now turns its back upon the park front of the Admiralty. The two prettiest pictures of all in this book, to my mind, are the two portraits of the innocent little Princess Louisa Maria Theresa, the consolation of her father in his devout old age, the daughter who had never sinned against him, as he pathetically said. The bad luck that seemed to preside at the courts of France at the fag-end of the stern king's tedious reign proved fatal to her at the age of nineteen, and she died at St. Germain regretted by every one. The prettier of the two portraits by far is that by Mignard, whose masterly portrait of Molière is one of the treasures of Chantilly. Why could not Mr. Fea give us a book on Mignard, the Van Dyck of the French court at that period, with copious illustrations? He would find material for his letterpress far less hackneyed than that to which he is condemned in these pages. There is nothing new in fact to be said about James II., and despair at finding anything reduces Mr. Fea to construct sentences such as the following: "His attachment to the ladies also had a demoralising effect, which caused the business-side of Mr. Pepys to much deplore." Attempts have been made to rehabilitate James and beatify him as a Catholic saint, just as attempts have been made to represent Bloody Mary as the gentlest and most humane of her sex. But common sense revolts against such violent antics of distortion. James had good points, but the immeasurable egoism, the cold obstinacy, and the utter lack of sympathetic imagination which he inherited from his father rendered him, when a somewhat similar crisis arose, the most despicable of all our native sovereigns. The man who after twenty-five years' experience of England under his brother and the memory of the "Popish Plot" fresh upon him could have set up a Jesuit ostensibly as his Grand Vizier was a disgrace to his trade, and unfair as were some of the methods used to oust him, what dispassionate person can do other than congratulate England on having given a final *congé* to a type of royalty so utterly useless? It is characteristic of James that, having been urgently adjured by his dying father to remain a good Protestant, he resisted all his mother's almost frantic solicitations to turn Catholic as long as she lived, and only announced his conversion after her death. Mr. Fea extenuates James's folly on one or two occasions, but he makes no special plea for him. The character of James indeed seems to have bored him, as it bored most of his contemporaries from his elder brother downwards, and he carefully abstains from any deliberate and generalised judgment, which shows a great power of self-restraint—more, I fear, than I should be able to exercise.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

SOME SCOTTISH WOMEN.*

Captain Harry Graham, happily, has not followed the example of the *Scotch* Education Department in mistitling his book "A Group of *Scotch* Women." We are grateful

* "James II. and his Wives." By Allan Fea. With 40 illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

* "A Group of Scottish Women." By Harry Graham. With 16 illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen & Co.)

for that, since, indeed, there is no such word. He might have said Scots Women, to be sure, but there is a suggestiveness of Scott and the Waverleys about this which would have been awkward. Hence the expression Scottish Women is the happier, as it is the correcter designation. One is tempted to ask, when *will* Dover House follow suit? Captain Graham runs through the whole gamut of Scottish femininity—from the foundress of Balliol to the fanatical founder of the Buchanite sect—and his chapters, despite occasional slips, make very acceptable reading. On account of its theme, the book is naturally fascinating, and there is about it a vivacity, and a river-like charm of diction and treatment, which compel one's perusal. Readers can hardly fail to be struck with its remarkable resemblance to the brilliant work of the late Henry Grey Graham, that master of eighteenth-century life and literature, several of whose pages, particularly in "Scottish Men of Letters," are concerned with the identical women writers whose careers have been dealt with so attractively by this Harry Graham the second. The work of the later writer, however, has a much wider scope, including, as it does, all sorts and conditions of women celebrities, "of whom," he says, "Scotland can lay claim to a generous share." For women have ever had their part, as well as men, in the making of Scotland. And Scottish women have dared and achieved quite as much as the other sex when it came to be a question, as often it was, of right against might. So this, to some extent, is the story of battles which have been fought and of conquests which have been won, in which Scottish women held no inconspicuous place. With the always welcome informativeness of one who has read extensively on his subject, Captain Graham descants upon it with ease and grace. There is no really dull page, notwithstanding the extraordinary variety of types of the feminine character which are here displayed, pertaining to all the spheres of life, social, literary, political, and religious. Thus we have Devorguilla, for instance, (not Dervorguilla however, as Mr. Graham constantly has it), wife of John Balliol (which should be spelled with three l's), one of the foremost Scottish women of her time, the builder of at least half a dozen monastic houses, and the originator of Balliol College. The date of her establishment of Dulce Cor—Sweetheart Abbey—near Dumfries, where she lies, is generally given as 1275, not 1273; and there is evidence that this Lady Bountiful of the olden days passed away previous to 1290. Barnard Castle, by the way, Balliol's home—is not in Northumberland, but on the Tees, in Durham. It is curious to note that prayers are still daily offered up for Devorguilla's soul and that of her husband "by scholars of whom the majority know little or nothing of their founder's history, and only associate her name with that of the 'Devorguilla Club,' whose members torgather for the purpose of enjoying refreshment which is not exclusively intellectual." The redoubtable Black Agnes of Dunbar, name familiar to every Scottish schoolboy, is an easy first among the "Amazons" of Mr. Graham's fiery galaxy. Joan, Countess of Sutherland, that devoutest, most obdurate Romanist of her day, scarcely merits so much good space as is given to her. Neither do mad Elspeth Buchan, nor Miss "Nicky" Murray, whose reputation seems to rest solely on her unrivalled resourcefulness as a society entertainer and matchmaker. Of three Duchesses of Lauderdale, Monmouth, and Gordon respectively—Mr. Graham writes dispassionately and with good sense. The first of these was the wife of the infamous Duke of Lauderdale, the only bearer of the title. How much the history of the persecution in Scotland, and Lauderdale's firm suppression of the Covenanters, were influenced by his ambitious spouse is patent in almost every incident of her inglorious career. It is certain that no two names have so recked with the popular odium. Nor were any pair holding their all but regal position more utterly corrupt and corrupting. What a contrast when one comes to Grisell Hume, afterwards Lady

Grisell Baillie, that sweetest of all Scottish heroines, the narrative of whose amiable and noble life is surely the gem of this collection.

Captain Graham's statement may be questioned that "it is not easy to believe that the name of Alison Cockburn would have become a household word in Scotland had her only claim to fame rested upon the song with which it is always associated." Whatever the poetic merit of "The Flowers of the Forest"—a lyric belauded both by Burns and Scott, be it noted—it is more than probable that Mrs. Cockburn's memory would have perished long ago, had that alone depended on her innumerable gay supper-parties. Only the other day there was erected a tablet directing attention to her burial-place in Buccleuch churchyard, Edinburgh. And thereon she is remembered, not as a queen in the fashionable society of her time, not as a mere amusement caterer, but as the writer of what Scott has styled "a fine set of verses," whose words never grow stale, whose winsome melody never grows old.

Lady Anne Barnard, who wrote the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, a songster, and one of the numerous *Waverley* suspects, with Lady Louisa Stuart, Scott's life-long literary correspondent; and Clementina Stirling Graham, of *Mystiquations* notoriety, make up the concluding chapters of a truly notable and instructive and not least entertaining volume. Mr. Graham might, no doubt, have included other Scottish women quite as well known and as brilliant as those he has gathered together here, but his excuse he tells us, "must be that there was not room for all, and in the selection of subjects I have exercised the right of allowing personal preference, or prejudice, to be my guide." This is a book which might be introduced with profit into the higher classes of Scottish schools, and it should be in every respectable Scottish library. Its spirit is excellent. It contains a shoal of fresh stories. It will prove a mine of wealth to the fiction writers, and it is a long way better to read than many of the fictions themselves.

W. S. CROCKETT.

THE CENTURY SHAKESPEARE.*

One seems never to have done with congratulating Messrs. Cassell on their good services to the cause of cheap literature: the booklover of moderate means has already many reasons to be grateful to them, and he will have forty more when he has possessed himself of these volumes of the "Century Shakespeare." The books are beautifully printed, neatly bound in red cloth or in red lambskin, they are embellished in green and black by Mr. Reginald L. Knowles, and each has a photogravure frontispiece reproduced from an original painting of some famous artist of the past or present. Moreover, each volume has a useful glossary, and is prefaced with an introduction by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Munro that will satisfy the student as well as the general reader. For Dr. Furnivall has the rare gift of wearing his knowledge lightly, of imparting it with an ease and simplicity of style that are none the less instructive for making attractive and interesting reading.

The first volume of the forty is devoted to a very full life of the great dramatist and a careful, critical study of his works. This is largely a reprint and amplification of the admirable biography and critical study with which Dr. Furnivall prefaced his "Leopold Shakespeare" some years ago; it has been revised, rearranged, and brought up to date, furnished with additional notes, and with new and excellent chapters by Mr. Munro on "Shakespeare's London" and on "English Drama before Shakespeare," and is, in a word, an exhaustive, illuminating, and helpful survey of Shakespeare's life and work and times.

* "The Century Shakespeare." Edited, with Life and Introductions, by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and John Munro. Complete in 40 vols. Cloth 9d. net; leather 1s. (d. net.) (Cassell.)

Happily Dr. Furnivall is a whole-souled Shakespcarean, and quietly and rightly ignores all questions as to the authorship of the plays—rightly, because, after all, if there is no convincing proof that Shakespeare wrote the plays, there is certainly no convincing proof that he did not. The latest doubter confesses that one fact which largely shook his faith was the discovery that in his later years Shakespeare developed into something of a money-lender: he had expected to find him many-sided, yet was astonished to find him so various that he even had a money-lending side. Why not trace to this personal weakness his sneaking sympathy with Shylock? Then, of course, there is always that question of Shakespeare's education. "I know half a dozen ancient and modern languages, and have been thoroughly well educated in this direction and in that," the doubters seem to say to themselves, "yet I could never have written these plays: how then could Shakespeare have done it, seeing that he didn't get a tithe of the schooling I have had." They do not allow for his genius. Finding from his writings that he possessed certain knowledge, they take it for granted that he must have known ever so much more than he reveals: when the probability is that, with his nimble wits, he had the knack of making the very utmost of every scrap of learning he could pick up and using it so effectively that it seems to us as if he must have known everything instead of something of everything. His dramas are not great dramas because they display a marvellous acquaintance with books, but because they display a marvellous acquaintance with life: the sort of knowledge that the man in the street gathers and the man in the study loses. He never blunders in matters of poetry, of art, of human character, and his mistakes of chronology and geography are not those of a highly educated person. Your bookish man, crammed with other men's learning, can rarely turn his acquirements to poetical account, and merely remains wisely dumb in a dozen languages, so far as literature is concerned; and it is open to argument whether, if Shakespeare had been hampered with as much book-knowledge as those doubters think the real dramatist must have had, his plays would have been any greater than Ben Jonson's.



The Globe Theatre in 1613.

Frontispiece to "Pericles"—"The Century Shakespeare." (Cassell.)

If the general reader for whom these forty volumes are intended marks in each play the passages that impress and delight him and notes whether what so delights and impresses is some scholastic quality in them or some innate quality of heart and mind and experience of humanity and nature, with which mere scholasticism has very little to do, he will thereafter follow Dr. Furnivall's lead and let all Baconians and other doubters wrangle together and confuse themselves and each other whilst he reads and enjoys and is silent. For my part, I see more reason for believing in Shakespeare than in the people who don't believe in him, and there's an end of it for me.

A. St. J. A.

LATTER-DAY POETS.*

Mr. Bernard Capes's verses are a great relief after the smooth, well-rhymed, delicate nothings which hundreds of University men are producing to-day. They strike no deep or new note, but they have a gesture, an accent, as it were, that removes them from the monotonous well-spoken crowd. Mr. Capes can be playful without comicality, and to do this means a certain robustness along with real feeling, which is a rare combination to-day. Mr. Meredith has it, but not many more. It is the playfulness of Lodge's masterpiece, "Love in my bosom, like a bee." We are delighted to find it in Mr. Capes's six verses on Cupid and a clothes-line. Adulterated by a conceit, but still pleasant, it is in "When Clælia proved obdurate," and then perfect again, in its own way, in "Cross my hand with a penny bright" and the delicious "Chloe, will you hear me woo?" We will quote this:

"Chloe, will you hear me woo?
That I promise, that I'll do.
I will make thee soft slippers
Of the pretty mouse's ears,
Stockings, just a single pair,
Spun by spiders from the air,
Supple garters lightly wove
Of the springy curls of love;
Gown of lace-wings, hardly felt,
Clasped with my arms for belt.

"I will graft my thorny drouth
With the sweet slip of thy mouth,
Till thy loveliness shall make
Buds of beauty for my sake,
Like a wild hare in its form,
Chloe, in thy bosom warm,
Sweetly, sweetly, let me be,
Hearing all the world go by."

The eleventh to fourteenth lines are not perfectly harmonious, perhaps, but the playfulness of the opening and the tender close make a charming whole. There are one or two poems in the book which remind us of Beddoes' "Dream Pedlary" and "Love in Idleness." Not that they are borrowed either; but they have a symbolism like the first and a dramatic brevity like the second. Then his children's poems are often very good. "Drowzydoze," a lullaby, and "Her Prayer" are the best. The entirely serious poems are the least attractive and the most like everybody else's, except one, a poem to a woman, wooed of many, never married—

"Such rush-light souls, ignoble flames!
Forget, great ghost, their suit of thee,
But no, thou gav'st them of thy fire;
Their children are the fruit of thee."

Mr. Jack also recalls the Elizabethans, but in a more

* "Amaranthus: A Book of Little Songs." By Bernard Capes. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)—Mathilde: A Play." By Adolphus Alfred Jack. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"New Poems." By St. John Lucas. 5s. net. (Constable.)—"Ariadne Diainomene and other Poems." By E. W. Sutton Pickhardt. 3s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)—"Sacred and Profane Love and other Poems." By Alfred Austin. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Andrea and other Poems." By Gascoigne Mackie. 1s. net. (B. H. Blackwell.)—"New Poems." By R. G. T. Coventry. 3s. 6d. (Mathews.)—"Mont St. Michel and other Poems." By Rowland Thirlmere. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)—"Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases." By Alice Lucas. 2s. net. (Chatto.)—"Goethe's 'Faust,' first part translated into English verse by Sir George Buchanan, with introduction. 2s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

purely antiquarian manner than Mr. Capes. His play takes place in Ferrara in the sixteenth century, and we frankly admit that this prejudices us against it. We have had good Elizabethan drama and also good Elizabethanism long afterwards. We need no more Elizabethanism; we desire it least of all from so able a man as Mr. Jack. One who can so relish the old drama is too good to be thrown away on echoes of it. And well as he writes speech after speech and whole scenes he cannot—who could?—give real life to the whole. It is an interesting, ingenious tale, and the closely knit style keeps us awake, but we hope Mr. Jack will forsake this path.

Messrs. Lucas, Pickhardt, Austin, Mackie, and Coventry might almost be one man. They are all obviously University men who handle nothing which they do not adorn, and usually they do more, they decorate it and over-decorate it until there is nothing of it left. Messrs. Lucas, Mackie, and Coventry, indeed, allow their own characters to show through at times. But too seldom does the reader see a vivid image or hear a human voice as he proceeds. Their gifts are those of the pianist rather than of the composer. Yet that does not fully define their limitations, for though they can play they know not what to play. Mr. Lucas has the widest range of subjects and they represent real affections—for a child, for the Ridgeway in Berkshire, for the "stripling Thames," for Homer, Ronsard, for a dog, for Oxford. The Ridgeway is an excellent subject, and this is how Mr. Lucas writes of it:

"Let the valley lanes seem good to those
Who love a guarded way;
The place of my soul is the wind-soured down
Where the red sun burns all day,
And O the road, the gallant road!
Let me follow and track my friend,
The great green snake of turf that glides
With never a coil not bend."

"Now some love women, and these are wise;
And some love ale and wine;
And the Poet's art is life in the heart,
But a road is a thing divine,
Go east, go west, there are roads of the best,
But of all the roads that be,
O the royal way, the broad Ridgeway,
Is king of roads for me!"

"Royal"? No! But it is a pleasant poem and there is not a piece in the book which does not go well with summer ease.

Mr. Pickhardt's book consists of a play on a Greek model and a number of short poems, including many translations from the Greek and from Dante and experiments in classic metres. One of his pieces—significantly—is "a paraphrase from a paraphrase." Mr. Swinburne has had few more brilliant disciples and fewer still who have sacrificed sense so little to the needs of an infinitely varied lyrical play. If you can give yourself up to page after page without a new thought or observation of man or nature, you will find abundant pleasures in these ample and delicate rhythms. It is not possible to do much more with the English dictionary and a sensitive ear and a classical education.

Mr. Austin we know of old. He is a master in this kind. In his poem on "Sacred and Profane Love," the sacred, Uranian love tells him:

"Vex not your mind with riddles that beguile
The unwise to wrangle over things unknown,
'Tis not for Song to enrage, but reconcile,
So to the Tower of Babel add no stone."

Well has he obeyed this behest, according to the letter. But according to the spirit—he has added innumerable words to the senseless pile that darkens real poetry and makes it so difficult to come at. He, too, has an ear, though by no means a perfect one. He likes spring and what he calls "England," also Italy and Shakespeare and Mozart. But any one of Mr. Austin's books is better than the twenty or thirty which he has actually written. For

their amiable sweetness is their only quality, and that is to be found in all.

Mr. Mackie is a graceful versifier, an observer of nature, and a man of much tender affection and interest. He is narrower than Mr. Lucas and not quite so stately, but for practical purposes he may be said to be the same man. And if it is hard to distinguish Mr. Mackie from Mr. Lucas, it is impossible to distinguish Mr. Coventry from Mr. Mackie. Clever and vainly clever would he be who could attribute to its right author any bunch of lines in this book, such as:

"Rome is not dead, her language lives,
And in its music she survives.
Greece is not dead, whose living page
Breathes youth between the lips of age.
They worshipped Beauty, Greece and Rome,
A house where ruin cannot come."

Mr. Thirlmere is another writer of the same class, but with more exuberance and energy. He calls one of his poems "A Symphony," and it is upon the sounds and colours of words that he relies for his effects. These, when the mind is concentrated upon sound and colour alone, are considerable.

Mrs. Lucas's translations of Talmudic legends and paraphrases from the Psalms are the plainest and most modest kind of verse. They are unskilled, and all that can be said of them is that they are without affectation and without extravagance. Their matter is good, but it might far better have been in prose.

Sir George Buchanan is also perhaps a novice in the use of verse. A lover of poetry would prefer to have a great poem in common prose. But we understand that those who do not care for poetry are impressed by verse, and to them this translation can be recommended as containing all the facts.

A MAKER OF WOMEN.*

The early and middle Victorian age, which we usually dismiss with scorn and pity as a stagnant and unprogressive period, was really a time of remarkable movement, a time of most significant ideas. It produced, among other great influences, that wonderful force whose increasing power we are watching now with mingled fear and hope—the Active Woman. Think of as many remarkable Englishwomen as you can—women, that is, who originated and performed work of their own, and came into the public view—and you will find that the greater number belong to the despised period of respectability, mahogany, and crinolines. They were heroines without advertisement. They broke through the hedge, and crowds now stream through the gap untorn, often, we fear, without a thought of the pioneers who made such progress possible. High in the list of noble women comes the name of Dorothea Beale, who, born in 1831, ruled Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, from 1858 to 1906. In fact, she really created that remarkable institution; for before her appointment its life had been brief and steadily failing. So well did she do her work that the public, or the small portion of it that was interested in school-work, linked her and Miss Buss together as the chief prophets and champions of women's education. The present volume gives a most careful and comprehensive account of her life. "Schoolmasters (says Walter Bagehot) should have an atmosphere of awe, and walk wonderingly as if they were amazed at being themselves." To which we may add as corollary and parenthesis, "especially school-mistresses." Bagehot had in view the dismal failure of Hartley Coleridge to achieve the due decorum of a don; but he could have derived his dictum more positively from the complete success of Dorothea Beale. Whatever else she did, she never failed to take herself most seriously. The atmosphere of awe is preserved in the rather portentous

* "Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham." By Elizabeth Raikes. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



From a photograph by
Miss Bertha Sarge.

**The Lower Hall, Ladies'
College, Cheltenham.**

From "Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham," (Constable.)

pages of this volume. Reverence is the right hand of a biographer and humour is the left. We shall sufficiently indicate the merits and defects of the book by saying that Miss Elizabeth Raikes is egregiously right-handed. As a pious record, the volume will be immensely appreciated by all Miss Beale's pupils; but the wider world of people interested in education will be repelled rather than attracted by the figure here solemnly presented. This is a pity; for no teacher, no member of a school committee, should leave the volume unread. Miss Beale had learning enough, but she proves in her person the most important truth that what a teacher knows is of little account compared with what a teacher is. There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of education authorities to demand from teachers knowledge rather than character. It is of course essential that teachers should have sufficient knowledge for their work (though there are certain schools in which even this necessity is overlooked); but what is vastly more important is that teachers should have that personal and peculiar gift, the power to influence and inspire. Pupils occasionally come into contact with a teacher's knowledge—they come constantly into contact with a teacher's personality: they may perhaps be influenced by a teacher's information—they will certainly be influenced by a teacher's disposition. But this influence, all-important as it is, has its dangers. There is a letter of Miss Beale's that I should like to quote in full, a letter that every teacher should read and ponder. Those who have had to teach girls will be aware of a curious tendency in their charges—a tendency which is quite strong, even when adult age is reached—to become sentimentally attached to their teachers and to cling to them in a spirit of fatuous idolatry. A teacher of strong character and common-sense will check this tendency, and lead it into useful and healthy channels; but unfortunately there are weaker persons who become intoxicated by the incense of worship, and accept it eagerly. Miss Beale's admirable letter should be both a warning and a guide in this matter. Indeed, the volume is full of suggestion—full, too, of instructive glimpses of a noble life-work.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE WISDOM OF "MERLIN."*

Few writers outlive the fame of a novelist to achieve the popularity of a journalist. Yet David Christie Murray did this. It is not the author of those capital stories, "Joseph's Coat" and "A Life's Atonement," but rather "Merlin" of the *Referee* whom the present generation has known and greeted. And it is the best of Merlin's work, some sixty articles in all, gathered up carefully from the files of the *Referee*, that is now set before us—haply to postpone for a brief season the inevitable oblivion that awaits the journalism of our day. A wide range of topics is covered in these "Guesses at Truths," and, naturally enough, we find thoughts and phrases repeated, and ideas and fancies recurring. The wonder is that there is not more repetition, that in these writings so much diversity is to be found. Tariff Reform and Socialism, Imperialism and the Mercantile Marine, Dreams and Spiritualism, Books and their Authors—on all these subjects (and many others) "Merlin" writes, and writes well; and the note of the writing is sincerity—a sincerity unmistakable. He believes in the Immortality of the Soul, in the Divinity that shapes our ends, in the Ultimate Decency of Things, in the life to come no less than the life now. Hackel for him has by no means said the last word on the Riddle of the Universe. And next to the strong religious feeling in these "Guesses" comes the sure conviction of England's real greatness, its power for good in the world. He is alive to our social diseases, our national failings—no man is less of a Pharisee, but he believes in England through and through, with a brave and cheerful faith. Withal these "Guesses at Truths" are the work of a large-hearted, tolerant, kindly, and cultivated man, who has travelled much, mixed with many folks, known sorrow, had a full share of the troubles of life, and remains to the end loyal to the progress of mankind, an optimist not to be gainsaid. There is no great display of wit or humour, there is neither startling paradox nor profundity nor originality in the book, but there is a generous outlook on life and a broad, wholesome view of man and his destiny.

PSYCHOLOGY ON SHIPBOARD.†

This is Mr. Masefield's first novel. He had written sea-poetry, and two volumes of sailors' tales, and several plays, and more than one book on maritime subjects; he had edited, with a full-blooded preface, Reynolds' "Peter Corcoran"; but, until this book, he had not written a novel. Every variety of his work had shown such unhampered courage in technique that, though it was possible that in the novel his wonderful gift would find a form that did not fit it, it was most improbable that even a failure should not be extraordinarily interesting as a piece of craftsmanship. "Captain Margaret" is anything but a failure, and it is a sea-novel of a kind entirely new.

When a landsman writes a book about the sea, he talks of little else. Waves roll and break, rocks pierce the waters, and, for fear the reader should forget that he is not on land, every chapter contains a panegyric on the ocean. But there is very little sea in "Peter Simple" or in "Captain Margaret." Sailors remember only that they are on board ship, and take the sea for granted. Captain Marryat, taking the picaresque novel on ship-board, sticks close to his midshipman and his ship; and now Mr. Masefield, in the much more daring task of shipping the psychological novel, finds the ship sufficient. Neither Marryat nor Masefield lose anything by their limitation. The events of this story, set between bow and stern of a small ship, have a savour of shipboard that they would lose if enacted in the larger space between sunrise and sunset over

* "Guesses at Truths." By David Christie Murray. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

† "Captain Margaret." By John Masefield. 6s. (Richards.)

the ocean, as a landsman would describe them. In any large setting men are ants, and Marryat's picaresque methods and Masfield's psychological would not be interesting done from the further end of a telescope.

The story is that of four characters in a small ship sailing to the Spanish Main.

"She was a small ship (only five hundred tons), built of aromatic cedar, and like all wooden ships she would have looked ungainly, had not her great beam, and the height of her after-works, given her a majesty, something of the royal look which all ships have in some proportion. The virtue of man had been busy about her. An artist's heart, hungry for beauty, had seen the idea of her in a dream; she had her counterpart in the kingdom of vision. There was a spirit in her, as there is in all things fashioned by the soul of man; not a spirit of beauty, not a spirit of strength, but the spirit of her builder, a Peruvian Spaniard. She had the impress of her builder in her, a mournful state, a kind of buttered grandeur, a likeness to a type of manhood."

This is the setting for the drunken coarseness of Stukeley, flying from justice, the delicate-minded loyalty of his wife, the rough decency of Cammock, the ex-pirate who commands the vessel, and for Captain Margaret, the owner, as much poet as sailor, who, in love with Mrs. Stukeley, risks himself and his ship to help her husband to escape a forger's rope, and shields her throughout from knowledge of the truth. These four characters, with the attendant Perrin, sailing to Darien, are the material of a novel of extraordinary interest. The book, however, is no novel of mathematical analysis. The events that occur in the minds of the characters, their mental adventures, are visualised in action.

It is a modern psychological novel set on shipboard in the sixteenth century. Mr. Masfield does not attempt to give the psychology a sixteenth-century flavour, and he makes a perfectly justifiable use of modern language. He never tries to use dialogue for purposes of local colour; and, while upholstered talk very easily stiffens, this naked direct speech stiffens never at all. His sixteenth-century sailors speak like men of to-day, and are alive, although in the midst of their conversation the mention of green-slashed sleeves comes sometimes as a shock. If the dialogue is to be kept free without losing atmosphere, the

descriptive passages must be spread so evenly and thickly that the reader never has time to forget that when, for example, Captain Margaret says:

"Because there was no one on shipboard, except a few inferiors, who could console him. He could not confide in you. He had lied to you. We were not his sort. There was no one else to whom he could turn."

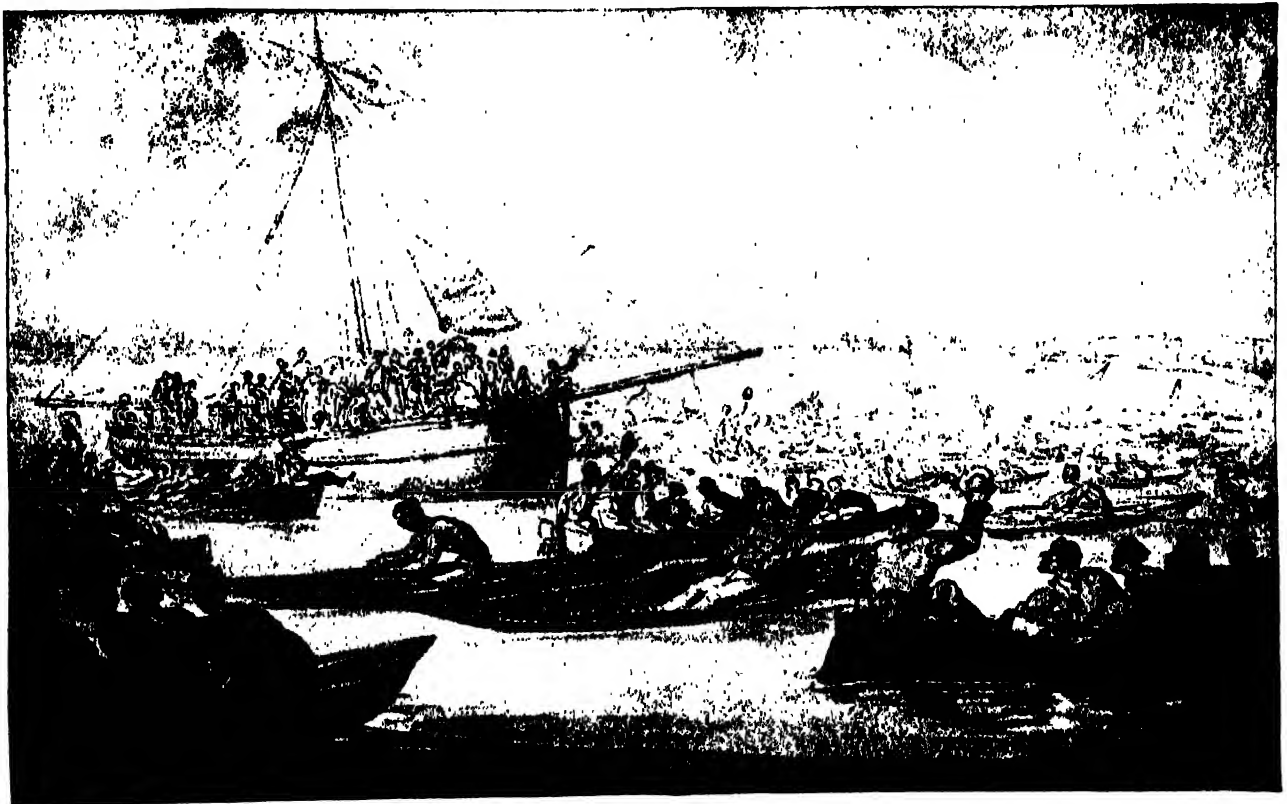
he says it out of a sixteenth-century costume, in the cabin of a painted ship of cedar-wood, built before the Armada, Mr. Masfield has, perhaps, been a little afraid of overloading his book with description; but his choice of an unencumbered speech really left it almost impossible for him to put on too much. The portrait of the *Broken Heart* that I have quoted is enough to show how delicate a feeling for colour he has at his command.

ARTHUR RANSOME

A FAMOUS SPORTING EVENT.*

A great deal of information which will interest others besides sporting men is to be found in this volume dealing with the life of Thomas Doggett and with the famous race for the Coat and Badge which he instituted. Although nearly two hundred years have elapsed since Doggett founded the competition—probably in 1716 with the injunction that "it will be continued annually on the same day for ever," there is no sign that public interest is waning in this event, which "is older than the oldest regular aquatic contest by over a century, and more ancient than any annual sporting event by sixty years; for the University Boat Race began in 1829, and the St. Leger (which antedates both the Derby and the Oaks) was only instituted in 1776." The book falls into two broad halves. In part one Mr. T. A. Cook (himself an old "Blue") describes "the man," and it will readily be acknowledged that he has made the most of his interesting though somewhat scanty material. Thomas Doggett was born, Mr. Cook

* "Thomas Doggett, Deceased." By T. A. Cook and G. Nickalls. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



From the original by Rowlandson in the possession of T. A. Cook.

The Race for Doggett's Coat and Badge: Near the Middle of the Course.

From "Thomas Doggett, Deceased: A Famous Comedian." (Constable.)

thinks, nearer 1650 than 1670 in Castle Street, Dublin, and, after roughing it in "the provinces" for some years, appeared at Drury Lane in 1691. As an actor he had a great reputation, and won the admiration of such men, amongst others, as Addison and Steele. In contradistinction to the biting description of Garrick by Goldsmith, Dibdin said of Doggett that his acting was "so chaste and his manners in private life so well bred that *he never chose to be the actor anywhere but on the stage*, yet his company was warmly sought after by persons of rank and taste." He played with Mrs. Bracegirdle and other celebrities of the day in the principal dramas, and seems to have excelled especially as Fondlewife in Congreve's "The Old Batchelor." That he was of a pugnacious disposition is evident from the notorious dispute which dissolved his long partnership with Wilks and Cibber, but as Mr. Cook points out in reference to one of these disputes, there was nothing really malicious in his sulking, and he tells an excellent story of how an emissary sent down to Norfolk to fetch Doggett back to London was so impressed by the comedian's good humour and the excellent dinners he ordered all along the road at the expense of "the Law" that Doggett easily won his case. In describing the history of the race Mr. Guy Nickalls has had the somewhat tedious task of searching through the sporting press of the eighteenth century for much of the fresh information which he has discovered. The task, however, must have had its consolations. In the year 1782, for example, we read how the competitors "started about 2 o'clock and three of them kept together till they got to Lambeth, when one began to get ahead and was soon followed by a second. These two kept pretty nearly a breast of each other till they came pretty nigh the goal when the first man's scull split, which retarded him so much that the second man got in first." The race, in fact, seems to have led to some rowdiness, for we read of an ironmonger in Southwark having his skull fractured by a bottle being thrown at him when the Coat and Badge were being rowed for, and sometimes watermen deliberately obstructed the competitors. It is not always the best compliment to say that the illustrations enhance the value of a book, but in this case there should be no misunderstanding, and Mr. Cook does not claim too much when he says that the pictures will throw a valuable light upon many points hitherto in dispute.

NAPOLEON'S ENCHANTRESS.*

Legend, largely inspired no doubt by the Court of the Third Empire, has contrived curiously to idealise the character and career of Napoleon's first Empress. Playwrights, poets, and their kind have converted the indolent and pleasure-seeking Creole into a heroine of romance, have presented her as the loving, long-suffering, and virtuous wife, whose consent to a divorce from her great lord was the final proof of an affection that was as self-sacrificing as it was profound: just as the artist who pictured her in stone in the square of Fort-de-France softened her profile and exaggerated her charms. Mr. Philip Sergeant, in the opening pages of the monograph which he has devoted to the Empress Josephine, quotes the poetical eulogy which this statue moved Lafcadio Hearn to pen on its subject, and reminding us that the real woman never appeared without her rouge and thick coating of powder, and spent three hours in her dressing-room every morning at the task of labouring to be beautiful, says we could scarcely have better conveyed to us the idea of the Josephine of romance as opposed to the Josephine of history. It is with the Josephine of history that he sets himself to deal, and he is

to be congratulated on having avoided the vices of too many modern biographers. His book, it is true, can lay no claim to original research; it is one of those "lives" that do no more than popularise the labours of historians, for which there seems an unceasing demand nowadays. But at any rate Mr. Sergeant refuses to whitewash his heroine, at any rate he resists the temptation to serve up a dish of scandal. With a full sense of responsibility he endeavours to paint the woman as she was with all her faults and with, what she must have possessed also, her singular fascination; and if in following her progress he has to discuss some unsavoury stories and to weigh rather nicely in the balance something more than indiscretion, something less than innocence, he makes all possible allowance for malice, jealousy, and uncharitableness in the insinuations of her contemporaries.

But, even when the libels of her enemies have been discounted, it must be confessed that often enough she gave them their opportunity, and there are certainly passages in her life and phases of her nature which no one but a partisan could attempt to excuse. There is a suggestion of the woman "on the make" about Josephine's earlier history, and yet it was not force of character that lifted her ultimately into fame. A mere chapter of accidents alone rendered possible her escape from her West Indian birthplace to the great world of France, and only the death of a young sister brought about her marriage with the pedant and doctrinaire, Alexandre de Beauharnais. A neglected, but apparently at that time rather stupid, wife, it was not till the guillotine had robbed her of her first husband that Josephine seemed to develop charm, and with charm in the days of the Directory went generally emancipation from moral restraints. The "Veuve Beauharnais" did not waste over-much time in mourning her dead husband's fate, and all the evidence goes to show that in the year 1795 she was receiving sums of money from Barras and acting as his mistress. Then came the meeting with Napoleon Bonaparte and his offer of marriage after but a month's acquaintance. It is only too evident that Josephine, conscious, at thirty-two years of age, of fading looks and shrewd enough to see that the young soldier had a future, snatched desperately at the proposal as at a last chance, and took advantage of her lover's infatuation. The affection was all on his side—rarely can a woman have received such passionate love-letters as he sent her on his Italian Campaign; and she refused to join him, neglected writing to him, or else sent replies which Napoleon said were "cold as fifty and like those of fifteen years of married life," would read out passages from his protestations to friends, remarking the while, "Il est drôle, Bonaparte!" and when he returned home complained that he was "all day in adoration" before her, as if she were a divinity. It is suspicious, also, that she maintained after her marriage close intimacy with Barras, and there is no doubting that she proved unfaithful to her husband—perhaps in more cases than one—while he was absent in Egypt. "If only I am the first to see him," she said when she heard he was back in France, "he will throw himself into my arms." But her brothers-in-law reached Napoleon in front of her, and she was within an ace of being divorced ten years in advance of the actual time. Her tears conquered Bonaparte's anger, but her success was not won without a price. She never deceived her husband again: he never showed her the ardour of the earlier stage of their union. Henceforward it was she who had to complain of coldness, of slackness in correspondence, of infidelity, it was she who waxed jealous, suffered, and wept.

What was her hold on Napoleon? Mr. Sergeant, like many another student of the Consulate and First Empire, does not find an answer to the question easy. That her husband's affection for her was never seriously impaired is obvious from his having her crowned and consecrated by his side in Paris, and by the tenderness with which, according to his lights, he treated her after the divorce.

* "The Empress Josephine, Napoleon's Enchantress." By Philip W. Sergeant. 2 vols. (Hutchinson & Co.)



Josephine.

From a sketch by David for a picture of the Coronation.

From "The Empress Joseph" (Hutchinson.)

belief that his wife had grown to love him. "Good woman, good Josephine!" was the epitaph he pronounced over her grave, "she loved me truly." In a way perhaps he spoke the truth, though the affections of Josephine were too diffused to possess much intensity. To quote Mr. Sergeant :

"She loved too many things to love anything much. Flowers, animals, children, young and amusing persons, claimed her regard so strongly that her heart was another Malmaison in the incongruous variety of objects for which it found room.

Even her own children reversed the natural relations of parent and offspring and treated her as a charge to be looked after and protected. Moreover, any love she had for Napoleon did not prevent her from pouring out such grievances as she had against him to her companions or servants, or deceiving him about her endless debts, or giving a ready ear to the critics and foes of his régime. Perhaps he did not mind her being in debt, because it made her more dependent on his bounty. Perhaps he liked her explosions of jealousy, as he seems to have enjoyed her tears, as a tribute to his manhood. He cannot have been wholly ignorant that the worst calumnies urged against him by the Royalists had their source in Josephine's rash outbursts of chagrin; possibly these also were to his thinking proofs of her love. Perhaps in essentials he was a domestic person as in public life he was a formalist, and Josephine had become a habit. However his devotion may be explained, Mr. Sergeant seems justified in summing up the case as follows :

"Although Josephine commenced her life with Napoleon by grossly betraying the most passionate affection of which actual records remain in history; although her own love which she ultimately developed for him was a strange compound of fascinated submission to a dominating will and an eager clinging to the provider of her riches; although she robbed him with his servants, and discussed him disloyally with his enemies; although to present a really black picture of his character we need only go to her recorded utterances about him—in spite of all this, we must not forget that Napoleon never ceased, to the end of his days, to speak of the perfect happiness which she had given him in their life together. If she had been the most devoted and virtuous of wives, could any husband have said more for her?"

Bonaparte himself described her as "*la grazia in persona*," and added in his characteristically coarse way that she was "graceful even as she went to bed." Her charm then for him was her gracefulness; let us leave it at that.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE YEAR OF THE FOUR EMPERORS.*

The title of this volume suggests a large theme, but the reader will find, not without surprise, that its scope is of the narrowest. Mr. Henderson, in fact, deals only with the events of a single year, and he deals even with these less in the broad spirit of a historian than as a minute critic of military operations. With those larger issues which make the year 69 A.D.—"the year of the Four Emperors"—memorable in history, he has little concern, and about that "rebellion" in Judæa, which has a supreme interest for the whole Western world, he says nothing, but he is bent on demonstrating that the greatest of Roman historians is wholly ignorant of the meaning of "strategy." Accordingly he takes the account given by Tacitus in the "Histories" of the struggle between Otho and Vitellius, of that between Vitellius and Vespasian, and of the campaign against Civilis, and examines it at length "by the aid of, and as illustrative of, modern strategical principles." His conclusion is that the narrative, being chiefly founded on "camp gossip," is both "inadequate and short-sighted," but whether he has, or has not, made out his case is a question which to those who admire Tacitus will have little attractiveness. That master spirit had other aims than to leave to posterity an exact estimate of the generalship of an Otho, a Valens, or a Cæcina. The campaigns of Alexander, of Hannibal, or of Cæsar may justly require from the historian some close study of the military art, but to explore the feeble and dubious strategy of obscure leaders was not a task for the pen of Tacitus. He is, indeed, compelled to pursue the weary record of war and butchery, but, until Mr. Henderson discovered the fact, who would have dreamed that "perhaps his chief interest" is for the military student? Rather, while the world lasts, men will turn to the "Histories" not merely because of their splendid eloquence or their marvellous portraiture, but rather to study in them those moral causes which undermine and destroy empires, and which are set out by Tacitus with the insight of a philosopher, the clearness of a dramatist, and the impassioned indignation of a patriot. It is as a great writer, a great moralist, and a great man that his immortality is secure, and though he fails to supply a text-book for army examinations or to satisfy academic critics of the art of war, his reputation remains uninjured. But the writer of this volume thinks otherwise, for he has learned to use the word "strategy." In the brief compass of two pages he employs it eleven times; he talks of "the strategy of exhaustion," "the strategy of annihilation," "the strategy of masterly inactivity," and a dozen other strategies with the easiest fluency; he knows that "a strategy of defence may be executed by a tactical offensive as well as by a tactical defensive," and he informs us that "the tide of warfare ebbs and flows on an ocean which is studded with strategical objectives." The last splendid phrase is, indeed, not Mr. Henderson's own, but an aphorism quoted by him from some unknown authority. It may serve, however, to show the superiority of the moderns to the ancients, for it is certain that neither Tacitus nor any classical writer could have composed so remarkable a sentence. But Tacitus, at any rate, in addition to leaving us "a large rubbish-heap of 'military' judgments," was, it seems, only a poor master of language. After referring to a speech made by a Roman general, called Vocula, in the remote town of Novæsium, Mr. Henderson asserts that the report of it is authentic, for "the historian," he assures us, "however great a master of the sham rhetoric of the schools, could hardly have invented a speech which breathes so passionate a scorn." Totally ignoring the well-known fact that ancient historians place whatever words they think fittest in the mouths of speakers—occasionally, of course, with

* "Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire." By B. W. Henderson, Sub-Rector and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

some knowledge of what was actually spoken—he argues that the speech ascribed to an obscure general must be genuine just because it is dramatically appropriate. "This is good," he says, "and therefore it is not Tacitus," thus at once begging his argument, and defying the judgment of the whole world, which to this moment never denied to Tacitus the possession of "a passionate scorn," and which has yet to learn, as Mr. Henderson states two pages later, that he was only "a stilted pleader at a decadent Bar." To such a verdict there is, assuredly, no reply. It can be received only in astonishment and silence. But the reader who, not being "a man of war from his youth," cannot pronounce an expert opinion on Mr. Henderson's military criticisms, may reasonably wonder whether a classical lecturer, who takes up a literary position which is so obviously indefensible, can be safely trusted when he accuses Tacitus of complete ignorance of the art of war.

T. E. PAGE.

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.*

Platitudes enshrine truths, though they often deface that which they enshrine, and we need not fear to reiterate the truism that, from the days of David and Jonathan onward, the friendship of one man to another has been one of the most beautiful things in all this strange, beautiful world. Such a friendship lives in this fascinating volume. We learn to know Lafcadio Hearn with penetrating intimacy—an intimacy which reveals to us how much of the inner sanctuary of his subtle and elusive selfhood will ever remain unrevealed; but what a flame of faithful and sincere lovingness burns there upon the altar!

Indirectly also, we learn through these letters more than a little of Henry Watkin, the noble old man who befriended Hearn in the days when he was an ugly, inarticulate, forsaken boy, with no passport to the hearts of his fellow-men except the inscrutable signature of personality and the added appeal of his lonely poverty—befriended him and, through all his waywardness, poured forth on him such trust and affection as made him, not a protégé, but a comrade and an equal and something more. "The boy," we read, "by virtue of his dark hair and colouring, the gloomy cast of his thoughts, his deep love for Poe, was known as 'The Raven,' and in the clever and very various little sketches of the bird with which he signs his letters to Henry Watkin, he contrives his somewhat wistful sense of his own outward unattractiveness."

The letters to an unknown lady—written on a far more formal and fastidious level—add a distinct note to his own half-unconscious self-delineation, in their chivalrous and generous evasiveness toward one who—a very different person from Prosper Mérimée's *Inconnue*—is at times, we suspect, not a little embarrassing. The small volume, therefore, in addition to the admirable introductory sketch by Mr. Milton Bronner, frames a kind of triptych which includes the letters to Henry Watkin, the letters to the fair unknown, and extracts from certain newspaper letters in which the writer had concealed his identity under that of Ozias Midwinter.

The editor speaks of Hearn as having, in what he wrote for publication, "every attribute of a great writer save humour"; but in these private scribbles to Henry Watkin the spirit of fun, lurking in his shy, sensitive nature, bubbled over even through his bitterest melancholy, and some of the letters are as humorous as they are sad. "The world," says the writer of the Preface, "had dealt him some very hard blows"; but may we not add that the hardships seem after all to have been

"Machinery just meant
To give (his) soul its bent";

for, through these playful, bewitching, yet sometimes half-tragic letters, the history and growth of a soul unconsciously gleams forth. The failures, struggles, lonely heresies, even the hunger and the five-cent dinners—with rare pluck he at one time invented and "ran" a five-cent eating-house—all encountered by him, we divine, with a spirited gaze on the vague eternities above and beyond them, a determination that, whatever else he sold, he would never sell his soul—these were melting and hammering him into that of which Noguchi wrote:

"Truly he was a delicate, easily broken Japanese vase, old as the world, beautiful as a cherry blossom. Alas! that wonderful vase was broken! He is no more with us. Surely we could better lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur than Lafcadio Hearn."

ANNIE MATHESON.

EASTERN STORIES.*

A collector of folk-lore who does not happen to be a skilled folk-lorist is by that the better fitted to make a good book. The best material is pressed and dried by the folk-lorist into "books that are no books, Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back," and all the rest of Lamb's delicious list of monstrosities. He turns bread to stone before our eyes, and is proud of it. Mr. Hanaver (may Allah smile upon him!) is not a folk-lorist. His volume of wise tales and quaint tales and distortions of history ("distortion" did we say?—no, fairy-story improvements) is marred by no theories, no reminders that this story has a parallel here, and this other a variant somewhere else. He speaks not as the scribes, but as a fortunate human being to whom people in turbans have told most wonderful things. His stories all came to him by word of mouth, and on paper they still retain that pleasant intimate savour. The reader never feels that the author regards his tales as so many interesting trifles, for classification and discussion. No; the very gusto of the book makes it clear that they are as real to him as the "Arabian Nights" to healthy children. Occasionally he may mention a European tale, but so seldom, and so perfunctorily, in a book whose every page contains an opportunity, as only to heighten that reverential feeling that identifies him with the *jellahin* who sat before him and talked while he listened.

The book is alive with the true story-telling spirit that will not allow a listener to do anything but open his mouth, laugh under his breath for fear of interrupting, and, at the end of each tale, ask for another. Although parallels and side-issues kept suggesting themselves all the time, it was not until the last page was turned that it was possible even to pretend to be a folk-lorist. When with some difficulty the feat was achieved, the book took a new interest without losing the old.

It is only possible to mention a few of the parallels that refused to be forgotten. There is a Blue-Beard, who has a more intricate tale and a more elaborate psychology than those of our old friend, and actually kills himself at the end. There is a Cinderella, and there is a cunning simpleton called Goliha who is the twin brother of Little Claus. And apart from nursery tales, there is a version of our old story of Cherry of Lennor, which has another parallel in a Scandinavian story of a woman of Skums-stadir. A *jellahin* cursed an old she-toad, who happened to be a Jan, with the result that she was hurried away at night to assist the Jan in childbirth. She stayed as nurse to the little Jan, and put some of the kohl, that it was her duty to apply to the little fellow's eyes, in her own. On being dismissed, she

* "Letters from the Raven: Lafcadio Hearn." 5s. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

* "Folk-lore of the Holy Land." By J. B. Hanaver. 8s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

was paid with scraps of onion-peel that changed into gold pieces. Some time afterwards, walking in the bazaar, she saw the mother Jan pilfering from the stalls. She spoke to her, and bent and kissed the baby Jan, to the great surprise of the onlookers, who saw her kissing empty air. The mother Jan cried out angrily at being seen by her, and blinded her by poking a finger into the eye that had been touched with fairy kohl. This is almost exactly the tale of Cherry of Lennor, and of the Skums-stadir girl.

To notice a later influence from the East, we have only to turn in the book to the tale of a boasting pigeon who subdued his wife by threatening to kick over King Solomon's palace, and when Solomon rebuked him, explained to her that the great King had been begging him not to do it. The two pigeons were turned into stone, but the tale is the germ of a wise and capricious fairy-story that has another ending, is called "The Butterfly that Stamped," and was written by Mr. Kipling.

There is an interesting comparison possible between the Scandinavian account of the origin of elves and that given in this book of the birth of the Jan. The Northern tale tells how God visited Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and paid them compliments on those of their children whom Eve exhibited. He asked if there were any more, and as Eve had not yet washed the others, she said "No"; whereupon God replied, "That which has been hid from Me shall also be hid from man," and those other children became invisible, and their descendants, living in hills and caves, are the elves that everybody knows. Mr. Hanaver's story is different. Eve used to bring forth forty children at a time, and as she could not be bothered to nurse them all, picked out the best twenty on each occasion, and threw the rest away, always telling Adam that she had only had a score. Adam knew her, and therefore prayed Allah to let any she had thrown away live underground and go abroad at night, "and thus the Jan came into being."

In noticing the many counterparts these tales have in European folk-lore, we are driven to wonder what are the characteristics that make up the atmosphere of story-telling that is so easily recognised as Oriental. It is certainly not a question of local colour alone. The substitution of ointment for kohl is not enough to make Cherry belong to Lennor in the way she does, and the resubstitution of kohl is not enough to make her a *fellahin* of Palestine. We cannot answer the question. But there are some points about Oriental story-telling that can be noticed at once. For one thing, it is more logical than European, and more capricious in its logic. Karnkarl, on hearing that a man he had sentenced to be hung from his own door had a door too low for the purpose, replied simply, "Then hang the first short man you can find." There is something essentially and absurdly logical in that sentence, and it is the keynote of a great part of Oriental story-telling. It is more ruthless than ours: witness the difference in the character of Eve as given in the two tales. It has a different humour: witness the tale of a man who, when his house was on fire, absent-mindedly pitched his mother-in-law out of the window, and tenderly carried her bed to safety in his arms. "It was agreed that he had done wisely." No modern tale could have finished like that.

DREAMS AND FANTASIES.*

Hoffmann—Gautier—Poe—the three are symbolical in romantic literature of the fantastic, the wild, the wonderful, and the gorgeous. They are three master spirits who, with magic wand, conjure up before us new worlds, rending the veil behind the commonplace and prosaic to disclose the "shining, shifting Sovrancies of Dream." Yet is there

little real likeness between these three. Each had two personalities, the man and the artist, and in their art they bore to one another as little resemblance as in their lives. Hoffmann might, with some show of reason, have been called mad. Poe, though characterised contemptuously, by his countrymen at least, as a drunken and drug-taking crank, was a gentle, inoffensive soul, whose spirit craved naturally for the delights of domesticity and a quiet, peaceful life. Gautier alone was a complete man; a "solid man," glorying in the description of a friend that summed him up as "fat, jovial, and sanguinary." He was "a kindly bear . . . who was always called by his Christian name, and delighted in astonishing his friends with outbursts of genius served up in a joyous obscenity." To compare their methods, one might set down Hoffmann as a type of the old school of story-teller, as a man with a story to tell who told it in his own way; Poe was almost the first to choose an effect and then think out a story to produce it; Gautier's way was different too, less ambitious perhaps, but calling for fully as much genius in the achievement. His was "the art of making dreams come true." Poe was ever a conscious craftsman, with a technique more elaborate than any writer had either dared or cared to formulate: Hoffmann "started anywhere, and managed to produce his effect by the hypnotism of personal feeling." He "played on his own nerves," writing with a trembling pen, "while his wife held his other hand to keep him from forgetting that there was a homely world whose emotions were less terrible than those he at once described and experienced." "Fancy," as Mr. Ransome declares, "was at once Poe's servant and Hoffmann's master." And Gautier, what of him? He did but chronicle, in perfect prose it is true, the adventures of "an Oriental and antique projection of himself."



Théophile Gautier.

From "Stories by Gautier." (F. C. & E. C. Jack.)

* "Stories by Hoffmann," "Stories by Gautier," "Stories by Poe." Edited, with Introductions, by Arthur Ransome. 1s. net each. (Jack.)

These little volumes of stories form in themselves a literary treasure of rare jewels, and Mr. Ransome's critical introductions double their value. One needs an educated taste to appreciate things that are exquisitely and artistically perfect—pictures, melodies, old wine, beautiful women even, and cameos of literature like these before us. Poe, perhaps, is coming into his kingdom, but Gautier, to English readers, is little more than a name, Hoffmann is nothing more. The three essays that here introduce their work will suggest something that is new to those, and they are not many, who have thought that they knew already most that was worth knowing of these three. Readers to whom the beauties of these authors are fresh will find Mr. Ransome's forcible and graceful expositions invaluable.

Hoffmann—Gautier—Poe—all had "their dreams, from which they wove a Paradise." "Gautier's work," says Mr. Ransome, and the remark applies with almost equal effect to the other two, "was the construction of a Paradise for himself in which other people were allowed to walk. His stories are a substitute for opium and haschish, and take us into a world like that of old romance and myth, where we meet our own souls walking in strange clothes." Hoffmann, Gautier, and Poe, all "starved on dreams, and found them good." Mr. Ransome quotes Santayana, that "art, so long as it needs to be a dream, will never cease to be a disappointment." "We leave a story of Gautier," he says, as indeed we leave a story of Hoffmann or a fantasy of Poe's, "as we leave the Mabinogion, or the Morte d'Arthur, or the Volsunga Saga, or a book of fairy-tales. We have to readjust ourselves before meeting the difficulties of life." Against Santayana he puts Mahomet: "If any man have two loaves, let him sell one, and buy flowers of the white narcissus, for the one is food for the body, and the other is food for the soul."

The Gautier stories that have been chosen for illustration are "Clarimonde," "The Mummy's Foot," and "King Candaules," and one's interest increases on finding them in Lafcadio Hearn's translation. Now Hearn, particularly at the time he undertook his lovingly laborious translations from the French, had an altogether indifferent knowledge of that language, a fact that explains not only the one or two rather surprising lapses in accurate rendering of the original, but, what is far more important, the beautifully exact transference of the author's spirit that is only possible to one not too familiar with the language from which he is translating. This may sound paradoxical, but it is a fact that a translator equally familiar with both languages in which he is dealing is the last person who should be chosen for such a task.

Hoffmann, to whom music, drawing, and literature were the same art, who could express himself almost equally well in any of the three, who called his first writings "Fantasy-Pieces after the manner of Callot" (the seventeenth-century artist), and published them in a musical paper, is represented by "The Cremona Violin" and "Mademoiselle de Scudéry"; Poe by the better known "Masque of the Red Death," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Oval Portrait," and three other tales.

The thought which prompted the summarised chronology of each author's life and works that stands before the introduction was a good one, and almost a better was that which resulted in the inclusion of Miss Gavin's clever and vivid frontispiece portraits.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.*

This book is the record of work done by a gifted and public-spirited man, who laboured for more than sixty years

* "A Descriptive Bibliography of the Writings of George Jacob Holyoake," with a Brief Sketch of his Life. By Chas. Wm. F. Goss. 5s. net. (Crowther & Goodman.)

in various popular and unpopular causes. Mr. Goss has taken all possible pains to give us a complete bibliography, and, not content with a full list of Holyoake's fugitive pieces, has even included the attacks, replies, and criticisms of Holyoake's opponents. A born controversialist, George Jacob Holyoake raised the dust of debate on many a subject that time has mercifully disposed of, and to the end was ever a fighter. Mr. Goss recalls the memory of these debates and battles: debates with Christians and atheists (Holyoake would never admit that secularism was identical with atheism), battles in support of free speech and free thought. Of all the causes Holyoake championed, to the co-operative movement, perhaps, he rendered most service. Inspired by Robert Owen, though always willing to point out the deficiencies of that great man, Holyoake as far back as 1841 wrote in support of Trades Unionism, and in 1858 published his first book on the Rochdale pioneers. In 1906, when death was near, he was able to attend to the publication of a new and revised edition of his "History of Co-operation." Apart from all the anti-theological, the political, and the social writings, quite a number of simple educational works—dealing with grammar, mathematics, and logic, and attempting to explain the mysteries of words and alphabets to children—were published by Holyoake more than fifty years ago, when children's books were not quite so plentiful or delightful as they are to-day. Holyoake never went into Parliament. He never got beyond being a "prospective candidate." Always some man of money was preferred before him when the election approached. It may be his Liberalism was too robust and too independent for party purposes, but there is something at fault in our politics when men like Holyoake cannot even offer themselves for election.

The biographical part of the book gives the reader a sympathetic and reliable narrative of George Jacob Holyoake's long and eventful life, and should be of use to all who have not time for Holyoake's autobiography—the "Sixty Years' of an Agitator's Life." We do not entirely share the views of Mr. Goss concerning the old differences between Holyoake and Bradlaugh, but the merits or demerits of that ancient dispute are no longer of interest. The good of both these remarkable men lives after them, and the rest is of no account.

QUEEN VICTORIA.*

It cannot be said that these three works have any great value. Mr. Frank Hird, in the preface to "Victoria the Woman," explains that his book in no way purports to be a complete life of Queen Victoria, nor does he, in his modesty, even claim that it is a complete study of her character; but it takes us through her life in four hundred pages of large type, and to those who are not versed in the chronicles of her reign it may be acceptable. It contains a characteristic letter, not, we believe, previously printed, from her late Majesty to Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, written shortly after the death of her youngest son, the Duke of Albany, in 1884:

"Dear Ronald," it runs, "not knowing where you might be I did not at once answer your kind, feeling letter, which touched me much. Yes, God has taken most away who were my dearest, as well as those whom I most needed as helps and comforts, and I am sorely stricken indeed. This is but a pilgrimage, a great struggle, and not our real home, and we may say with those beautiful lines:

'So long Thy power has blessed me, sure Thou still
Wilt lead me on

* "Victoria the Woman." By Frank Hird. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)—"Victoria Regina: Her Court and her Subjects, from her Accession to the Death of the Prince Consort." By Fitzgerald Molloy. Illustrated. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Queen Victoria as I Knew Her." By Sir Theodore Martin. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night be gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

I know you appreciated my dearest child—on your return I will send you one of his last photographs."

The fact that "Victoria Regina," Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's posthumous work, like "Victoria the Woman," has no index, suggests at the outset that the publishers assume it will not be regarded as a work of reference. It is, indeed, a not very favourable specimen of the popular biography now so greatly in vogue; and the key-note of the whole is struck in the opening paragraph:

"The turret clock in Kensington Palace has not yet struck five on the morning of June 20, 1837, when a carriage covered with dust and drawn by horses flecked with foam drew up at its principal entrance. Already the sun had flashed signals of gold across wide spaces of skies; but as yet the land slept; silvery phantasmal mists hung above the surrounding garden's wide glades, the Round Pond, and grassy slopes. From the carriage stepped two men, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham, bearers of important news"

--the news being, of course, that William IV. was dead and Victoria Queen. The work, which stops at the death of the Prince Consort, contains nothing that is not known to the reader who is acquainted with Greville, McCarthy, and the many histories of the reign, and it has not a tithe of the interest of the unjustly neglected little book, "Victoria, Queen and Ruler," by Mrs. Emily Crawford, who drew her facts from sources not generally accessible. The truth is that so much has been written about Queen Victoria during the later years of her long reign, that such a compilation lacks the freshness of the same author's "Court Life Below Stairs under the Georges," wherein he gathered much that was interesting from memoirs long since neglected. The details of the trouble about Lady Flora Hastings, the Bedchamber Question, the Parliamentary discussion anent the income to be granted to the Prince Consort on his marriage, are too familiar to bear repetition. Still, a pleasant hour may be passed with these volumes by those who are acquainted with the art of skipping.

Sir Theodore Martin, who now issues the brochure privately printed in 1902, has at least the advantage over Mr. Hird and Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy of having known the Queen. He made her acquaintance on November 14, 1866, the eve of which event he has reason to remember:

"The night before," Sir Theodore reminds us, "was memorable for the marvellous transit of shooting-stars (the Leonids) across the heavens, the recurrence of which in subsequent years has been looked for eagerly, but in vain. I remember well wondering to myself, as after midnight I gazed upon that magnificent spectacle, how I, utter stranger as I was to the ways and etiquette of courts, should pass through the ordeal that awaited me."

Sir Theodore Martin, or, as he then was, Mr. Martin, in his intercourse with her late Majesty was as a simple-minded, chivalrous knight; but, admirable as is that attitude, it is not one that allows of impartial judgment, and from this chronicle of small-beer we obtained a very different impression from that which the author intended to convey. We do not see the admirable female Crichton that Sir Theodore Martin surely believed he was depicting, but a lady, gracious indeed to her favourites, but an unconscious egoist of the deepest dye, overwhelmed with a sense of her own importance, and absolutely convinced that anything or anyone even remotely connected with her is of primary importance!

We are shown the Queen at home, setting down her views, not through official channels, but in confidential correspondence; and everywhere we see, not the enlightened woman of the eulogist, but the narrow-minded *Hausfrau* of the Teutonic race. We may, or may not, be advocates

of "Woman's Rights," but the violence of Queen Victoria's anger against the movement shows her limitations:

"The Queen," she wrote on May 29, 1870, "is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights,' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady -- ought get a *good whipping*. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different—let them then remain each in their own position. Tennyson has some beautiful lines on the difference of men and women in 'The Princess.' Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex? The Queen is sure that Mrs. Martin agrees with her."

But a woman may have her "Rights" and yet not be unsexed; and, anyhow, that a Queen should protest shows in a royal lady a very marked want of the saving grace of humour, for if any woman has her "Rights," surely that woman is the sovereign: we never heard that her late Majesty was an advocate for the introduction of the Salic Law into the British Constitution.

Sir Theodore Martin's character-sketch is valuable, especially so for the deductions that are to be drawn from it, and in one reviewer's reading of it, at all events, "Queen Victoria as I Knew Her" goes far to prove the accuracy of the rather disparaging study of Queen Victoria made by Mrs. Emily Crawford in the volume mentioned at the beginning of this review.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

SIXTY-NINE BIRNAM ROAD.*

Middle-class and lower London have no truer or more attractive chronicler than Mr. Pett Ridge. He is as realistic as Gissing was, but he has deeper and broader sympathies and a saving sense of humour that enable him always to see the other side of darkness, and the inner and better side of what is superficially sordid, or wretched, or bad. You care no more about his plots than you do about Dickens's; we delight in his books because they mirror the life that we know; because they tell the unsensational stories of ordinary men and women with such an air of convincing reality; because of their unfailing humour, and of the many quaint, likable, lifelike characters they bring us acquainted with.

"Sixty-Nine Birnam Road" is the story of an educated, capable girl, a school-teacher, who marries a less than half educated man of the somewhat dull, but steady and plodding order. She loves him, and is determined not to be ashamed of him, though she sensitively suppresses the fact that they had first met on a tramcar and he had spoken to her without waiting for an introduction. He is clerk to the Superintendent of a great railway company, and his salary is large enough to warrant them in keeping a maid-of-all-work, but Ella, his wife, has social ambitions and is practical, and, bent on helping him to get on, she has a brass plate affixed to the railings and advertises for music pupils. She is careful to correct his mispronunciations and to instruct him in the manners of good society; has her At Homes and little dinners, and likes to go one better than her neighbours; but his ambitions are of the more solid and less showy variety: he plods industriously, gives his time and thoughts so entirely to his work that she is sometimes irritated by his seeming neglect of her and her friends, and by his untimely thinking of it when he ought to be listening to her. He is glad that she corrects his

* "Sixty-Nine Birnam Road." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

mistakes of speech, and gives him hints on how to behave, feeling that these things are useful to him from a business standpoint; for the same reason he had learnt commercial French, and could undertake correspondence in that language, and presently, with a shrewd eye to business, he tells Ella he thinks of taking lessons so that he may acquire the art of conversing in French.

" 'That's just what I want you to do,' she said, resting an elbow on the table, and touching the flowers. 'I want you to keep moving. I should like, Fred, to see you earning three hundred a year.'

" 'He drew in a breath between his teeth. 'That would take a bit of doing,' he said, thoughtfully. 'Men don't get along on the railway as they do in short stories.'

" 'Life is made up of short stories,' Ella insisted. 'How many are there between you and the General Manager?'

" 'You don't understand,' he said tolerantly. 'It's true I'm chief clerk to the Superintendent, and you may say that the Superintendent is next to the General Manager, but it by no means follows— What I mean is that very often a man is brought in from another line when there's an important vacancy.'

" 'In that case you stand a chance of being transferred to a good position on some other railway.'

" 'Go on!' he said good-humouredly. 'Map it all out for yourself. Let me know when you've made me a baronet!'

In some respects, perhaps, Ella is rather a snob, but her snobbery is never more than skin-deep, and her loyal standing by her husband's kindly, unrepresentable old mother and defying the ridicule of her superior friends is a good touch; an excellent character, the old mother, by the way, conscious of her deficiencies and anxious not to intrude and discredit her son, whom she is proud of, or her son's wife, of whom she is even prouder. A good touch, too, is Ella's affection for her dissipated, unscrupulous brother, in relieving whose monetary embarrassments she comes near to estranging herself from her husband; but best of all, maybe, is the way in which her husband, a sensible, modest, matter-of-fact, reliable fellow, vindicates himself, and, advancing quietly from promotion to promotion, and carefully studying as he rises to fit himself and his manner of living to his improved prospects, impresses her at last as being not inferior to herself, but superior; so much so that in the end she shrinks nervously from the responsibilities and dignity of the high position she had been ambitious for him to achieve, whilst he accepts them easily and as a mere detail of the business, having carried heavier burdens.

In every way this is Mr. Pett Ridge at his best. The story has more plot than he usually allows himself, and all the pathos and humour and knowledge of humanity that he has taught us to look for in a book that bears his name on its cover.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.*

There is greater opportunity for dramatic description of the events in French history covered by Miss Sichel's new work than was the case in her earlier book "*Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation*," to which it forms the natural sequel. Together the volumes give a complete picture of an enigmatic and abnormal character from the day when the girl Catherine rode fearlessly a-hunting with her father-in-law, King François I., to the day when she died, a disappointed and worn-out old woman with a record of shameless intrigue behind her. The mother of three weakling and vicious kings, she struggled to protect the throne against two powerful opposing parties, the Guises and the Bourbons, and during the struggle resorted to deceit, dishonour, bloodshed and crime. She moves us to com-

passion; "and yet our very compassion," says the author, "is mixed with dust and well-nigh chokes us in the parched and arid atmosphere surrounding her." Indeed the interest attaching to Catherine de' Medici is less personal than due to her as the central figure of one of the most difficult and involved periods of French history. The reigns of the last two Valois kings, dealt with in the volume under consideration, abounded in political and religious problems of which the assassination of Coligny, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, the murder of Henri, Duc de Guise, and the Cardinal, his brother, were the inevitable outcome. These atrocities, the story of the League, and the triangular conflict between the three Henris, are narrated with the touch of the true historian. The author's scholarly and detailed style suits the complexity of her subject, and if the picturesque and imaginative note is sometimes lacking, the deficiency is atoned for by the wealth of facts set forth. Miss Sichel uses telling phrases showing both insight and originality. "Catherine's malady was negation," she writes in summing up. "Her work itself rang hollow; she went about crying peace where there was no peace; she took the shadow for the substance, the moment for the age."

An interesting section of the book deals with Gaspard de Coligny, with whom the author is in thorough sympathy; another is a study of the delightful Queen Margot, Catherine's independent daughter, who "brought a note of nature into a close exotic atmosphere, a rush of sunshine into a stifling room." Many of the excellent portraits are reproduced from originals in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT.*

It is a trite saying that the spectator sees most of the game, and there is much to be said for the contention that a foreigner is often the best critic of political institutions. By far the best account of the American constitution is to be found in the monumental work of the present British Ambassador at Washington, and it is only fitting that the most impartial and the most exhaustive examination of the complex machinery of government in England which has yet been produced should be the work of one of Mr. Bryce's American pupils. Mr. Lawrence Lowell, Professor of the Science of Government at Harvard, makes full acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Mr. Bryce as "the master and guide of all students of modern political systems"; and there could be no more fitting tribute than these two stately volumes to the influence of Mr. Bryce's spirit and method on all succeeding students of political science. Mr. Lowell is admirably equipped for his task. His indefatigable industry is attested by the multiplicity of the authorities whom he quotes in support of every statement. But while he has resisted the temptation to indulge in sweeping generalisations, he has never allowed himself to be biased by the prejudices or partialities of his informants. His judgments, always shrewd and cautious, are clearly his own; and his detachment and impartiality in handling the most delicate and controversial questions are beyond praise. It may be said without hesitation that this masterly work will be indispensable to all students of English political institutions.

Mr. Lowell's investigations have covered a large field. He begins inevitably by discussing the general characteristics of the British constitution, and passes from this to the Crown and the Cabinet. So far the ground is familiar enough, and Mr. Lowell follows Professor Dicey in the main, but makes frequent and judicious use of Morley's "*Gladstone*."

* "*The Later Years of Catherine de' Medici*." By Edith Sichel. 15s. net. (Constable.)

* "*The Government of England*." By A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols. 17s. net. (Macmillan).—"*The Story of British Diplomacy*." By T. H. S. Escott. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

He gives a minute and careful account of the various public departments, and rightly analyses at some length the relations between the Treasury and the great spending departments, the War Office and the Admiralty. On the whole, he inclines to the view that in fact the powers of the Treasury are not as wide as might at first sight be supposed; and most people who have had any personal experience of the system will probably agree that Treasury control, irksome as it may sometimes be, on the whole makes for economy. Mr. Lowell discusses the position of the permanent Civil Service, and is obviously impressed, as every American observer must be, by the absence of anything analogous to the "spoils" system so long prevalent in the States. He deals fully with the relations between the permanent Civil Service and the various ministers, and exhibits considerable insight in his analysis of the sources of the enormous influence of the permanent staff and the way in which it is exercised. Indeed, these are among the most valuable chapters in the book, and here to a great extent Mr. Lowell is breaking new ground. His account of the position and powers of the Comptroller and Auditor-General is rather meagre, and he scarcely appreciates the growing influence of the Public Accounts Committee; but these are the only serious omissions in this portion of the book, and both are matters of which it is difficult for an outside observer to form a just estimate.

The succeeding chapters give a clear and adequate account of the franchise and electoral law, and Mr. Lowell comments, very naturally, on the absurdly cumbrous system of registration which maintains and seems likely to maintain in this country. He comments too on the custom of "nursing" constituencies and the extent to which the Corrupt Practices Act is evaded. In his account of Parliamentary procedure Mr. Lowell relies mainly on Erskine May's classic work, through he acknowledges his indebtedness to Sir Courtenay Ilbert, whose admirable little manual has been a guide to so many new members. The chapters on the relation of the private member and the Cabinet and on the more delicate question of the powers of the House of Lords are admirable in their lucidity and completeness; and Mr. Lowell rightly allows great weight to the influence of "questions" on the ministry and still more on the departments behind them.

From these more strictly constitutional questions Mr. Lowell passes to the subject of party organisation, noting the growing power of the party machine and the influence exercised by such bodies as the Primrose League. He is much impressed by the frequent difficulty of finding candidates and the apparent absence of competition for nomination, which, in his view, is attributable mainly to the expense of a contested election and to the fact that a member, especially in an English constituency, must face continual demands on his purse. The frequent appearance of the "carpet-bagger" is attributed to the fact that the voter is more interested in the success of his party than of a particular individual, while in the absence of any "spoils" system the successful candidate has no means of rewarding his supporters. This portion of the book concludes with an extremely interesting chapter on the "strength of party ties," in which English and American systems are compared, and a short account of the present position of the various parties.

The remainder of the second volume deals mainly with local government. Here it is satisfactory to note that, in the opinion of so judicial and experienced a critic, "English municipal administration is upright and well conducted in a remarkable degree, in spite of the fact that the leading citizens are to some extent deterred from taking an active part." It is worth remarking that Mr. Lowell attaches great value to the institution of aldermen, who do not require to be elected and tend to form a quasi-permanent nucleus in every council, and so to maintain continuity of policy. Mr. Lowell was much struck with the general honesty of municipal administration, which he attributes

in great measure to the efficiency and integrity of the permanent officials. As regards the personnel of the councils, his opinion (which is shared by many competent observers) is that the capacity of the candidates is slowly but steadily deteriorating. Many causes no doubt contribute to this, and it may be traced in part to the apathy which Mr. Lowell notes as the characteristic of the municipal elector. This, he admits, is due partly to the vicious system by which only one-third of the council requires re-election each year, but he is disposed to attribute it also in some degree to "the general English custom of continuing in office any man who has done nothing to forfeit public esteem."

The vexed question of municipal trading is discussed in a valuable chapter, but Mr. Lowell writes with too much detachment to commit himself to any positive judgment. He appends also an interesting comparison between Glasgow and Boston. The succeeding chapters on county and district councils and on the administration of the Poor Law are scarcely adequate to the importance of the subject, and the position of the guardians, with the opportunities which the Poor Law system offers for socialistic experiment, might have been examined in more detail. The Local Government Board comes in for some unfavourable criticism, and Mr. Lowell appears to regard it as the least efficient and least progressive of Government departments.

The chapters on the English educational system, from the primary schools to the universities, are as careful and thorough as all Mr. Lowell's work, but there is little in them calling for comment, except the emphasis laid upon the value of an honours degree. In the American universities the honours examination, which is necessarily competitive, is practically unknown; and the objection to any examination of a competitive nature is based upon the idea that it necessitates special tuition, and so favours the more prosperous classes. Besides, as Mr. Lowell remarks in another place, "in America, where the value of education is commonly deemed to lie in the utility of the information acquired, such a test of ability would not be readily accepted." As regards Mr. Lowell's personal opinion, it is clear that he is prepared to accept the competitive examination as a test of ability; and he fully indorses the system under which the Civil Service is recruited.

The concluding section, "Reflections," contains many pregnant and suggestive criticisms, which we have no space to discuss. Like all other observers, Mr. Lowell is struck by the predominance of the ruling class; but though his verdict is generally favourable, he notes a tendency to treat symptoms rather than causes. As compared with the American constitution, where a sharp distinction can be drawn between the structure and function of the organs of state, Mr. Lowell remarks that in the British constitution function and structure are the same thing.

The book is admirably arranged, though the index might with advantage have been made fuller; and the space devoted to the various sections has been allotted with sound judgment. The style is sober and lucid, and commendably free from rhetoric or irrelevance; and the general severity of treatment is only relieved by an occasional touch of sarcasm, as, for example, when Mr. Lowell notes the mistake commonly made by Liberals of assuming that man is a rational animal, or when he comments on the gratuity granted on marriage to women employed in the Post Office as "given rather out of commiseration than from any desire to encourage matrimony."

In strong contrast to the judicial sobriety of Mr. Lowell is the garrulous discursiveness of Mr. Sweet Escott. In "The Story of British Diplomacy" Mr. Escott gossips pleasantly about the Foreign Office and British diplomats generally. Though he adheres in the main to chronological order, he is too inveterate a *causeur* to be bound down to any very rigid method. Mr. Escott is perhaps at his best in the chapter on Palmerston, and his judgment as a historian is coloured by his obvious partiality for those diplomats (and they are many) with whom he has been

personally acquainted. All his life he has been in touch with the Foreign Office, and he has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of studying diplomatic methods at first hand. His discretion is unimpeachable, and the reader who looks for any sensational revelation of diplomatic secrets will be disappointed. Foreign politics have a peculiar fascination, and Mr. Escott is not insensible to the romance of his subject. But his interest is primarily in men more than affairs, and though his book is always readable and contains much interesting matter, it is desultory and rambling. Still, Mr. Escott is always good company and an agreeable gossip, and the general reader need not fear being bored by any abstract historical discussion.

MOTHER OF PEARL.*

The defect of most collections of short stories is the temptation to read in succession a number of stories which have not only no connection, but have no background or atmosphere in common. The selection is arbitrary and frequently brings together stories which, like discordant colours, "kill" one another. Anatolians familiar with M. France's various manners will not feel the abrupt changes of style, but novices whose acquaintance with M. France is only beginning, and for whom primarily this translation is intended, may well feel a certain bewilderment as they pass from "The Procurator of Judæa" to "Our Lady's Juggler" or "Madame de Luz." Still, the selection, for which after all M. France and not Mr. Chapman is responsible, is characteristic of an art always impatient of conventional patterns. M. France is too great an artist to restrict himself to any one model, and though some of the sketches in this collection are less typically Anatolian than others, all are marked by the same delicate finish and the same graceful scholarship. For M. France is a *savant*, though he wears his learning lightly and is quick to mock the pompous solemnity of pedantic erudition. The two best stories in "Mother of Pearl," both gems in their way, are "The Procurator of Judæa" and "Our Lady's Juggler." In the former Pontius Pilate, grown old and reminiscent, is discussing with a friend the events of his governorship in Judæa. His friend asks him if he recalls a young Galilean who was crucified, one Jesus from Nazareth. "Pontius Pilate contracted his brows and his hand rose to his forehead in the attitude of one who probes the depths of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—'Jesus,' he murmured, 'Jesus of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind.'" It is an audacious theme and one which might easily have been offensive with less delicate handling.

"Our Lady's Juggler" is the story of Barnaby, a poor juggler who takes refuge in a monastery, where he finds each of the monks dedicating his accomplishments to the Virgin. One is illuminating missals, another is copying holy books, and another is carving images. Barnaby alone can do nothing for the honour of our Lady, till a happy thought comes to him. Why should not he too dedicate his art? So the prior finds him juggling before the altar, and thinking he is mad is about to lead him away, "when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from the juggler's forehead." It is a beautiful story told with that tender sympathy for the simple-minded which is one of M. France's most endearing characteristics. The remaining stories, which we have no space to notice in detail, are illustrative of the two main subjects on which his education was based, the Lives of the Saints and the history of the Revolution. Mr. Chapman has carried out the task of translation with taste and discretion.

* "Mother of Pearl." By Anatole France. Translated by Frederick Chapman. 6s. (Lane.)

THE VIRGIN IN JUDGMENT.*

Rhoda Bowden, an austere Artemis of the Devon moors, is the protagonist of Mr. Phillpotts's tragic romance. Her brother David, a priggish and rather uninteresting Exmoor farmer, has married Margaret, a lovely and impulsive creature, all heart and sympathy. He is devoted to his wife, and never at any stage in the story do his love for and complete trust in Margaret diminish. Bartley Crocker, an old lover of Margaret who has transferred his affections to Rhoda almost as soon as her brother and Margaret become engaged, arranges frequent meetings with David's wife at which the two discuss the chances of his winning Rhoda. "The Virgin" herself, all unconscious of the purpose of these interviews, grows suspicious of Margaret and Bartley, and zealous for the honour of David, the only man she loves. Various incidents seem to lend probability to her imaginings. She has moved with David and his wife to their new home, Meavy Cot, where her affection for and knowledge of sheep, dogs, and all animals enable her to be of great help to her brother. Margaret, of no use with the sheep or the dogs, is eating her heart out at David's apparent neglect of her. Although he loves her, he thinks it unnecessary to go on saying so. Bartley, despairing of winning Rhoda, decides to sail for Canada and make a career for himself in the New World. His farewell to Margaret is witnessed by Rhoda, whose suspicions are brought to a head. In David's absence she accuses his wife of faithlessness. The timid and impulsive Margaret, overwrought and almost heart-broken, runs away from home, grows distraught from hunger and exhaustion, and drowns herself. David returns to discover the mischief his sister has worked. He turns on her and drives her from his door. It is the turn of Rhoda's heart to break, and the closing scene of the tragedy represents her arrival at her father's house at Ditsworthy:

"Among the burrows of the warren she threaded her way, until, black against the night, towered Ditsworthy. And she opened the outer gate, reached the door, struck upon it and cried two words. Mournful they rose, and deep, and heavy with the weight of her torments.

"Father! Mother!"

"They came down to her out of broken sleep. They found her collapsed, and carried her in and roused the smouldering peat upon the hearth. Then to their questions as they crowded round her—men, women, boys, candle-lit, grotesque, hastily robed from bed—she answered slowly:

"Margaret is drowned—driven to it by me—and David have cast me out."

No one can deny the power and sombre beauty of this story, marred, we think, by the somewhat frequent descriptions of scenery that Mr. Phillpotts seems to find necessary. The account of the great fight between Bartley and David, early in the book, is not as convincing as it might be. We never lost sight of the fact that David was going to win.

A. G.

THE PEACOCK'S PLEAUNCE.†

"E. V. B." is an æsthete of Ruskin's school, a lover of beautiful things, of what is decent and quiet and old, of gardens, of nature in selections, and of art. We have to read very little to be sure that she is happy with these things and sincere in her writing about them. Ruskin was perhaps her master—he has somewhere said an unpleasant thing about disciples—and we must do this justice to her writing, that it seems to reflect a life which, though probably cloistered, is beautiful. How genuine, for example, is the opening of "In Praise of Birds":

* "The Virgin in Judgment." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Cassell.)

† "The Peacock's Pleaunce." By "E. V. B." With 8 full-page illustrations. 3s. net. (Lane.)



J. Ruskin

Warwick Castle (1847)

on the drawing in the collection of B. B. Macgouge. I



J. Ruskin

Dawn at Coniston (1873)

From the drawing in the possession of Mr. George Allen

"There are not many lovers of beautiful things that are not made continually to feel in their heart it is misery to love! I do not mean the romance of love that belonged to our youth; *that* remains the same as ever, divinely happy, imperishably beautiful. But for such as know what it is to love and sympathise deeply with the lower creation—as it is called—they recognise at every turn the law, hard and fast like a law of Nature itself, causing that which most they love to become a source of greater pain than pleasure. Life would certainly be less hard for some of us did we not care as we do for God's creatures of the animal world. And this leads up to the love most fraught with pain—at least to they (*sic*) who care for them as so many in these days do—the love which is most universal, the love of birds. . . ."

And everywhere these deep affections are reflected, now in a thought, now in a description like this of a rainbow :

"No seven colours such as other rainbows were these (*sic*); only one broad band of purple and green. Just where this glory arose, on the one side it stained a violet path across the walls of a low white cottage under the hill with a garden and in the fence a little garden gate, and across the hillside woods at the back, and across two or three apple-trees and a central rose bush flushed with pink, and across the figure of a woman standing at the garden gate. A peacock by her side shook down emerald splendours. Very still and preternaturally tall, wrapt in shimmering sapphire, triumphantly beautiful, stood the figure at the gate. Clothed with the rainbow, crowned with light, we saw her stand, as though ready to rise and soar above God's symbol in the cloud, like the bird of Hope! As we looked we could not speak: a sense of awe for the moment kept us silent."

And yet there is not a passage which does not show that for some reason, known to Providence, the gift of expression has not been included in her many gifts. She suggests, for she is a cultivated woman who has read much and watched many kinds of writing; but she does not express. She is always talking *about* things; she cannot create. Her illustrations are photographs of a white peacock in different attitudes. The beautiful bird expresses itself by life and motion. How disappointing it would be were it to dip a quill into a bottle of the best ink!

Novel Notes.

THE MAYORESS'S WOOING. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The strength of its plot, the cleverness of its characterisation, the crispness and naturalness of its dialogue make "The Mayoress's Wooing" a very remarkable piece of work. The story is of modern London. Sir William Chatto becomes Lord Mayor, and the book opens with his procession through the City. One of the spectators is Dr. Paul Jason, his reputed nephew, who has been brought up by him "on the proceeds of a famous cough mixture, one or two city swindles, family prayers, worldly wisdom, heavy dessert, and moral homilies." In a word, the Lord Mayor is the worst kind of sanctimonious hypocrite, and when Jason discovers that he has amassed most of his huge fortune as a secret proprietor of a rascally quack medicine called "Mother's Good-night Soothing Elixir," which has caused deaths among the children of the poor, he understands why his uncle had objected to his studying for the medical profession. However, Jason becomes a doctor, and on the day of the Lord Mayor's Show he is summoned to perform an operation on a woman-patient, and from her learns something that affects both himself and his supposed uncle, and that would, if it were disclosed, blast Sir William's high moral reputation for ever. There is a poignantly dramatic scene in which Jason, aflame with scorn, lets him know he is found out, and later the old man collapses and is dying of sheer terror of exposure when Jason goes to him and saves him by promising that his sordid secret shall be kept; but he refuses to be bribed, and nothing turns him from his determination to denounce and smash the Company that owns the murderous Soothing

Elixir. He gets Marx Golders, an astute journalist who owns a newspaper, to support him; writes for Marx's paper a scathing indictment of the patent medicine and its owners; but Sir William's money and standing are too much for them; he brings a libel action, and, backed by eminent medical witnesses, wins it. The scandal is, through Golders, brought before Parliament; but again Sir William outmanœuvres his assailant, and uses his niece as an unconscious means to his end. He is a widower, and his niece acts as Mayoress. She is a quiet girl, charming, piquant, intelligent; she is very much in love with Jason, and the Mayor had been willing that Jason should marry her, but he had held off, and did not know himself that he loved her. His coolness piques her; she is anxious that he should succeed in his profession, and privately uses her influence to assist him; then she pretends to a more than common regard for Marx, hoping to arouse the other's jealousy, and in this she has her desire, but Marx is already in love with her, and, pushing his advantages, presently draws her into an engagement almost in spite of herself, and thereafter, on a hint from her uncle, Marx leaves Jason and his crusade in the lurch. This is a brilliant and original novel; Mrs. Baillie Saunders handles her theme with a deft and sure hand, edges it with delightful touches of humour and satire, and carries it through to an unexpectedly happy ending with a cunning narration that never once loosens its grip on the interest and sympathies of the reader.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M. By E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Longmans & Co.)

A new book by these writers produces the same feeling, when we open it, as when some trusted comedian comes upon the stage. You smile and are prepared to smile. Whoever is dull or hectic, these authors can be relied upon for breezy,



"'Is that my darlin' Major Yeates?' shouted the cook."

From "Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Longmans.)

racy tales of Irish life, especially in the domain of hunting. Who does not know Philippa and her husband? or Mr. Knox and his relatives? The provincial society of Ireland is unknown to such, if such there be among the readers of modern Irish fiction. All that a reviewer needs to say is "Buy, Buy." Whenever in this dull age the average man needs to play the Mark Tapley, and turns, as Mark Tapley never turned, to his bookshelf for aids against melancholy, let him take down this book or any of its six predecessors. Only, let him not take it into a hotel sitting-room or a railway carriage, as the present reviewer was foolish enough to do. That means the loss of one's reputation for staid gravity. Apart from this caution, the Irish R.M. is a first-class companion, and we can only hope he will re-appear again for the clean, joyous delight of un-Irish readers.

THE LIFE CLASS. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Keighley Snowden always writes carefully and well, and in "The Life Class" he handles a difficult subject with conspicuous ability and success. It is the story of Ray Fothergill, who as a child "ran bare-legged in clogs"—for Mr. Snowden writes again of Yorkshire and of the North Country folk he knows and loves; it is the story of how Ray showed a wonderfully promising talent at drawing, but after the death of her father was forced by poverty to turn her back on higher ambitions and earn a livelihood for herself and her mother as a model. In this capacity she returns to her native town, where a large Art School has been established, and one result of her posing for the nude is that she is slandered, misunderstood, cut by her respectable friends, and made very unhappy, yet is too conscious of her innocence, too pure in heart and courageous to be ashamed. The School Committee, a narrow-minded, inexperienced body, is shocked that such a thing should be permitted; indignant pruders and Puritans make scandalous attacks on her in the local paper; the father of the man who loves her is indignant and disgusted that his son could make such a choice, and fiercely opposes it; and Ray comes through this, and worse, with difficulty, but triumphantly. There are some notable studies of Yorkshire character; old Verity, the successful manufacturer bent upon becoming Mayor, is a masterly little sketch; and the whole novel, centring on a much-discussed phase of art life, deals with its problem fearlessly, earnestly, and with a fine idealistic suggestiveness. Mr. Snowden has written several novels, but "The Life Class" both in idea and in achievement touches a height he has never reached before.

ANGEL ESQUIRE. By Edgar Wallace. 3s. 6d. (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Christopher Angle got his sobriquet from "a pert little girl," but his dealings were more with criminals than with the fair sex. He had a high position in Scotland Yard, though he had never been a policeman. Inside his room "you would find Angel Esquire sitting at his desk, doing nothing, with the aid of a *Sporting Life* and a small weekly guide to the Turf." This is a change from the test-tubes and violin of Sherlock Holmes. But Angel Esquire has all his wits about him, as Holmes had, and he manages, not without considerable danger, to run down a gang of thieves in London. The chief criminal is a lawyer—for Mr. Wallace is nothing if not fresh. One of the gang comes to a better mind, and eventually wins the girl whose fortune is at stake. But the love-thread is not allowed to become too prominent. Mr. Wallace sets himself to write a clever, startling story of modern crime, and, although the elaborate anagram and hiding-place for the money are rather far-fetched, the human beings all behave with astonishing vitality. Jimmy, the real hero of the tale, commands the reader's sympathy. "If you ask me to describe him,"

says Angel Esquire, "I would say that he is a genius who works in an eccentric circle that sometimes overlaps, sometimes underreaches, the rigid circle of the law." This is euphemism of a subtle order, but Angel's belief in Jimmy is well justified before the tale is done.

THE MAGNATE. By Robert Elson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If, as we take it, "The Magnate" is a first novel—for Mr. Robert Elson's name is quite unknown to us—it is a book of unusual promise, and this in spite of obvious and abundant faults of style, and occasional lapses of taste. Mr. Elson (we are not sure that the author is a "Mr."; there are signs and tokens of a woman's hand in "The Magnate") has an irritating trick of using the first person singular; he indulges in too many serious commonplace reflections on human life and conduct, flat and stale to all save the very young and inexperienced; he talks in a knowing way about woman—as big boys talk at school; he drops into horrible crudities of phrase—Janet, the heroine, "gets into a wax"; and he calls upon the reader to share his enthusiasm over the vastness and magnificence of Janet's wardrobe. But when all this has been said, "The Magnate" remains a novel of exceptional interest. There is a great deal of faithful observation of life in it, the misery a self-respecting girl with good looks endures as a mother's help in certain types of sordid, English middle-class homes, and all the riot of luxury, the dissipated wealth and futility of a fashionable crowd on the Riviera are excellently described. John Holden, "the richest man in the world," is an entirely admirable study of a strong human character, and indeed all the people in this novel are drawn with distinction. As for Janet, the story of her beauty, her pride, and her conduct to her husband we do not for a moment doubt. But we are not convinced of her charms. She might draw Captain Ambrose and all the other men—why wasn't the book called "The Magnet?"—but at best she only earns our respect.

A WOMAN'S WAY. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin can always be relied upon for good entertainment, and "A Woman's Way" will be enjoyed by the novel-reader who likes a judicious mixture of pathos and humour—the humour preponderating—and the right sort of ending. The youthful Earl of Grayse, happy as an amateur author, Phyllis Carterette, earning her living at a West End milliner's because she won't be dependent on rich relatives, Nick Faryll, a wreck of a man redeemed from the gutter and full of love for dogs and young people, Madame Ninon, Phyllis's employer and a regular fairy godmother, are all good company. The minor characters, Parker, the Earl's devoted nurse, Mr. Perks, the lawyer, the farcical medical man and his limericks, and, above all, Mrs. Brown, widow of William Brown the tinker, with her sweetstuff shop, "who had often saddened his young days with her indigestible toffee," are even more diverting. No sombre realism disturbs the story, Mrs. Ashburton and her sorrow supply all that is necessary in the way of gloom; and if the probabilities are a little strained, and the coincidences somewhat startling, who would be so ungracious as to grumble when the feast is generously spread? That there is an appropriate mystery to be solved and misunderstandings to be cleared up is all as it should be in "A Woman's Way."

ROSE MACLEOD. By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)

You do not remember Miss Alice Brown's stories for any mystery or intricacy of plot or violence of sensation, but because of the charm and quaint, quiet humour of her style, and the easy lifelikeness of her characters. It is these same qualities that unfailingly delight you in

"Rose MacLeod." Taking a handful of more or less ordinary people, Miss Brown shows them in their homes scattered within reach of each other on a New England country-side—old Madam Fulton, who has outlived a modest sort of distinction as a very average novelist, and, yearning for a little fun, has just published a volume of "Recollections," more or less imaginary, that are booming her into fame; Madam's coldly beautiful, serious, purposeful grand-daughter Electra, who attends lectures and likes to fuss about importantly and take a hand in "movements"; Billy Stark the publisher, over on a visit from London; the excellently gentle, lovable Grannie Grant, who keeps the farm near by; her big-hearted, shrinking, hunchback grandson, Osmond; her younger grandson, Peter, a brilliant artist who has studied in Paris and New York, has sold a great picture, and comes home crowned with honour; and, of course, Rose MacLeod, the daughter of a notorious labour agitator, in whom she has ceased to have any faith; and the daily lives of these people open out before you until you are as intimate with them, and as keenly interested in their loves and hopes and fears, as if they were actually alive, and you knew them in the flesh. It is a story that might be true about men and women who are as real as if they had been drawn from life; a book that is wholly pleasant to read, and fragrant in remembrance.

BEFORE ADAM. By Jack London. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"Before Adam" takes us back into that early twilight of time when man, just emerging out of apehood, was less than half human, most of the race still living in trees, a few evolved into cave-dwellers, and a masterful few so far advanced that they had discovered how to make fire and were skilled in the use of bow and arrows. Into this grim, savage, primæval world is born Big-Tooth, a child of certain Tree-Folk; he survives a wild and perilous boyhood, and, being driven from his home in the trees after the death of his father and the re-mating of his mother, takes up residence, not without strife and difficulty, among the Cave-Folk; then follows the story of his friendship with Lop-Ear, his long and fearsome feud with Red-Eye, "the mighty monster, the abysmal brute" who was "more primitive than the rest of them," the terrors of night and of the ravening, ruthless beasts that continually environ him, and the touch of tenderness and elemental romance that come to him through it all with his love for the Swift One. It is a crude and naked world, and its primitive people have not even the beginnings of a language; Mr. Jack London recreates it and them with a wonderful imaginative insight, and tells their tale daringly, graphically, and with a subtle narrative skill that makes this book in every way worthy to rank with "The Call of the Wild."

ANTHONY CUTHBERT. By Richard Bagot. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Bagot's latest novel has an Italian woman in it, but the two men are Northumbrians, uncle and nephew. Both, unknown to each other, come into close relations with the wronged and beautiful Sonia. Her husband's death enables the uncle to marry her, but the tragedy of her life—and indeed of all the three lives—begins with this tardy phase of happiness. We are not going to give away the plot of the story. It has an element of improbability in it. Sonia and the nephew could hardly have failed to discover each other's history and relation to Anthony. But Mr. Bagot has made this the hinge of his plot, and the unconvincing nature of the story arises from this complication. The outcome of the marriage is tragical in the extreme, but all three behave with chivalry and courage, and Jim's self-sacrifice is described with touching power. Mr. Bagot has been specially happy in the characterisation of the grim old sister of Anthony Cuthbert, whose prejudices against an Italian Papist melt before Sonia's charm. Sonia here

is far more real and attractive than in her *liaison* with Jim Sinclair. Mr. Bagot has succeeded to Mr. Merriman's rôle of the anti-Romanist in modern fiction, but this note is not obtrusive, and the drift of the story does not become deflected by any arbitrary attempt to make religious or romantic capital out of the weaknesses of the Italian priests.

HESTER LANE. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Hester Lane is the eldest daughter of a family which finds itself in poverty after the death of its head. She starts a High-Class Employment Bureau in London, and many a housekeeper will wish that such an institution could exist in reality as well as on paper. Miss Lane's venture is quite successful. She suits employers and employees, the latter being feminine. Naturally most of them have romances of their own, and Miss Lane is not behind them. She is engaged to be married before the book ends, and her business venture is abandoned. The stories are all written in the pleasant, straightforward way which the authoress has cultivated so assiduously in her other novels. It is an excellent book for grown-up girls.

THE BURDEN. By C. A. Dawson-Scott. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If you have read "The Story of Anna Beames," you will expect much of Mrs. Dawson-Scott's new novel, "The Burden," and will not be disappointed. The book is written with a ripe knowledge of life and a profound and sympathetic insight into human character. It tells the story of Elizabeth, Lady Raven, married to a good man much older than herself; she becomes his second wife before she is out of her teens, and respects him, shares his interests, and is wholly devoted to him, until she is thrown into contact with his young kinsman, Captain Piers Raven.

"She loved Piers, not temperately as she loved her husband, but with all that there was of her. She had loved him from the hour of their meeting, she would love him until the hour of her death. Her steadfast spirit knew it and rejoiced in it. But recollection came hot-foot. She was married, she had no right to love. How then had this thing come to pass, how had she forgotten what should have held her back? . . . Her marriage had been due to ignorance, nevertheless it stood. She, like Piers, was of the law-abiding type, and it did not occur to her that there was any way of regaining the freedom she had surrendered. No, the beginning must be the end. Piers must go. They must never meet again, they must never even write. Love had come upon them as a thief in the night, but they were honourable people, they must go on living as if he had never come within their defences. O young hearts, who plan and so heroically perform, could you take up these burdens if your eyes were not holden that you should not see?"

But this, after all, is not the burden that Elizabeth has to bear; not this but one that is far heavier, and it does not fall from her till she tells the truth and bears it openly instead of in secret. Mrs. Dawson-Scott has a clear, strong, vivid narrative style; she writes with imagination and with feeling, with a courage that hides nothing of her heroine's sin, and a fine reticence that tells all without telling too much.

THE WILD WIDOW. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

A bookful of exceedingly unpleasant people whose incredible adventures are narrated in an exceedingly unpleasant style—for that, indeed, the puff on the wrapper prepared us. "Many social and moral questions," it says, "are discussed in the book, the situations are poignant, and a most astounding surprise is revealed in the last chapter." We fail to find the discussion, though we do detect a certain cuteness of insight, a deal of cheap cynicism, and a nauseous insistence on the physical worth of a waist that does not need long stays, or something of the sort. The word "poignant" is misapplied, and as for the

"astounding surprise," it is what any hardened reader of bad fiction would anticipate. Briefly, the "widow" defrauds an insurance company by burying a dead man as her insured husband. With the proceeds, she wins at Monte Carlo, speculates in Grey Rubbers, obtains the luxury she craves for and enters smart society.

THE LAST SHORE. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is one of those novels which a critic acknowledges to be good by his very reluctance to say so in plain terms. Mr. Brown cannot conceal the conscientious pains he has taken to write it particularly well. He does not make a single concession to the popular taste for ineretricious brilliance of dialogue or narration; but he is better than clever: he is true to the faith that is in him. He concentrates into every other terse sentence the sum of his considered thought on the subject that has arisen at that point in his story. It would be unjust to say that the pages smell of the lamp, but one can vow that they were written painfully. Further, Mr. Brown makes no appeal to the emotions of his readers. His story concerns itself with four people, and not one of them is sympathetic. Studying them in their present relation to social environment and to moral laws, he refrains from setting down aught in malice, but he declines to suggest the least extenuation of their faults. He deals with their case as gravely as its gravity demands, and in effect he presents us with an exceedingly interesting study of temperaments; but he fails to produce a wholly satisfactory fiction because he omits that relief of which the most sombre life is never entirely destitute. The omission is especially unfortunate in this instance, because Lady Renvil must have possessed exceptional charm if her personality really obsessed men of such widely diverse natures as Lanfranc and Hackforth and Confessor. We are compelled, however, to include her charm among the things postulated, for no demonstration of it is vouchsafed to us. With regard to the men, Hugh Lanfranc comes perilously near being a prig; Hackforth is transpontine—the conventional rat behind the arras cannot be mentioned in the same breath as the mouse that completed this most melodramatic villain's destruction; Confessor is a subtle blend of cowardice and fine moral courage. We cannot accept Mr. Brown's assertion that Confessor is not spiritually abnormal, for we do not share his gloomy opinion of the spiritual unhealthiness of the age. We go further, and declare that not one of the four protagonists is normal; and that is where the story fails. Only a man of high intellectual order could have written "The Last Shore"; but Mr. Brown should not allow his intellect to constrain his heart within iron bands. One of the notes of great fiction is that it is vibrant with true human emotion. That note is wanting here.

MAURICE GUEST. By Henry Handel Richardson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Richardson has chosen his second name or else his subject very fitly. This is a musical novel. That is, it describes the Bohemian life of young people at the Conservatorium of Leipzig who find that Venus and Apollo are near of kin. The petty jealousies of the teachers, the ambitions of the pupils, the joyous irresponsible existence of the musical schools, these are drawn evidently at first-hand. But the relations between most of the leading characters are by no means regular, and the course of love ends for several of them, including poor Maurice Guest, tragically enough. Mr. Richardson has dwelt too strongly on this side of the subject to make his book as pleasant as it would otherwise have been. And it is inordinately long. Whole pages are devoted to the characters of Guest and Louise,

which would have been better away. But with some judicious skipping the novel will be found thoroughly vital, though the author has a bad habit of making the action turn upon letters which are never printed and conversations at whose import we can only guess. More compression and more width of interest would have improved what is a conscientious, powerful, and even subtle piece of writing. The delineation of the English and German students is the best part of the work. But Mr. Richardson has to learn how a sentence will often suggest more than a paragraph.

PAN AND THE LITTLE GREEN GATE. By Sylvia Brett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Brett's collection of short stories is dedicated to "dear J. M. Barrie," and the prevailing note is one of a pleasant, semi-mystical feeling towards the child. The tales are short and well-balanced, for the most part. Perhaps the best of them are "Sweet William," "A Broken Heart that was Mended," and "The Little Runner." Miss Brett can touch the string of pathos without obliterating the other music of her story, which is a far more difficult thing to do than most novelists seem to perceive. She has also the gift of a whimsical sympathy with young things, which is admirably shown in "The Upper Room." Her book is distinctly good of its kind. There is individuality in it, and the subjects are not too remote from the ordinary heart of men.

THE ADVENTURER. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Dr. von Zedtwitz, guiding a scientific expedition from the city of Quito into the unexplored regions of the Southern Llanos, fell into the hands of the savage aborigines and spent three years in captivity. It was then that he happened by chance upon a place called Cassaquari, and found the ruins of an antique city, and among the ruins the actual strong-room of the citadel, and in the strong-room five thousand ingots of pure gold. He escaped from captivity and one day met Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock. She was a millionaire and was soon persuaded to finance an expedition to recover the buried treasure. Westbrook, the famous inventor, designed the vessel *Fortuna* that was to bear the weighty mass across the land—a topsail schooner running on gigantic wheels. And then a band of men was got together to make the great adventure. Lewis Kirkpatrick was one of these, before long captain of them, and he is the hero of this swinging tale. Other romancists have shrunk from the last mendacity and have called fire down from heaven or up from the bowels of the earth to prevent avaricious hands from wresting treasure from the grave where it has been buried. Not so Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. He works to a finish. With breezy courage he takes his gallant company out and leads them home again, bringing their golden tale behind them. Lewis Kirkpatrick's share of the sport was 437,000 dollars and a wife—Vera, the lovely daughter of Westbrook the inventor. That, it will be admitted, was fairly good hunting. "Corking—simply corking," was Wicks's description of the picture made by the treasure in the ancient vault, and "corking—simply corking" is the happiest label to attach to Mr. Osbourne's book. It is a clean and invigorating tale of adventure, the breeziest that has been written for many a day.

THE SIN OF GABRIELLE. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (John Long.)

Gabrielle is "a little black-eyed witch," a vivacious, pretty, fascinating French girl, who arrives at an English farmhouse in a storm, and knocks at the lattice window of the room in which the Reverend Donovan Fitzgerald, a

young clergyman who is staying there on a holiday, is sitting moody and alone, harassed by the religious doubts that are clouding his present and his future. She brings a new and unlooked-for distraction into his life, but is by no means so guileless and undesigning as she seems. Conspiracy, robbery, murder come into the story with Gabrielle: Fitzgerald loves her, breaks his heart for her, but is the happier for losing her, and in the end you agree with John Adams that "Gabrielle may have been wicked, but she behaved like a heroine in going away" at last, knowing that she went to her death. It is sheer melodrama of the most lurid and exciting, but excellent of its kind.

THE LOST ANGEL. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Milne.)

It would be easy to make fun of Mrs. Hinkson's eighteen little stories. They are simply told—slightly thin. The Fairy Prince has a habit of turning up at the right moment; people's ships come in when they most need them; the handsome right young man infallibly meets under romantic circumstances the beautiful right young woman, and they fall in love and settle everything within a score of pages. To read Mrs. Hinkson one would never suppose that poor creatures die still waiting "here where men sit and hear each other groan", nor would they suspect the savagery and unexpectedness of joy, or the queer ways by which mankind achieves it. The truth is, she writes of a fairyland. Her stories are fairy-tales for adults and adolescents. They are fragrant, like rooms kept full of flowers, yet seldom occupied. We do not live in her fairyland; we can't most of us, and would not if we could. But an excursion there is refreshing, and we are duly grateful for the chance of it.

GREEN AT GREYHOUSE: A Tale of Adventure and Mystery at a Public School. By R. S. Warren Bell. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—**TOTTY. The Truth about Ten Mysterious Terms.** By Bertram Smith. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)

Here are two books of vastly different workmanship dealing with that subject of perennial entertainment—the public school boy. Mr. Warren Bell departs from the time-honoured tradition which gives us the new boy trembling on the threshold of the big school in the first chapter, and leaves him captain of the school, or at least a prefect and a member of the Eleven, in the last. Moreover, he introduces a foreign prince, waiting to be recalled to his kingdom and meantime acting as modern languages master at Greyhouse, and an attempted assassination of this heroic personage by a villain hired for the job—which is all quite outside the bounds of the orthodox public school story. Then, again, what the butler thought of the Headmaster's daughter, and the plans of that young woman's mother for her daughter's prosperity, are an innovation not entirely to be commended in this class of fiction. The boys are all right and do the outlandish things that boys are expected to do. There are bad boys who smoke and drink, and there are fights and bullyings at Greyhouse. It was a rough place altogether. The foreign prince apparently was the only master who really had any influence in the school. "Totty" is a much more cheerful book, and "Totty" himself (Sidney Graham was his real name) is a great creation. The tale of the exploits of this delightfully versatile boy makes uncommonly good fun, and withal the tone of the book is capital. "Totty" is irresistible, and though he had to save the great cricket match—every public school book is bound to include a great cricket match—he was no cricketer: he was a great deal more than that. He was a genius, and yet as sound a boy, good in heart and brain

right through, as could be desired. We recommend "Totty" to all lovers of the human boy.

PATSY. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Stacpoole's Irish story is alive and fresh. Its humour may not be profound, but it is genuine. The exploits of Con Cogan, of Paddy Murphy, Mr. Mahoney the sweep, and the rest of the village folk, are perhaps of greater interest to us than the fortunes and misfortunes of the lovers, Violet Lestrangle and Dick Fanshawe. They both belong quite to the old order of romantic fiction, and it is pleasant to meet them again. Con Cogan and Paddy Murphy are all-round, if entertaining, scoundrels. They decide to burgle the big house, Lady Seagrave's, where Patsy, the hero, is employed as "buttons." Patsy gives them away and Con is caught. He is imprisoned on the ground floor, but escapes. A meet of the local beagles on the lawn resolves itself into a chase after the fugitive, who gets clear away after many adventures, to prove of use a day or two later on the occasion of the midnight elopement of Dick and Violet, by a "holding-up" on the road of pursuit of General Grampound, Dick's uncle and Violet's guardian. Dick takes the invaluable Patsy



Mr. Mahoney going to the Meet.

Pen and pencil impressionist portrait by Thomas Downey. Frontispiece to "Patsy." (Fisher Unwin.)

into his employment, a deserved recognition of that brilliant youth's services. One can hardly call this a "sporting novel," and the emblems that decorate its cover are hardly justified, but it is an amusing story, and constitutes a clever and faithful presentment of the Irish character. Mr. Thomas Downey is responsible for an impressionist frontispiece, representing Mr. Mahoney going to the meet.

A LAUGHING MATTER. By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

As one might anticipate from its title, "A Laughing Matter" is written in a much lighter vein than is usual with Mr. Shan Bullock. It is a gay, lively, amusing little comedy that Mr. Bullock handles so deftly and brightly that it is highly entertaining from start to finish. A fascinating, unsophisticated country girl comes to London to stay with a novelist and his wife; she is the motherless daughter of an old friend who commits her to their care with a long letter of warning and advice and a particular

request that they will not let her go out alone or take her to theatres, and that they will "not permit her association with any youths among your friends, or any others likely to stir her feelings." Dallas, the novelist, feels his responsibilities acutely and strives to live up to them; his wife does not take the matter so seriously, and, like most women, is a match-maker at heart. Next door to them is a family that include a likeable young man and his sister; the latter has a lover, the former is unattached, and they are not slow to make acquaintance with the Dallas's visitor over the garden fence. The ripening of this acquaintance and what it led to, under the covert encouragement of Mrs. Dallas and in spite of the stern opposition of the worried novelist, make a delightfully humorous, thoroughly readable romance.

THE GREEN MUMMY. By Fergus Hume. 6s. (John Long.)

Here we have a group of people living in a village on the Thames marshes—the very place for dark, inexplicable doings. Mr. Fergus Hume knows the value of a convenient waterside in a sensational novel and uses his material to advantage. When we read that Professor Braddock, a devoted, but quite inhuman, Egyptologist has sent his assistant to bring a certain Peruvian mummy to England, and on arrival it turns out that the said mummy has disappeared in the course of a night, and that the dead body of his murdered assistant has been placed in the coffin in the mummy's room, we can only say with the immortal Miggs, "Here's mysteries. Goodness gracious, here's mysteries." Of course the plot thickens, for two green emeralds, naturally of fabulous value, ought to have been found with the mummy, and they, too, are missing. Everybody is worried by all this, the Professor and his stepdaughter Mrs. Jasher, who loses her life over the business, Mrs. Bolton, the mother of the murdered assistant, Mr. Hope the artist, Sir Frank Random, an army officer, and Don Pedro from Peru, who claims the mummy for an ancestor. It is only at the end we learn who the real criminal is, and how badly old Braddock has behaved.

HEATHER O' THE RIVERS. By W. Harold Thomson. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Thomson has written one of those rural, sentimental love-stories which make pleasant enough reading for a summer day. There is plenty of Highland scenery, and of easy moralising upon things in general. The young lady who gives the title to the book falls in love with an artist after she has been badly treated by the villain of the plot. But the said villain repents in time, and the sun shines out upon the lovers. That is the simple outline of the tale. But it is filled out with some quaint, bright situations, and there is an entire absence of any smartness or affectation, for which one is grateful in these latter days of fiction. The gamekeepers and country people are more convincing, however, than either Norman or Heather. "'There's no right woman for me in this world. Maybe I might meet her in the next, though.' 'Away, man! a reeligious lad like you should ken that there's no marriages in heaven.' Ronald thought for a moment. 'I forgot that extra blessin',' he grunted." Mr. Thomson's Scotch, it will be noticed, is not perfect. But that is a detail. The story as a whole is healthy and bright; there is an open-air flavour about its pages. The illustration of the river whets the appetite of angling readers, but when the hero and heroine take their rods—and they only take them once—the expedition tends to flirting rather than fishing. Mr. William Black knew better than this. He gave us catches that had no parallel in ordinary Highland angling. If Mr. Thomson puts another fine stream into a novel, he should not wilfully forego his opportunity.

THE LEADING LADY. By Archibald Eyre. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Alice Kirby is entangled, as a girl, into marriage with a man beneath her in character and position. After his death, she goes on to the stage, and becomes a "leading lady." They all do, in novels. Then the complication comes. Not only does she find herself half engaged to a peer's son, to whom she is afraid to tell the truth about herself, but she discovers that her child, instead of being dead, is alive, and in gaol on a charge of theft. Her maternal instinct triumphs over her private feelings. She insists on clearing her boy and acknowledging him openly. The result, as any experienced reader of fiction will guess, is that her marriage is found to be genuine after all, instead of being, as she supposed, a trap laid for her by a married man. The interest of the story lies in the girl's development of character under the strain of circumstances, and Mr. Eyre has managed to depict this in an attractive and convincing manner. He spares us theatrical "small-talk," for which we are grateful, and he gives an amusing interlude describing a parvenu, Lady Williams, trying to snub a Radical candidate and his wife. The least successful piece of the tale is the interview between Alice, disguised as her old nurse, and Lord St. Quentin. But, apart from this, there is a brisk air of reality about the characters and their doings. The nurse, Deborah, is singularly effective. So, too, is the "bounder" at the beginning of the story.

The Bookman's Table.

LEAF AND TENDRIL. By John Burroughs. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Thoreau, Jefferies, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and Mr. John Burroughs—these are probably the four literary naturalists of the nineteenth century. Mr. Burroughs has not the humour and the philosophy of Thoreau, or the sensuousness of Jefferies, or the personality of Mr. Hudson, but he has an exquisite lucidity and simplicity, exceptional precision, a profound seriousness, wide knowledge and fine feeling, and originality, if not exactly what is called personality. Some time ago we seem to remember that he promised to write no more, and that, too, in a volume that showed no shortcomings. His new book is one of the most attractive that he has written. The titles of his thirteen essays include "The Art of Seeing Things," "The Coming of Summer," "Straight Seeing and Straight Thinking," "Human Traits in the Animals," "Animal and Plant Intelligence," "The Reasonable but Unreasoning Animals," "All's Right with the World." The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of these are extraordinarily interesting, but can hardly be touched on here. They include a very fair and quiet statement of the case against Messrs. Roberts, Thompson Seton, and others, "the nature fakers," with the shrewd hit: "It is one thing to treat your facts with imagination, and quite another to imagine your facts." But their chief business is, if not to justify the old distinction between instinct and reason, to show how such facts as there are may be interpreted so as not too rudely to upset the older view of the intelligence of animals. Thus where Macterlinck speaks of the intelligence of plants and flowers, Mr. Burroughs would prefer to speak of manifestations of "the general intelligence that pervades all nature." Whether he would label in the same way the process that produces great art—a process for which there is no rational and complete explanation—is not clear, but apparently not. "The Art of Seeing Things" is another good essay, ripe, and clear and new. There is no art that can be taught, nor can this. For in them all "nothing can take the place

of love," as he says. There are some fine phrases here, such as that of the observer who "brings home finer game than ever fell to shot or bullet," and many examples from his own experience. As a combination of observation and reflection and reading, with perfect fitness of expression, it is likely to endure longer than most essays.

SPIRIT AND DUST. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

There are faith and a most beneficent quiet in Lady Gilbert's poems. Her muse is no restless, baffling spirit of modernism. She asks no disturbing questions, comes with no new message, only with the tidings so few may bear: "All's right with the world." There is, perhaps, something of Browning in these poems, something of Browning's simplicity. And there is a mysticism of the seventeenth century and a pre-Raphaelite love of clear colours:

"Cythera in green gown,
Hair alight and purple crown;"

green and gold and rose, all the colours that make the light beautiful in churches or brighten an old missal, no doubtful or sombre hues. It is very sweet and refreshing. There are simple, rhymed legends of the Mother of Jesus and of the Angels, that remind one of a day when painters had learned to paint light, but had not yet learned to paint shadow; and pretty paganisms, and once the woe of the wood-dove and once the sorrow of the willow. There is a poem—"The Knight Templar"—of a cloistered maiden,

"Great Garalt's daughter,
Enveiled in her gold hair with the love-light in her eyes,"

who looked out of a window and saw one riding and was disturbed. But something tells us that this is no Elaine or Mariana, that the peace of the cloister will be more than the passion of the world. What does it matter that Lady Gilbert has no new thing to say? Rather may we count it for gain: and perchance for an hour she may persuade us that these old, gentle things are true.

AMERICAN SKETCHES. By Charles Whibley. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There is a good deal in these "American Sketches" that will not gratify the purring self-esteem of the average American; there are some very flattering bits in the other scale, but not enough of them to make the balance even. Boston wins Mr. Whibley's admiration for its old-world atmosphere and architecture, but its craving for culture and its inordinate love of lectures move him to gentle ridicule. He considers Chicago "the happiest city in America," but for reasons that Chicago will not pride itself upon; he has a good word for New York's sky-scrapers: the sheer vast mass of them in a sunlit city that needs protection from the heat becomes impressive and even beautiful; but he has no joy in the feverish rush and hurry of life there, the strenuous struggle to save time that is only wasted after it has been saved, and "the most vivid and constant impression that remains is of a city where the means of life conquer life itself, whose citizens die hourly of the rage to live." There is as much truth as shrewd irony in what he has to say of America's conceptions of liberty and patriotism; of its "yellow press," its millionaires, its "language." One of the most interesting chapters is that on American literature; another is that which serves as an epilogue. Mr. Whibley has individuality and a charm of style that make his opinions excellent reading apart from the rightness or wrongness of them, and his book is everywhere piquant, illuminating, subtly suggestive.

WARP AND WOOF: A Drama in Three Acts. By Edith Lyttelton. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

We welcome this reprint of Mrs. Lyttelton's thoughtful drama. As a spectacle, it did not, we believe, run its hundreds of nights, even though it had the advantage of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's art and personality. The modern public which likes its Shakespeare adulterated till "The Tempest" is indistinguishable from a musical comedy, will not go to serious plays unless a genius like Mr. Shaw can offer it philosophy made to look like farce. Mrs. Lyttelton is not Mr. Shaw, but her play was worth seeing, and is equally worth reading. It is a modern "Song of a Shirt." It gives a startling glimpse of the price paid for the luxurious garments of wealthy and selfish people: a price measured not in gold, but in human flesh and blood. The book, by an interesting coincidence, appeared just when the papers were reporting the case of a poor woman who earned a living (it "living" be not too ironic a word) by making blouses at tenpence a dozen! There is always a danger of exaggeration when facts like these are embodied in a drama; but Mrs. Lyttelton's play is neither exaggerated nor sensational. The characters are well handled, and the scene of the factory inspector's visit is genuinely dramatic. The play is obviously written with sincere feeling and noble intentions, and we wish it every success in its printed form.

SWORD AND BLOSSOM POEMS. From the Japanese. Done into English verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake. Illustrated by Japanese Artists. 3s. 6d. net. (Tokyo. T. Hasegawa. London: Simpkin, Marshall.)

For a week or so I have been carrying in my pocket the most delightful little book. Many people have been forced to look at it, and many have been the expressions of joy. It is unfortunate that I am unable to exhibit to the readers of this notice what the book is like. I can but make a few quotations and endeavour to describe its charm, which is as beautiful as foam upon the wave:

"Fire of the Autumn turns to Red and Gold
The greenness of the Leaves before their grave
Receives them, but for ever pure and cold
The White foam blossoms on the tossing Wave."

That is the rendering of a poem by Yasuhide, and it may be remarked that for the Japanese it would have been sufficient if one had written nothing but the words in capitals. This book has been produced in Tokyo, but is entirely different from the flimsy books of fairy-tales, printed in English, that one buys at Yokohama. Some of these are, from a literary point of view, impeccable—seeing that they were translated by Mr. Chamberlain, who has achieved the extraordinary position of Professor of Japanese Philology in a Japanese University. But they are printed on such paper as preserves the local colour more than it retains the colour of the pictures. And the flimsiness of these little books causes them to be as evanescent as the spirit of a Japanese poem:

"O World! O Dream! as empty as the Shell
That the Cicada's very form doth keep,
You pass as quickly as the Bloom that fell
Down from the Cherry as I lay asleep."

I am afraid that what I write has more of the appearance of advertisement than of review; but when I showed this book to the austere gentlemen who preside over the Oriental Department of the British Museum, one of them exclaimed that it was the most exquisite thing he had ever seen, and the solitary words of prose which another one let fall were: "I shall order it at once."

"For thirty years have these dim eyes of mine
Pored over Student's Theses, noting well
Where seemed the light of knowledge best to shine,
Who pressed along the path, who failed and fell,
And watched careers, ambitions, efforts, powers,
Ruined by Moonlight, spoiled by Cherry flowers."

"A woman," wrote the celebrated moralist Kaibara, "a woman must be ever on the alert and keep a strict watch over her own conduct." Thus if the translator of this book will give us another collection she must see that the poems are not less delicious than these and that the pictures are as captivating.

SULLIVAN AND HIS OPERAS. By B. W. Findon. 1s. net. (Sisley.)

Mr. Findon has written a short account of Sullivan's life in relation to his profession which should prove acceptable to the musician's admirers. Its tone is frankly laudatory but by no means indiscriminating. What most strikes one in reading the story of the popular composer is the extraordinary success of his life. From the time when, at the youngest possible age, he won the first Mendelssohn scholarship, everything went well for him. As a scholar, both in London and in Leipzig, he appears to have found favour alike with masters and pupils. The music he wrote while still in his teens was received with acclaim. There were only a few years of pot-boiling, no period of storm and stress, no lonely days of waiting before he sprang into affluence and fame. For many years he was the friend of princes, and lord of a princely income. His life was as uneventful as any man's must be who receives both abundantly and contentedly the good things of the world. There are no lurid or lamentable incidents for Mr. Findon to relate. The greater part of this little book is, naturally and as its title indicates, concerned with the famous series of Savoy operas. The oratorios, cantatas and songs which Sir Arthur composed with such versatility and facility are, however, touched on and several interesting letters are quoted. Mr. Findon rightly condemns the pedantry which regrets the sacrifice to light opera of capabilities for more serious music. Sullivan would never have attained to a place among the masters. His obvious mission in life was to write tunes to Gilbert's words. He was essentially the popular musician, and could at need make an appropriate setting for Kipling's great Jingo song: so that when his

death was billed in the streets, a pavement child was heard to exclaim with bated breath, "That's him as wrote 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.'" The book has an appendix comprising a complete list of the composer's works with dates of composition and other details. There are also four photographic illustrations, printed (one wonders why) in a peculiarly violent shade of crimson.

THE ENCHANTING NORTH. By J. S. Fletcher. 2s. 6d. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash.)

It is somewhat surprising to find a novelist of such distinction as Mr. J. S. Fletcher writing what is nothing more than a superior type of guide-book. When, however, we have got over a natural feeling of astonishment we are ready to admit that Mr. Fletcher's work has been well enough done. The chapters upon Yorkshire—and these form the bulk of the book—are especially good, as, indeed, one would expect from a writer for whom that country is, in Horace's phrase, "The corner of the world which delights me beyond all others." Moreover we can at least be grateful to Mr. Fletcher for recognising that the reader does not care so much for cold statistics as for the subtle little intimate touches which can bring out a scene. To quote, for instance, the local tradition that upon one occasion a vessel, being driven ashore, poked its bowsprit through the window of an inn at Robin Hood's Bay, suggests at once the extraordinary way in which that place has been built, which should be appreciated both by those who know and those who do not know that most picturesque of English fishing villages. History again has been largely used by Mr. Fletcher in compiling this book, and he has many amusing anecdotes to tell about the various places he so neatly describes. In one case, however, we have, if we are not much mistaken, caught Mr. Fletcher tripping. Describing York he says: "Here, in a small chamber in the Guildhall, Charles I. was sold to the Scots for two hundred thousand pounds." We had always been brought up in the belief that the Scots were the vendors and not the purchasers in this particular bargain.



Ripon Cathedral.

From "The Enchanting North" (Eveleigh Nash.)

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A Complete List of Autumn Publications on application

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VAGRANT SONGS. By L. Nicholson. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

One may have misgivings as to whether a love of mountains and the sea is in itself sufficient excuse for writing verse. Miss Nicholson's internal evidence points to femininity—obviously has none. The greater part of her well-packed volume was suggested by the weather or the heather. The song of the open has been sung before, and better sung. Miss Nicholson writes pleasantly enough. But if one is to write "The Song of the Road," "The Call of the Open," "The Song of the Surf," a quite special zest of life is needed, such as Whitman had and Stevenson and Henley. If one is to write the songs of the mountains and the sea one should be able to mould one's rhymes to the music of mountain winds and the music of waves. By a gradual transition there is a continuity which is just not monotony in "Vagrant Songs"—the later poems of the book come to have a more human objective. These are the best; wrought out of vague desires, vague regrets, such as come upon one after listening to certain music or under certain skies—the traditional stuff of minor poetry and scorn of minor criticism, of which none the less undoubted poetry has been born. Pain that does not hurt, sorrows that do not sadden, if these are not what make the greatest poetry of all, they have been the cause of nine-tenths of the world's verse, much of it far worse written than Miss Nicholson's. I quote one poem, one of the best, certainly, but typical of the author's unfaulty, uneventful manner:

MOONRISE.

"Long low wash of the sea on level beaches,
Glimmering silver in the dusk of day,
One white plume of feathery cloud that reaches
Half across the sky's dim violet-grey!

"Lessening lines of creamy foam receding
As the tide obeys the old behest,
Slave to the inevitable pleading
Of the pale young moon above the west!

"On the gorse and thyme the dew is glistening,
And the moonlit downs stretch white and wide
In old dreams I steep my spirit, listening
To the throb of the out-going tide!"

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

When we see a book by "Barbara," we remember "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," and we open the pages with pleasure. "Barbara's" new book is called *The Open Window* (6s.), and it shows very prettily the progress of the year in a series of stories. The general truth about a volume of stories is that they are uneven in merit, but in this collection the thymes are so well varied, and the settings—the weather, in fact—so developed with the advance of the year, that there seems to be no reason or opportunity for comparison. "The Vandoo," however, is one of our own favourites; the scene of the sale at the old farmhouse being graphic, pathetic, comic, dramatic in a few words and with quiet sureness of touch. "The Open Window," the October story—is shown as letting in light and joy and hope. The book itself is calculated to do the same by its tolerant sympathy and cheerfulness.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

In *The Bride of the Bosphorus*, a Turkish tale, in one canto, by Dr. David Sandler (1s. net), we have the work of a poet and a scholar. In blank verse Dr. Sandler tells the love-story of Djénan, the Moslem daughter of a Moslem father. Abdullah, the father, is stern to all but his daughter. He is

"pious, rigid in the Moslem rites
Of life and worship, yet austere in mood,
Relentless, cruel, selfish, pitiless."

The tragedy begins when Djénan loves a Christian. This is an impossible madness, a profane frenzy in the eyes of her father,

and in fierce wrath he kills the lover and shuts out joy for ever from his child. The strong interest of the poem, apart from the story, lies for us in the author's familiar knowledge of the country, the people, and the customs of the Eastern city. The glory of Constantinople is spread before us, the very atmosphere is around us, and we feel that the details are as authoritative as the poem is pathetic.

MR. JOHN LONG.

We had just finished reading *Duchinka*, by Lucas Cleeve (6s.), and were ready to say words of praise concerning the author's undoubted skill in her presentation of this Russian story, when the report of her death reached us. We have not read all Lucas Cleeve's novels—their number is great—but whenever we have read one we have been impressed by the excellence of it, in face of the rapidity with which she wrote. She had the gift of throwing herself whole-heartedly into her subject, and when she chose an unusual background for her story, and she often did, she made herself familiar with it and learned it from the inside. In "Duchinka" we have yet another example of this. It is the story of a young Russian girl of gentle birth who is gambled away by the man she loves and is engaged to, and marries the man who wins the stakes. The story is fresh, interesting, extremely readable; but the things which impress a reviewer are the naturalness of the whole intimate Russian family life and, distinct from this, the thoroughly Russian style of the telling, the straight simple sentences, the progression of the story in almost childlike sequence of narration, in fact, the feeling of Russia in both theme and treatment. The morals may not be entirely admirable, but the book is a not unworthy one with which to close an all too short, if full, career of novel writing.

Another novel by a lately dead author is *A Woman in Armour*, by David Christie Murray (6s.). That David Christie Murray was a man of great and varied power has always been acknowledged, and when he was at his best he was very good indeed. This posthumous story is concerned with anarchy and crime, and love and incident. These may not be new ingredients for a sensational tale, but in this novelist's hands the fiction becomes fact for the while, the characters are moving persons, so real that we seem to have been meeting them yesterday and to day; yet each is a person either of unusual nature or is placed in unusual, yet dreadfully possible, circumstances. In the development of the story the pleas for and against plotting and intrigue and murder are brought forward, and thought as well as amusement lies between the covers.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

In *The Heart of a Butterfly* (6s.), Miss Eileen Fitzgerald gives a clear study of the temperament of the girl who is too often described carelessly as "an empty-headed flirt." Beryl Le Marchant is by no means empty-headed, but she is a flirt, beautiful, frivolous, self-centred. She has in her strong emotions, but they are always directed towards the thing or man she cannot obtain. This is the story of two sisters and two lovers, and incidentally, of a cousin, a good High Church clergyman, to whom, it seems, it does not occur that there is work to be done in his family, among the "butterflies" he condemns. He finds factory girls better suited to him; the others "did not appeal to him." Beryl the flirt is the kind of girl to whom monogamy is a too limited arrangement. She wishes to be loved by two kinds of men. In this story she gains her wish to some extent, and to some extent wrecks her sister's life; but the author is kind enough and true enough to let us have a sufficiently happy ending. We are quite content that Beryl should have only one husband after all.

MR. JOHN OUSELEY.

Parents and friends who are already beginning to think of gift books and prizes will do well to keep in mind a modest volume of many attractions. This is *The Druidess*, by Florence Gay (2s. 6d.). Mrs. Gay is steeped in the early history of her country, a fact which would be calculated to scare most boys and girls if we were not able to add that, having acquired her knowledge, she has sufficiently concealed it, and has drawn from it all the colour and romance and adventure, leaving the dry dust behind. The story begins with a spirited battle scene between the Saxons and the Early Britons, and the whole theme is thrilling and dramatic as it reveals the vicissitudes of the early Christians and the intrigues and final fate of the beautiful Druidess who counted worldly victories greater than the new faith.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Reprints and new editions are matter for praise and joy in these modern times, and among those which lie on our table is the valuable treatise of Mr. Charles Thomas Jacobi on *Printing* (7s. 6d.). He himself calls it "a practical treatise on the art of typography as applied to the printing of books," and Messrs. Bell in publishing this fourth, revised edition have again included the useful samples of paper at the end of the volume. Mr. Jacobi knows about all there is to know on the subject of printing, and his book is not only a treasure for printers, but a most useful handbook for journalists and book-lovers also.

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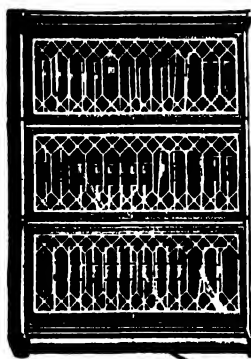
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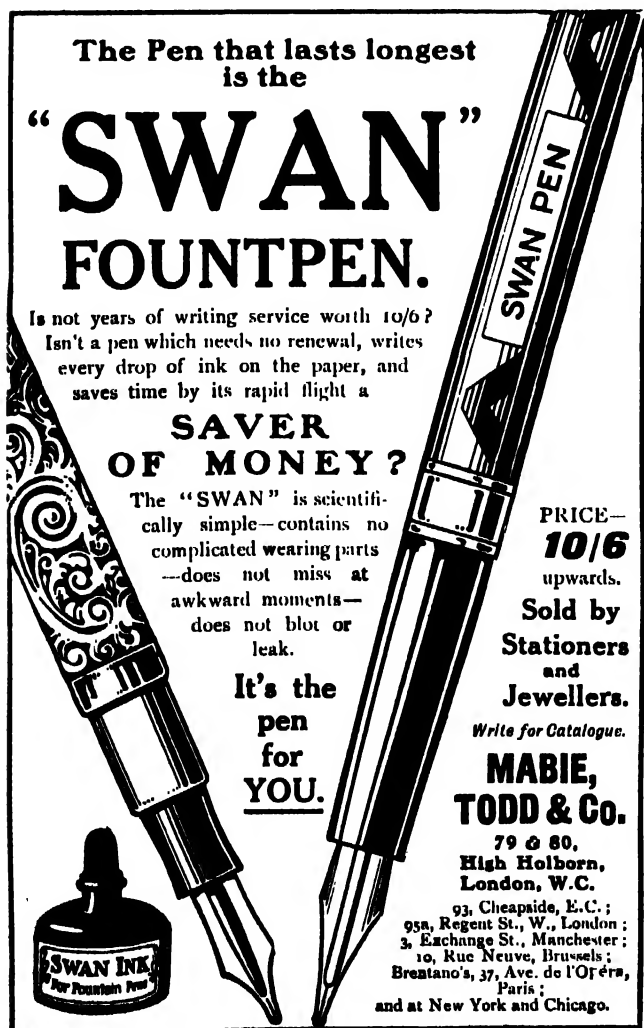
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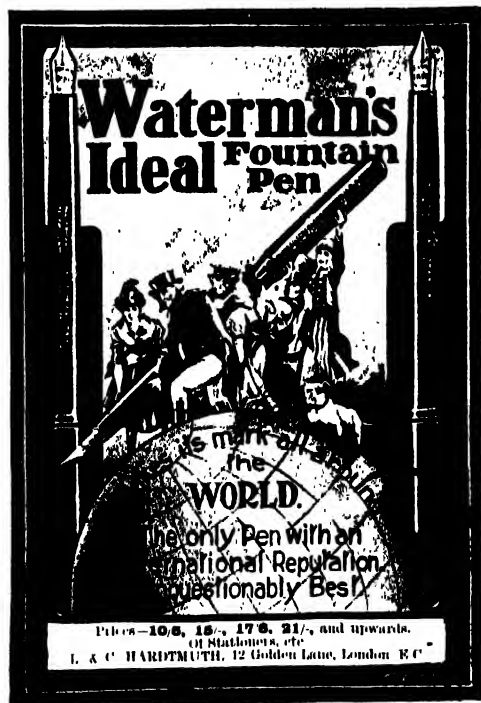
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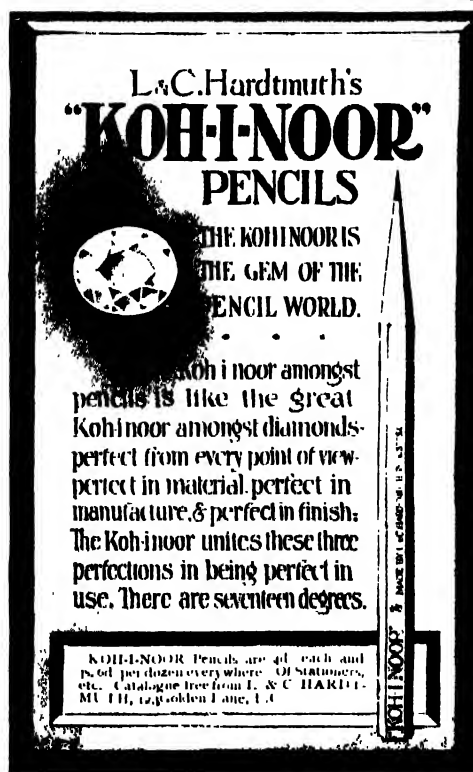
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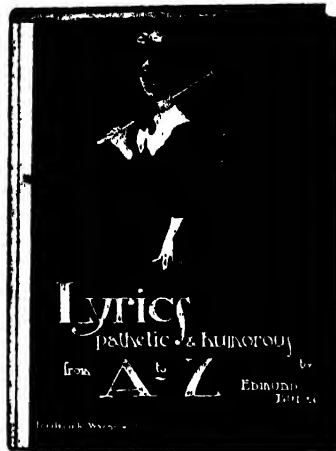
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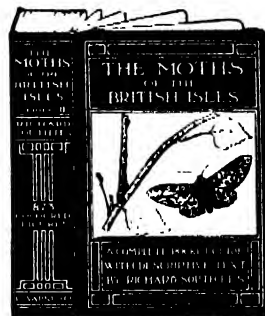
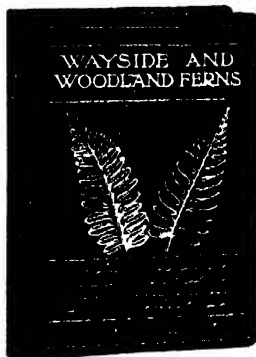
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NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
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*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

The December BOOKMAN will be a special Christmas number. It will be copiously illustrated and will include a large pictorial supplement concerning the illustrated books of the year that will serve as an invaluable guide to the Christmas book-buyer. The frontispiece will be a reproduction in colour of one of Arthur Rackham's illustrations to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and with each copy will be presented a portfolio containing reproductions in colour of pictures by Edmund Dulac and W. Heath Robinson illustrating scenes from the plays of Shakespeare. Among the other contents of the Christmas BOOKMAN will be articles on "Lady Randolph Churchill," by Ada Leverson, and on "Henley and Others," by Y.Y.

There are certain questions raised by Miss Ellen Terry in her "Story of My Life" that are of particular interest to both dramatists and novelists, and these questions will be discussed in the December BOOKMAN by several representative authors and actors, including Sydney Grundy, Louis N. Parker, W. J. Locke, Justin Huntly McCarthy,

Mrs. M. E. Francis, W. H. Kendal, J. Forbes Robertson, George Alexander, Miss Lena Ashwell, Martin Harvey, and Sir Charles Wyndham.

Admirers of Goethe will learn with interest that the original manuscript of Eckermann's "Gesprachen mit Goethe" has been accidentally discovered in the archives of the famous publishing firm of Messrs. Brockhaus of Leipsic, together with all the letters which passed between Brockhaus and the author in the year 1836 with regard to the first edition of this notable work. The letters and the original manuscript give illuminating details—not found in any other edition—about the life and work of the great poet, and Messrs. Brockhaus have therefore decided to publish as soon as possible a new edition which will be a true reproduction of the original manuscript.

The literature of the Women's Suffrage movement is rapidly increasing. "Mixed Herbs" is a working-woman's protest against the agitation, and judging by some of its chapter-headings, it is likely to prove a piquant and provocative outburst. It is to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey had written the last pages of "The Sunny Side of the Hill" only just before she was taken with the long and severe illness from which she has suffered all through the summer

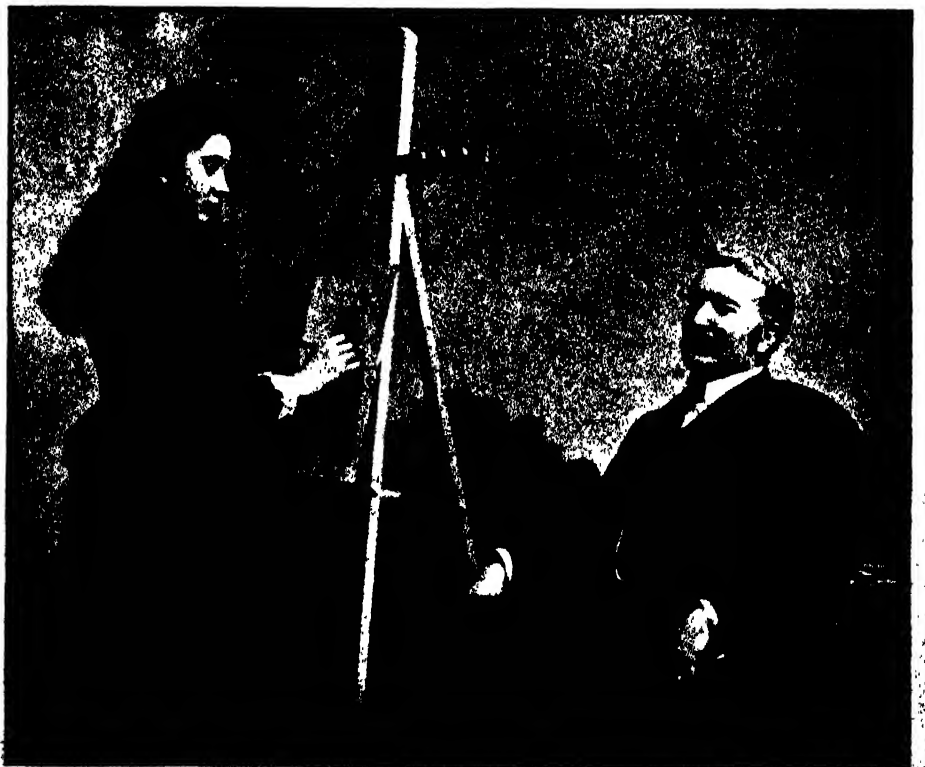
of this year, and from which her numerous readers and admirers will be glad to hear that she is now recovering. She is not yet well enough to resume work, however, and it is still uncertain whether she will be able to do so soon enough to get a new novel completed for publication next spring, as usual.

Elegant annuals, such as "The Garland," "Friendship's Offering," "The Keepsake," have long been out of fashion, but latterly they are reviving, in a modernised, up-to-date form, and getting back into popular favour. Each autumn yields a goodly crop of them, and this autumn brings us the first issue of "The Odd Volume" (edited by B. W. Matz and published by Simpkin, Marshall), an admirable addition to their number. It is a very bright and amusing miscellany of stories, articles, poems, and pictures by famous authors and artists such as George Meredith, F. Anstey, G. K. Chesterton, Austin Dobson, A. E. W. Mason, Marie Corelli, Arthur Rackham, Bernard Partridge, Byam Shaw, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, Frank Reynolds, and some two score or so of others. We wish it every success for at least two reasons—it is an uncommonly good shilling's worth, and it is published with an uncommonly good object, for the entire profits from it will go to the development of that thoroughly deserving charity, the National Book Trade Provident Society.

Few poets lead so busy a life as the author of "Father O'Flynn." For the past thirty-four years Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves has been one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, yet he found time to serve for eight years as honorary secretary of the Irish Literary Society; has all along been an eager student of Irish folk song and story; is a Vice-President of the Irish Folk Song Society; and has for long past been a moving and most potent spirit in that Irish literary revival which began, before the time of the Gaelic League, with Sir Samuel Ferguson, Aubrey de Vere, William Allingham, and some of the Young Ireland poets for its singers, and was continued by Standish

O'Grady, John Todhunter, W. B. Yeats, and Katharine Tynan, and has, Mr. Graves considers, had its fullest flowering under the enthusiastic leadership of his friend Dr. Douglas Hyde. He modestly acquiesces in Dr. Hyde's notion that he has been "considerably Gaelicised as a result of the language revival," but as Miss Alice Milligan protested the other day, Mr. Graves is really "so far from being a humble disciple of the Gaelic revival" that he "must be recognised as one of its precursors—a trumpet-blowing herald who preceded the entrance of the chieftain."

His "Countryside Songs," which Mr. Graves has been gathering into two recent volumes, may be said to have had a three-fold inspiration: they were due in the first place to his country upbringing in the beautiful Kerry mountains amongst a highly intelligent and naturally refined peasantry; in the second to the early access he had to a vast and varied collection of Irish music, the airs in which had theretofore been unwedded to English words; and in the third to the influence of the Irish literary revival. Latterly Mr. Graves has given himself to a study of the music and literature of the Welsh, Manx, Highland, and Breton Celts, and is at present engaged in writing words to the leading Welsh melodies, as he has done already to some of the Manx airs, seeking always to keep in closest sympathy with their varying Celtic spirit. Nor has he neglected the folk songs of England. "The National Song Book," which now reaches the largest circulation



Mr. A. P. Graves and his daughter.



Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Helen Mathers.

Author of "Gay Lawless"

of any collection of the folk songs of the four nations in the primary and secondary schools, contains as many of Mr. Graves's lyrics as it does of Moore's, in the Irish section; his versions from the Welsh have been accepted there as the standard ones, and four of his English lyrics are included in the volume. Among other plans for the future, Mr. Graves is meditating a volume of English, Welsh, and Manx Countryside Songs, and a set of translations from the Greek and German. We are reviewing his latest volume of poems in our next number.

There is a pathetic interest attaching to the latest new book of Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves). "Gay Lawless" is the last of a trio of sporting novels that should have had her son Philip's name, as well as her own, on their covers. "But," says Mrs. Reeves, "both the public and publishers fight shy of collaborators, and my son decided to write a novel entirely by himself. He had sketched out the plot, incidents, and characters of 'Gay Lawless,' and had written as far as the middle of the thirteenth chapter when he was taken ill and died of

pneumonia, following on malaria contracted whilst on service abroad." Mrs. Reeves finished the book alone. It had been a great disappointment to her that his name could not appear with hers on the title-pages of the two earlier books, but he made no fuss about it, and had got well under way with "Gay Lawless" when, two days before he was seized with his fatal illness, "Pigskin and Petticoat" was published

Mrs. Reeves comes of a sound sporting family; her ancestors, as far back as she can trace, were all hard-riding sportsmen and women, and the strain persists to this day in their descendants. Her father has been described as the best rider to hounds and cross-country rider in Somersetshire; her young nieces, the originals of the girls in "Tally Ho!" are distinguished for their fine horsemanship and "straight going"; and this inherited passion for horses, which seems to have missed her (for since the age of eight, she says, her literary ambitions have fully occupied all her thoughts and inclinations),

**Lieut. Linley Philip Reeves,
2nd Lancers.**

Son of Helen Mathers, and part-author of her new novel, "Gay Lawless."



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Lewis Melville.

Author of "The First George in Hanover and England."

reached its fullest force in her son, "who rode anything and everything he could get, and whilst cramming at Brighton picked up at a famous trainer's that intimacy with racing stables which he turned to such good account in 'Pigskin and Petticoat.'" He was considerably amused when he came home on leave from West Africa in 1906 to find that in writing "Tally Ho!" his mother had left blanks for him to fill, as thus "Phil follows on"—"Correct racing expression wanted here," and so forth. "It was the constant presence of trotters about Thames Ditton, where we were staying in 1907," remarks Mrs. Reeves, "that suggested to my son that he should write up a very pretty sport and produce a trotting novel," and in pursuance of this idea he began "Gay Lawless."

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, whose "Children of the Nile" is one of the outstanding books among the fiction of this autumn, is just finishing another novel of Oriental life. It deals with the native Christians of Palestine, the members of the old Byzantine Church of the country, in their relation to Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries and to English travellers. As soon as he has done with this, he is hoping to get back to

Syria and to spend six months in contemplating the progress of Turkish regeneration. Mr. Pickthall has lived much in the East and has closely studied the elusive workings of the Oriental mind, but he is looking forward to settling down, on his return from Syria, to the writing of a novel of English life, simply for change of atmosphere and, as he modestly puts it, "to try my hand, for in that direction I am still a beginner."

Miss Lily Dougall is engaged on a new novel, which deals with the Tariff Reform controversy, in which she maintains a very keen interest. Familiar with both Protectionist and Free Trade countries, she has taken time to mature her judgment, and the main interest of her story will be a portrayal of what are, in her view, the real bearings of the controversy as opposed to the cant which is talked on both sides. The book will possibly be finished during the coming winter. Miss Dougall is not seen much in society; she is fond of retirement, lives a quiet country life in Devonshire, and happily has never been under the necessity of writing in haste, for she is not dependent on her literary work, and of late has published stories at only rare intervals. Our portrait of Miss Dougall in this issue is, by the way, the first of herself that she has ever allowed to be published.

There are certain passages in Miss Dougall's recently published novel, "Paths of the Righteous," which may lead some readers to fancy that she is a Christian Scientist, but she is no member of that body, and has never even investigated its tenets. She has, however, known several marvels of faith-healing in connection with orthodox Christianity, and if the miracles of the Gospel are to be revived, as many now claim that they are, it struck her as a picturesque point that at present they are not being revived in the line of the "apostolic succession." It is merely this picturesque divergence between what the Churchman might expect and what actually happens that she wished to bring out in the healing incident in "Paths of the Righteous," otherwise that incident has no place in her plot there. Miss Dougall is a Churchwoman, in sympathy with the liberal Anglican movement. She had not the smallest intention of expressing her private opinions through any one character of her book, her conviction being that the novelist should, in depicting life, divest himself as far as possible of all personal prejudices. For instance, she has no more interest in the spiritual tenets of the Baptists than in those of Christian Science; her



Photo by N. E. Cox, Norwich.

Mrs. Mary E. Mann.

A recent portrait of the author of "The Heart-Smiter."

firm belief is that the most intense earnestness can be inspired by the Christian doctrine that underlies the differences of Christians, and that what is commonly called "narrowness" is not necessary to an intense religious life, but rather detrimental to it.

Every second novelist you meet nowadays confesses that he is turning his attention to the stage, and hoping sooner or later to see some characters of his creation materialise before the footlights; so it is not surprising to hear that Mrs. Mary E. Mann's dramatic instinct and rare gifts of characterisation have led her to tempt fortune with a play which is now in the desk or on the table of a certain actor-manager, waiting to be read. This and the writing of a number of short stories has occupied so much of Mrs. Mann's time that she has no new book yet approaching completion ("The Heart-Smiter," issued last month, was finished about a year ago); but she is contemplating a sequel to "The Memories of Ronald Love," which many critics consider her best novel.

It is refreshing to meet with an author who has no fault to find with publishers, critics, or public. Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy says that from the beginning of her literary career she has had no

difficulty in finding kindly publishers for her books; reviewers have praised them generously, and the public has done its duty in the matter of buying them. In her latest novel, "Hilary on her Own," she has embodied something of autobiography. Hilary's working experiences were her own experiences. "Like so many girls in these days," she says, "I tired of my pleasant, comfortable, though unexciting home in the North, and literally arrived with a five-pound note in my pocket to conquer London. I was extremely happy in my work, too, and only gave it up at the end of two years to marry." Her husband is her severest critic, but his criticisms are never published. The unpleasant, dreary side of the working-girl's life has been frequently revealed in fiction; Mrs. Barnes-Grundy happens to know that there is a pleasanter side of it, and readers of "Hilary" may share that knowledge with her.

We are indebted to Sir Joseph Duveen for permission to reproduce Mr. Sargent's painting of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth; to the Garrick Club for allowing us to use the Maclise drawing of Thackeray; and to Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Messrs. Cassell, and Messrs. Methuen for their kind assistance with other portraits and illustrations in this number.



Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

Author of "Hilary on her Own."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

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I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best piece of advice from English literature to a young man or woman about to marry.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MR. THOMAS TIPLADY, Wesleyan College, Richmond, for the following:

THE KISS. BY ANTON TCHERHOFF.

"Which made me look a thousand different ways."
WORDSWORTH.

Among the best of the large number of other quotations submitted are:

THE END OF THE JOURNEY. BY E. H. COOPER.

"There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger." *Old Limerick.*

(Miss A. P. Penn Gaskell, Halcyon Lodge, 52, Lyford Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

A KNOWING DOG. BY E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

"Thereby hangs a tale."
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, II. vii.

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

MORE'S "UTOPIA" (POCKET EDITION).

"The little More,
And how much it is!"

BROWNING.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, London, W.)

JOHN SILENCE. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"Oh that those lips had language!"—COWPER.

(E. Ridley, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

"I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle."
2 *Henry VI.*, V. iii.

(Edward M. Layton, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E.)

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

(Phyllis I. Lithauer, 3, St. James's Mansions, West-End Lane, N.W.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best list of outworn quotations has been awarded to MISS HYLDA MORPE-WALKER, of 17, Moffett Street, Westoe, South Shields, for a list of 247 of such quotations, over 200 of which are quite outworn enough to qualify for inclusion.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MR. G. E. WAKERLEY, 9, Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, for the following:

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. BY G. K. CHESTERTON.
(Methuen.)

Mr. Chesterton writes both articles and books; one, the product of the moment, the passing fancy, written in haste; the other, the maturer judgments of his mind: his serious contributions to criticism. "All Things Considered" is a collection of articles; yet to dismiss them as unworthy of attention would be unjust. They are full of Mr. Chesterton's surprising sanity, profound seriousness, irresponsible wit; and not a little of his paradoxical nonsense. All are interesting: sometimes because of the subject—often in spite of it. But they are merely the parings of his pencil as he sharpens it for finer work.

The best of the other reviews submitted are:

APOLOGIA DIFFIDENTIS. BY W. COMPTON LEITH.
(John Lane.)

This book suffers because of its great predecessors. It charms one with that incommunicable charm which is never cried in the market-place; but the shade of Stevenson lurks behind the extreme felicity of style; and the uplifting attitude to human life contains more than a hint of Walter Pater. Even so, it is good that the mantles of these heroic spirits should descend upon contemporary shoulders, and we have here to be thankful for some beautiful work. It only remains for the author to develop a little more individuality, and, *hey presto!* he will bound into place beside the Olympians.

(Miss B. M. Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

MIRAGE. BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Methuen.)

From beginning to end, this is a charming book. There is such an intermingling of joy and sadness in it, that it is difficult to say which predominates. The old French Vicomte with his idea that "it is bourgeois to despair," the manservant Courtot, the dainty heroine, and the villain of the story, all live for the reader. Mr. Temple Thurston has written an entrancing story, and we lay it down with regret, feeling that we would like to know more of characters whose joys and sorrows have helped us to forget for a little "this work-a-day world."

(Mrs. Harvie Anderson, 9, Loudon Terrace, Glasgow, W.)

From amongst the numerous reviews received we select for special commendation those by M. Farwell (Burnham), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss E. Parkinson (Chelsea), Evelyn Campbell-Collins (Queen Victoria Street, E.C.), Miss Godley (Dublin), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), and Wm. Macintyre (Clydebank).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by Mrs. JOHN ADAMS, 23, Tanze Road, Hampstead, N.W.

THE READER.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

BY FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B.

THESE two well-printed volumes,* especially the first, afford much interesting reading for the general Public and many instructive lessons for Administrators, Cabinet Ministers, and soldiers, chiefly by showing the errors of their predecessors. The reputation of Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, later Lord Dalhousie, will now stand out much higher amongst students of the Crimean War literature than it did after Mr. Kinglake published his sixth volume in 1870. The editors of the book describe Panmure as "essentially a man of strong will and dominating personality." These characteristics are clearly shown in his correspondence, which, moreover, justifies the written opinion of a former private secretary in another work, who described his Chief as "a thorough gentleman, violent, absolute, and strong-willed."

Lord Palmerston's decided character is forcibly exhibited, accompanied as it was by a somewhat flippant mode of expression, as when, in supporting the establishment of a Staff College, he insisted on *aides-de-camp* being taught to write legibly, because "officers of the Army are apt in general to write like kitchen-maids."

The military knowledge and literary accomplishments of the officers of fifty years ago were not equal to those of the present day, but "The Panmure Papers" clearly indicate that no generation could produce three more unselfish, high-souled, patriotic British gentlemen than the three generals—Lord Raglan, Sir James Simpson, and Sir William Codrington—who successively commanded our troops in the Crimea.

The memory of her late Majesty Queen Victoria is the one which gains most of all from a close perusal of the numberless letters addressed to her, and some 190 from her which now, in these two volumes, see the light for the first time. The Queen, in her careful decisions on the higher appointments in the Army, in her intense sympathy with the sufferings of the troops, and in her insistence on the improvements in military hospitals at home and abroad, stands out as not only a great monarch, but as a very great woman. She disallowed the grant of a Victoria Cross to a brave soldier whose courageous act had been sullied by cruelty on the battlefield! She deprecated impulsive and hasty issuing of rewards on incomplete information, reminding the Cabinet of previous cases where much inconvenience had thus arisen. She showed a higher sense of duty than did her Army chiefs in objecting to officers returning home from the Crimea "on urgent private affairs." The Queen was doubtless in those days assisted by the Prince Consort, who was not only

a devoted husband, but a valued adviser. The Prince's thorough acquaintance with the Continental Army systems enabled him to see more clearly than did our Ministers the difficulties of maintaining in the field an army which was supposed to be supplied by different Departments working under the Treasury, and independent of the Commander-in-Chief. Prince Albert's able and interesting letters reveal a high sense of patriotism. The Queen had great natural abilities and knowledge. She had been carefully educated, and although the Prince Consort's aid was gladly accepted, Her Majesty did not actually require help in forming a judgment on military affairs. She made it clear to the writer of this notice, in September, 1879, that she had studied not only the line of advance of her troops on Ulundi, but all alternative routes.

Queen Victoria successfully maintained the monarch's Prerogative to command the Army, and Lord Panmure consistently supported his Sovereign in this constitutional endeavour.

Fox Maule succeeded to the title in 1852. He was educated with Henry Havelock, who died from exhaustion after the Relief of Lucknow in 1858.

While Maule was still a Charterhouse schoolboy his father visited him and endeavoured by persuasion and threats to induce him to give up the society of his mother. She, a very beautiful woman, brought up as a strict Presbyterian, was living in Scotland with her younger children when she heard reports of her husband's life in London, where he was staying for his Parliamentary duties, which caused her to leave his house and go back to her relations. Mr. Fox Maule put the following alternatives to his schoolboy son: "Take my side, hold no communication with your mother, and I'll put you into Parliament and provide for you; or side with her, and you'll get a commission in the Army and an allowance of £100 per annum." The boy "stood for the Right"; his father would never see him again, and for twenty-five years the son lived on the proceeds of a post-obit. He entered Parliament in 1835 and was almost immediately made an Under Secretary in the Home Office. He was a decided Liberal, but repudiated for himself and for Scotland all sympathy with the prominent Chartists and with those who were then agitating for the "People's Charter."

Early in 1846, when Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was defeated over the Corn Law Bill, Lord John Russell came back to power, and in July, 1846, offered Mr. Fox Maule the office of Secretary of State at War, but without a seat in the Cabinet. For six years Maule worked on steadily, making improvements in the conditions of Army service; obtaining for soldiers marching money, additional fuel, an increase of 2d.—from 6d. to 8d.—to the minimum pension, introducing the ten years' Act of Enlistment, and an educational test for officers joining the Army. In 1850 he urged the placing of

* "The Panmure Papers." Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart., M.A., and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B. With a Supplementary Chapter by the late Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D. 2 vols. With photogravure portraits. 24s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

all Departments of the Army under one responsible Minister, but no reform was possible while the Duke of Wellington lived, and Fox Maule left the War Office in 1851, to succeed Sir John C. Hobhouse as President of the Board of Control. He was out of office, with his party, within three weeks, and two months later became Lord Panmure.

He came back to the War Office in February, 1855, when the charge of the two offices of Secretary at War and for War were combined in his person. The remnants of our "starving and naked army" were perishing from causes within our own control, and but few other men would have dared to face the righteous but misplaced anger of the British Public.

He himself wrote on assuming office: "The system by which an army should be provisioned is non-existent." Nearly all he did was excellent, though he wrote censures which were not only unreasonable but unjust, blaming Lord Raglan for not having the troops supplied with fresh vegetables, medicines, clothing, and shelter. The Cabinet was responsible for the letter, but the onus of Lord Panmure's bitter reproaches to the General-in-Command rested on this hard-hitting Minister. Mr. Kinglake, Lord Raglan's ardent champion, venomously described Lord Panmure as having "no base malignity, and being more after all the rhinoceros than the tiger of Palmerston's Cabinet." Lord Raglan suffered from our want of system. He could only requisition Mr. Filder, the Commissary-General, for supplies. Mr. Filder asked the Treasury from September onwards for forage; Lord Raglan reminded the Secretary at State for War twice in November, four times in January, of the urgency for shipments of horses' food. In the result, England sent out the first, and that only a small, consignment in January 1855!

While the troops were starving from inability to carry supplies from Balaklava seven miles up to the camps, there were still 2,000 pack animals at Varna, where at one time we had collected 5,000; but as Lord Panmure wrote on assuming office, there was no trained General Staff, and, speaking generally, most of his animadversions on Lord Raglan would have been more properly directed against his own colleagues and their predecessors.

The Ministers awoke just eleven months too late to the necessities of an Army in the Field, and on February 12, in Palmerston's handwriting, ordered:

- (a) A Land Transport Corps to be formed.
- (b) Sanitary Commissioners, and a corps to be sent out to the East.
- (c) A Commissariat reorganisation.
- (d) Arrangements to be made for Base hospitals.

The Commander-in-Chief at Home was not apparently in the confidence of the Cabinet, and the Queen had often to suggest that his opinion should be taken. From want of information, Ministers anticipated that on the capture of Sebastopol "the success would be followed up" by an attack on the Russian Field Army, and were disappointed to learn fourteen days later, on September 22, that there was transport available for only

half the Troops. Again, when in midwinter 1855-6 Lord Panmure drew out a plan of operations involving an advance into the interior, he had not realised that the necessary transport was still incomplete, and it was the Queen once more who urged that careful preparations should at once be made in allotting sufficient carriage to Regiments and Divisions.

It is remarkable how Ministers resented the fact of the bitter sufferings of England's soldiers in the Crimea becoming known. Panmure vituperates W. Howard Russell's priceless letters, the saving of the remnants of our Army, which were then appearing in "the villainous *Times*," and when Lord Palmerston failed to crush Mr. Roebuck's motion for "a Committee of Inquiry as to the condition of our Army before Sebastopol and into the conduct of Departments of the Army, whose duty it has been to minister to its wants," Mr. Gladstone, deprecating an inquiry, resigned, and was followed by Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert. This was the more strange in that Panmure minuted a paper in that month for the Cabinet, showing that our misfortunes had arisen from successive Governments trying to gain popularity by Army reductions, and had already condemned our faulty system.

Whatever may have been Lord Panmure's defects of manner, experience has proved that in his abolition of the Board of Ordnance and in placing the Royal Artillery under the Commander-in-Chief, his views were sounder than those of Lord Raglan, and it is remarkable that this outspoken Scot and the unusually courteous, noble-minded man, the Prince Consort, nearly always agreed on the principles of Army reforms.

The harsh terms of Panmure's despatch of February 12, 1855, to Lord Raglan were softened by a pleasant private letter, written on the same day, and its kindness is not impaired by the writer's masterful ignorance in laying down that the troops should have made a seven-mile roadway from Balaklava with a stone foundation, and this at a time when every man was on duty of some sort, day and night, and in one week a battalion was in the trenches for six nights.

Lord Panmure was not only kind-hearted, as shown in his letter of encouragement to General Simpson dated July 18, 1855, but intensely anxious for the good of the public service, and that no incapable general should succeed to the command in the Crimea. It is curious to notice in the discussion as to a successor to General Sir James Simpson the reason for preferring Sir William Codrington, a young man, to Sir Colin Campbell, who had fought in 1808. It was alleged that the latter's supposed ignorance of the French language rendered his appointment impossible. Colin Campbell enjoyed more friendly intercourse with our Allies than any other British general in the Crimea, and for many years lived on most intimate terms with a French friend who could not speak a word of English.

Sir William Codrington's grand character comes out in a letter to Lord Panmure, dated May 10, 1856, when he deprecates being ordered home overland to lead the troops, some of whom were then nearing England,

in a Review past the Queen, holding that his duty was to see the last battalion out of the Crimea, and suggesting Colin Campbell's name for the honour.

Lord Panmure's great error of judgment was in

opposing the abolition of purchase of commissions in the Army, but the good he wrought in helping to better our antiquated military maladministration entitles his memory to the gratitude of his countrymen.

HENRY IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY.*

THE friendship and collaboration of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry was unique in the history of the stage. Such a lasting partnership would have been exceptional and surprising in any department of art. In the region of the drama it will become almost incredible with the passage of time and may assume some of the characteristics of a legend. The conditions of the service of the theatre do not make for real or permanent friendships. There is an incessant rivalry for the limelight and the applause and the publicity among the leading actors that breeds jealousy and evil-speaking in all but the rare few who love humanity more than they worship success. The form of the vagabondage and the character of the groove in which the mummerys live and move have changed: to-day it is a matter of express trains and first class cabins and flying matinées, of Green Room Clubs and the like. But one of the most distinctive points about the acting profession is still its nomadic character and the smallness of the opportunities it affords for the making and cementing of strong friendships in the world without the theatre.

When Henry Irving died in the remote provinces, attended only by a single aged servant, he illustrated in several ways the penalties which the actor too often pays for a passing fame, or the sanctity of a theatrical ideal. Irving was the greatest figure in the dramatic annals of his time; and it was a lonely death for such a one to die. Whether it was tragic or not depends to some extent upon the point of view; that it was a sad sequel to a life of comparative friendlessness hardly can be doubted. In "The Life of Henry Irving"

* "The Story of My Life." By Ellen Terry. Illustrated. Price 6s. net. (Hutchinson & Co.)—"The Life of Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. Illustrated. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Mr. Austin Brereton attempts in some way to deal with the prevalent impression—an impression strengthened on reading "The Story of My Life" by Ellen Terry—that Irving passed his days for the most part in a depressing solitude of heart and soul. True, in the years of his prosperity Irving gathered about him an army of brilliant coadjutors, and some of them, like Mr. Bram Stoker, were of a singular faithfulness and value. True, also, he was on terms of intimacy with the editors of a few theatrical papers and a few dramatic critics; and he was patronised by some important people and entertained by many nobodies. But of close friends, disinterested and completely trusted friends, Irving had none, or only one; Miss Ellen Terry is not sure that he had one. There was a self-sufficiency (the term is used in no offensive sense) about Irving that repelled rather than invited confidence, and with it a curious unreality. Outside the theatre he did more than any other actor to exalt the social standing of the actor in the world of real men and women, but actually he was little more than the embodied spirit of the

British theatre. He may or may not have wanted friends: as a young man probably he did not, as an old man, though generous with money in a princely way, he was much of a cynic. Yet, as their powers fail and the twilight deepens, most old men who have given chiefly to ambition what was meant for the pleasant cultivation of their fellows and themselves are filled with anger and dismay that they did no better with their lives. In some of the later letters of Irving this note seems to be echoed through an eager phrase or two, although to Ellen Terry, near the last, he preached the ancient and doubtful gospel that "work is enough."

Irving had an illness at Wolverhampton in 1905—



Photo by Window & Grove.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Olivia," as the Vicar of Wakefield and Olivia.

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

he was dying for years before the end came so suddenly
—and Ellen Terry went down to see him

"At last," she says, "I found some daffodils—my favourite flower. I bought a bunch and the kind florist, whose heart was in the right place if his flowers were not [most of his flowers were funeral flowers] found me a nice simple glass to put it in. I knew the sort of vase that I should find at Henry's hotel. I remembered on my way to the doctor's—for I had decided to see the doctor first—that in 1892 when my dear mother died and I did not act for a few nights, when I came back I found my room at the Lyceum filled with daffodils. To make it look like sunshine," Henry said

"The doctor talked to me quite frankly. 'His heart is dangerously weak' he said. 'Have you told him?' I asked. 'I had to because the heart being in that condition he must be careful.' 'Did he understand really?' 'Oh yes, he said he quite understood.'

"Yet a few minutes later when I saw Henry and begged him to remember what the doctor had said about his heart he exclaimed 'Fiddle! It's not my heart at all. It's my *breath*!' (Oh the ignorance of great men about themselves.) I also told him the Wolverhampton doctor went on, that he must not work so hard in future. Then I went round to the hotel. I found Irving sitting up in bed drinking his coffee. He looked like some beautiful grey tree that I have seen in Savannah. His old dressing-gown hung about his frail yet majestic figure like some mysterious grey drapery. We were both very much moved and said little.

"I'm glad you've come! Two queens have been kind to me this morning. Queen Alexandra telegraphed to say how sorry she was I was ill, and now you."

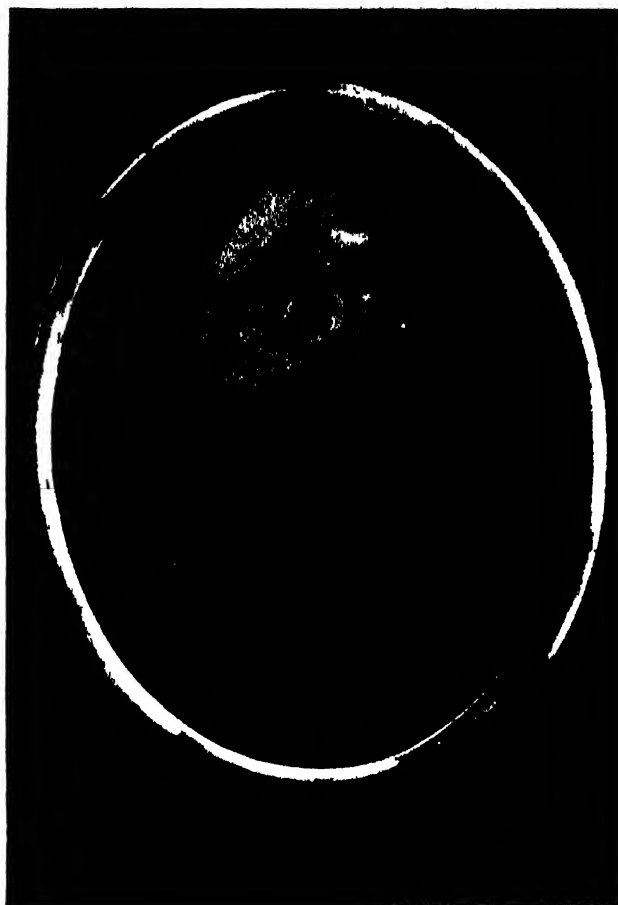
"He showed me the Queen's gracious message. I told him he looked thin and ill, but *rested*."



Photo by Miss Bond, Southsea.

Ellen Terry, 1856,
at the age of seven.

From "The Story of My Life" (Hutchinson.)



From a miniature.

Benjamin Terry, Ellen
Terry's Grandfather.

From "The Story of My Life" (Hutchinson.)

'Rested' I should think so. I have plenty of time to rest. They tell me I shall be here eight weeks. Of course I shan't, but still

We fell to talking about work.

What a wonderful life you've had, haven't you?' I exclaimed, thinking of it all in a flash.

'Oh yes,' he said quietly, 'a wonderful life of work.'

'And there's nothing better after all, is there?'

'Nothing!'

What have you got out of it all? You and I are getting on as they say. Do you ever think as I do sometimes, what you have got out of life?'

What have I got out of it?' said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. Let me see. Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine, good friends! Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous, always his actions like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value. [It was Irving's courtesy as he gave way to Miss Terry at a theatre box, which formed her first notable recollection of him—as his courtesy at Wolverhampton formed her last.]

'That's not a bad summing up of it all,' I said. 'And the end. How would you like that to come?'

'How would I like that to come?' He repeated my question lightly yet meditatively too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers—the action again before the words. 'Like that.' I thought of the definition of inspiration—a calculation made rapidly. Perhaps he had never thought of the manner of his death before. Now he had an inspiration as to how it would come.

"We were silent for a long time, I thinking how like some splendid Doge of Venice he looked, sitting up in his bed, his beautiful mobile hand stroking his chin. . . ."

"The first time that the Wolverhampton doctor's warning was disregarded and Henry played 'The Bells' at Bradford, his heart could not stand the strain. Within twenty-four hours of his last death as Mathias he was dead. What a heroic thing was that last performance of Becket, which came between! I am told by those who were in the company at the time that he was obviously suffering and dazed, this last night of his life. But he went through it as usual. The courteous little speech to the audience, the signing of a worrying boy's drawing at the stage-door—all that he had done for years he did faithfully for the last time."

Whether Irving was the greatest actor we have had in England is a question that may be left open. Many critics regard Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet as greater than anything that Irving ever did; but Miss Terry and others will not have it so, and there are few finer judges of acting, as there are few women with a keener literary sense, than Ellen Terry. Mr. Frankfort Moore praised the Romeo of Irving, which most people thought absurd and Tennyson said was not a best possible. Everybody agreed that Irving's Becket was fine. His Malvolio was almost bad; his Shylock doubtful. So we might span the list. The more weird and uncanny the rôle the better was Irving suited—save in the case of Becket. Mr. William Archer remarks that Irving looked like a great prelate and he was a great diplomatist. There were only two faces on the stage in the last century, says Ellen Terry—Irving's and Duse's. Irving's face, his intellect, and valour were the only aids that nature gave him in his fight for fame. In a way, nature was gracious to him: in another she was mean. He had not the instinct for acting; his body was grotesque, as a whole, rather than distinguished, until advancing years endowed it with a quality of venerableness that was extremely picturesque and beautiful; his voice was bad. He had small literary or artistic taste—"Henry loved fustian," says Miss Terry. His technique was seldom above reproach, even at the end. His mind was analytical and perhaps too subtle for genuine popularity. Miss Terry doubts whether Irving was ever really "popular"; she thinks he compelled the homage of the crowd rather than won it. If not a scholar, Irving was a student, though on narrow lines. He was interested deeply, as both his sons are, in the psychology of crime. When he was preparing to produce a play he read not only the play, but all the literature he could lay hands on pertaining to its period and characters. During three or four months he would wrestle with a Shakespearean text and then he would read it to the Lyceum company just as it was to be done on the stage, and explain scene by scene the why and the wherefor of the same. Some one asked him, long after he was world-famous, about a line in "Titus Andronicus," and Irving admitted frankly that he had not read the play and knew nothing of the line. This was the real Irving: he was immersed in the thing he was doing at the moment, and he bent his life absolutely and entirely to the service of the theatre.

Irving started out with the determination to make the world accept him as a great actor; and he succeeded.

Incidentally, but it was only incidentally, he revived the glory of Shakespeare on the London stage and presented a few good pieces, though very few, by more modern authors. He fused for the first time in history the titles of actor and gentleman. He developed the highly decorative presentation of poetical plays a contribution to the popularity of the theatre that may not have been an advantage unalloyed to the cause of the Drama. How full he filled his life with theatrical endeavour one may realise by a study of the array of rôles he played. There were 671 of them—428 first acted in Edinburgh, 160 in other provincial cities, and 83 in London. Apart from his production of the plays of Tennyson, Irving's almost only service to the literary drama resolved itself into the creation of a demand among his patrons for acting versions of the Shakespearean plays and of Goethe's "Faust."

In Miss Terry's very charming book—a book that will live, no doubt, as one of the most delightful of several delightful volumes of recollections that the present generation has seen—the sense of loneliness referred to already as dominating the career of Irving, and especially its close, is explained by a hundred little touches. The actors are as ships that pass in the night and merely speak their fellows in passing. Most of the spiritually profitable friendships of Miss Terry—and she is as warm and friendly as Irving was cold and difficult—have been with artists and literary people,



Charles Kean and Ellen Terry.
In "The Winter's Tale," April 28, 1856. Ellen Terry in the character
of Mamillius.
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

rather than with actors and actresses. Bernhardt (who looks "like smoke from a burning paper") and other actresses and actors have been ardent admirers of Ellen Terry, but Tennyson, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, and divers other literary personages and painters have been the subjects of her closest and most inspiring friendships. "I was never very ambitious," says Miss Terry. That may have been one of the reasons why she and Irving stayed together so long. It is probably one of the reasons why she made far more friends than most actresses and was a sort of bridge that for many years linked Irving with the hearts of a small circle of mutual acquaintances. "I believe in immortality, and my belief is strengthened with advancing years," wrote Irving once. "Without faith in things spiritual, this life would indeed be a weary waste." On this side of Irving the influence of Miss Terry undoubtedly had considerable weight, and she must have lessened materially the "dreariness" of his life by her tender solicitude and gentle worship. Tennyson's kindly admiration also, although not greatly intimate, was treasured deep in Irving's heart. He was quite touched when he recited how the dying Laureate had told his medical man that Irving would do him greater justice in "Becket" than was done for his "Promise of May." Tennyson had hoped to write a Dante play for Irving, eventually Irving staged that dreary piece of pseudo Italian stage carpentry by Sardou which was one of his most disastrous failures. "The Foresters" was intended for the Lyceum. Such faith had Tennyson in Irving's ability that he told him to "do anything he pleased" with "Becket," and the



**Ellen Terry's Birthplace,
Market Street, Coventry.**

From "The Story of My Life" (Hutchinson)

Tennyson of the Irving-Terry experience was a very attractive figure.

"Tennyson told me to say *luncheon*, not *lunch*," says Miss Terry; and again

"The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder, handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail, and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time, I only remember her lying on a sofa. In the evenings I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset, the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognise the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked up the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always

I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple. It was easy enough to me to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical rôle.

"That Browning with his carefully brushed hat, smart coat and fine society manners was a poet always seemed to me more incomprehensible than his poetry, which I think most people would have taken straightforwardly and read with a fair amount of ease if certain enthusiasts had not founded societies for making his crooked places plain and (to me) his plain places very crooked. These societies have terrorised the ordinary reader into leaving Browning alone. The same thing has been tried with Shakespeare but fortunately the experiment in this case has proved less successful. Coroners' inquests by learned societies can't make Shakespeare a dead man.

"At Freshwater I was still so young [she was seventeen and the wife of G. I. Watts] that I preferred playing Indians and Knights of the Round Table with Tennyson's sons Hallam and Lionel and the young Camerons to

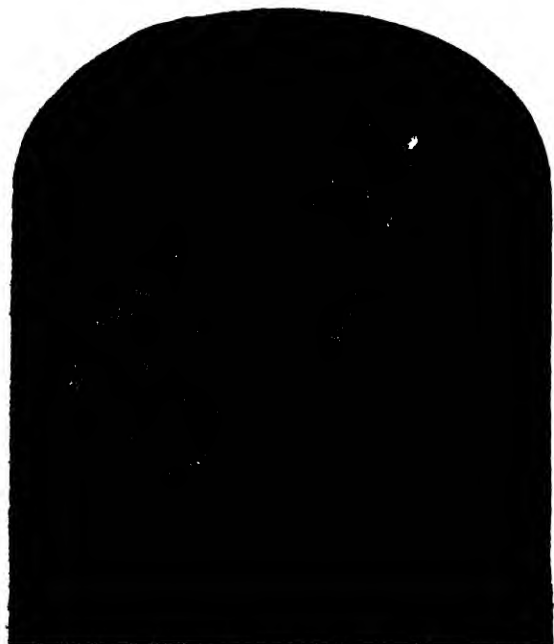


Photo by W. G. Lacy, Ryde.

**Ellen and Kate
Terry in "Distant
Relations."**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson)



Photo by W. G. Lacy, Ryde.

**Ellen and Kate Terry
in "Home for the
Holidays."**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)



"A little cheque."

Digby Grant in 'Two Roses'
From 'The Life of Henry Irving' (Longmans)



"You annoy me very much."

Digby Grant in 'Two Roses'
From 'The Life of Henry Irving' (Longmans)

sitting indoors noticing what the poet did and said. I was mighty proud when I learned to prepare his daily pipe for him. It was a long churchwarden and he liked the stem to be steeped in a solution of sal volatile or something of that kind so that it did not stick to his lips. But he and all the others seemed very old. There were my young knights waiting for me, and jumping gates, climbing trees, and running paper-chases are pleasant when one is young.

"It was not to inattentive ears that Tennyson read his poems. His reading was most impressive but I think he read Browning's 'Ride from Ghent to Aix' better than

anything of his own except perhaps 'The Northern Farmer'. He used to preserve the monotonous rhythm of the galloping horses in Browning's poem and he made the words come out sharply like hoofs upon a road. It was a little comic until one got used to it but that fault lay in the ear of the hearer. It was the right way to read this particular poem and I have never forgotten it."

Tennyson read his play "The Cup" to the Lyceum company at Eaton Place, and, says Miss Terry

"Like most poets he read in a monotone, rumbling on a low note in much the same way that Shelley is said to have



Miss Bateman as Queen Mary, Irving as Philip.
From "The Life of Henry Irving." (Longmans.)

screamed on a high one. For the women's parts he changed his voice suddenly, climbing up into a key which he could not sustain. In spite of this I was beginning to think how impressive it all was when I looked up and saw Edy [Miss Edith Craig, Miss Terry's daughter], who was sitting on Henry's knee, looking over his shoulder at young Hallam and laughing; and Henry, instead of reproaching her, on the broad grin. There was much discussion as to what the play should be called and as to whether the names Synorix and Sinnatus would be confused. 'I don't think they will,' I said, for I thought this was a very small matter for the poet to worry about. 'I do!' said Edy in a loud clear voice: 'I haven't known one from the other all the time.' 'Edy, be good,' I whispered. Henry as usual was delighted at Edy's independence, but her mother was unutterably ashamed."

Tom Taylor introduced Miss Terry to Watts: her family made, and later on unmade, the marriage to him. Miss Terry has no grievance against Watts. She was happy in an æsthetic, dreamy way with him, charmed by the beauty of his home, bewildered by his genius, and impressed by the brilliancy of his friends. With the exception of her six years' rural retirement at Harpenden, where she brought up her children on original lines, looked after 200 fowls and ducks, harnessed the pony, fetched milk in the evening across the common, and generally lived the Simple Life, her days with Watts were probably among the happiest of her early years.

Charles Reade, riding with hounds, came upon a lady in a broken carriage in a Hertfordshire lane. The bailiffs were in her house; and he recognised her as the "Nelly" Terry of earlier London entertainments. He tempted her back to the footlights with a salary of £40 per week. Had there been no Charles Reade there might have been no renown for Ellen Terry—it is extremely improbable that there would have been an Irving-Terry collaboration at the Lyceum Theatre. Reade emerges from Miss Terry's volume as a queer character—a great novelist bitten with the fever to write plays and run theatrical companies, losing money by the handful. On tour he would assist the stage hands in the manufacture of artificial waves!

Tom Taylor, who was a second father to Miss Terry, is described with a loving and appreciative pen. Taylor was dramatic and art critic of the *Times*, editor of



Photo by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, taken at Freshwater in 1865.

Ellen Terry at the age of seventeen.

After her marriage to Mr. George Frederick Watts.

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson)

Punch, and a civil servant at one and the same time; and he was for ever writing "addresses" and vamping plays. He wrote too much and adapted too much. Like Miss Terry, he lived for the moment: he was without ambition, but he wanted every one to "have a good time." He befriended all who were in need and who came to him. One day he gave an old actress £15 in the street; and Mrs. Taylor said her only surprise was that the sum was not double as much.

Miss Terry knew Gladstone in a sort of side way. He seemed to her "like a suppressed volcano: his face was pale and calm,

but the calm was the calm of the grey crust of Etna." She saw Disraeli a few times: and once she ran into him in Oxford Street so that he should look up and she might see his eyes. He wore a blue tie, "a brighter blue tie than most men would dare to wear," and "his straggling curls shook as he walked." Miss Terry loves his novels—"like his tie, brighter in colour than any one else's." Some of Miss Terry's best stories are of Rossetti, who bought a white bull once because its eyes were like those of "Janie" Morris—wife of the author of "The Earthly Paradise"—and it ate his lawn up and kicked his garden to pieces. Then Rossetti obtained a peacock, which stuck under the sofa and died there. "Bulls don't like me," said Rossetti, "and peacocks aren't homely." Rossetti's dormice went to sleep for the winter—and never woke again; his tortoises were eaten by the beetles they were to eat; and his armadillos preferred his neighbour's vineyards to Rossetti's. A tiny pen-portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes is perfect: "Four feet upon a fender was his idea of happiness, he told me." We see Ward Beecher, ill, but healing himself by looking at the coloured lights in precious stones; and Bernard Shaw is in the gallery, of course. "alive, with nine lives like a cat."

In Mr. Brereton's volumes we have the body of the Irving-Terry co-operation. In Miss Terry's "Story" we have its spirit. They are both valuable; but while one is a compilation and will grow old, the other is a book and will live. It is not impossible that "The Story of My Life" may last as long as any conceivable memorial to the great and fruitful association of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

AUTHORS AT WORK

THE DISADVANTAGES OF WORKING IN LONDON AND OUT OF IT.

By JEROME K. JEROME, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, W. W. JACOBS, H. G. WELLS, H. RIDER HAGGARD, W. PETT RIDGE, EDEN PHILLIPOTS, ARTHUR MORRISON, E. F. BENSON, TOM GALLON, H. A. VACHELL, RICHARD WHITEING, W. E. NORRIS, MRS. MARY E. MANN, MRS. HENRY DUDENEY, AND MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

MUCH as he loved London, Lamb used to complain bitterly of its disadvantages as a place to work in. "The reason why I cannot write letters at home is that I am never alone," he writes to Mrs. Wordsworth. "Except my morning's walk to the office, which is like treading on sands of gold for that reason, I am never so. I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. All the morning I am pestered. Evening company I should always like, had I any mornings, but I am saturated with human faces (*divine* forsooth) and voices all the golden morning; and five evenings in a week would be as much as I should covet to be in company, but I assure you that it is a wonderful week in which I can get two, or one, to myself. I am never C. L., but always C. L. & Co."

He touches on this grievance in one of his "Popular Fallacies," and pitying the man whose home is no home because it is "infested with many visitors," describes how these casual callers "have a peculiarly compassionate snear with which they hope they do not interrupt your studies." There are continual references in his letters to this drawback of living in London; it was, he said, the crowd of thoughtless callers and drop-pers-in who finally drove him from Islington to seek quiet and leisure at Enfield, but even here for a while they followed him, and he writes despairingly to Bernard Barton: "Whither can I take wing from the oppression of human faces? Would I were in a wilderness of apes, tossing cocoanuts about, grinning and grinned at!"

If it was not easy for the literary worker to secure peace and

privacy in the London of Lamb's day, it is ten times harder now, when London is so much larger, so much noisier, so much more crowded. Aforetime, the author in the country seemed to feel that, if he meant to do anything, it was essential that he should come and live and work in London; now, he more often feels that, to do any good, he must escape from it and live elsewhere. With certain notable exceptions, our twentieth century novelists, dramatists, poets, and authors generally find that for purposes of serious work it suits them better to take up residence outside London.

Mr. Robert Hichens was saying recently that after fifteen years of London life he found the noise and restlessness and worry of social exactions were too much for him, and it is significant that his best books have been written since he turned his back on the hubbub of the streets, the wear and tear and trivial irritations inseparable from a polite fulfilment of one's duty to Society, and

set up his writing table in the far-off seclusion of his Sicilian garden. Chatting to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome the other day, I asked him what had been his own experience in this regard.

JEROME K. JEROME

discusses the question.

"Personally," said Mr. Jerome, "I can't work in London, and never try to, now. I don't mind the noise. I don't notice it; but there are too many newspapers and too many people. That's what worries me. When I am in town I become dissipated in the matter of newspapers. I have too many of them. They are all about you everywhere here, and I am continually yielding to the temptation to lose my time pleasantly in reading them, and what is the result? I happen to be writing a play,



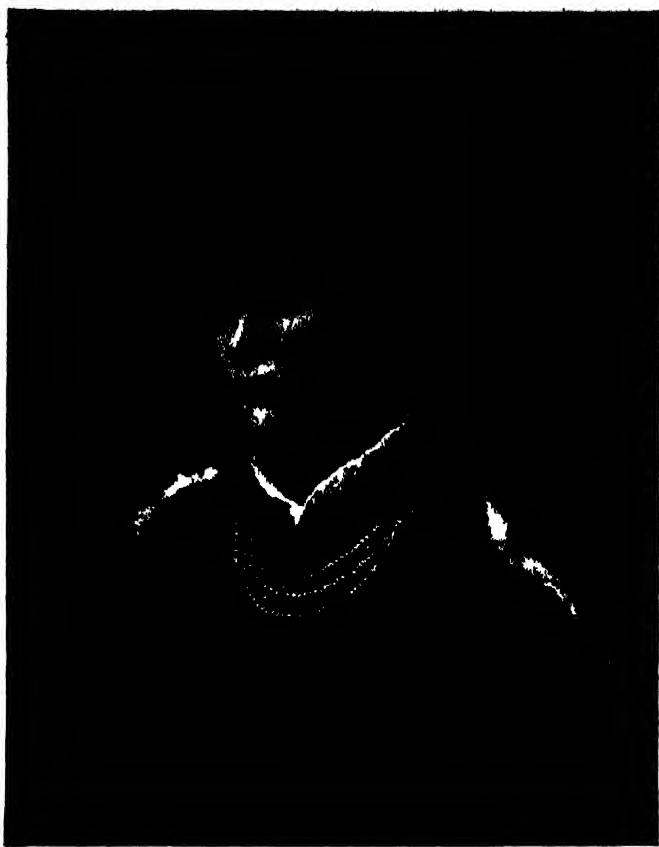
Photo by Window & Grove.

Ellen Terry as Helen in "The Hunchback."

From "The Story of My Life," (Hutchinson.)

perhaps, and in the papers I read reviews of new plays by other men, and each critic points out different faults in them, until presently I begin to have doubts and get uneasy about the one I am writing myself. I go down to my club to forget it, and there I can't help hearing various members also discussing the new plays and exposing the flaws and weaknesses of them. Well, you know how it is with you when you hear people talking much about their ailments—after a bit, you seem to detect the symptoms and fancy you have got most of the same complaints yourself. In a similar fashion, what with reading the criticisms in the papers and listening to the critics at the club, I would soon begin to discover, or imagine I discovered, most of the same errors in the play I was busy on, grow dissatisfied with it, feel that this character must be altered, that scene reconstructed, this passage rewritten, that incident cut out, this situation modified, and so on till I was all in a tangle about it and could make no progress.

"In the country you evade such hindrances. You have a blessed sense of being really alone. You look out on the unpeopled green fields, your nearest neighbour is not next door, you neither hear nor see anything of London, and have a soothing feeling that it and the critics are such a long way off that they don't matter. You are not tempted by the sight of innumerable newspapers, you are not fidgeted by the fear of casual, unexpected callers, you are free from interruptions and can sit down and become quietly absorbed in your work and develop it in your own style, thinking of nothing else and caring for the opinion of nobody. Mind you, I'm not suggesting that a man should live in the



After a painting by J. Forbes Robertson

Ellen Terry.

From "The Story of My Life" (Hutchinson)

country entirely—that would be as bad or worse than living entirely in London. The farmers say that, if they are to thrive, even the sheep require occasional changes of air and pasture, and though a man may do his best work in the country, I'm sure he does it the better for spending a fair proportion of his days in town, keeping in touch with humanity and the common interests of humanity, sharpening his wits against the wits of others, keeping himself sane and fresh and alert with a realisation of the wholesome certainty that he is still one of the human race and not a thing apart.

'One writer—a friend of my own—his early books were simply alive with human sympathy. He could not work comfortably in town and removed into the country altogether, and there he has cut himself off from everybody. He likes his rural surroundings, he is happy, dreaming and working in solitude, yet somehow when I read his later books, I always feel that whatever he has gained he has lost something too; they are finely written but they are as remote from human experience as he is himself, there is no longer any warmth, any emotion in them.

"I can believe that some find the noise of London intolerable, it is of course a matter of temperament; but to me it seems that all the noises blend and are no more disturbing than the ceaseless roar of the sea. And you are not harassed here with German bands and organ-grinders as we were in my younger time. When I was a journalist and had to live in London and make shift to work in it, I had a house in St. John's Wood, and we used to keep an odd man who had a salary of about fifteen shillings a week, and was mostly occupied in listening for organs and going out to make them be



From a photograph after the picture by G. F. Watts, O.M., R.A.

The Sisters—Ellen and Kate Terry.

From "The Story of My Life" (Hutchinson)

quiet. You would hear a wandering musician start to grind out a melody on the other side of the square, or just round the corner, and almost in the same moment our man would emerge, prick up his ear to get the right direction, and glide off on the track. A minute later that tune would break off abruptly in the middle, and you would hear no more of it; as if our man had crept softly up behind the performer, made a sudden spring and put him out of his misery. I never inquired how he did it, and he never offered to take me into his confidence, but when I hear people wondering how it is organ-grinders have become so scarce I can't help thinking things.

"But it isn't only authors who suffer from those noises. Frederick Cowen lived a few doors away from me in St. John's Wood, and many a time when he has been composing an opera or a cantata an organ has struck up, without a moment's warning, immediately under his window and driven him raving mad. I do not compose music myself, but he often assured me that it was very difficult to do it whilst an organ was playing a different

tune right in your ear, and he knew what he was talking about.

"Then there is this question of callers, of returning visits, and the whole round of social amenities—there is no doubt whatever they are a terrible tax on the time and nerves of the writing man. They interrupt him, put him out of the mood, prevent him from giving himself so wholly up to his work as he must do if he is to do it well. It's not so bad for bachelors like Pett Ridge; they can keep out of most for it, if they want to. People don't expect so much of bachelors in the social way as they do of married men. When an author is married and residing in London, he has either got to offend his wife's friends and his own friends by cutting them all, dodging their entertainments, abstaining from visiting them or being visited by them; or he may except a select minority and turn the majority into enemies; or he can leave off working and give all his time—you can't do it in less than all—to a respectable and complete but unprofitable fulfilment of his social obligations till he has spent the last of his savings, and has to retire into

the workhouse, unless by then he is old enough to qualify for his Old Age Pension. The only wise alternative to these fatal courses, which involve either the loss of your friends or the loss of your income, is—to go away betimes and live and work in the country, and only come to London when you are out to play."

Questioned on this same subject, several well-known writers have been good enough to send us the following private views:

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
could write in a foundry.

If you come to traffic, hurry, rush, and restlessness, an express train can hold its own with London on all four points; but I have done a good deal of literary work in such trains. If I recollect aright William Morris made his translation of the *Odyssey*, which has all the celestial airs of the Ionian Sea over it, when racketing about in trains to lecture on Socialism in the provinces. Trollope wrote much in trains, did he not? Of course any sane writer will take the fullest possible advantage of the blessed fact that he can take his work into the country and do it in the open air, in spite of the restlessness and distraction of the trees and clouds and birds and insects and the like; but for my part, if need be, I could do my work in a steel foundry, or a weaving shed with a hundred looms all banging away at full steam, if I had to, and not do it any the worse for the noise. I therefore do not set up any special grievance as an



From the drawing by Fred Barnard.

Irving as Louis XI.

From "The Life of Henry Irving." (Longmans)

author ; on the contrary, the "restlessness" of London is the making of a man who can take it all in ; for instance, Dickens would never have been Dickens if he had spent his life in Mitcham. But of course I share the general grievance (which specially afflicts idle people, by the way) against the monotony and unmusical character of London noises, the stuffiness of London's smell, the grime of London's atmosphere, the dreadful darkness of London's winter, and the ugliness of London's population.

G. B. S.

W. W. JACOBS

is glad of an excuse.

The country is too dull, and town too lively for work. The ideal place is still to be discovered. In the meantime it is as well to have an excuse.

W. W. JACOBS.

H. G. WELLS

offers no opinion.

I can offer no opinion because I have not done sustained work in London. I do not see why a man who can secure a certain part of the day free from interruption should not write just as well in London as anywhere else.

H. G. WELLS.

H. RIDER HAGGARD

speaks on both sides.

It seems to me that the matter is entirely one of individual disposition. Some people like to go out and some like to stop at home ; some love the country, some the town. No doubt the members of each class work best in the atmosphere and environments that suit them.

On such points I do not see that it is possible for any individual to generalise for others. Moreover, as a rule circumstances are the master. Few can live exactly where they would like to live, or do exactly what they would like to do. They must fit themselves to whatever shaped hole is prepared for them, and fill up the corners as best they may.

In the country you can choose your air, in the town your society. Each has its advantages, but the fact remains that nowadays most of the work of the world is done in cities. Whether it be the best work is another question ; of that I suppose posterity will judge, should it continue to take any interest in the matter.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

PETT RIDGE

is disturbed by quietness.

I find I can write almost anywhere, but for perfect comfort give me my own rooms in the heart of London with traffic and movement near. The quiet and calm of the country are, to me, rather disturbing.

In this regard, however, I should not care to make up a prescription for any one but myself. All I can say is, with Mr. Yeats, that

"To me the tumult of the street
Is no less music than the sweet
Surge of the wind amongst the wheat"

W. PETT RIDGE.

P.S.—I like social engagements.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

names the only way.

Speaking generally, if a writer is so sensitive to environment that he cannot do his best work in a place, then, if he is a serious artist, of course he would go elsewhere to live. A man who lets "social obligations" come between him and his art simply doesn't count.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



Photo by Mrs. K. Dutham.

Ellen Terry in her Study.

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

ARTHUR MORRISON

likes living out of London

It is not very easy to answer your question, which refers, I think, to a matter of individual temperament and condition. I prefer living out of London myself, though I do not care to stay long or far away from it. It is sixteen years since I lived in London, as a bachelor, and then I found the stout outer door of my chambers a sufficient protection against the bustle of the town. Perhaps a married man could not avail himself of so good a defence.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

E. F. BENSON

finds country life exciting.

I entirely disagree with your correspondent, and personally find the quiet of town an excellent environment for work. I would write more, but I am just plunging into the excitement of country life again.

E. F. BENSON.

TOM GALLON has tried both.

My own opinion, speaking as one who has done every kind of literary work—novels, plays, short stories, etc.—is that a man, if he be wrapped up in his work and fond of it, can write anywhere. I lived in the country for some time, because at one time I, too, believed that the distractions of London made it impossible for me to do good work here; but I very quickly found that the “unavoidable social engagements” of which your novelist speaks were matters that attached themselves particularly to the country, and not to London.

If a man wants to hide in London he can do so; in the country he is pursued by his neighbours, noteworthy and otherwise, until he can scarcely call his soul his own. You will remember what R. L. Stevenson said about the matter: something concerning a deal table and one chair, I believe. I cordially agree with him.

TOM GALLON.

H. A. VACHELL and his early novels.

I work in the country, because I like to live in the country. But I believe I should work as well in London or Timbuctoo if a cruel fate constrained me to dwell in either of those cities. At the ripe age of eight I was pitchforked into a big rough school, where I wrestled with the *Pons Asinorum* and the Church Catechism while other fellows were construing Caesar and being caned. My first novels were written in an office in California. As a partner in a vast business slowly crumbling to pieces I had to receive all-comers: never sure of five minutes to myself. My work was bad, admittedly, but its bad qualities were not caused by outside conditions. Probably a general, upon the eve of a decisive battle, has to subject every nerve in his body to a strain spared to the novelist, but would his dispositions be the better were he and his staff transported to a garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream? I doubt it. I prefer to believe that the clash of arms, “the cannon's opening roar,” fire him to supreme endeavour and achievement.

To every young writer I would say: “Conquer your nerves, before they conquer you. Whenever you have something to write, put pen to paper regardless of time and place. Don't lock your door! Don't tie a wet towel round your head! Don't deny yourself to friends or enemies! Stick to it, even if the heavens fall!”

It is well, of course, to bring to the final revision of your work a clear head and a sense of detachment. Write in an express train, or when an organ is grinding, but find a quiet spot to read what you have written.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

RICHARD WHITEING suggests a compromise.

You may go into the country as much as you like, but the pull of London will generally bring you back

again. But with this there is also the penalty of London, and the penalty lies in the absurd customs that make our social gatherings so often a weariness for spirit and flesh. If only there were some easy way of meeting people without meeting them at dinner, and if only, when one had met them at dinner, our hostess would forgo her tribute of the visit of digestion! But this is not all; the meeting sometimes leads to other invitations to dinner, entailing other visits of digestion, to say nothing of the dinners given in return. It is a vicious circle, and it grows larger every day.

Apart from this, there is the necessity of “keeping up one's friends,” that is to say of reviewing them in their legions at the ghastly entertainments known as At Homes, or of being reviewed in your turn.

We want a simpler social code. It ought to be understood that the failure to visit is no reproach, and that you may keep people up by the sheer luck of the encounter, with nothing in the incidence of the luck to count against you, or against them. It is all such a wicked waste of time.

Yet we are the slaves of custom, and there is no escape but flight. It is a question of town or country; and you have to make your choice. This is not so easy as it seems. The country too has its obligations of a social nature, some of them more burdensome than those of town. And besides, the country palls, the fields and flowers and perfect quiet are not an all-sufficient substitute for human beings and the shock of ideas.

Happily there is the possibility of compromise. Live mainly in town, and go to the country for retreats; or, according to your tastes and pursuits, take it the other way about. Personally I should prefer the latter, in the shape of a settlement on the outskirts of some rural township within easy reach of London, for inevitable interludes of business or pleasure, and for one grand holiday on the asphalt once a year. Then you might amuse yourself furiously for a fortnight in the appointed way, with due submission to all the conventions, and with the cheering prospect of escape at the end of your term. Such would be my way of making the best of both worlds.

RICHARD WHITEING.

W. E. NORRIS makes a serious objection.

Personally, I should find it difficult to write in any large city, because I have always been accustomed to the quiet of the country; still, I suppose one might get into the habit of not minding noise. What seems to me a much more serious objection to London is the practical impossibility of limiting one's acquaintance and engagements there. You must choose between making a desert for yourself, which is a little dull, or placing much more time than you can afford at the mercy of the hospitable. There is no middle course.

W. E. NORRIS.

Mrs. MARY E. MANN

prefers a crowd.

When, many years ago, I first began to write, I was already condemned to existence in the country, and there all my work has been done. I have sometimes thought it would have been done better if, instead of struggling against the sleepy influences of solitude, the torpor engendered by communion with the rural mind, I had rubbed shoulders with the world and enjoyed the advantages of those writers who complain that their moods are upset and their ideas unsettled by the noise and hurry of town. Brain must stimulate brain, wit sharpen wit, the perceptions must grow brighter by constant use. If the social calls are disturbing, there are the invaluable joys of congenial friendship, the intenseness of kindred souls. If the air is infected with restlessness, *life* is in the air—farce, comedy, tragedy all around ready to the pen.

Looking at the question rationally however, and without reference to my own case I should say let the man who writes of town life live in towns let him who would describe the country take up his abode there—a sufficiently obvious counsel, against which it might be thought no argument could be brought yet neglected flagrantly by many authors for all that and with results to be expected and deplored.

MARY E. MANN

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY

would sooner talk.

I can work at any time and anyhow and in any odd corner—but it must be a country corner!

The noise and rush of London would not stop me, but the people would. They can talk, and listen. I have an overwhelming passion for both!

In the country, one's neighbours are always kind but never engrossing. This, for me, makes the best working atmosphere possible. Certainly so long as I could sit and tattle *hard*, I should never write a line. One is just propelled into words by the surrounding dullness!

ALICE DUDENEY

Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN

in praise of London.

I have found that on the whole London is the best place to work in. I have written more happily and more easily in London than in the quietest village in England or on the loneliest farm in distant lands. But one has to be born with that particular form of mind which regards so-called pressing and unavoidable social engagements as deadly and wholly unnecessary nuisances. Then one is free to gather the true honey. And there are still some quiet places where one can live in peace and collect one's senses after a dash into the rush and restlessness of the streets beyond.

BEATRICE HARRADEN

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

November 1 to December 1, 1908.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

CHEYNE, REV PROFESSOR I. K. D.D. — *The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah* 35s net

SCHECHTER, DR SOLOMON — *Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology* 5s net

Cambridge University Press.

BALL, SIR R. S. — *A Course of Spherical Astronomy* 12s net

CREE, J. H. J. — *Claudian as an Historical Authority* 4s net

ERNST, A. (Translated by Professor A. C. Seward) — *The New Herta of the Volcanic Island of Krakatau* 1s net

TILLYARD, H. J. W. — *Agathocles* 1s net

WARD, H. MARSHALL — *Trees—Volume IV: Fruit* 4s net

WATSON, FOSTER — *The English Grammar Schools in 1900: Their Curriculum and Practice* 4s net

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

CROSS, DUNCAN — *Choosing a Career* 2s 6d net

HABLUCK, PAUL N. — *Cyclopedia of Mechanics (Volumes 1 to 5)* 7s 6d net per volume

HIRD, W. B. A., M.C.I. — *Elementary Dynamo Design* 7s 6d net

MORRIS, SIR MALCOLM, K.C.V.O. — *Diseases of the Skin* 10s 6d

RICKETTS, D. P. K. B.Sc. (Lond.), M.D. M.B. B.S. (I & L) — *The Diagnosis of Smallpox* 21s

WARD, JOHN J. — *Life Histories of Familiar Plants* 6s

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BAUERLE, AMELIA — *The Child-Lovers' Calendar 1909* 1s net

BROWNING, ROBERT — *Pippa Passes, and Men and Women* Illustrated in colours by E. J. Brickdale 6s net and 1s 6d net

DUMAS, F. G. M. H. SPIELMANN, and GABRIEL MOUREL — *The Franco-British Illustrated Review* With numerous illustrations 5s net

GOLJANCZ, ISRAEL, and T. MASKILL HARRIS — *An Evening with Shakespeare* 10 Dramatic Tableaux with Music and Illustrations 7s 6d net, 2s net 3s 6d net

LES ACADEMICIENS GONCAUT and YOSHIO MARKINO — *The Colour of Paris* With Coloured Plates by Yoshio Markino 20s net 42s net

NORTHCOTE, LADY ROSALIND — *Devon its Moorlands Streams and Coast* Illustrated in Colours by F. Wadgery 20s net 42s net

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

FAIRWEATHER, REV W. M.A. (Kirkcaldy) — *The Background of the Gospels* Demy 8vo, 8s net

FATON, PROFESSOR L. B. Ph.D. (Hartford, U.S.A.) — *The Book of Esther* (New Vol. "International Critical Commentary")

The Clarendon Press.

In the Stuart and Tudor Library

MAIR, G. H. — *Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique (1585)* Edited, with an introduction. 9s net

SHAKESPEARE — *Merry Wives of Windsor* (the first of the series) With an Introduction by W. W. Greg 5s net

TURBILVILL — *Art of Venery or Hunting* 4s net

In the Oxford Library of French Literature

BARNES, W. — *Selected Poems* 1 lit. l. with a 11 facs and Glossarial Notes 1s 10m

BARKITT, J. S. — *The Hierome* With an Introduction by Walter Raleigh 1s 10m

CLARK, J. — *Selected Poems* With an Introduction by Arthur Symonds 1s 10m

GAIT, J. — *The Annals of a Parish* With an Introduction and Glossary by C. S. Gordon 1s 10m

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

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BRISCOL, J. POTTER (Collected by) — *Tudor Love Songs* 2s 6d net

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PROFESSOR ROBERT — *In Empire's Cause* With 11 Illustrations by Canon Woodville and Stanley J. Wood 3s 6d

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New Books.

MR SWINBURNE AS CRITIC.*

It is almost impossible that anything should come from Mr. Swinburne's pen that is not welcome—both for the things that we find in it and do not find in other books of the day, and for the things which we do not find in it though we find them elsewhere. And though the bulk of the criticism on Elizabethan literature which we have formerly had from him is not small, and deals in some of its parts with figures that reappear here, the book is no mere rearrangement, nor is it even a mere rehandling—

* "The Age of Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

still less a haphazard selection. The papers—on Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman and Jonson—confine themselves (with the doubtful but almost inevitable exception of Marlowe) to what may be called Shakespeare's *muddle* contemporaries, excluding the rest of the Marlowe group on one side, and the younger men, beginning with Jonson, on the other. But, besides this unity of subject, they have a further unity of treatment. They are by no means desultory discussions on this or that aspect of the dramatists and their work—they are, on the contrary, pretty orderly surveys of the work itself in each case, conducted in such

a fashion that the most careful student for long years of the subject will hardly find anything missed that is known to him, and will probably find that Mr. Swinburne knows some things that he has missed. This must be—to a very much larger class of students and readers who have not yet had time to acquaint themselves with the whole matter—a very great gain indeed. For in some cases, such as those of Dekker and Heywood, where the bulk of work is very great and the available presentations of it by no means exemplary, all but very determined inquirers may (not to their great disgrace) feel a little forlorn, and, in the vernacular, “choked off.” The six volumes of Heywood’s Plays and the four of Dekker’s in the Pearson reprints give about as few appliances and means to the reader as it is possible to conceive: while even Dr. Grosart’s “Huth Library” issue of Dekker’s prose, though a book that one certainly does not regret having subscribed for, and one good to read all through, is almost equally unequipped with editing. Even its indefatigable and copious usher seems to have quailed before the dearth of information, the difficulty of commentary, and (most unusual of all with him) to have felt a certain hindrance to critical examination. Indeed he first postponed his “Memorial Introduction” from the first volume to the fifth, and then cut it down to a mere dozen pages, instead of the scores and almost hundreds in which (with extracts) he delighted to indulge. Now Mr. Swinburne has, very justly, given to these two neglected yet delightful, and in Dekker’s case most delightful, writers the two longest of his Essays—fifty pages in one case, fifty-five in the other. And while these essays are the most satisfactory of reading to those who have actually made their way from “Edward IV.” to “Fortune by Land and Sea”; from “The Shoemaker’s Holiday” to “The Witch of Edmonton”; and from “Canaan’s Calamity” to “Patient Grissill”; they will be invaluable guide-books to these pleasant and too little visited countries in the case of those who have not explored them.

One sometimes sees curiously uncritical remarks made upon Mr. Swinburne’s criticism. Its enthusiasm, its luxuriance, its occasional succumbings to the charms of the “blue-eyed wanton Hyperbola” are well enough known and not seriously disputed. Indeed there are some—among whom the present writer is proud to rank himself—who think it all the more valuable for these things—all the more likely to bring out the merits and promote the love of literature—in which two points the major virtue of all criticism consists. But we are sometimes told that this criticism is inadmissible, not merely because it exaggerates beauties and ignores faults, or *vice versa*; but because it is “romantic” and obsolete. Now there is not the slightest intention of fighting the Classic *v* Romantic battle here—quite the contrary, as will be seen immediately. The people, indeed, who tell us that Romance (or at any rate Romanticism) is “dead,” may be gently urged not to forget certain verses about “John Barleycorn,”—and an admirable remark of that admirable bookseller, Sandy Mackaye, about the gruesomeness of premature interment. But never mind that.

The important thing is that these remarks show a strange persistence in the old blunder of supposing that *either* “Classic” or “Romantic” criticism can ever be obsolete; that either can ever finally prevail; that either is in the children’s sense the “right answer,” every other being wrong. The only wrong thing in criticism is the ostracising of good work: the only right thing the honouring and interpreting of good work. The Classic is perfectly right when he extols order, lucidity, correctness, neatly adjusted fable, absence of glaring fault; he is only wrong when he denounces works which do not meet his demand for these good things, though they provide others. The Romantic is quite right when he praises great thought, exquisite verse, entrancing style, colour, music, suggestion of beauty—wherever he finds them; he is

only wrong when he refuses to recognise what beauty there may be in classical ideals. That one set of notions is fashionable or unfashionable, or that it has prevailed for a long or a short time, has nothing to do with its rightness or wrongness: it will come and go and come back as all eternal things have always done and will always do. Now one of the eternal things—fortunately—is that inevitable attraction of the eyes that can see beauty and the tongue that can tell of it, to beauty wherever it is, in whatever company, in whatever guise. Mr. Swinburne feels this attraction as few have done, and expresses it as fewer either have done or are likely to do. Therefore his criticism can never be antiquated. And fortunately enthusiasm of the kind is very contagious and deserves to be propagated by every means in our power. Nobody need—nobody but a very foolish person will—upset unities and disregard decencies because Webster and Dekker and Marston and Middleton and Tourneur constantly did the one and very frequently did the other. Everybody should recognise, and everybody who can will be the better for recognising, the poignant scene and situation, the marvellous character, above all the Colconda of poetic gems that these disorderly persons have flung about in their disorder, and that Mr. Swinburne has piously celebrated as genius celebrates.

Two minor points—not massive but concrete enough—may be worth noticing. The present writer has always been accustomed to consider Mr. Swinburne as being nearly impeccable in criticising verse as verse, and as being both sharp and subtle in interpreting its meaning. He is all the more puzzled at the following censure of a passage of Webster’s:

“We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers, fight battles, spend
Our blood to buy us names, and in iron hold
Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold.”

The italics are Mr. Swinburne’s: and he adds: “Which he who can parse let him scan, and he who can scan let him construe”, afterwards denouncing its “headlong halting fashion,” etc.

Now what is the matter with it? I cannot see any difficulty at all in parsing. As for scansion, Mr. Swinburne is the very last person whom I should have thought likely to rule out (though I do not say that they are used here in the most masterly fashion) an anapaest (“and in i-”) in the fourth place and an anapaest followed by a tribrach (“to imprison fugi-”) in the third and fourth. Then there is the meaning. Surely it is clear enough! “In iron hold [In a strong castle] will we [we are content to] eat roots [be subjected to the extremities of siege-famine] to imprison [in order to keep in our possession] fugitive gold [gold that will certainly escape us at death, and probably long before].” Is not that all right, whether it is taken literally or figuratively?

One other slight animadversion, and enough. Mr. Swinburne observes of Tourneur’s

“For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute”:

“This is not [?], I take it, one of the poet’s irregular though not unmusical lines: the five short unemphatic syllables really run together in one slurring note of scorn, being not more than equivalent in metrical weight to three such as would take their place if the verse were altered and impaired:

“For the poor price of one bewitching minute.”

The argument is quite sound—it could hardly be otherwise coming whence it does. But is it necessary? Is it not much more likely that copyist or printer doubled the *be* from “benefit” in a very common way (especially as “bewitching” is the more common form) and that Cyril wrote:

“For the poor benefit of a *witching* minute.”

where you still get the "slurring note of scorn" with less danger of inharmonious reading or delivery? But these things are *naucipiliflocculent*; let us rather thank Mr. Swinburne once more for this addition to the goodly row of his volumes, and so an end.

G. SAINTSBURY.

THE MEANING OF MR. CHESTERTON.*

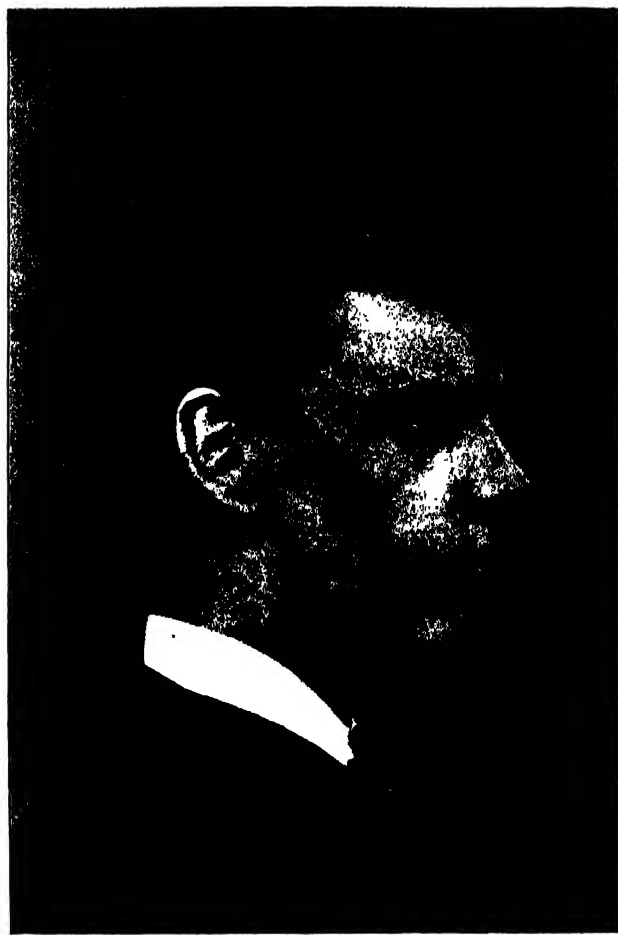
Every one that touches Mr. Chesterton deals with paradox—how tired, even like Mr. Shaw, he must be of the world—or else falls into it. Hence his publisher of the Bodley Head, certainly not intending to be ironical, has bound up with the volume called "Orthodoxy" now lying before me a strongly seasoned advertisement of the works of M. Anatole France. Now if there be one writer (and one writer's compositions) that Mr. Chesterton would fling into the bottomless pit, M. France is the man. We are told by "Anonymous," in a sketch well worth following to the end, that his hero of Notting Hill carries a swordstick in his daily walks about London. Imagination sees him testing its temper on the Bodley Head, when next he calls at Mr. Lane's to know how "Orthodoxy" is going. Or will he merely smile and quote Arthur Clough, "All is juxtaposition"?

When after eight years, mostly spent in journalism, a man not yet arrived at the "mid pathway" of Dante's reckoning can read a whole book about himself, he may of course feel proud; but he is more likely, in Mr. Chesterton's case, to wonder if he deserves it. For he has invented no new philosophy; with rare good sense he perceives that literature, in our modern handling of it, is somewhat of a silly superstition; he denies neither God nor marriage; he keeps step with the crowd and says he is one of them; in short, he is a reactionary who drops back into the normal. Why, then, the honour of a Life and Characteristics? What is the meaning of Mr. Chesterton? Is he a freak or a force, or that questionable thing in the development of species, a sport? "*Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atidae.*"

His fighting qualities, which are superb, combined with his love of preaching, would make him out to be an Englishman, and possibly a Nonconformist, by temper and pedigree. In his blood there appears to be a Scottish and a Swiss blend, accounting, on the method which he loves, for his revolt from Calvin. Brought up in the Liberal air, he seems not to have learned any catechism; he was "a pagan at the age of twelve, and a complete agnostic by the age of sixteen." He never read a line of Christian apologetics, but fed his mind upon "scientific and sceptical literature" all of it, he adds rather sily, "that I could find written in English and lying about." "Lying about" is good—a pregnant word. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, these names of the four evangelists whose gospels were circulated in his young days for the edification of the million delight him no more. But once they were his lamps and guides to wisdom. Who could be so alienated as this clever London boy from Christian theology? Yet the "great agnostics" called up doubts deeper than their own. "The rationalist made me question," he says, "whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer, I had got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures, the dreadful thought broke across my mind, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!' I was in a desperate way."

Here is the genuine Chesterton, his resolute search after truth and keen insight; his reaction from a passive acquiescence in the teaching of masters who, whatever else

* "Orthodoxy." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"All Things Considered." By the same. 5s. (Methuen.)—"G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism." Anonymous. 5s. (Alston Rivers.)



G. K. Chesterton at the age of seventeen.

From "G. K. Chesterton." (Alston Rivers)

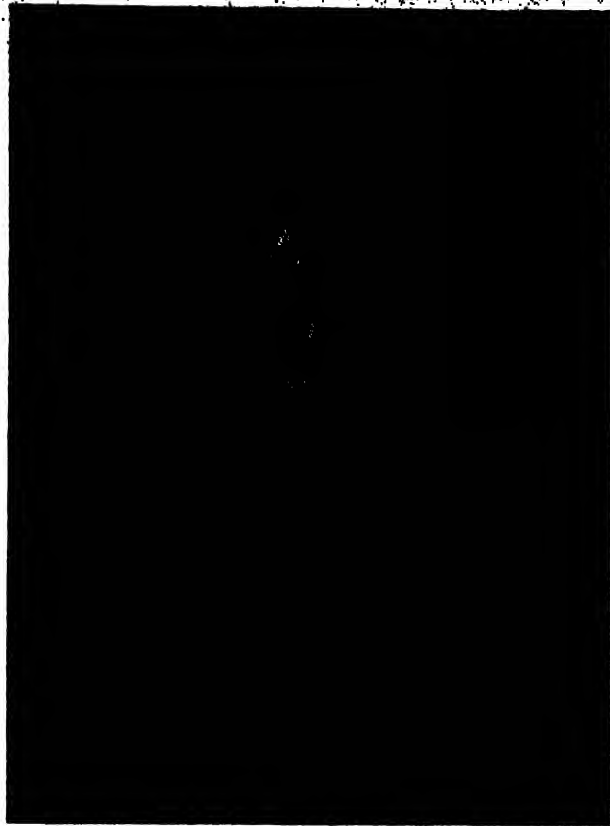
they did, certainly stultified themselves. They attacked Christianity on all sides; well and good, if it were false; but they did so "for all contradictory reasons"; and how could that be unless it were true? Time was needed, but hardly anything else than cool attentive reading, to make it clear that one unbeliever demolished another and frequently retorted his own positions. These arguments had been driven home by the Christian champions; but as our theological Robinson Crusoe had never looked into their storehouse, he fell back on his mother wit and discovered them by sheer thinking. Take note, good reader, of this fact when you are told that Mr. Chesterton's appeal is only to "consequences," and therefore has no value in pure logic. It is not so. If Huxley, Spencer, and the rest break down when cross-examined, that which unframes and shatters their systems is reason—reason moving about in a world of realities. Before any question touching the use to mankind of agnostic or "syathetic" philosophers there came up in Mr. Chesterton's experience the doubt whether what they said was demonstrated or demonstrable, issuing in the conviction that it could be proved exactly the reverse. Those affirmations on which the scientific sceptic relied were not in accordance with known truths. Such is the ground taken in "Orthodoxy"; we must not think to blow it from under the feet of Mr. Chesterton by calling it "pragmatism." He does, indeed, maintain that the Apostles' Creed is "the best root of energy and sound ethics." But he maintains just as firmly that the anti-Christian principles on which his opponents rest their whole structure cannot fail to end in the "suicide of thought." Here then is no evasion or sideslip into a bare utilitarian "modernism." The appeal is to primary certitudes which agnostic, materialist, monist, and their kind are denying with a light heart.

One advantage this daring skirmisher may be thankful for. He is a journalist, not a clergyman. Fleet Street smiles at its favourite son as perhaps a little too wayward, as a trifle eccentric or skittish in his gambollings; but it

will not suffer any man to call him hypocrite. If he has gone back to the Creed, he is its votary, not its officer. Hence the scandal and the shock to Mr. Blatchford or Mr. Shaw when one of their escaped lions turns and rends them. A greater instance of the like in France was Louis Veuillot; a more exquisite, M. Maurice Barrès. Reaction in a Catholic is to be anticipated, so the world judges; it is only his fighting name. When, however, the trained Liberal strikes out against his trainers, behold, there is consternation in the camp. For he has learned their secret. He is alive to all their tricks of fence. He ripostes in their very style. They do not much mind the heavy artillery of the old orthodox, lumbering along from headquarters, and ineffective because mostly out of range. But the charge of the light brigade is deadly. When journalism takes to preaching the Gospel it will convert the man in the street. He is now the pillar of heterodoxy, and he stays outside the church because he has been taught by those four evangelists of unbelief that nothing vital or true is heard inside it. Mr. Chesterton talks a language he can grasp, puts the matter in plain terms with infinite humour, point, and precision. He is the newspaper turned frankly Christian. And that is his meaning.

It was an immense gain to show the general reader that religion, so far from being a stupidity, had ever in its true time cultivated joy—the joy of life, which our melancholy Ibsens, pessimist Schopenhauers, and heralds of revolt at large were always praising, but never making their own. The tables are turned on a most paradoxical "Free Thought," according to which freedom of any kind was unthinkable. And what are we to say of a "Rationalism" such as, in Mr. H. G. Wells for example, doubts whether reason can be held to give true knowledge, because the instrument of all reasoning is incurably defective? When this degenerate Kantism breaks out on a genial Briton like Mr. Wells, we are justified in sounding the alarm. It shows that the peril of Unreason has attacked even those who believe in progress and in "new worlds for old," meaning of course much better ones. But how can there be progress if we do not know in what direction we ought to go? And what is reform without a fixed standard? Mr. Bernard Shaw falls back desperately on "Will," as if men who are not free could choose to will, or mere resolution were a good thing in itself. All this makes for Mr. Chesterton's argument; if religion is gone, so is reason too; evolution which dispenses with mind in the universe should have no need of it in man. What a plea for the claims of education, enlightenment, and science! Yet floods of that loose irrational talk are poured out upon the democracy, which is invited to glory at once in politics guided by ideals and in a philosophy which denies their value. The Liberal after reading Mr. Chesterton's proofs and instances will, if he has any grasp of logic, admit that unless he betrays his own principles he is bound to be a strong dogmatist and, in short, a Christian. Ideals are not given in Nature; they rise upon it as the mind insists that all things shall have a purpose and a good purpose. Not until then is the secret discoverable which inspires men to become martyrs for humanity, as somehow absolutely worth such a sacrifice.

In this way the true Liberal who was Mr. Chesterton's innermost self, starting where his teachers began, arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to theirs. He relies, as they do, on evidence made up of many strands, on experience, instinct, intuition, authority. But he finds the evidence decisive against them; experience gives them the lie, instinct revolts from them, authority puts them out of court. There is a great human witness coming down the ages—call it tradition or democracy, for either name will suit—and it affirms the leading dogmas that "heretics" assail. It believes in the Supreme as living and personal, in His will as the cause of things, in man as fallen, in God as redeeming him, in miracles, judgments, retribution, the whole Christian drama. And it delights in that which it believes as profoundly interesting. Moreover, this ancient



Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

From "G. K. Chesterton," (Alston Rivers.)

truth has the singular merit of promising truths to come; "the Christian Church in its practical relation to my soul is a living teacher, not a dead one. It not only certainly taught me yesterday, but will almost certainly teach me to-morrow." Meanwhile, "Free Thought" is running rapidly to dissolution. It cannot well deny more than it has denied already. It blasphemes all it knows and is morbid in its practice. It reduces what it calls science to law; but life, on the suggestion it is always making, has no law and no motive. Therefore, says Mr. Chesterton boldly, "I can see the inevitable smash of the philosophies of Schopenhauer and Tolstoy, Nietzsche and Shaw, as clearly as an inevitable railway smash could be seen from a balloon." The will to live, which is the most democratic of instincts, will trample them into the mud over which it passes on to its goal.

I might have amused the many who think of Mr. Chesterton as chiefly a humorist by offering them a view of his rockets and Roman candles. Or have shown the more serious how, accepting the gibe of Goethe and Matthew Arnold that Christianity is a fairy-tale, he sends it home like a magic arrow to the heart of unbelief. Or have pursued the story of his journeys in search of the known, which for years he dreamt was the unknowable. He runs down his own book cheerfully, just as he christens his novels nightmares. But the point, after all, is not whether he provokes us to smile at him or with him. Neither is it a question of smart repartees, or of who is the orthodox Mr. Bernard Shaw. We are dealing with explosives, distinctly labelled as such in the laboratory of modern thought; and we ask, what will they explode? Not the tradition of civilised mankind, Mr. Chesterton answers; not Christian faith or free will or the New Testament, but the chemist who has invented them. Rationalism turns out to be the height of unreason; atheism lends us another proof that God is no creation of priests; secularism cannot touch the world to come but may easily ruin the world that now is; materialism brings to light the intangible soul of man; Liberalism perishes when you take from it the religious dogmas that are its only foundation. Write these truths in classic English or in jargonese, with unruffled gravity or a ripple of laughter, in axioms or in paradoxes, what

difference does it make? Since they are truths no master of style can refute them. But I reckon it a notable sign of the times when Fleet Street discovers that the celebrated unbelievers who for half a century ruled press and public opinion were the deadliest of enemies to our race, and the heroes of the modern Dunciad. Light dies before their uncreating word as truly as it died when their goddess Dulness spoke, and the arts went out. "Uncreating" is the epithet which sums and fixes them in history. Mr. Chesterton has stamped it on them once for all.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE GIRLHOOD OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Among the multitude of books on Mary Stuart, this volume by Miss Stoddart stands pre-eminent for the period it covers—the thirteen years of Mary's life in France. For such a task Miss Stoddart was uncommonly well qualified. To her womanly instincts, her level head, her facile and graceful pen, have been added an intimate personal knowledge of those parts of France in which the lot of the Scottish Queen was cast, an even more remarkable knowledge of the history of the period, and a patient perseverance which is so essential in historical research. In her descriptions of such towns as Bar-le-Duc, Blois, Amboise, Rheims, and Joinville, her observant eye and picturesque fancy have given life to her pages. Her knowledge of the period, as was fitting, has apparently been derived more from French than from Scotch or English sources; and her research has led her to hitherto unprinted MSS., as well as to rare and out-of-the-way books. The outcome of this skill, knowledge and perseverance is a handsome volume, at once interesting, reliable, and instructive. While Mary is the central figure and main object, there is much information about the pageants in which she took part, the persons with whom she was associated, and the manners of the time.

Of Mary's father-in-law, Henry II., Miss Stoddart speaks as favourably as possible, as she also does of the Guises and Diane de Poitiers. "Diane," we are told, "was accustomed to nurse Catherine de' Medici during her frequent illnesses, and the two women lived peacefully side by side, dividing the cares of the household." Henry's relationship was, no doubt, accepted and regularised by custom; but that did not warrant "the most virtuous ladies of the land," such as Mary's grandmother, in allowing "their young sons to pay court to her." His moral character might compare very favourably with his father's, and favourably with that of most contemporary princes; and yet it was deplorably bad. Of the Guises—semi-royal adventurers, as Miss Stoddart calls them—one is not led to form a high estimate. That hypocrisy and immorality prevailed over many who were in high places is Miss Stoddart's candid opinion:

"The worst men and women of the Court of Henry II. wrote as if the recording angel were leaning over their shoulders. The letters of the period are rarely a true indication of the moral character of the sender. The language of the most fervent devotion rose to lips sullied by the darkest crimes. The Queen of Scotland spent her earliest years in a world where religion, in high places, was sometimes fatally divorced from morality. That is one essential fact amid the broken records of her childhood."

In spite of this opinion, Miss Stoddart believes that some of the purest influences on Mary's character were derived from her residence at the Court of France. She also holds that there is no proof of Mary's having witnessed the executions at Amboise, or that she was ever in the torture-chamber. Her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, is acquitted of direct complicity in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but he "received the news in Rome with

* "The Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots, from her Landing in France in August, 1548, to her departure from France in August, 1561." By Jane T. Stoddart. With 6 Illustrations in photogravure. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

rapturous joy, gave a rich present to the messenger, and celebrated a mass of thanksgiving."

It has been conclusively shown, by two of the letters of the Sieur de Brézé, that Mary landed in France neither at Brest nor Morlaix, but at Roscoff or Saint-Pol-de-Leon. In one of these letters Saint-Pol-de-Leon is given, and in the other Roscoff. As the one place is a cathedral city half-a-mile inland, and the other a fishing-haven near it, there is no room for doubt as to the precise place. It may be questioned, however, whether the chapel of St. Ninian was actually built to commemorate her landing. In the opinion of more than one architect well qualified to judge on such a point, the mouldings of the building point to a somewhat earlier period than Mary's. And although St. Ninian was a Scottish saint, the mere fact of the chapel being dedicated to him does not prove that it was connected with the Queen of Scots. It is known that there was an altar of St. Ninian in the church of the Carmelites at Bruges, and that the masters of Scotch ships were bound to contribute to the support of the officiating priest.

It is a singular coincidence that historians have named four places as the one at which Mary's mother, "stark and well complexioned," landed when she first came to Scotland in 1538—Fifeness, Balcomie, Crail, and St. Andrews. The little fishing-haven at Fifeness was apparently the actual place, Balcomie was the nearest gentleman's seat, Crail the nearest town, and St. Andrews the nearest city. Without the slightest reference to Fifeness or Balcomie, Miss Stoddart simply says that she "landed at Crail in Fife, and met her bridegroom at St. Andrews."

In the volume of "Selections from Unpublished Manuscripts" which Father Stevenson edited for the Maitland Club fully seventy years ago, there is a fragment of a letter, dated from Orleans, the last of December, 1560, unsigned, but addressed to Sir Robert Dudley. Stevenson did not venture to ascribe its authorship, but described it as a "letter from a person unknown." Miss Stoddart quotes its striking testimony to the young widow's carrying herself so honourably, advisedly, and discreetly that the writer could not but fear her progress. She does not venture, however, even to guess at the authorship, but contents herself by reproducing Stevenson's title—"letter from a person unknown." Thomas Wright, who printed the whole letter a year after Stevenson printed part of it, had no doubt whatever that it was written by Throckmorton; and Wright seems to be right.

Miss Stoddart says that "the first letter written by Mary after her marriage was a commendation of the ambassadors to her mother." That letter, which is undated, is printed in the Maitland Miscellany and also in Labanoff's *Revueil*; but surely it did not precede the one which she wrote to her mother on her marriage-day. For the statement that "there were executions for religion" at Dundee, one would like to have a voucher. It may be questioned, too, if Miss Stoddart is right in inferring from the expression of Henry II.,—"I am not a useless friend"—that he "felt his consequence in the world much increased by the Scottish negotiations." He might hope to impose on the Sultan by this reference without believing in it himself. These are hardly perceptible flaws in a really valuable book.

This work will make its readers long for the other and greater on the Guises from Miss Stoddart's pen.

D. HAY FLEMING.

A BORN RACONTEUR.*

As a raconteur Mr. Russell is without an equal. Backed both by birth and by ability he has from the first been privileged to know all the most interesting people of his day, and has turned his good fortune to excellent account.

* "Some Threepenny Bits." By George W. E. Russell. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

He levies his tribute from many sources, and we must be thankful to him for dispensing to us in our turn his accumulated stores of riches. At the same time Mr. Russell's position is not without its risks also. His last book has pre-eminently the defects of its qualities. Mr. Russell is such a thesaurus of anecdote and recollections that he is in danger occasionally of being overwhelmed thereby. The first essay in this volume—on *Etrennes*—is a case in point. The mere magic of the word conjures up such a host of memories and associations in Mr. Russell's mind that when we have read through the chapter we have really learned very little about Mr. Russell's own sentiments upon the subject, though we have been introduced to a great deal of information about what other people have felt or done. This is a distinct loss, for Mr. Russell's own musings and reflections are anything but the least interesting and entertaining portions of his book. Happily, however, we have examples of both veins. His paper "In Retreat" is a good instance of this second style. The delights of being "coddled" for a few days is not a new subject, but Mr. Russell can take it up in his hands, juggle deftly with it, and, hey presto! we are gaping at him as though he were introducing us to something we had never heard of before.

Mr. Russell's range of subjects is as illimitable as Mr. Chamberlain's veldt. He skips from "Brighton" to "Libraries," from "Budgets" to "Bank Holiday," from "Tips" to "Flatland." This last named is quite in Mr. Russell's best style. His ninepin in this instance is a certain "High Dignitary" of the Church who propounded the theory that Bishops would be degraded by living in a flat. Against his scientific bowling Mr. Russell's ninepin does not long stand upright. He ridicules the idea that "his clergy would necessarily treat with disrespect a diocesan whose study, dining-room, drawing-room, and bedroom were all on one floor; while for myself, as a feeble unit of the Laity, I can affirm that I should much oftener pay my respects to a Bishop who was accessible by lift, than to one who dwelt in a 'keep,' approached by a break-neck flight of stone steps, or in a palace containing fourteen staircases covered with a mile and a quarter of carpet, with '260 brass stair-rods' (For these and similar details of episcopal housekeeping the curious reader is referred to a Pastoral Letter of the Bishop of Winchester, 1892.)" All Mr. Russell's essays are not equally satisfying, but it can well be imagined that there is nothing approaching a dull page in the whole volume. But, we repeat once more, we hope that Mr. Russell will not be too sparing in the future of his own individuality. Too much seasoning spoils the very best dishes.

THE WELL OF ENGLISH*

The manufacture of "made" books is proceeding very fast just now; surely too fast, both for reason and for profit. Those who are responsible for the production of books, upon the commercial side, know only too well how every day some new proposal of the kind comes along. "There has been no book lately upon Lydgate, or Hoccleve; such an attractive book might be made about either. Seventy thousand words; sixteen illustrations; to sell for half a guinea." The commission is given, and the book turned out in two or three months. It is business-like and up to the contract. Enough copies are sold, perhaps, to pay its way, but long before the season is over it is as dead as Canterbury lamb.

The multitude of these books, with all their specious imitation of the qualities of good literature, is apt to cause a very unjust confusion between a really honest piece of work and a merely perfunctory exercise in book-making; and it is not improbable that, amid the stream of facile manufacture, so sound a study as the book before us may get something less than its proper recognition. For Mr. Coulton is no

* "Chaucer and his England." By G. G. Coulton, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

superficial provider for the libraries, skimming the surface of his subject with the assistance of a couple of encyclopædias. He is clearly a book-lover, and a lover of the old romantic times, and his imagination, fed upon good solid fact, is bright enough and pictorial enough to re-create the period he has studied, and to bring it clearly before the fancy of his reader. He turns aside

"To dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green. . . .
While, nigh the thronged wharf, Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
Moves over bills of lading."

and, writing well and with a wealth of well-selected detail, he succeeds in drawing a picture full of vitality and charm; touched in, too, with little strokes of humour which illumine without disturbing the natural course of his narrative. This, in short, is a thoroughly suggestive volume, which every lover of English poetry and every dabbler in popular antiquarianism will like to add to his library.

The actual biography of Chaucer occupies not more than sixty out of the three hundred pages; nor, indeed, was there more to record. Mr. Coulton, moreover, makes no show of literary criticism. Such critical remarks as he adventures are clear and sensible, but they do not profess to penetrate below the surface. The real purpose of the book is re-creative; its value consists in its bright, vivacious picture of the England of Chaucer's day. And very excellently is all this part of the book contrived. Let the following passage, for example, illustrate its pictorial effect:

"Here Chaucer had only half a mile to go to his daily work, by streets which we may follow still. If he took the stricter view, which held that gentlefolk ought to begin their day with a Mass, and to hear it fasting, then he had at least St. Michael's, Aldgate, and All Hallows Stonechurch on his direct way, and two others within a few yards of his road. If, however, he was of those who preferred to begin the day with a sop of wine or 'a draught of moist and corny ale,' then the noted hostelry of the Saracen's Head probably stood even then, and had stood since the time of the Crusades, within a few yards of Aldgate Tower. Close by the fork of Fenchurch and Leadenhall Streets he would pass a 'fair and large built house,' the town inn of the Prior of Hornchurch. Then, in Fenchurch Street, the mansion and garden of the Earls of Northumberland, and again, at the corner of Mart Lane, the manor and garden of Blanch Apleton. Turning down Mart Lane (now corrupted into *Mark*), the poet would pass the great chain, ready to be stretched at any moment across the narrow street, which marked the limits of Aldgate and Tower Street wards."

And so on, with a variety of allusion which will delight the true Londoner, reminding him of the abounding interest and romance of his own too-democratic city. And here, in a more meditative mood, is a wise piece of moralising upon the true meaning of those pagan festivals when the maypole



A Party of Pilgrims.

From MS. Roy. 18 D. 11 f. 148.

From "Chaucer and his England." (Methuen.)

was reared by St. Andrew Undershaft, and all Lime Street was alive with revelry:

"These May-day festivities, which outdid even the Midsummer bonfires and the Christmas mummings in popularity, were a Christianised survival of ancient Nature-worship. When we remember the cold, the smoke, the crowding and general discomfort of winter days and nights in those picturesque timber houses; when we consider that even in castles and manor-houses men's lives differed from this less in quality than in degree; when we try to imagine especially the monotony of woman's life under these conditions, doubly bound as she was to the housework and to the eternal spinning-wheel or embroidery-frame, with scarcely any interruptions but the morning Mass and gossip with a few neighbours—only then can we even dimly realise what spring and May-day meant. There was no chance of forgetting, in those days, how directly the brown earth is our foster-mother. Men who had fed on salt meat for three or four months, while even the narrow choice of autumn vegetables had long failed almost altogether, and a few shrivelled apples were alone left of last year's fruit—in that position, men watched the first green buds with the eagerness of a convalescent; and the riot out of doors was proportionate to the constraint of home life. Those antiquaries have recorded only half the truth who wrote regretfully of these dying sports under the growing severity of Puritanism, and they forgot that Puritanism itself was a too successful attempt to realise a thoroughly mediæval ideal."

There are some books whose virtue is much better represented by a few quotations than by any amount of specious eulogy, and Mr. Coulton's picturesque, romantic monograph is one of them. The felicity with which he fills in his picture—every detail true to life and eloquent of study—will be clearer from these brief extracts than from all the repeated praise of a reviewer. For there is sound work here, and that rare talent for turning the product of industry to its best uses. The combination is not a common one, and, when found, it may well be the object of grateful recognition.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

A KING OF CONVENANCE.

Turning over the diverting pages of Mr. Melville's "Wits and Beaux" the other evening, we were congratulating him, mentally, on having found a better field for his energies than the biography of the Georgian Era. But Mr. Melville's stern resolve to take no rest while a crowned George remained uncelebrated by his pen has been proof against allurements of so alien a kind. At any rate, the twitch of his mantle was delusive, for here is a large book on the first and dullest of all the Georges, a man beside whom "Farmer George" stands out as a dazzling wit. It must need a determination of iron to persist in chronicling this leaden dynasty of Brunswick. On perusing Mr. Melville's pages, I have come to the conclusion that George I. was one of those rather abnormally good, but quite preternaturally uninteresting persons to whom the world is almost invariably unkind. If he had been born a waiter instead of a King (or, at any rate, an Elector), he would have been kept on in his place and, perhaps, commended for his probity and diligence, but he would have got the smallest tips of any servant on the establishment, which would have grieved his frugal and thrifty nature. But it is something to have got even thus far, for, hitherto, one has been in the habit of regarding George I. as an unpalatable Whig formula, rather than in the light of a human being at all. The unfortunate thing, of course, about George I. is that he was already arrived at the unromantic age of fifty-four at the time of his accession, and that at the time when our *amour propre* would have him thrilling with ambition and nervousness and exultation and impatience at the idea of a heritage so splendid as that of the triple crown of England, Scotland and Ireland (not to speak of France and North America), George in reality was seeking for a loophole of escape from a troublesome responsibility which would detach him (the least restless of men) from the scene, the people, and the kind of life to which he had grown attached

by mutual goodwill and service, no less than by long custom. As Mr. Melville well puts it, George was content with his rank as a sovereign prince of the Empire, he was devoted to his own country, and, born with the attributes of a country gentleman rather than those of a monarch, would have given much to be allowed to wear out his declining years among the pleasant *allées* of Herrenhausen. He hated the parade of royalty. Now he had, an elderly Elector of fifty-four, to

"go from a country where he was absolute, to another where, so far from being supreme, when King and people differed in a matter of vital importance, the monarch had to give way—the price of resistance having been fixed at worst at death, at best at exile or civil war. He had to go from a country where he was the wealthiest and most important personage to another where he would be merely regarded as a minor German princeling set up as a figure-head, and where many of the gentry were wealthier than he. Worse than all, he must set forth, by no means sure of his reception, and with no love nor even liking for the people over whom he was called to reign."

One might compare the fate of this sedate, middle-aged Elector to that of another Abraham on Mount Moriah, faithful to the pole-star of Duty, but, unlike Abraham, uncheered by the hope that in two centuries to come his seed would be firmly established upon the greatest of earthly thrones. He never felt that he owed anything to England. He was wanted by the party of the oligarchs to be their figure head, and he took their loyalty for what it was worth.

His coolness frightened them, as he was shrewd enough to see, and he felt no qualms whatever about putting first one hand and then both into their purse, pretty deep. It certainly served the turn of the upper Whig cliques, who got most of the superior wire-pulling directly into their own hands. As for the people, they were juggled off with the old story that George was their only bulwark against popery. In reality, he was a mere pawn in the game, well paid in money but in nothing else. He, for his part, regarded the English in much the same way as William III. had done, though he managed to conceal his dislike of them a little better.

What was the sort of life that duty bade him exchange for Windsor, St. James's, and Hampton Court? Of this Hanoverian life and surroundings Mr. Melville gives us an excellent account, built to a considerable extent upon original research and observation of his own. The court and state maintained at Herrenhausen is very agreeably sketched, and the distribution of the civil list of £40,000 per annum amusingly explained.

Not very much can be said in defence of George's treatment of his son, but two prolific sources of misunderstanding have been skilfully unmasked. Malevolence has gloated over the two ugly rival mistresses—the "twin wives," Walpole calls them, the Kielmansegg (Darlington), and the Schulenburg (Kendal), imported by George from Hanover. What, says Mr. Melville, if one of these much-abused trumps turned out to be no mistress at all but George's half-sister, and if the other turned out to be hismorganatic wife? And he sets about to prove it, conclusively in the first case. Nor will he accept for a minute the view that Sophia Dorothea was the injured saint she has been commonly represented, for there is good reason to suppose that her liaison with Königsmark was prior to George's intimate connection with the Schulenburg, afterwards the Duchess of Kendal. The dull-faced, plain-spoken George was, in fact, prosaically speaking, the injured party, rather than the Bluebeard of picturesque advocacy.

The student of the Hanoverian succession will thus find a good deal to arrest him in the chapters leading up to and including the peaceful arrival of the new dynasty in England, for many German authorities have been consulted and not a few traditional errors exposed. After this event, we have little more than a rough sketch of George's reign, though we have some amusing details of the rapacity of his Hanoverian entourage. The international significance of

* "The First George in Hanover and England." By Lewis Melville. With 18 Portraits. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Pitman.)

the change from Stuart to Guelf is outside the range of the present work, and Mr. Melville, perhaps wisely, leaves it severely alone; its chief fault, perhaps, is the incorrigible tendency of the author to mix up the verdicts of late and irresponsible compilers such as Mrs. Clayton, De Saussure, and Mr. Molloy with those of actually contemporary, though biassed, observers such as Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. Original sources and second-hand commentary cannot be too rigidly discriminated in a work of this kind. In other respects the point of view, which is Central European rather than insular, the documents incorporated,* and the candour of the writer in dealing with new material, give this book a distinct value, apart from its entertaining picture of a small German court. There were about six hundred of these courts at the time, and the English charitably assumed that George's was one of the least, a sort of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. We are shown here that it was far otherwise. We are reduced, then, as Englishmen to the reflection that every life should be tried on the touchstone of its one great, psychological moment. This was reached by George in 1714, when he was apprised one night, early in August, of the splendid historic destiny that was before him, and, instead of striking an heroic attitude and going into raptures about his new subjects, he merely turned over in bed, after having given vent to the guttural German equivalent of "What an infernal nuisance

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

TRAGIC RUSSIA.†

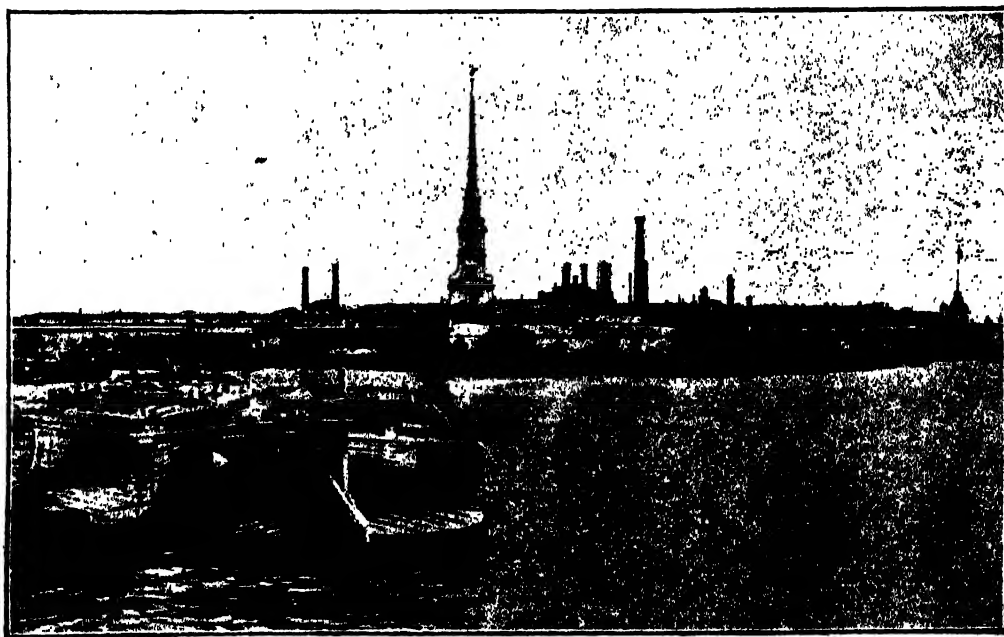
Here is a volume of which it can easily be said that to those who like this sort of thing, it is just the sort of thing they will like. Most of the contents is scandal about the Russian court, intrigues, cruelties, licentiousness, the dealings of Czars with their mistresses, and all the rest of it. I suppose many people get a subtle and rather grim satisfaction from reading about the failings of those in high position. Questionable chronicles of court scandals can always find a public. And as there is a general opinion that Russians are lewd as well as brutal, this book will confirm the belief that the Russian monarchy is rotten to the core.

"Tragic Russia" is chiefly devoted to repeating the innumerable stories which have been in circulation this last century about the selfishness, the bestiality, and the crimes for which the Czars have been notorious. The author rarely gives any indication of the wells of scandal into which he has dipped his bucket—although on the last two pages there is a bibliography. He has probably been to the muddy waters of memoirs—the most unreliable source of truth. I have no right to question the accuracy of Mr. Gasiorowski's "episodes"—likely enough many of them are true—but being aware of the whisperings which are current to-day

about the private lives of most distinguished personages—usually, on investigation, revealed to be slanders—chariness in accepting the scandals of a century ago may be forgiven.

Emperors, like lesser mortals, have their deficiencies. But after reading this book—interesting, dramatic, "spicy"—the flavour left on the mind is a nauseous one. Even accepting all the stories as true, the thought came to the top whether it is not better to turn the light on a man's good services than rake the muck-heaps searching for the messes of his private life. Every schoolboy knows the story of Peter the Great—the man who really made Russia. Mr. Gasiorowski is not at all concerned, however, to reveal the beneficent side of Peter's rule; that would be beyond the scope of "tragic" Russia. So he cynically suggests that Peter was a "great scoundrel" and that only for the sake of brevity was he called "great." His object is to show that Peter did not care in the slightest for spreading true civilisation in his country; he was a drunkard, there were thousands of victims sacrificed through his "thoughtless barbarism." "That would-be great ruler made slaves of the whole nation, and pushed his country backward instead of forward. If it were not for Peter, Russia to-day would be on the same level of progress as the rest of Europe." Now that is just the question on which I disagree with the author. I take it that the serious purpose of the book is to show that the wickedness of the Russian court has been the cause of Russia's backwardness. It is, however, impossible to speak of Russians as Europeans, as we would speak of the Germans. Russia has been described as the most eastern of European countries and the most western of Asiatic countries; and it is the trait of the Asiatic in the Russian which has produced a condition of affairs which we deplore without always understanding, quite as much as the lust, the gold hunger, the barbarity of the men who have sat on the Russian throne.

It is well, of course, we should see the dark as well as the bright side of things, so we may judge with proportion in our minds. But I cannot think this book was written without prejudice. Take the case of the present Emperor, Nicholas II. He is a good-intentioned man, but a weak man, anxious to do the right thing, but lacking force of character, influenced by those who have most talk with him, unstable in decision, willing to let other people decide. To know this is useful in weighing the history of to-day in Russia. But what object is there in describing the relations of the Czar with ballet-dancers before he was married? And why drag in scandalous stories about the ladies of



Petropavlovsk Fortress.

From "Tragic Russia." (Cassell.)

* The Appendix includes the text of the Acts of Settlement, Naturalisation, Regency, etc.; and also a reprint *in extenso* of John Toland's interesting Account of the Court of Hanover in 1702. A genealogical table of the Brunswick line is a valuable feature of the first volume.

† "Tragic Russia." By Wacław Gasiorowski. Translated by the Viscount de Busancy. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell & Co.)

the Court? Whether they are true or not, I have no knowledge. But there are such stories about every royal circle in Europe, including our own, usually wildly exaggerated and their circulation limited to journals which trade on the public liking for nastiness. Heaven forbid that I should even seem to be suggesting the veiling of vice, but as Mr. Gasiorowski makes it his purpose to hint and to wink without giving us authority for his stories except, I suppose, the gossip of supper-parties in the Bear Restaurant in St. Petersburg, one is compelled to hesitate before accepting his picture as true.

Mr. Gasiorowski writes with vigorous picturesqueness about the seething unrest amongst the Russian people, and demonstrates correctly enough that Nicholas II. has been a tool in the hands of the reactionaries. His colours are laid on thickly and effectively. This is well, for Russia is a land of violent contrasts. With a bold brush he paints the strivings of the mob and the repressions of the bureaucracy. All this is as it should be; it helps us to understand the tigensh antipathies between those who have the power and those who pant for it. But the backstairs stories—which can be heard in other countries besides Russia, even countries the most enlightened—do not help in the least.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY.*

Since Lady Ritchie's famous "Biographical" edition of her father's works, there have been several editions of the writings and drawings of this most popular author, but of these only two call for notice: the first, confined to the prose works, issued by Messrs. Dent, with three hundred illustrations by Mr. C. E. Brock and admirable introductions by Mr. Walter Jerrold; the second, brought out by Messrs. Macmillan, reprinted from first editions with all the original illustrations by Thackeray, Cruikshank, Doyle, Leech, Frederick Walker, etc., and containing everything that was published by Thackeray in his lifetime. The present, the "Oxford," edition contains much matter only before included in Macmillan's edition, and, in addition, several essays from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (collected two or three years ago by Mr. R. S. Garnett), and many drawings from "The Orphan of Pamlico." Well printed, neatly bound, exceptionally cheap, it would by virtue of these qualities command a ready sale: when it is stated that each volume has an introduction from the pen of the editor, Professor Saintsbury, it is at once obvious that the edition claims of right a place on the shelves of all students and lovers of Thackeray.

"As for the introductions," said the editor in his preface, "biographical matter except in so far as it is directly connected with individual works will be found mainly in the first, general critical matter in the first and last. But an attempt will be made to connect all biographically and critically—chapter-fashion, so that the series may be not merely a string of separate essays, but a continuous study. Thackeray's many-sidedness is so great that there can hardly be too many studies of him. In the present case the study has at least one justification: it is of an author who has been, for more than forty years, more frequently in the hands, and more constantly in the head and heart of the student, than any other in prose and almost any other in rhyme."

It is natural that Professor Saintsbury should delight to acknowledge his devotion to the Master, but even if he had omitted to do so, it is everywhere apparent in his introductions that his work is a labour of love, and that it is the labour of love of a discriminating enthusiast.

* "The Oxford Thackeray." Arranged and Edited by George Saintsbury. Vols. i.-vi. (Complete in 17 vols.) (Vol. i., "The Yellowplush Papers," etc.; vol. ii., "The Paris Sketch Book," etc.; vol. iii., "Catherine," etc.; vol. iv., "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," etc.; vol. v., "The Irish Sketch Book," etc.; vol. vi., "Barry Lyndon," etc.) 2s. net per vol. (Oxford University Press.)

Professor Saintsbury has, indeed, put all students of Thackeray under a lasting obligation by his illuminating comments and criticism. The first six volumes now issued contain Thackeray's works from his juvenile efforts in the *Snob* and the *National Standard* to "Barry Lyndon," which latter story may be said to close the first period of Thackeray's literary activities. The editor's remarks are mainly confined to the writings of this period, but now and then he makes passing reference to later works. "Love the Widower" and "Philip" he considers did not raise Thackeray's reputation, "though no one else could have written them," and in his opinion "Denis Duval" "promised greatly"; while the "Roundabout Papers" he thinks "the consummate and unique work of a unique and consummate genius"—which last pronouncement may, perhaps, send a larger public to these delightful arm-chair essays, at present beloved of the few.

Professor Saintsbury bestows high praise upon the "Yellowplush Correspondence"; and upon the "Surprising Adventures of Major Gahagan," which, though he points out they could never have happened and the reader knows they could never have happened, are yet "quite real *ex hypothesi*," they carry the atmosphere of their own universe with them, and they blandly permeate and intoxicate you with it as if it were so much laughing gas—as indeed it is." He is greatly attracted by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" and thinks, as its author did before him, that it is the best thing before "Vanity Fair," and so convincing is his exposition of its beauties that "the careful commentator" of Thackeray's works who pronounced it "dull" will, doubtless, hesitate before repeating his offence. The editor prefers "Catherine" to "Barry Lyndon," though he admits that the latter work is more mature, but the present writer thinks himself in a majority in preferring the latter work with its rogue of a hero, the amazing



W. M. Thackeray.

From a drawing by D. Maclise, 1833, in the possession of the Garrick Club, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

Chevalier, and the wonderful Mrs. Barry. Professor Saintsbury, while declining to say that the much-discussed "Elizabeth Brownrigge" is not by Thackeray, obviously inclines to that opinion; and his unpronounced verdict must carry great weight, for he has conclusively proved himself a most competent judge of such a doubtful issue by the brilliant accuracy with which he has made his selection from the essays attributed to Thackeray by Mr. R. S. Garnett in "The New Sketch Book." Though apparently ignorant of the extract from the late Whitwell Elwin's papers printed by the present writer in *THE BOOKMAN*, April, 1906, he has independently, by a shrewd examination of the articles, reprinted what was Thackeray's and omitted what was not, without a single mistake.

MISS CHARITY.*

"God saw a woman in a sick room. He copied her, and made—an angel." This chapter-heading from Mr. Edward Marshall's "Log Book of the Lyddy" is recalled by Mr. Keble Howard's picture of Miss Charity in the sick room of Triss Palins. As a story, "Miss Charity" is distinctly old-fashioned—so old-fashioned that to some of us it will come laden with sweetbrier memories of our childhood, and will bring to mind long-forgotten faces, such faces, indeed, as we now see smiling out at us only from dim and ghostly daguerreotypes, where the gold watch-chain around the neck is all that remains unfaded.

The immaculate heroine, "the angel in the house," has been out of fashion for a long time; and on the stage, as well as in the pages of a novel, has been replaced in popular favour by the Woman with a Past, or at least with a dash of the devil in her; Coventry Patmore may or may not be responsible for the disappearance of the angel-heroine; Mr. Keble Howard is certainly responsible for her resuscitation.

The one modern note in his tale is the introduction of the rich linen-draper from Birmingham with his motor-car, and his unmitigated cad of a son. An old county family having become impoverished, the linen-draper arranges to rent the ancestral home; and the coming of himself and son to Ullenhall Castle causes no small flutter in the quiet village of Littleworth. Miss Charity, the vicar's daughter, loves and is loved by John Coghill, and all goes well until Charity's cousin Philippa invites herself to stay at the Vicarage. Philippa sets her cap not only at the linen-draper and his son, but also at Charity's promised husband, John. It is around Philippa's machinations that the plot turns; and difficult as it may seem to make a captivating and enthralling story out of such a hackneyed situation, Mr. Keble Howard has done so.

The novel is one of which it would be equally true to say that any one could have written it, and that only Mr. Keble Howard could have written it. With a strong and extraordinary plot behind him, even a poor novelist can fashion a readable story. Out of ordinary everyday material, only the born novelist, the writer of dominant ability, can hope to succeed. Yet Mr. Howard has succeeded, and succeeded so entirely that one may safely predict that here is the Charity which shall cover, if not the multitude of sins, at least the multitude of reams and shall run into many editions. His work has always the subtle quality of charm, but none of his books has quite the charm and attraction of "Miss Charity." The chapter describing John Coghill's assisted proposal is in itself enough to make the fortune of any novel, the reputation of any author.

Mr. Howard deserves to succeed, for his courage—literary as well as moral—is extraordinary. To-day, questions of sex, morality, and religion are discussed with a frankness which twenty years ago would have been accounted rank

* "Miss Charity." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

blasphemy or avowed libertinism. To-day, Early Victorian views of morality and the Sex Question are sneered at, and voted as much out of date as Early Victorian mahogany furniture. Yet to-day Mr. Keble Howard comes forward with the blandest of smiles, to invite our attention to an Early Victorian heroine and to ask us to applaud Early-Victorian virtues and sentiments. The miracle of it all is that he succeeds—succeeds in compelling our attention, capturing our sympathy, and winning our applause.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

COUSIN PHILLIS.*

To most of us the name of Mrs. Gaskell has hitherto spelt "Cranford." Comparatively few of us have any personal knowledge of this fragrant idyll, "Cousin Phillis," which first saw light in the *Cornhill* in the early 'fifties, and is now ably and tenderly introduced by Mr. Thomas Secombe to a forty-five-year-later audience. To read "Cranford" and "Cousin Phillis" now, and realise their respective dates, is to pause surprised at their order of production. "Cranford" came first—came, indeed, among Mrs. Gaskell's earliest writings, and Mr. Secombe remarks: "Based upon generalised reminiscences of early childhood and youth, 'Cranford' is coloured too with the riper tints of autumn, and the wonder is that these hues of sadness should be manipulated to so exquisite an issue by so fair, so sanguine, and so youthful a hand." The hand, however, was over forty years old when it began these finely artistic sketches of an avowedly inartistic period; and in forty years there is much opportunity to learn observation and suffer experience. The wonder lies even more, it seems to us, in the spontaneous radiance, the young glamorous youth and freshness of the later story, which gleams as if steeped in early morning sunshine, and is fragrant as a garden of dew-washed gillyflowers. Its charm is so elusive and delicate that the idyll seems passively to refuse detailed criticism; scenes, characters, phrases, captivate us, but in spite of this it stands to be judged whole, it appeals as a young, living thing.

Mr. Secombe's Introduction could not be bettered; we have read it four times, out of sheer pleasure. In five-and-twenty pages he is reminiscent, enthusiastic, critical, enlightening; he tells us the history of the story in England and on the Continent; he shows us the growth of Mrs. Gaskell and of "Cousin Phillis." To his own work he has brought thought and knowledge; to Mrs. Gaskell's work affection and understanding. And as an annotator does any one surpass Mr. Secombe in his own way? There are just four notes to this Introduction, and each is a model of generous conciseness, each is apt, helpful, graphic.

The story of "Cousin Phillis," "that flawless, radiant idyll," is of a kind but rarely achieved with full success. Perhaps they achieve it more often in America than here, though one such triumph was certainly attained by Mr. Walter Raymond some years ago in "Tryphena in Love"—a *Queen's Treasure*, too, which would not be out of place in this series. Numberless new readers will now make acquaintance with Mrs. Gaskell's heroine, as Cousin Paul did, when, as he says, "the westering sun shone full upon her, and made a slanting stream of light into the room within. She was dressed in dark blue cotton of some kind; up to her throat, down to her wrists, with a little frill of the same wherever it touched her white skin. . . . She had light hair, nearer yellow than any other colour. She looked me steadily in the face with large quiet eyes, wondering, but untroubled by the sight of a stranger." And they will

* "Cousin Phillis." By Mrs. Gaskell. With Introduction by Thomas Secombe and Illustrations in colour by M. V. Wheelhouse. "Queen's Treasures" Series. 2s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

leave her, as we have done, languid after her sorrowful illness, her heart bruised by an unmeant hurt, her hands holding the blue ribbons which her pitiful father had bought in his almost childlike endeavour to please and rouse her, and in her heart a new germ of courage.

THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

These three books have nothing in common except that they happen to be written by three of our most distinguished women novelists, and to be, moreover, three of the best novels they have ever given us.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has for some years past been her own great rival: every new story she has written has been compared with the phenomenally popular "*Ships that Pass in the Night*," and critics have qualified their praise with a "But when will she write something else as good as that first book of hers?" Many of us think she did this in "*The Fowler*"; only a negligible minority can fail to recognise that she has done this, and more, in "*Interplay*." Here her outlook is wider, her range of character more varied, her knowledge and insight surer and deeper. She has a fuller story to tell, and tells it with a riper skill, a subtler craftsmanship. Briefly, "*Interplay*" is a plea that women should be granted something of the social freedom that is allowed to men. Harriet Rivers has a past, but feels it is unjust that she should be compelled to live always in the shadow of it: she holds that a woman has the right "to pass on," and begin afresh, even as a man has. In her own view, the real error of her youth was when she let herself be drawn into marriage with a man she did not love, and learned to loathe; when she met the man she loved, she went away with him, and lived with him happily and without regrets until he died. But now love comes into her life again, and her past rises up against her, yet her purity and sweetness and loyalty are so manifest in what she does and has done, in all she says and leaves unsaid, that Dr. Edgar Bending, the broad-minded, big-hearted fellow who loves her, understands, and finds it easy to forgive everything, if it needs forgiveness. "Men find it hard to be generous to women," Harriet's friend Margaret reminds him. "I don't criticise them. They are hemmed in by traditions and by the code they have created for their own convenience. But now and then a man rises head and shoulders above his fellows, and shows the right way for the new generation to tread. You are one of those men." There is some delightfully humorous characterisation; Margaret's Pecksniffian brother William, the bank manager, and her quaint, domineering, alert old Aunt Caroline are not unworthy of Dickens himself. One is a little sorry that there is no happy ending for Margaret as well as for Harriet Rivers; and yet the end as it stands is so finely poignant, so charged with deepest pathos, so touched with beauty that, after all, one would not have it altered.

"*The Heart-Smiter*" is one of those charming little domestic comedies that Mrs. Mann writes so entertainingly and with such consummate cleverness. There are tears in it as well as laughter; it has an underlying seriousness, and here and there skirts the edge of tragedy; but its prevailing tone is light and genial, and it runs a provokingly interesting course to an ideal close. Daphne Snare writes a piteous letter to her kindly, wealthy aunt the Lady Bellam, and is invited to come and live with her. "She tells me very little," Lady Bellam says to Edward, her brother-in-law. "She and her mother, and a poor crippled sister—I remember we knew, somehow, the first child was born a cripple—lived together in a horrible kind of genteel poverty till she was left alone in the world, when naturally she turned to me." Daphne's mother had been a barmaid;

and when Lady Bellam's brother married her his family turned their backs on him. By-and-by he died, his widow married again, and even Lady Bellam had not troubled about his children until now. Daphne arrives and creates a good impression at once, though the reader is subtly made to feel that she is in some way disingenuous. One morning, opening Lady Bellam's letters for her, Edward Bellam discovers amongst them one from Daphne's mother asking if her daughter is with them; explaining that she has a comfortable home with her and her second husband and has no need and no right, in defiance of her dead father's wishes, to accept charity from her rich relations. Edward keeps this letter to himself for awhile; he is horrified at the glib ease with which Daphne lies about her dead mother and her brutal step-father, and presently lets her know that he has found her out, and seeks to induce her to tell the truth to her aunt and not force him to betray her. She defies him, and pity for her and shame against being the informer keep him still silent; and eventually, after she has won all the hearts in the household and subdued the reader, who knows the worst of her, to an appreciation of her charm, it is Daphne herself who reveals her secret, but why she does this, how it comes about that she does it, and what follows thereon are not to be related except by the book itself, which tells of it all with a humour of character and incident and dialogue, and a tenderness and human charity, that make the reading a pleasure not to be missed, nor to be discounted by the blabbings of a reviewer.

Two love romances are woven into "*Rose-White Youth*": one of middle-age, that, when it has long been broken off and seems past all possible renewal, rounds to perfection; and one of youth that dies in the bud. The latter, whose heroine, Betty, with her bright unconventionalities, her conscious and unconscious witcheries, her utter truthfulness, her wonder of red hair, is as vividly alive as any character in either of these three novels, makes the main thread of interest, and it takes hold upon the reader with a gathering intensity until, at last, a trivial, natural misunderstanding opens a door to tragedy, and the mists of that foolish suspicion clear away too late, after the day is done. The tale is many-coloured, as life is; there is much of joy in it, and something of sadness; something of heartache and smiles, and something of regret, and it remains in one's memory for the ingrained humanity of its men and women, and for the exquisite art that has gone to the fashioning of the narrative. An original and uncommonly attractive piece of work.

IAN MACLAREN.*

Biographies may be divided into two classes—those in which the interest depends mainly on personality, and those which are primarily records of great achievements. If a biography of John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, was to be written at all, it was inevitable that the dominant feature should be personality. A man of many-sided ability, he cannot be said to have reached the first place in any particular sphere. As a preacher he was surpassed by many of his contemporaries; as a theological writer he struck no distinctively original note, to scholarship he made no pretensions; as a writer of fiction his fame, wide-spread when it lasted, had not the stamp of permanence. Dr. Nicoll as biographer seems to have felt that he was working within distinct limitations. In the preface, stress is placed upon Dr. Watson's personality. "His sympathy," says Dr. Nicoll, "his tenderness, his kindly humour were, to those who knew him, inseparable from his presence, and all attempts to describe or report him must be sadly inadequate." "If," continues Dr.

* "*Interplay*." By Beatrice Harraden. 6s. (Methuen.) — "*The Heart-Smiter*." By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Methuen.) — "*Rose-White Youth*." By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Cassell.)

* "*Ian Maclaren: Life of the Rev. John Watson, D.D.*" By W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Nicoll, "these pages do not reveal John Watson as a man of many gifts, of large and generous nature, of unwearied fidelity in service, and above all, a devoted member of the Christian Church, I have completely failed."

On that score Dr. Nicoll need have no fears. He has written a fascinating Life of his friend: he has given us a portrait in which the various elements which went to the formation of an engaging personality are tenderly delineated. And what is of special importance, Dr. Nicoll has supplied his readers with the materials necessary for the adequate understanding of Dr. Watson's character and career.

We have here indeed a curious study in psychology. Watson felt no special call to the ministry. He entered the Free Church, though his sympathies were with the Establishment. On friendly terms with the Evangelicals, his intellectual affinities linked him with the Moderates, and though a Presbyterian, he was never quite at home in the atmosphere of Church Courts, his mind at certain points reaching out to the ideals of Roman Catholicism. In view of this it is not surprising that out of all these distracting and contradictory influences Watson never evolved a coherent system of thought. With the help of Dr. Nicoll, it is not difficult to estimate the influences which moulded the mind of Watson. His Roman Catholic ancestry explains the fascination which doctrinal forms and practices had on him, while his dislike of sensationalism in religion— which he inherited from his mother— along with his love of literature attached him to the Moderates. Dr. Watson seems to have made no effort to reduce his views to coherence. His mind, sentimental impressionable, and assimilative, was deficient in constructive power. With a touch of the mysticism of the Celt, he could sympathise with much in Roman Catholicism that he could not intellectually justify, while on a question like that of the Higher Criticism he could afford to allow his intellect free play, inasmuch as the sentimental equation was not a disturbing factor.

It is a curious fact that the defects which prevented Dr. Watson from being a systematic thinker helped greatly to increase his influence as a preacher. The systematic thinker whose aim it is to reduce everything to first principles tends to alienate those whose minds are impervious to his logic. Thus it is that the Calvinist in the old days had few, if any, points of contact with the Arminian, the Evangelicals and the Moderates moved in different worlds, while the Unitarian was considered beyond the pale. The old hard-and-fast distinctions are being broken down, thanks largely to the catholic attitude of Dr. Watson. Ever ready to do justice to the good points in all beliefs, he found ready access to the minds and hearts of men of the most diverse creeds. Dr. Nicoll puts this well when he says:

"Watson had very little part in the Protestant controversy. With many of the Evangelical clergy he was on terms of cordial friendship. His relations with the Roman Catholic priests, and to a lesser extent with the High Church clergy, were even more cordial. There was a side of his nature that turned this way. But he was also very much drawn by the literary culture, true piety, and the noble ethical teaching of the Unitarians. . . . His strength lay in the many-sidedness of his sympathies. He could preach sermons which pleased the Evangelicals, sermons which pleased the Unitarians, sermons indicating great breadth, and sermons of such intensity and urgent appeal that they might have come from a flaming evangelist in the great revival. Thus he was able to draw around him a congregation of very various constituents."

The cynical critic might interpret this to mean that Dr. Watson became all things to all men. The true interpretation is that by virtue of his artistic temperament and genuine sympathy with the various moods of the religious life of the time he was able to touch diverse chords of thought and feeling. With the artistic side of Dr. Watson's nature which found outlet in fiction, Dr. Nicoll deals very effectively. In fiction Watson belonged to the school of

Rousscau. He was a sentimentalist. Not that Ian Maclaren was ignorant of the sordid side of life, which with Zolaistic realism we are made painfully familiar with in "The House with the Green Shutters." Clergymen know that side of life only too well, but Ian Maclaren saw little good in wading in the putrid waters of human life. He preferred to "Slake the eternal thirst of our nature for those waters of the ideal that glimmer before us, and still before us." Considering that his fictional literature was the product of a life devoted to other things, it may well be surmised that had Ian Maclaren devoted himself to novel-writing, he would have enriched Scottish literature with new types of character in an entirely new setting. Dr. Nicoll has done his work well. Those who knew Dr. Watson only from his writings will find in this biography a key to a complex personality in which were mirrored the intellectual tendencies, the changing moods, and the religious aspirations of a complex age.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

Novel Notes.

ROUND THE FIRE STORIES. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Probably Sir A. Conan Doyle is tired of being told that he is a born story-teller; but the fact remains; he has the knack, the gift— call it what you will— of capturing his reader's attention, piquing his curiosity in an opening paragraph, and then holding him interested to the finish. In this collection of seventeen stories of the grotesque and terrible his very titles have the right alluring touch of grim suggestiveness, as "The Club-Footed Grocer," "The Black Doctor," "The Sealed Room," "The Brown Hand," "The Friend of the Cooperage." For thrilling and tragic intensity it would be hard to beat "The Pot of Caviare," a story of how a party of Europeans are besieged during a Boxer rising; when their end seems near and their fate inevitable, an old professor brings out a pot of caviare for supper, and all except one girl of the company eat of it; she dislikes the stuff and nothing will induce her to touch it. Supper ended, one by one all the other men and women round the table succumb to drowsiness, fall asleep, and so lapse into death, the professor remaining conscious latest of all, and reproaching the one survivor with her obstinacy, confessing that he had taken this merciful way of saving himself and the rest from the torment and dreadful outrage to which the Boxers would presently have subjected them. When he is at his last gasp there is a noise of fighting, a sudden tumult without, the door bursts open, and the advance guard of an English relieving force dash in to the rescue; the girl swooning at sight of them, and the professor finding strength to warn them with his last breath not to eat the caviare. It is an admirable collection; most of the stories are of the hauntingly weird and supernatural order; all of them are just the sort to be read aloud round the winter fire, but not at bedtime.

PURPLE LOVE. By Maurice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is in "Purple Love" perhaps less of the stir and dash and noise of perilous adventure than we generally find in a novel by Maurice Gerard; nevertheless, there is intrigue, the march of events, and enough of thrilling incident to satisfy the most exacting of readers, and there are two glamorous love affairs that are more interesting than much plotting and involve a duel and an attempted abduction that give a very effective filip of sensation to a quite delightful idyll. For the tale is of how the calm, resolved

William of Orange came a-wooing the Princess Mary of York, with the powers of Rome bent upon thwarting him and the Princess's father, the Duke of York, openly complaisant, but secretly leagued with his enemies. The more passionate, headlong love of Henry Beauchere, William's friend and attendant, for the sweet Anne Trelawney, one of Mary's maids, makes a second thread of interest; and the mute unrewarded devotion of the Princess Sophia to the Prince of Orange makes a third; all three being woven with ripest narrative skill and cunning into a vivid and thoroughly entertaining romance. Mr. Gerard knows his period intimately and paints his picture of it and of its people easily and well.

GAY LAWLESS. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a sporting novel, largely concerned with the mysteries of trotting and steeple-chasing. We gather that the former "sport" is rather despised by the high patrons of the Turf in England, and on the whole, we are not surprised. For in spite of the sudden but ardent enthusiasm of Miss Gay Lawless and the mild toleration of that admirable Crichton the elderly Mr. Reusslaer, it seems a somewhat disreputable and dreary form of entertainment. No wonder Miss Lawless achieved notoriety when the gentleman against whom she was racing for the Gold Vase deliberately filed off the screw from the "toe weight" and so gave her the victory. This was hardly fair to the bookmakers and betting men, and it served Mr. Carlton Mackrell right that he should be "expelled for ever from driving in the club house." The story includes some good descriptive work relating to horses and their riders, and is full of the pugon of the Turf and the racing stable, which, though highly diverting to the initiated is rather a strain on the ordinary reader. Probably Mr. Reusslaer was right when he observed that "There's no money to be made at racing as you practise it--the surroundings are not healthy either morally or physically there is too much excitement, too much bodily waste." When Miss Lawless and her friends



Miss L. Dougall.

Author of "Paths of the Righteous"

turn from horses to give opinions on political questions, we do not like them so well.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NILE. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Murray.)

"The Children of the Nile" is a vivid story of Egyptian life, likely to prove especially fascinating to those who know the country and the people; but it is so full of colour and movement that even the uninitiated will read it with interest. Mabruk, the semi-civilised young student, is a very clever study of a complex character, and Mr. Pickthall shows how European influences and education are powerless to change his nature, and how, when he returns to his native village and old conditions of life, the Egyptian proves himself at heart an Egyptian still. Mr. Pickthall knows the man of the East and the life of the East, and makes both very real. Mabruk, in spite of his absolute lack of principle and his indifference to truth, is a warm-hearted and in many ways a lovable character. Ordinary readers will be grateful to Mr. Pickthall for his "Glossary of Arabic and Turkish words."

PATHS OF THE RIGHTEOUS. By L. Dougall. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The estrangements of Christians in a country village, and the ill will born of the unhappy divisions between Anglicans and Nonconformists, are the theme of this novel; and the "purpose" of its author is reconciliation. The hero of the story is Mr. Ward, a benevolent old fellow, whose heart is full of love to God and man. Mr. Ward and his wife leave Canada and come to live in the village because their nephew is vicar. They possess great wealth, but this is not known. Finding the relations of church and chapel far from cordial, party feeling running high over the Education Bill, and quickened to bitterness at the General Election, old Mr. Ward does his best to pour oil on the troubled waters by pleading all round for wider sympathies, a closer understanding of mutual aims, and a more generous appreciation of common services. Of course it is a tough job. For the vicar is a rigid and devoted Anglican, and his wife has a preference for high society as well as for high church. A fanatical old Nonconformist minister, whose learning has rather encouraged than hindered the conviction that all Jesuits and ritualists are in league to establish the Inquisition in England, does not



Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall
in fez and kaftan.

Author of "The Children of the Nile."



Photo by Maull & Fox.

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Author of "The Sunny Side of the Hill."

improve the situation from the point of view of Christian brotherhood. The measure of Mr. Ward's success, and the various people he meets—Professor Pyc, the good Bishop, Willie Latimer the artist, Orianne and Miss Kennedy, and many others—must be learnt by the reader. "Paths of the Righteous" is a careful and faithful study of religious temperament and religious experience.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE HILL. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The first thing a reviewer has to do is to congratulate Miss Carey upon her title. It is not only attractive but appropriate. The next duty before him is to demur respectfully to the publishers' prices of the novel, which announces, among other items, that "Miss Brydon's story is too sacred and unusual to be told. It should be learnt at first hand." This is a heartless encroachment upon the privileges of the poor reviewer, for Miss Brydon is one of the main figures in the book, and certainly, next to her vivacious niece, Maureen, the most attractive woman in it. However, the reviewer must keep off this plot of grass evidently. The rest of the story, it may be said without any breach of confidence, is not unusual. The Chaytors are a mixed family, with friends and relatives whose tastes offer rich spoil to a practised novelist, and in Miss Carey's hands we know that the tale of love's ramifications will be managed with deftness and good sense. It is a story of modern domestic England, fragrant with the charm of the country and youth and self-sacrifice. Miss Carey has written it with her customary ease, and her public, especially the feminine majority of it, will probably welcome its excellent tone and ample variety.

HILARY ON HER OWN. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The first time Hilary's father, a mild zoologist or botanist, was known by his family to have sworn was "when mother had accidentally turned the garden hose upon him when she was watering, and he was lying on his stomach in the tall

hollyhock bed examining a snail." The second occasion of his profanity seems much less excusable. It was during a family debate upon Hilary's startling proposal to leave her quiet Derbyshire home and seek employment in London. Upon this solemn occasion, the placid gentleman turned upon his wife with the shattering decision, "Why, I'm—damned if I won't let her go," and Hilary went. She stoutly declared that marriage was not her object. But no shrewd reader will be surprised to find that her experiences end in matrimony. The London scenes are brightly drawn. Hilary's attempts to serve as a secretary are depicted with considerable humour, and the tragic note is not wanting. The impression left by the book as a whole is one of genuine interest. Mrs. Grundy has succeeded in avoiding the easy pitfalls of sentimentalism and cynicism, and her novel is a bracing and fresh piece of work.

THE GREAT MISS DRIVER. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The father of the great Miss Driver was a silent, hard-headed, business man, who began life as a tanner, was thrifty, saved money, built houses, sold them and built more, speculated largely and successfully, developed a district and became owner of the greater part of it, then died, a loveless, lonely man, and after his death, to the surprise of his confidential secretary, Austin, and of almost everybody else who had known him, it came out that he had a daughter. Years before, his wife had gone away from him, and the sight of their child being more than he could bear, he had put her to live amongst strangers, had never been to see her, had never spoken of her to any but his lawyer. Now she is sent for in haste, and is brought home to learn that her father's will makes her a very wealthy young lady, whose riches and the mortgages she holds on their properties win for her more respect than liking from some of the high old county families. She soon proves herself a capable woman of affairs; the relations that grow up betwixt her and Austin, whom she retains as her secretary, are very pleasantly intimate; there are times when you suspect that she will end in marrying him, but she does not, and it would have been a mistake if she did. Lovers she has in plenty, and the one she loves seems superficially as little attractive as any of them, but there is something in his rugged, unconventional honesty that appeals to her own frank and honest unconventionality, yet the very strength of his iron will makes her afraid of him, and her own strong will fighting always against his dominance, she vows she will never risk marrying and becoming subservient to him. She tries a desperate way of escape, and disaster and scandal come of it; to evade this she goes away with him to Paris, the less unconventional draw their inferences, slander gets busy with her reputation, and she returns at length, with the girl who is to bring a sweeter love interest into the tale, and in the shadow of a vague story of how the man she went away with has been killed in a duel—returns and will explain nothing to her shocked neighbours, but by her courage here and diplomacy there stills their wagging tongues and gradually breaks down their decorous barriers, and has the district at her feet again. There are some charming touches of comedy; the tragic episodes are very ably and effectively managed, and the whole story is written crisply, ingeniously, and with unfailing resourcefulness.

The Bookman's Table.

EARLY VICTORIAN AND OTHER PAPERS. By E. S. P. Haynes. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The author of "Early Victorian and Other Papers" first attracted our attention by his "Standards of Taste

in Art" some few years ago. It was a brief but suggestive essay by one who was obviously that rare bird, a keen and disinterested lover of literature. Detachment from purely literary ideals added a charm to the book. In these new essays this detachment is even more definite. He writes not because he cannot get out of a habit, nor yet because he reads, but because he takes a genuine interest in life, which as a social man he most naturally expresses in print. Several of the papers would have a peculiar interest from their subject alone. One, for example, embodies several hitherto unpublished letters from Nelson's daughter, Horatia, to the author's great-grandfather, Sir Harris Nicholson, and these letters throw a valuable light upon the character of Lady Hamilton and on a doubtful point in her career. A romance of 1821, again, contains a series of charming stately letters from a young lady to a lover (afterwards her husband) whom she believed to be in need of self-examination. A third is a study of a very little known book, "Old Humphrey's Walks in London," which reveals some nineteenth-century English characteristics in a manner beyond the reach of any but Samuel Butler's irony. But it is not upon these essays that Mr. Haynes's book depends for its undoubted attractiveness, but upon a real power of words used to express a personality of mingled bluntness and delicacy. They are pretty clearly the casual but none the less carefully considered asides of one who is usually too busy with living to talk about it. Any criticism from those who are not professional penmen is interesting, Mr. Haynes's particularly so, because it has an individuality of an unusual kind, liberal, seriously interested in ideas and affairs, but unable to join a party, and certainly not a liberal party. The only fault we have to find is that the writer is not always at the pains to justify his dislikes. As a defendant he is good, but his touches of spleen have too often a purely verbal effectiveness which does him less than justice.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER. By E. J. Banfield. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The reader who is lured by the title of this volume into expecting the criminal outpourings of a South Sea waster will discover, as he turns the pages, first that Mr. Banfield is not a beachcomber, and next, that Mr. Banfield makes no confessions. He will discover, further, that the volume is not a compilation for the market, but a real book, genuinely inspired and most agreeably written. It is the story of a later Thoreau who finds his Walden Pond in a tiny islet, Dunk Island by name, lying off the coast of tropical Queensland. We like the book immensely; but we should like it still more were it a little less objective and external. It might contain less about the flora and fauna of Dunk Island (though we should grieve at any subtraction) and much more about Mr. Banfield himself. We can guess a little. He is obviously a lover of literature, for the reader will find, on every page, choice phrases of the poets, felicitously remembered, and deftly interwoven with the story. Moreover, he certainly enjoys writing, or he would not write so very pleasantly.

Mr. Banfield also wins our admiration because he loves the birds, and has resolved that sound of gun shall never be heard in his little kingdom. He might, without a blush, appropriate to himself those lines in which Emerson hails as friend him who can name the birds and leave them unshot, who can love the flowers and leave them on their stalk. He varies his admirable account of birds and beasts and plants by quoting the odd sayings of the black boys. We are pleased at the humour of one who characterised rhetorical poetry as "Irish talk," and recognised a photograph (nude) from an old master as a "French lady." Another lad left a mission station in disgust because the missionary having told "big fella Boss (*i.e.* God) to gib it daily bread," then gave him not bread, but "corn (*i.e.* hominy) all assame horse"! An excellent book full of excellent pictures. One, a picture of mother and child, is as beautiful a thing of the kind as we have seen.

COUNT LOUIS, and Other Poems. By Henry H. Schloesser. 1s. net. (A. C. Fifield.)

We find in this little book both achievement and, what is more fascinating, promise. So while reading the blank verse of "A Beatitude," we could not allow the occasional eccentricities of the verse to bring us to a premature stop, for there is high sincerity and a vision of the early Shelley rose before us. This burning poem and the longer "Count Louis" do not lend themselves to quotation. But here is one of Mr. Schloesser's valentines:

"Am you so list
I must exist;
But should you give,
I live! -
If you deny,
I die."

THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Charles H. Caffin. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a thoroughly good and useful volume. The average English reader asked to name some famous American painters would perhaps be puzzled—until he remembered that Whistler, J. J. Shannon, Abbey, and Sargent were Americans. Beyond these he would probably be dumb. But there are others, and here is a soundly written and lavishly illustrated account of them. We wonder why the director of the Gildhall Gallery, who has organised exhibitions of French, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish art, does not give Transatlantic art a turn. How many English picture-lovers know the beautiful work of Homer Martin, of Childe Hassam, of George de Forest Brush? It is true that a book cannot supply the place of an actual exhibition, but Mr. Caffin gives us as much as words can give. The special characteristics of the various artists are dealt with in the text, and the well-chosen and well-reproduced plates give point to the story, especially as a legend beneath each picture indicates notable points of form and colour lost by transposition from the original. The seasoned picture-taster will no doubt find American art very derivative. Even in reproductions the foreign inspiration is obvious. As we turn the pages we see plainly the influence of Munich and, later, of France. Here is a plate that spells Rousseau, another that spells Corot. Here is a picture of Pittsburg that descends from Monet's Gare St. Lazare, and here a girl at a gate that is plainly the daughter of Berthe Morisot. To say this is not to decry the art of America. It is surely something to have learned from good masters; moreover, original art always begins by imitation—soon comes the inner and peculiar vision. How near America is to this, the reader can learn from the present volume.

THE MAKING OF CARLYLE. By R. S. Craig. 10s. 6d. net. (Doverleigh Nash.)

Mr. Craig has written a suggestive and very interesting volume. "The connection subsisting between every great man and the birthplace of his race and family lies hidden beyond human speculation, but it is at all events intimate, vital, and momentous," he writes in his opening chapter. "So much of the 'making' of any one is concealed in the mysteries of Time and Space, that we must infer the fashioning to have been carried on with peculiar relationship to situation and environment during the long, dark ages. Ecclethean has a history distinct and apart from that of Carlyle, but it is the history of Carlyle which leads the world to think of that of Ecclethean, and is our business at the present moment." The book deals, of course, only with the earlier years of Carlyle, the years in which he was gathering experience, forming his opinions, trying, often unsuccessfully, to write his thoughts into living language, struggling doggedly for recognition. You follow Carlyle through his school days, through his essays at school-mastering, his tentative studying for the Law, his time as a private tutor, through the vicissitudes of his courtship, to his beginning of the literary life as a con-

tributor to the magazines, to the first years of his married life and his assured success as an author with the "French Revolution" in 1834. Some of the best passages in the book are those in which Mr. Craig traces the origin and development of Carlyle's characteristic style. There may not be much in it all that will be new to the diligent student, but it is a careful and serviceable bringing together of what is known, with a running commentary on it that is at once shrewd and entertaining.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It was a happy idea to collect into this handsome volume the complete set of wood-blocks engraved for the famous "Household Edition" of Dickens. That edition, issued in 1870 and still cherished in many an old-fashioned country-house library, has been superseded by the handier issues of recent years, and it is well that the present generation of Dickens-lovers should be able to enjoy and place upon their shelves "the best pictorial accompaniment" that Dickens's novels ever received. Whatever may be the opinion as to the actual artistic merits of the drawings of Fred Barnard and Phiz, Charles Green and Frost, none can deny that the types they created are now part and parcel of our Dickens heritage, and upon their work every future illustrator must in large measure depend for inspiration and suggestion.

Notes on New Books.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

A fascinating book for all who are interested in architecture, or history, or both is the dignified volume just published by Mr. Batsford, *English Houses and Gardens in the 17th and 18th Centuries* (15s. net). It is not in the least cumbersome to hold, but it gives a series of specially beautiful reproductions of contemporary birds'-eye views of country seats and of a certain number of Oxford and Cambridge colleges. The plates, which have been selected with good judgment, show many styles, and represent the work of the most famous architects of the periods. The title gives them as 17th and 18th century houses and gardens, but the actual building was often that of the 16th century, and includes Tudor and early and late Stuart. It is interesting to follow in these valuable engravings the development of taste and the growing care for comfort and good proportions; interesting, too, to see the surroundings of such diverse subjects as Eaton Hall and the Beaufort House at Chelsea. We learn from these more than the style of the house—we learn the state of the district, and from the little figures introduced gain hints as to the manners and customs of the people. The volume is beautifully produced in most appropriate style, with concise, valuable notes by Mr. Mervyn Macartney.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

In praising Mr. Noyes for his fairy anthology, *The Magic Casement* (6s. net), we feel inclined to give as much approval to the charming idea as to the sane and sympathetic manner in which it has been carried out. There is no discord in this volume, and yet there is no sense of sameness. The fairy-world beyond the casement does not weary, it is varied without violence, and is merry as well as solemn. Gnomes and imps and witches are here, as well as elves and mermaids and moon children, and manliness as well as mystery is left in the crowd of "little people." Mr. Noyes is to be envied for the enthralling task he set for himself, and for his success in fulfilling it. Mr. Stephen Reid as an illustrator is all that could be desired; he has caught the very glow and gleam of the land, and makes us realise colour as we look at black and white.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

We offer the heartiest congratulations to Miss Rhoda Broughton on her latest novel, *Mamma* (6s.). It is a triumph, indeed, for a writer of Miss Broughton's many achievements—a writer who gave a bubbling "Nancy" to a considerably younger generation—to offer to us now a comedy of character which contains all the freshness and fun of a first book written by a distinctly twentieth-century young man or woman. "Mamma" is delightful in her deceptive amiability and crass selfishness; her adoring daughters are equally so, each in her different manner. The "cult of Mamma," indeed, is sufficiently amusing—linked on, as it is, to two or three slender love affairs—

giving us rollicking surprises, and keeps us eager for her next idea, for Miss Broughton, now, as with "Nancy," possesses the gift of creating new styles in fiction.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Christmas has struck its cheerful note, and we already have to give a ready welcome to two gorgeous annuals, *The Girl's Realm* and *Chums* (8s. each), which Messrs. Cassell & Co. send to us. In the former such favourite writers as Mary E. Mann, Katharine Tynan, Evelyn Everett-Green, Helen Keller, Alice Corkran, and Evelyn Sharp give assurance that the high standard of this delight of girls is still maintained. In *Chums* from cover to cover it is full of thrills and good sense, of fun and advice, in picture, story, and article. No one can do wrong in securing these volumes for boys and girls, for there is something in them to suit every nature.

From the Garden City Press, Letchworth, comes an *Engagement Calendar* which is quite the best idea we have ever seen for a calendar. It is plain as regards figures and simple as to design. It shows a full month on a long, stiff page, with clearly marked weeks, and a line for every day's engagements. The months are arranged separately, and hung together on a ribbon, not to be torn off, but turned backward or forward as past or the future references are needed. Each page is decorated with a black and white scene from Garden City, and the calendar, we prophesy, will, it once used, prove itself a yearly necessity.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, whose name stands for enterprise and whose manipulation of colour has become a recognised thing, have begun two large books to be published in parts; these are *Wild Beasts of the World* and *Beautiful Flowers and How to Grow Them*, each complete in seventeen parts (1s. net). The letterpress in each case is careful, interesting, and instructive, and the large plate illustrations are marvels of colour-printing.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Mr. John Murray is bringing out some very attractive reprints: the latest to come under our notice is a particularly attractive thin-paper edition of George Borrow's works. We have *Lavengro*, containing the unaltered text of the original issue, with some suppressed episodes and various notes; we have *The Zincali* and *Romano Lavo-Lil*. The handy little volumes are but 1s. net each, and the type is excellent.

From Messrs. Chatto & Windus comes another Stevenson volume in their useful St. Martin's Library of pocket-volumes. This is *In the South Seas*, and undoubtedly to open at any of the well-set, large-type pages is an inducement to read on from that point for sheer pleasure in the good presentment of a good book.

For happy enterprise in the matter of reprints and new editions Messrs. Nelson are among the foremost of our publishers. We heartily welcome their notable shilling library of copyright books. The list of these is a list of valuable serious works and charming *belles lettres*. On our table at the moment are four of the first volumes: *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, by Edward Whymper; *Collections and Recollections*, by G. W. E. Russell; *The Life of John Nicholson*, by Captain Trotter; and *The Great Boer War*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. In the promised volumes are delights so varied as to range from Mr. Paul's "Life of Gladstone" to Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age." It will be a unique shilling library of popular works.

Another publisher with a noticeably true love of literature for its own sake is Mr. J. R. Tutin, the publisher of the "Hull Booklets." Light small brown volumes reveal a whole wealth of fine writing, of imperishable thought, and one shilling and fourpence may purchase the lot. They are *A Walk in Chamouni*, and other Poems, by Ruskin; *Criticism on English Poets* by S. T. Coleridge; *Prose Sayings and Verse*, by Walter Savage Landor; *Sayings from the Letters of John Keats*; *Shelley, the Man and the Poet*, by Robert Browning; *Anacreon Odes*, translated by Thomas Stanley; *Four Early English Poetesses*,—which include "Orinda," "Astræa," and "Ardelia"—and *Early English Elegies*, a distinctive collection of the older, briefer poems of this nature. Mr. Tutin has evidently a love for the older poets and a true understanding of their beauties—his booklets attest this; they are admirable, and as twopenny-worths are astonishingly good.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BRETT, G. S. *The Philosophy of Gassendi*. 10s. net. (Macmillan)
- CHANDLER, ARTHUR.—*Ara Caeli: An Essay in Mystical Theology*. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen)
- CONWAY, MONCURE D., L.H.D.—*Lessons for the Day*. 6s. net. (Watts)
- DAHLKE, PAUL.—*Buddhist Essays*. Translated by Bhikkhu Silacāra. 10s. net. (Macmillan)
- DELITZSCH, FRIEDRICH.—*Whose Son is Christ?* Translated by F. L. Poyson, M.A. 1s. 6d. net (Philip Green)
- Expositor, The. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. V. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- Expository Times, The. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Vol. XIX. 7s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark)
- FORSYTH, P. T., M.A., D.D.—*Missions in State and Church. Sermons and Addresses*. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- FREEMAN, J. D., M.A.—*Concerning the Christ*. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

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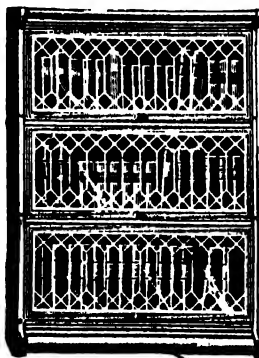
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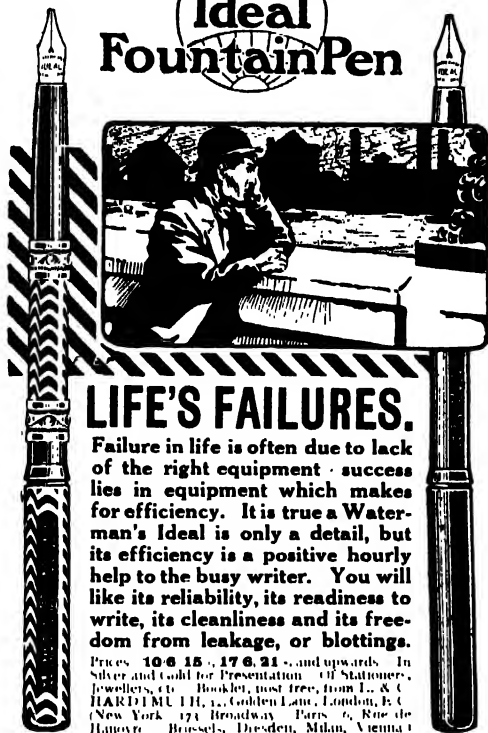
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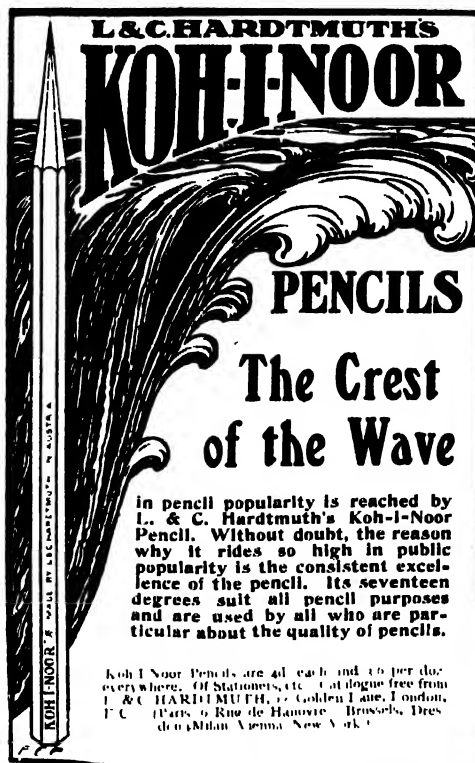
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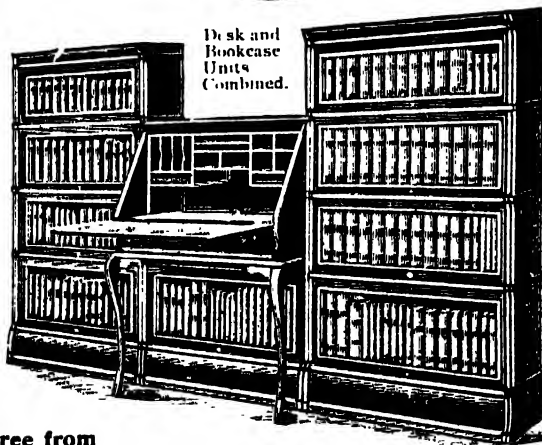
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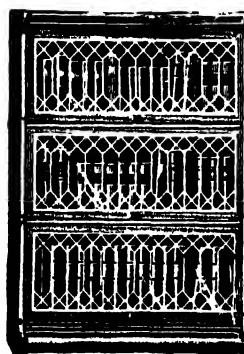
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AND

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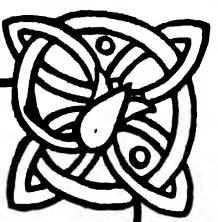


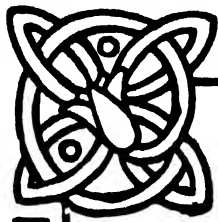
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THE BOOKMAN

Christmas Double Number

WITH
ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS



Frontispiece in Colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM

Illustrating a Scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

A Portfolio of Drawings in Colour

BY

EDMUND DULAC & W. HEATH ROBINSON

Illustrating Scenes from "The Tempest" and "Twelfth Night"

The Principal Contributions include

- | | |
|---|--|
| Lady Randolph Churchill and her Friends | From Napoleon to Fallieres
By Dr. WILLIAM BARRY |
| The Latest Foreign Criticism of Milton
By JANE T. STODDART | The Breach with Rome
By GEORGE SAMPSON |
| Christmas in Fairyland | The Other Man's Wife
By ADA LEVERSON |
| The Impolite Dramatist & the Dramatised Novel | A Poor Man's House
By EDWARD THOMAS |
| Two Christmas Memories | The Jackal on the Lion
By ARTHUR RANSOME |
| Henley the Critic, and Other Matters. By Y. Y. | Holland House
By LEWIS MELVILLE |
| Christina Rossetti's Letters | Etc., etc. |
| Reliques and the Man. By W. S. CROCKETT | |




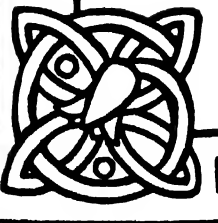
THE BOOKMAN GALLERY: MR. PERCEVAL GIBBON

NOVEL NOTES BOOKMAN'S TABLE Etc., etc.



HODDER & STOUGHTON

ST. PAUL'S HOUSE
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.



The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No. 207. VOL. XXXV.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free.

DECEMBER, 1908.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
Published Monthly.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

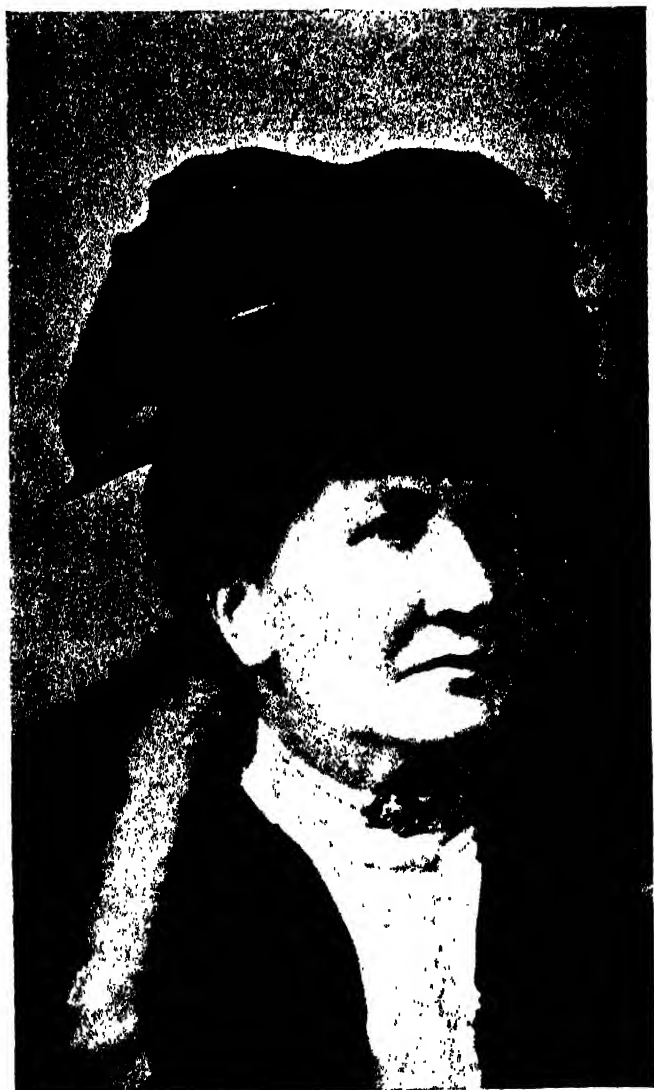
In placing another Christmas Double Number of THE BOOKMAN in the hands of our readers, we take advantage of the occasion to wish them very heartily all the compliments of the season, and to say how greatly we appreciate the kindly personal relations that have grown up betwixt them and ourselves. For the Number itself, we can wish it only the good fortune which similar Numbers have always met with in former years—that it may prove

alike interesting and serviceable to them. Our Illustrated Supplements, the special article on "Christmas in Fairyland," added to the usual features of the magazine, and the unusually large number of miscellaneous reviews, will, we feel sure, be found an exhaustive and invaluable guide to the Christmas bookbuyer, no matter what variety of gift-book, for young or adult readers, he may be seeking at this season. Our presentation portfolio contains a set of paintings by Mr. Edmund Dulac and Mr. W. Heath Robinson illustrating scenes from "The Tempest" and "Twelfth Night," and our frontispiece is a colour-picture by Mr. Arthur Rackham illustrating a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for providing which our thanks are due to Mr. Heinemann.

Almost every publisher in the country has been good enough to assist us greatly in the matter of illustrations; we have made due and full acknowledgments to each of them elsewhere, but must add a word here to say how sincerely we appreciate their kindnesses and how greatly we are indebted to them collectively for their many and unfailing courtesies.

The centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe falling in January, the next issue of THE BOOKMAN will contain a special article on "Poe and Some of his Friends" by John H. Ingram. Mr. Ingram is probably the greatest living authority on whatever relates to the life and character of Poe; he has edited various editions of his works, has written the standard "Life" of Poe, and was the first to inquire thoroughly into and clear up certain dark and theretofore doubtful phases in Poe's chequered career. Amongst his invaluable collection of relics and memorials of Edgar Allan Poe, Mr. Ingram has a unique set of portraits of the poet and his friends, and a selection of these will illustrate his article and a second article on the work of Poe that will be included in the same issue.

Certainly, 1809 was a veritable Year of Wonders; more great men of letters were born in it, perhaps, than in any other of the century, and as a consequence, next year will see the centuries of a brilliant



Mrs. L. B. Walford.

list of famous authors, including Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward FitzGerald, Mrs. Browning—to whom, as to many another centenarian of equal or lesser renown, *THE BOOKMAN* will from month to month give special attention. We hope in our next issue to give an adequate programme of the Special Numbers that we shall issue in the course of the year.

Among the other contents of our January Number will be articles on "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers," by Dr. William Barry, "The Collected Works of W. B. Yeats," by Walter de la Mare, and an exceptionally interesting symposium on the early struggles of successful novelists (arising out of a statement by Mr. Hall Caine referred to on page 136, in our review of his book "My Story"), the contributors to which include Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, George R. Sims, Charles Marriott, Silas K. Hocking, Edgar Jepson, C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, H. C. Bailey, Thomas Cobb, Bernard Capes, Joseph Hocking, Percy White, John Oxenham, and, with others, one now popular novelist who has written so frankly of his own hard personal experiences that he asks us to allow him to remain anonymous.

Since publishing "Mr. Smith" thirty-five years ago, Mrs. L. B. Walford has written forty-three books, mainly novels or collections of her short stories. Her work is fully as popular in America as it is here; and she had an early intimation of this popularity when she discovered that a piratical American editor was running "Mr. Smith" serially under the title of "Mr. Adams." He had altered nothing in the story except the names of the characters, and the fraud was only detected by chance. On behalf of Mrs. Walford, Mr. Blackwood, her first publisher, prosecuted the offending editor, who was fined and compelled to give up what he called the MS. of his serial, which Mrs. Walford keeps now as a curiosity; it is merely a printed copy of "Mr. Smith" with the names carefully changed.

There is a passage in "Pride and Prejudice" which Mrs. Walford quotes as exactly depicting the lines on which she loves to write. It is the passage in which Darcy alleges that a country neighbourhood can afford few objects for the study of characters, and Elizabeth rejoins that people themselves alter so much that there is something new in them to be observed for ever; whereupon Mrs. Bennet strikes in with, "Yes, indeed, I assure you there is quite as much of *that* going on in the country as in the town." "It is certainly true," adds Mrs. Walford, "that if one can be content to watch human nature in some quiet backwater, one can find it as absorb-



Photo by Milne, Turiff, N.B.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.

ingly interesting as it is in the heart of the social world. I love a small field; I love to work with a few tools; and I strive with all the effort of which I am capable to breathe into them the breath of life. A crowd of characters is a strain both on the reader's attention and memory, and it is a snare for young authors." Very seldom do Mrs. Walford's novels embody any personal experiences; she finds enough subjects for study in the world without.

"The Golden Precipice," Mr. Marriott Watson's new novel, is a thorough-going treasure yarn of the fine old time-honoured type. Mr. Watson regards the "treasure story" as a distinct department of fiction, as distinct as, say, the tale of mystery or the fairy tale, and holds that the material necessary to the occasion should be handled strictly within the limitations of the department, as the poet handles the theme of a sonnet within fourteen lines, or in writing a ballade preserves the orthodox order of his rhymes and his refrain. "I have no superiority as to the treasure story," Mr. Marriott Watson genially declares, "and can enjoy writing it as well as reading it, but one does not necessarily desire to go on writing (or reading) this sort of fiction continuously." His next book, with which he has made some progress, is to be a serious study of modern life, dealing partly with speculative financial circles in the City, partly with country society, its narrowness and snobbery, but mainly, after all, with a great passion.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel is convinced that the day of the novel, as a novel, is over. There will always be a certain number of the trivial sort written for the amusement of the idle, but she feels that the general reader is, on the whole, nowadays a thoughtful person, and wants something more than a tale in his fiction. With this belief, she set herself, in "A Prince of Dreamers," to write something that should "take its place with the intelligent—something that might bring refreshment by giving a glimpse of what, for want of a better phrase, one may call the fourth dimension; that is, something beyond love stories and cups of tea." Concerning her hero, Akbar, Mrs. Steel tells us she has still volumes to say. "The critics are inclined to sniff at him—or at me," she adds; "to say that he is a mongrel of my imagination and no reality; that no man of action such as he was could be a dreamy mystic. Let them read every scrap of writing concerned with him, as I have done, and then repeat what they have said—if they can. I think they will have to confess that what they have called 'twentieth-century philanthropy' is to be found word for word in the sixteenth, and that I have specific warranty for all I have written."

Already Mrs. Steel is busy on another novel that follows the same lines as "A Prince of Dreamers," but has a modern setting. The new book is to be called "The Law of the Threshold."



Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.

Mr. A. B. Talbot.

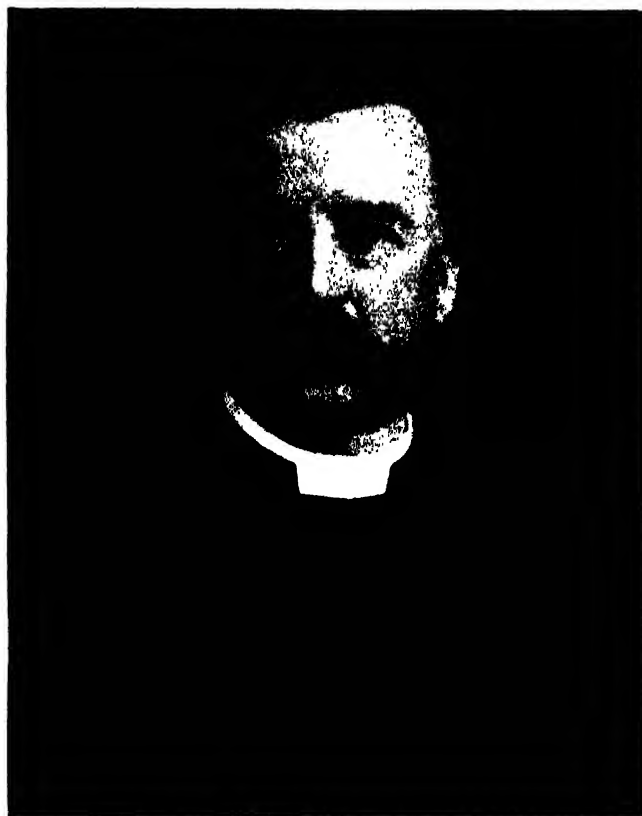


Photo by Russell & Sons.

"Morice Gerard."

One of the most successful historical novels of the year is Mr. Morice Gerard's "Purple Love." It is a virile, finely imagined romance, and has met with an exceptionally enthusiastic reception, one reviewer boldly comparing it with the work of Scott and Dumas. Mr. Gerard has a great deal of work in hand; he is among the most popular serial writers of the day, and has, moreover, signed contracts for four books that are to appear within the next two years. Next year also is to see the reissue by three different publishers of cheap editions of three of his best stories: "Rose of Blenheim," "The Red Seal," and "A Gentleman of London."

It required no small courage at this time of day to put forth a new translation of Omar Khayyam and to cast it in the metre that we inevitably associate with FitzGerald. But Mr. Arthur B. Talbot has thus greatly dared, and in the result is justified of his daring. He has aimed at a more literal rendering than FitzGerald's, and reading it one can realise how much that is richest in the other version is FitzGerald's own. Mr. Talbot has relied on Mr. Heron-Allen's excellent prose translation, setting himself to fashion that into metrical form, and Mr. Heron-Allen has given him the unqualified praise of saying, "You have achieved a task which I have always considered—and declared—to be impossible of accomplishment." Some critics have written disparagingly of it—that was to be expected; but the majority have fully recognised the high poetical qualities of Mr. Talbot's work,

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Illustrations
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WINSTON CHURCHILL'S New Book MY AFRICAN JOURNEY

HODDER & STOUGHTON, LONDON.

Reduced porter of Mr. Winston Churchill's
new travel-book.

been in certain local papers and in a primitive school newspaper that he founded and edited whilst he was at Hinckley Grammar School.

George Colmore's new novel, "Priests of Progress," is a powerful indictment of vivisection. Five years ago, it seems, the author became deeply interested in this subject, and feeling impelled to study it closely, found that, almost in spite of herself, she was whole-heartedly in sympathy with the anti-vivisectionists. "I felt then," she says, "that I must do, or try to do, something to help that side, and my first attempt was made by writing to Zola asking him if he would not make vivisection the subject of one of his books. But this was shortly before his

and the fact that over a thousand copies of the book have already been sold speaks sufficiently for itself. This latest translator of Omar is no professional literary man, but a solicitor, admitted in 1895, and now practising in Leicester with the firm of Messrs. Haxby & Partridge, and his only previous appearances as an author have

death, and I had no reply. Then it was borne in upon me that I, to the best of my ability, must carry out the task, and, shrinking and dreading it, I began preparations for doing so. The difficulty of that task has been great. Wherever I turned I found what seemed either a blank wall or a closed door, till I nearly despaired of arriving at technical information or reliable facts—facts, that is, of which I could furnish proof. At length, however, one of the closed doors opened, and after that, little by little, I discovered means of obtaining all I needed."

Scrupulously striving to be fair, "George Colmore" has, she says, put forward all the arguments she has ever heard advanced in favour of vivisection, and has added others that occurred to her as possible; in opposition to these she has stated the reasons, ethical or otherwise, which appear to her to condemn vivisection. "This portrait of me," Mrs. Weaver writes, referring to the one we publish, "was taken really on the dogs' account; I sat by them merely to keep them quiet", in fact, two dogs play small parts in "Priests of Progress."

So seldom does an author's personality come up to the high expectations his readers have formed of it that it is gratifying to know that the writer of Mr.



Photo by Francis,
Saffron Walden.

G. Colmore (Mrs. Baillie Weaver).



Imaginary portrait of Rupert Lorraine,
by J. Sharpless.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Rosamond Langbridge.**
Author of "Imperial Richenda."

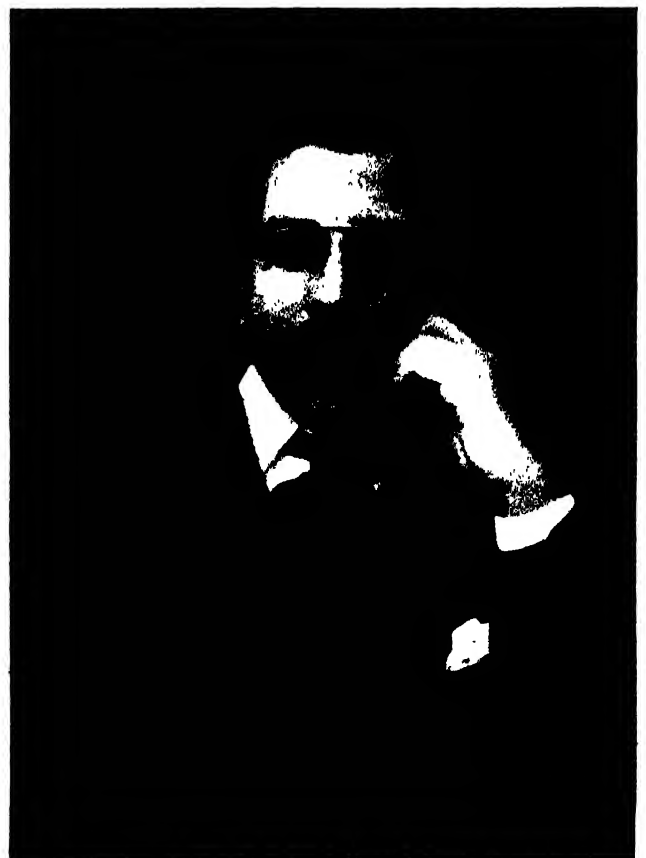
Fisher Unwin's hundred-pound Prize Novel, Mr. Rupert Lorraine, stands six foot two in his boots, and, as befits the author of that vigorous romance "The Woman and the Sword," is so far from being a mere bookworm that he loves the open air and the country, is a keen sportsman with rod and gun, and proficient in the old English pastimes of archery and bowls. It is perhaps a little disquieting to learn that, with all this, his favourite recreation is the unheroic game of croquet, but 'twas ever thus.

With the exception of one book on children, "The Rising Generation," all Miss C. E. Maud's recent work has dealt with French life.—"An English Girl in Paris," "My French Friends," and "Felicity in France" enjoyed a popularity that seems likely to fall also to the lot of her newest book, "A Daughter of France," which we review on another page. Miss Maud began her literary career as a writer of books for children, and the success of her "Wagner's Heroes," "Wagner's Heroines," and "Heroines of Poetry" have brought her such repeated invitations to continue the series that she is making up her mind to do so.

So much has already been written concerning the approaching Milton Tercentenary that, more

particularly as it is not long since we published a special Milton Number of *THE BOOKMAN*, we felt it might have a fresher interest for our readers if we devoted our own Tercentenary article to a consideration of the latest foreign criticism of his work.

Tercentenary celebrations have already been held by literary societies in various parts of the country; a list of those that London has seen or is to see would take a column to itself. On December 8 the Master of Peterhouse delivers an address on "Milton's Life and Work" to a special meeting of the British Academy, and Sir Frederick Bridge will discuss "'Comus' and its Incidental Music," his discourse being "illustrated" by the choristers of Westminster Abbey. On the Tercentenary Day, December 9, the Bishop of Ripon will preach at an afternoon commemorative service at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and in the evening the Lord Mayor presides at a banquet in honour of the occasion at the Mansion House. One of the most interesting of London's local celebrations will take place on the same evening at the Stoke Newington Public Library, where the Rev. A. B. Boyd Carpenter will deliver an appreciation of the Poet, and Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, J.P., D.L., will give lantern views of portraits and homes of Milton, accompanied with recitations from his works and the playing of a selection of contemporary music.



Mr. Clement Shorter.
Whose new book on "The Brontës" is reviewed on p. 135.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best six mottoes for the New Year, selected from the works of English authors.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Miss ANTHONY BROWN, of Broomhill, Beckenham, for the following:

THE MEANING OF MR. CHESTERTON. BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY

"Why, that I cannot tell, said he."
SOUTHWELL, *The Battle of Brunham*

From the numerous other quotations received we select the following:

THE MEANING OF MR. CHESTERTON.

"The method employed I would gladly explain,
While I have it so clear in my head,
If I had but the time and you had but the brain,
But much yet remains to be said."—LEWIS CARROLL.

(Miss E. C. Rhodes, Foggathoye House, Rutland Road, Harrogate.)

THE GHOST KINGS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Step in, he said
Among the dead,
And pick out which you like."—HOOD.

(Sophia Pumphrey, 5, Maple Road, Bournville.)

NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY. BY E. E. F. L'ALBE.

"'But du pray tell me, 'fore we farder go,
How in all Natur' did you come to know
'Bout our affairs,' sez I, 'in Kingdom-Come?'"
LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*.

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

MR. BERNARD SHAW.

"Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself." WHITMAN, *Song of Myself*.

(Sidney F. Hooper, Ingleton, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, London, W.)

JOHN SILENCE, PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"And silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound."
O. WENDELL HOLMES, *The Music Grinders*.

(Miss Bent, Goodworth House, Andover, Hants.)

THE DISADVANTAGES OF WORKING IN LONDON AND OUT OF IT.

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, . . .
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears."—*The Tempest*.

(John M. Judd, 31, North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.)

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE. BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said
'And your hair has become very white,'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

SOME THREEPENNY BITS. BY GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

"See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wif a greedy e'e."—BURNS.

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

II. This Prize has been divided, and instead of Three New Novels we are giving Four—two to Miss V. LOUISE WRENCH, of D'Anvers House, Banbury, and two to Mr. J. A. JENKINS, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, both competitors having sent in the following:

ADVICE FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE TO A YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN ABOUT TO MARRY.

"A certain sort of talent is almost indispensable for people who would spend years together, and not bore themselves to death. But the talent, like the agreement, must be for and about life. To dwell happily together, they should be versed in the meeties of the heart and born with a faculty for willing compromise. The woman must be talented as a woman, and it will not much matter although she is talented in nothing else. She must know her *métier de femme*, and have a fine touch for the affections. And it is more important that a person should be a good gossip, and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels: for a while together by the fire happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner. That people should laugh over the same sort of jests, and have many a story of 'grouse in the gun-room,' many an old joke between them which time cannot wither nor custom stale, is a better preparation for life, by your leave, than many things higher and better sounding in the world's ears. You could read Kant by yourself, if you wanted, but you must share a joke with some one else. You can forgive people who do not follow you through a philosophical disquisition; but to find your wife laughing when you had tears in your eyes, or staring

when you were in a fit of laughter, would go some way towards a dissolution of the marriage. . . .

Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Virginibus Puerisque*.

Quite a number of competitors have sent another passage from the same book of Stevenson's and even more have submitted Mr. Punch's historic advice—"Don't!" The best of the other selections received are those from Alexander MacLennan (Callander, N.B.), E. M. Forrest (Liverpool), Miss Edith Cullum (Needham Market), C. E. W. Brayley (Cheltenham), Miss Kathleen Huxley (Wotton), Miss Ethel O'Dell (Stratford, E.), Miss Marion Burd (Solihull), and M. C. Jobson (Harrogate).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Mr. L. WELBY, Maycroft, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, for the following:

H.M.I.: Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. By E. M. SNEYD KYNERSLEY. (Macmillan.)

This singularly pleasant book treats largely of other times and other manners, and there is an old-world fragrance in its pages. It is interesting for the "inspected" to see life through the eyes of the Inspector. One imagines that Mr. Sneyd-Kynersley must have been an unusually welcome Inspector. His geniality and kindly humour brighten the dulllest experience, and his understanding of and sympathy with points of view totally at variance from his own must have greatly lightened the arduous nature of his work. It is a book to keep and read in cheerless weather.

The best the large number of other reviews submitted are:

ORTHODOXY. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (John Lane.)

We know Mr. Chesterton as essayist, biographer, philosopher, politician, poet. He now appears as Defender of the Faith, with his accustomed vigour and boisterous optimism, cheerfully mis-stating opponents' positions, alternating persiflage and paradox, yet with an earnestness and moral purpose which compel admiration. It is his spiritual autobiography. "A pagan at the age of twelve," "a complete agnostic" at sixteen, Huxley, Spencer, and Bradlaugh sowed in his mind the "first wild doubts of doubt." In this extraordinary manner he came to Christianity. His beliefs merged into Orthodoxy, his Utopias into the New Jerusalem. Mr. Chesterton has written a brilliant book."

(G. E. Wakerley, 9 Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW. By E. M. FORSTER. (Arnold.)

The title of Mr. Forster's book is sufficiently suggestive to arouse expectations, and the book itself amply fulfils them. The author has combined real humour with true romantic feeling. Though the book is exceptionally pleasing, we lay it down unsatisfied. A writer who can paint "love among the violets" ought to be able to avoid an ending which partakes of the nature of an anti-climax. Moreover, we have serious doubts as to whether Mr. Forster's rather martistic solution of the heroine's perplexities would ensure for her the habitation of "a room with a view."

(Miss Ethel J. M. Milner, Lawn House, Atkin's Road, Clapham Park, S.W.)

INDIA THROUGH THE AGES: A Popular and Picturesque History of India. BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (Routledge.)

This is an amazingly interesting little book, and one can only wish that Mrs. Steel would write a history on a larger scale—one in which she could enter into detailed accounts of some of the more notable and romantic periods. Her intricate knowledge of India is well known, and this short, condensed history scarcely does it justice; on almost every page there is

evidence of how much she is obliged to ignore. The style is as easy and charming as in her fascinating novels. This, to one who knows them, is to say all that is necessary in praise."

(E. Ward, 80, King Street., Southsea.)

MAMMA. By RHODA BROUGHTON. (Macmillan.)

"Mamma" is a distinctly interesting character-sketch drawn by a skilful hand. She is admirably depicted as the central figure of a purely domestic drama. Daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren all worship at her shrine in their own way: their failings are cleverly drawn, and the genius of "Mamma" in holding her own with one and all calls for sincerest admiration. We rejoice that the "breezy" artist promises to bring some brightness into the life of Lucia, "Mamma's" faithful nurse, and—dudge: the intercourse between the two is full of interest. "Mammias" and "Lucias" help to oil the wheels of life."

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

Several competitors have again exceeded the hundred-word limit, and are disqualified. The average merit of the large remainder is uncommonly high, and we specially commend the reviews of Miss Kathleen Comber (Hoylake), C. L. Arden (Burton-on-Trent), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Miss C. Nesta Farwell (Maidenhead), Miss F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), Arthur O'Connor (Knowle), Miss Godley (Chapelizod), J. Ewing (Cambridge), Adam Miller (Leeds), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), and Miss Helen Smythe (Notting Hill, W.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to Mrs. G. O. ARNOLD, Beech Hill Road, Sheffield.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.
DECEMBER, 1908.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE equipment of the literary man forms a subject that is worth studying. We will grant him first the power to write. Let him have this, it is well and good with him, but he is not yet the creator, the proven artist in words. He may be conscious of his power, but he yet lacks the wherewithal to demonstrate it. A story-teller without a story is of no account. It is experience that he must have, for it is experience that is the basis of all creative work, and this is as true in the case of the purest imaginative writer as in that of the extremist realist. He must have seen, or heard, or felt something before he can express it. Something must have happened to him. And it is these happenings that are the essential part of the literary man's equipment. Ideas have suggested themselves to him in what he has seen while he looked on at the life around him, or they have presented themselves to him clothed in printed words, or they may have come to him in dreams. Once they have come to him he is ready, equipped with his talent and his subjects, to prove himself a novelist, a critic, a poet. The poet sings for other poets; if there is a little poetry in our nature he appeals to us, but to a small part of us. The critic's work is of the library and the desk; it cannot help but be a trifle redolent of dust, of the close air of the study where it was conceived. But it is of breathing, sentient men and women like ourselves that we love to read. Humanity is the same all the world over, but it is more itself, if one may say so, away from the old and elaborate civilisations. Men and women are more real in new and younger countries, and one seems to come more to grips with life in the new townships and scattered farmsteads of South Africa than in crowded London streets. So, firstly, whatever his talents, it is because he is a novelist that Mr. Gibbon's work makes so wide an appeal, and, in the second place, it is owing to the crude and almost primitive conditions of the lives he writes of that his grasp on its basic facts is so manifest.

Environment, so often a matter of the purest chance,

is one of the most potent influences to which the young writer is subjected. Mr. Gibbon began his writer's career, as so many others have done, with free-lance journalism in London, a pursuit as little successful in his case as in that of most of those others. Then Chance or Providence saw fit that he should sail for Africa, where, eighteen months before the war, in the June of 1898, he resumed his writing, a free-lance still. He wandered over the country, taking up one after another that vague sort of appointments whose

holders are characterised as on the "outside staff" of papers, and, of much importance, he learnt Dutch. The war-cloud, so long threatening, broke at last, and then, for a young journalist with his apprenticeship through, there opened a prospect of thrilling work, success, and a name. The kind of post he coveted he gained, and went up to the front as representative of a syndicate of colonial papers. There followed much enthusiastic work, and then—capture. Across the Orange River, somewhere above Aliwal North, Mr. Gibbon found himself immured, with several compatriots, within prison bounds. The obvious duty of a special correspondent in such conditions seemed to be to escape, and escape he did, with a friend in



Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon.

the Cape Mounted Police. Naturally he found himself immediately as busy as ever with his work, but he made shift to send a few special articles to the *London Daily Chronicle*. They were received most favourably, and more were asked for. For the first time Mr. Perceval Gibbon's name began to be known in London, when he himself was thousands of miles away from Fleet Street, where he had just essayed to win success. For eighteen months after the close of the war he stayed on in the Colony, joining the *Natal Witness*, rising quickly to the position of chief reporter, and quitting the service of that paper to take up the post of editor of the *Rhodesian Times*. Then, after wanderings through Central Africa and along the East coast, after encounters with lions, meetings and talks with mighty hunters, native chiefs, adventurers,

pioneers, and explorers, he came home. He had gained experience, more than falls to the lot of most men of his age, and he had something of a name, but an enduring position in authorship, or even in London journalism, was still his to make.

With exertion he contrived to gain a sub-editorship on the *Morning Leader*, and he began contributing a series of short stories to the *British Weekly*. He had, too, one small volume already to his credit, a book of verses, "African Items," written, some of them out on the veldt, some in newspaper offices, and a few of them in prison. Published by Elliot Stock in 1903, this slender volume of verses must be unknown to most of the enthusiastic admirers of the novels that came later, but it is marked, along with a few faults of incompleteness and immaturity, by many original and arresting notes of prophesy for future achievement. There are Kipling imitations, there are other weak and unfledged things in it, but there are many lines, some verses, and one or two complete poems, that are finished things of a marked, unusual quality. And there are grim things in it too, for much of Mr. Gibbon's work has an insistent note of grimness. "The Dead Man" is terrible, but it is excellent.

A distinct step on the literary ladder was reached by Mr. Gibbon when first Blackwood's illustrious "Maga" opened its portals to him. A series of his stories began to appear in that magazine. The firm have been the guardians, in this country, of his interests ever since, for they have published all three of his books, "Souls in Bondage," "The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases," and "Salvator." All the "Leading Cases" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* before being published in book form.

With the publication of "Souls in Bondage" in 1904, Mr. Gibbon leapt into something very like fame. The book, as he says, "went like fun." In its short thirteen chapters, written in thirteen nights, he achieved a work of art, a vivid, grim, but astonishingly powerful picture of life among the "off-coloured," the South African half-castes. It is difficult for the reader to forget that description of the Doplontem community:

"Its status and rank were matters rather of construction than of acknowledged precedent. Here were no white houses of stone, and scarcely any domed brown huts. Unsightly sheds of corrugated iron defaced the earth, and square houses that strove in vain, with glass windows and painted doors, to escape an Oriental flavour. The ground underfoot was littered with old tins and unnameable rubbish, and mean over-cautious domestic beasts, fowls in reason, goats in astonishing number, and an occasional vicious lean pig, rooted and chewed among the offal. Clothes hung on lines in all directions, intimate linen flapped in the wind, and day and night resounded with outcries and laughter and blows. The place crawled with the fevered activity of hell, and all the press and business was to no end. The people that went up and down, who walked the foul ways, lounged on the doorsteps and were seen through open doors in the squalid interiors, carried the Sisyphean curse; for these were the "off-coloured," the half-castes, the outcome of white supremacy in a black country. In the lips, or in the turn of the nose, or in the texture of the hair, the inscrutable mask of the Kaffir was suggested; but colour was not always there to damn a face outright. A girl would pass, a meagre

upstanding slip of a thing, white as a queen of Christendom, and with great, dark, tragic eyes. In the flush of a cheek you might detect the faintest subcutaneous tinge of bronze or old gold, but it would be the features—the possibly perfect and beautiful features—that would tell the tale to an Afrikaner. There would be a note of the faun, a something lacking, or, perhaps, something present, which would sunder her at once from all who shake the predikant by the hand and go to tea with the magistrate's wife."

In the tragedy of Cecilia's story, and the pathos that enshrouds the figure of old Thwaites, the broken-down attorney, Mr. Gibbon achieved heights that he has sometimes reached again, but never surpassed. The first novel displayed a particular side of South African life, and pictured it, one would think, for all time. "The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases" depicted another. One loves these figures of Boers, the intensely patriotic, slow-thinking, kindly men, the Katjes and Christinas, mischievous, cheeky, big-hearted girls, and the garrulous, worldly-wise, domineering, though soft-hearted old Vrouw herself. Almost one imagines that if most Englishmen had read this book ten years ago, after meeting such people, we should never have taken up arms against their nation. However, that is another story.

After these two successes, Mr. Gibbon spent some time in the States, as chief staff writer on *McClure's Magazine*. With American readers he quickly found favour and notoriety. A treasured possession of his is a copy of a transatlantic journal containing an article on himself. Its enthusiasm is unbounded, and its phrasing picturesque. "Young Gibson" is therein described as being "tall and slender, and inordinately fond of motoring." One can say many things of Mr. Gibbon, but not that he is either a tall man or that he is addicted to motoring. But he is fond of boxing, and he nurses an affection for golf and the society of bull-dogs. As a boy he used to think he should be fond of the sea, and at sea he did indeed spend some of his early years, the years in which one discovers Stevenson and all the other delightful things. This was after a period of school-days in Germany, where a chance glimpse of Bismarck stands out among the few things Mr. Gibbon remembers. Another treasure brought back from America is some Stevenson MS., retrieved from an office drawer at *McClure's*. One is not surprised that De Maupassant and Gautier should be two more of Mr. Gibbon's early loves, or that Balzac and Bourget should have been added later to the list.

Mr. Gibbon was to try journalism again before settling steadily down to the more sober, if greater, business of authorship. A short time he spent as special correspondent for the *Daily Mail* in Petersburg, when he met De Plehwe. Now, he hopes, he has made his definite farewell to the press. "Salvator," written early this year, has but just appeared. It is still being talked about, and this is hardly the place to review it. There is a book of his, "Meagre Life," that has hitherto only been obtainable in America. I, for one, should like to see an English edition of it. Anyhow, we shall get a good many more novels from Mr. Gibbon. The youthful vigour that marked "Souls in Bondage" four years ago is undiminished, and the art that produced it is ripening still.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND HER FRIENDS.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was the wife of one of the most brilliant English politicians of the nineteenth century; she is the mother of one of the most brilliant English politicians of the twentieth. Her late husband missed the Premiership only by an unfortunate chance of war; her son seems destined for the highest honours that Parliamentary life can grant. But it is not only as the helpmate of one great political figure and the mother of another that Lady Randolph has won distinction among the women of her time. True, had she not married a political genius, the line of her experience might have run less conspicuously through the English public life of the past quarter of a century. But a woman with such qualities of personal beauty, mental vivacity, and literary vigour must have made her mark without the helpful accident of a marital connection with the historic house of Marlborough. None save a lady of very exceptional gifts could have written so memorable and discerning a book as "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill,"* if none save a lady with the peculiar social advantages of their authoress could have had opportunities of meeting so intimately the wide range of acquaintances whose sayings and doings are reproduced for us with an admirable art in this interesting volume.

"Having been favoured by Providence with delightful and absorbing experiences," says Lady Randolph, "having travelled all over the world, and met many of the most distinguished people of my generation, why should I not record all that I can about them, and about the stirring things I have seen, or shared in doing? I have done so." And again she says: "Personally I feel my acquaintance can never be too large. When I reflect that there are thousands of delightful and interesting people one may be missing, no

* "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." By Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (Arnold.)

opportunity ought to be lost of cultivating as many as possible." There speaks the eager American girl, the Miss Jerome of Brooklyn; and not the least of the many charming characteristics of Lady Randolph is this, that she has never ceased to be that same American girl, full of buoyant energy and bubbling curiosity. To some old-fashioned English people, many of her stories will seem a trifle daring—especially those of them that concern well-known people, Royal personages among them, who are still living; to the American public they will appeal as the fresh, natural outpourings of a breezy compatriot, keenly alive to the weaknesses as well as the virtues of the men and women she has met in the course of a singularly full and varied career.

Knowing that Lady Randolph was the friend in greater or less degree of several eminent literary men and women, English and foreign, the reader of her "Reminiscences" may be inclined to wonder during the first two hundred pages or so why she has nothing to say about them. In her earlier chapters we have scores of excellent little pen-portraits of kings and other rulers of the earth, leading politicians and quaint or important social figures; but of the writers of books

of men who are authors primarily and politicians only in a secondary sense we have nothing until the volume already slopes downwards to its end. Then suddenly we come upon, first, Paul Bourget, then Wilde, and later, Marion Crawford, and after another interval, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Clifford, Bernard Shaw, and John Morley, all grouped about the story of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. The giants of twenty-year-old politics—that "sorry game" whose attributes, as Lady Randolph laments, are too often "callousness and ingratitude, tricks and treachery," in which her late husband found neither wealth nor satisfaction—must excuse us if we regard their personalities and their peccadilloes as less engrossing than the sidelights



From a drawing by John Sargent, R.A.

Lady Randolph Churchill.

From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." (Edward Arnold.)

cast by the "Reminiscences" on the contemporary makers of books as they appeared to our talented authoress. For a while after Lord Randolph died his widow could not think what to do with herself. She globe-trotted and she went into society; but she found these pastimes somewhat "empty." Dining one night with the Portlands at Welbeck, she sat next to Lord Curzon; and to him she confided her want of engrossing occupation. All he could see before her was, he said, "a long vista of country-house parties, dinners and balls." The prospect did not please her; she sat down and cogitated deeply, and, finally, she decided to start the *Anglo-Saxon Review*:

"My ideas were of the vaguest," she says, "but they soon shaped themselves. I consulted my friend, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), whose acquaintance I had made some years previously at the Curzons'. At her house I met various people who helped me with their good counsels, notably Mr. Sidney Low, who became much interested in the scheme and assisted me greatly, editing and bringing out two numbers during my subsequent absence in South Africa. Mr. John Lane, who published the first numbers of the *Review*, was full of ideas, and originated that of having a new cover for each issue. Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, joined the staff and helped in the selection of the bindings, which were to be facsimiles of celebrated books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. They were mostly chosen from examples in the British Museum. He also contributed a short article descriptive of each cover. These essays were admirably carried out, and form a liberal education in book-binding. Mr. Lionel Cust, of the National Portrait Gallery, undertook to supervise the illustrations, which were reproduced as photogravures, and was indefatigable in finding original and interesting subjects. The late Mr. Arthur Strong, librarian of the House of Lords and at Chatsworth, was responsible for the historical matter."

Everybody who knew her, of course, had advice to offer as to the best way in which success might be

assured. Perhaps Lady Randolph listened to too many of these assiduous friends, or the *Anglo-Saxon Review* would have been living still. Looking back, she smiles at the conflicts of opinion:

"'Why don't you have articles in three languages?' said one. 'That would damn it at once!' said another. 'Mind you have something startling in the first number -- "New Ideas on Free Love" or "Sidelights on Royal Courts!"' 'Be lofty in your ambitions; set up a poetical standard to the literary world!' 'Why not get a poem from the Poet Laureate?' 'Or an essay on Bimetallism from Mr. Henry Chaplin?' 'Aim at a glorified *Yellow Book*--that's the thing!' How amusing it all was."

How amusing it all remains; and not the least amusing of its features is the artlessly artful conjunction of the various suggestions as now written by Lady Randolph. John Morley and James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century* gave Lady Randolph "valuable information" as to the financial side of her venture; it was set a-sail at a smart luncheon, and it created a sensation at a dinner given by the Asquiths the same evening, when all the famous guests wrote their signatures on the fly-leaf of a copy which Lady Randolph treasures now more than much fine gold. Lord Rosebery was attacked in an article which got itself by mishap into the *Review* whilst the editress was on holiday. He said he had not seen the article and thought it "very unlikely" he would ever see it, when Lady Randolph wrote to him apologetically; and he prophesied that "the cloven hoof of politics" would do the *Review* no good. Presumably it did not.

But the *Review* drew around Lady Randolph some new friends, and it seems to have drawn closer some old friends. Pearl Craigie was among the latter:

"A brilliant and clever conversationalist, she could hold her own with all manner of men, and yet in the more



From a picture by Turner.

From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," (Edward Arnold.)

Blenheim.

frivolous company, which she often frequented and thoroughly enjoyed, she never talked over people's heads. She had the art of drawing every one out and making them appear at their best. So different to some clever women writers I have met! I recall a luncheon-party being wrecked owing to the presence of a well-known authoress who persistently directed the conversation on to her own subjects, which were as erudite and pedantic as they were uncongenial to the rest of the company. I always made it a point to go to Mrs. Craigie's plays, and we had many discussions about them."

Lady Randolph publishes several bright letters from Mrs. Craigie, arising out of a debate between the two on the subject of "A Repentance." In one of these letters the dramatist says:

"My object was not to display inhuman excellence but a psychological diagram of the Carlist question. Perhaps this is too daring an experiment for the stage. All the same, the experiment was worth trying. Browning, in his dramatic romances, always made a soul's crisis (lasting but a few moments) the test of a life. I thought this might be done on the stage. . . . You are quite right—too right, my dear—about the squalid side of literary life. Sometimes I get so sick of it that I long to retire to some lonely hill-top and meditate on the Four Last Things. But, after all, we cannot make terms with existence; we must cultivate our garden and a sense of humour, and for the rest God Almighty and the Devil can deal with that."

Mrs. Craigie's plays were not commercially so successful as her novels; as a rule the better class of dramatic critic was kinder to them than the public, but apparently in the case of "A Repentance" the Press was unusually severe. Lady Randolph wrote to the dramatist in protest against the tone of some of the newspaper criticisms; and Mrs. Craigie replied with a note that would have created something of a stir had it been published in her lifetime. She said:

"Alexander is the one manager in London who will try experiments, and he always responds to good art, good music, and the like. Remember what the English stage is—the dramatic critics are not all educated men like William Archer and Walkley, the public are patient, the actors mostly amateurs. . . . Poor Stephen Phillips! it is hard indeed for him to have his magnificent tragedy published before it is acted. What an outrage it would be if these uneducated pressmen had the first fling at work of such quality. . . .

"As for criticism, if one gives work to the general public, one has to accept the fate of an Aunt Sally, so far as the journalists are in question. These detest every educated influence, particularly on platforms and the stage. They fear the brightening of the average intelligence—for in the

imbecility of the mob (well dressed and otherwise) is the hack journalist's strength. But the times are changing rapidly. The mob—as a mob—is becoming well-read, even philosophical, the Press in England has less power, and the country more power every day. Mistakes are certainly made in the House of Commons (where the average intelligence is not startling) because it is assumed that electors and others are mentally afflicted. I see much of the labouring classes and the Nonconformist classes; the individuality and independence of each unit in these forces is extraordinary. I hold that nothing (either in the good sense or high art) is really beyond them. Where they do not wholly comprehend they are slow in forming judgments. They reject nothing hastily. The discipline of their daily lives is the best of educations; and where the so-called lower classes of England are concerned I am full of hope. Our trouble lies with the sham-educated—the Bounderbys and lampooners, or the Press—the 'better vulgar' in middle-class life. . . . There's a jaw for poor Jennie with a big Quarterly in tow."

Mrs. Craigie was a musician of parts; and Lady Randolph and she "sometimes played together at concerts," and on one occasion with Mlle. Janotha

they gave Bach's Concerto in D minor for three pianos at Queen's Hall. "This," says Lady Randolph, "was the only time I ever remember enjoying playing in public." It was through her instrumentality that a medallion in honour of Pearl Craigie was placed in University College, where the novelist studied, and an annual scholarship will help to keep her memory green.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford sent her play, "The Likeness of the Night," to Lady Randolph, and it was published before



The Three Misses Jerome.

"The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." (Edward Arnold.)

production in the pages of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Shortly afterwards Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, "A Debt of Honour," was staged; and its similarity to the Clifford play led to a heated disputation in the Press. Mrs. Clifford wrote that her play had appeared in the *Review*—"for all who run and pay a guinea to read." Mr. Grundy retorted that he did not run, he did not pay a guinea, nor had met any one yet who had done so. Whereupon Lady Randolph genially sent him a presentation copy!

Once upon a time, Lady Randolph lent John Morley a copy of Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème," which he promised to take in such small doses as she prescribed, unless he found it too attractive to lay down. He kept the book so long that she had to ask him about it; and her inquiry drew from the statesman-litterateur a charming note:

"It cuts me to the heart," he said, "that I should have given you cause to suspect me of being a book-stealer. I

have suffered too much from that evil tribe. . . . The truth is that I knew you were away from home and so I kept it. I am shocked to find the dilapidated condition of the poor lady. I think, however, she was rather ragged when she reached me. I had half a mind to send her to be bound, but I thought you might have fancies of your own about bindings, as I have. . . . It has amused me very much indeed, and I am most grateful to you. I am devoted to French literature, but the modern French novel is rather too horrid for me, who was reared on George Sand."

Bernard Shaw was invited by Lady Randolph to a luncheon party and replied by wire: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" Lady Randolph's rejoinder, telegraphed also, ran: "Know nothing of your habits: hope they are not as bad as your manners." Whereupon Mr. Shaw wrote a long and diverting letter of explanation, appealing to Lady Randolph to "be reasonable," because he could not eat "the unfortunate dead animals and things" she must provide for her other guests, and he did not like to dress carefully and behave properly, and he had work to do. "If you propose anything pleasant to me, I shall reply with equal flatness: 'I will,'" he added; and he concluded:

"I won't lunch with you; I won't dine with you; I

won't call on you; I won't take the smallest part in your social routine. . . . Only, if I can be of any real service at any time, that is what I exist for; so you may command me. To which you will no doubt reply: 'Thank you for nothing; you would say the same to anybody.' So I would, but it is a great concession to write at such length to a lady who has bludgeoned me with an invitation to lunch. So there!"

Paul Bourget, in one of his letters to Lady Randolph, quoted Tourgenieff as saying the last word that could be said about it, when he declared: "La vie est une affaire brutale." It may be so; but it is also a very absorbing affair for some people, and it must have been so for Lady Randolph Churchill. In her book we find first-hand stories of our late Queen and our present King and Queen, of the German Royal family, of the murdered Empress of Austria, of the Shah of Persia, of ex-King Milan, of Rhodes, Boulanger, the Bismarcks, Mrs. Langtry, Colonel North, Sam Lewis (the moneylender, who said after a visit to Italy: "You can 'ave Rome!"), of Dizzy—"looking like a black sphinx"—of Gladstone, and of practically all the other significant names in modern politics and society. Few volumes of "Reminiscences" are so crammed with strange but true tales; fewer still have been written with so piquant an audacity.

THE LATEST FOREIGN CRITICISM OF MILTON.

BY JANE T. STODDART.

THE approaching tercentenary of Milton's birth has attracted the interest of foreign critics, and since 1903 there have been some notable additions to the large Continental literature on this subject. There are three recent books, especially, which deserve the attention of English readers.

"GIOVANNI MILTON E L'ITALIA."*

It need hardly be said that our great poet has always had a numerous circle of admirers in Italy. The Italians are proud of the fact that John Milton paid a long visit to their country, lived in their greatest cities—Florence, Rome, and Venice—made many friends in Italy, and appreciated

their language and literature. Germans are sometimes disposed to claim Shakespeare as a German poet, and Italian critics, with better excuse, discover that Milton drew all his loftiest inspirations from Italian sources. Leonora Baroni, whose singing Milton heard at a concert in the Barberini palace, and to whom he addressed three Latin epigrams, becomes, in the view of an Italian enthusiast, "una figura ideale di donna," comparable to Dante's Beatrice; who

shook the poet's soul with passion and became the goddess of his fancy. Leonora is pictured as a visionary queen who stooped over Milton in his darkness and "taught him the sweet songs of Paradise."

There is much that is dreamy and sentimental in recent Italian writing on Milton, but there is one work



Photo by C. S. Sargison, Burnley.

Ludlow Castle.

the first performance of Milton's "Comus."

* "Giovanni Milton e l'Italia." By Ettore Alodoli. (1907.)



*From an engraving after
the painting by Fauthorne.*

John Milton.

of real learning and value which will interest all who have attempted to follow him in his Italian journey. This is the book published last year by Signor Ettore Allodoli under the title "Giovanni Milton e l'Italia."

The writer reminds us that Milton's literary activity developed after the fertile Elizabethan period, during which Italy exercised her most important influence on English thought.

"In the first half of the seventeenth century other currents of ideas, other forms of art, reached England from France and Spain. Though it is easy to recognise in these French and Spanish influences the traces of that Italianism which from the Renaissance onwards had pervaded all civilised Europe, we may say, speaking generally, that the death of Elizabeth (1603) marked the close of the period of eager and rapid direct assimilation from Italian thought and literary forms."

The Italian scholar points out that the great English poets of earlier days, such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, regarded Italy quite differently from the modern romantic poets, such as Byron, Shelley, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and Swinburne:

"The heart of these romantic poets beats in unison with that of the Italians; for them Italy is a great and noble nation, blessed by nature, worthy of rising yet again to the loftiest destinies. Byron, Browning, Swinburne, Landor, loved Italy, but they also loved the Italians. They did not think of the country as distinct from its inhabitants. The aspiration of the Italians towards freedom and independence became the aspiration of these English poets, who rejoiced in the victories of Italy and mourned over her defeats. The joys of the Italians were their joys: their griefs

were felt as personal sorrows; and it is known that the premature death of Count Cavour shortened the life of Elizabeth Browning."

To the earlier English poets, on the contrary, Italy seemed a vast museum, marvellous in its monuments, profoundly interesting in its relics of antiquity. The inhabitants were "denounced as hypocrites, sensualists, jealous and violent men."

Signor Allodoli thinks that although Italian influence is strongly marked in the works of Milton, it was a purely external influence. Milton remained profoundly English, and, like Shakespeare, had "una tempra magnifica d'ingegno barbarico."

The plan of Signor Allodoli's work may be briefly outlined. He begins with a chapter on "Italian Elements in the Youthful Writings of Milton." Next, he proceeds to narrate in detail all the facts that can be learned about the Italian journey. He repeats that story—beloved by Italian students of Milton—of the poet's inspiration in his Cambridge days. While wandering in the country, Milton grew tired and went to sleep under a tree. Two Italian ladies, passing by in a carriage, were amazed to note the beauty of the slumbering youth. The lovelier of the two got out and placed in Milton's hand a piece of paper, on which were written two verses of Tasso. Scarcely had the ladies disappeared when other undergraduates, who had watched the scene, hurried up, awoke Milton and told him what had happened. From that time onwards he felt the strongest desire to visit Italy and to find, if possible, the fair unknown.

Signor Allodoli adds: "The true reason for the journey was not any motive of this kind, but the humanistic education which young Milton had received." He admits that the legend is entirely without foundation.

A point which interests critics like Allodoli and Alfredo Reumont is whether Milton met Galileo on his first visit to Florence in the autumn of 1638, or on his second visit in the spring of 1639. Alfredo



Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

**The Council Chamber,
Ludlow Castle.**

The room in which Milton's "Comus" was first performed.



Photo by A. A. Temple.

Milton's House, Chalfont St. Giles.

Reumont thought that the visit to Galileo must have taken place on the earlier occasion, because Milton made himself suspected at Rome on account of his religion. His boldness not only infuriated the English Jesuits, but caused others to withhold civilities. Galileo was closely watched by the ecclesiastical authorities; Milton, in 1639, seems to have been a marked man also, and it would probably have been difficult for him to obtain an introduction to the astronomer on his return to Florence. The question of the date of the visit is not of great importance, and we must remember that the surveillance of the Inquisition over Galileo did not prevent other non-Catholic strangers from obtaining access to him. German merchants brought him a gold chain, and were allowed to give him a letter.*

The remaining part of Signor Allodoli's work deals with such questions as "The Supposed Italian Sources of Milton," "The Sonnets," "Samson Agonistes" (which is held to be full of traces of Italian influence), "Milton and Italian Music," etc. The most instructive sections are those entitled "Milton and Italian Criticism," and "Italian Translations of 'Paradise Lost' and the smaller works."

The writing of the book has evidently been a labour of love, and it will take a permanent place in the Milton literature.

A GERMAN VIEW OF MILTON.

Among the most recent German writing on Milton, we may call attention to the work of Dr. Wilhelm

* Italian scholars have added comparatively little to our knowledge of Milton's stay in Italy. For the facts, they fall back on Milton's own statements, and on his great biographer, "il Masson."

Schmidt of Breslau, which, like that of Signor Allodoli, was published last year. It is entitled "Der Kampf um den Sinn des Lebens," and deals with the varying lessons we may learn as to the true meaning of life from six great writers — Dante, Milton, Voltaire, Rousseau, Carlyle, and Ibsen.*

Professor Schmidt compares Milton, in his attitude towards life, with the Chorus of the ancient drama:

"He does not, indeed, look on in passionless calm, like the ancient Chorus, but sometimes in righteous wrath, again in wailing sorrow, and again in flaming enthusiasm. Nor was he without a personal share in the action and a personal influence upon it. Still he does accompany, as the

Chorus did, the conflicts which surrounded him in his own time: and pronounces upon them a judgment which rises to the heights of wisdom, is concerned with man as man, and turns our minds beyond the present to the true meaning of life."

Professor Schmidt dwells on the high moral value of Milton's writings, and especially of "Paradise Lost."

* "Der Kampf um den Sinn des Lebens von Dante bis Ibsen." Von Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt. 2 vols. (1907.)

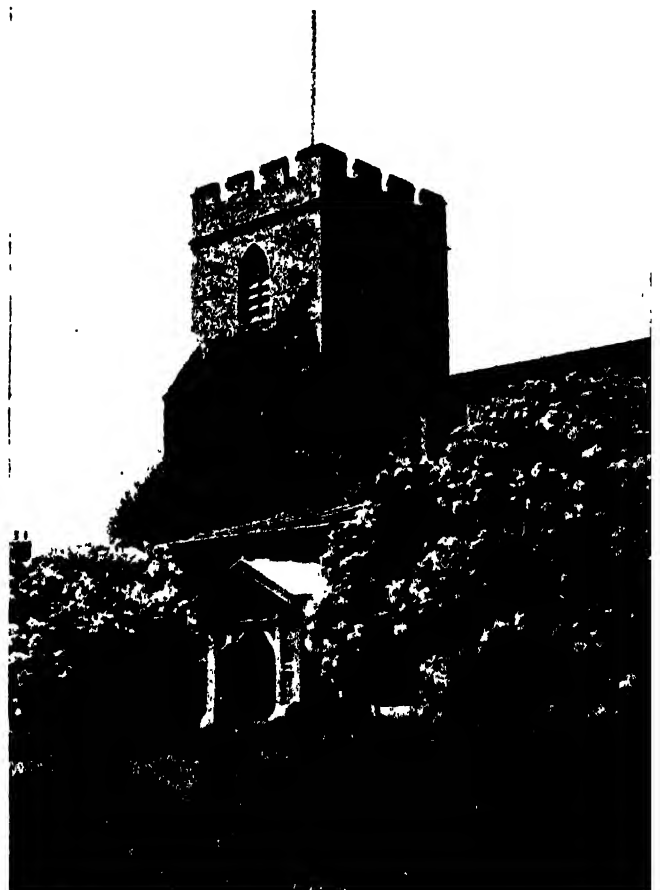


Photo by A. A. Temple.

The Church at Chalfont St. Giles
With lilac bushes in flower.

He believes that in all countries where the great epic is read it will stir the human heart and awaken sympathy for a world of spiritual thought which is not far from any one of us, and from whose influence no soul can withdraw itself.

"It lives to-day and will go on living—an immortal masterpiece—as long as the human soul keeps alive that most human of all things in humanity—the inextinguishable striving after moral ideals and after the ennobling of personal character."

Dr. Schmidt adds:

"Dante, the exile, teaches us that our true Fatherland is the home in God. Milton, the Republican, after his many disappointments, tells us that man's Paradise lies in his innocence; in his willing what God wills. From each poet we receive the same answer; there is no true well-being for man except the Eden within his soul, which is peace with God."

MILTON IN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

We have space for only the briefest mention of a very useful little volume, with an excellent bibliography, entitled "*Milton dans la Littérature française*" (1904). The author, Dr. John Martin Telleen, is a graduate of Yale who took his doctor's degree four years ago in Paris, and published through Messrs. Hachette this "*Thèse de Doctorat*." He traces the entire course of Milton criticism in France during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The most instructive chapters are those dealing with Voltaire and Chateaubriand. Dr. Telleen's study of ephemeral sources has been remarkably full and varied. In his "*Liste chronologique*" he names, however, only six French writers—including Dupré, Texte, and Jusserand—who added anything to the Milton literature between 1894 and 1901.

* "*Milton dans la Littérature française*." Par John Martin Telleen. (Hachette, 1904.)

CHRISTMAS IN FAIRYLAND.

EVERY schoolboy knows who discovered America, but no one can tell us the name of the man who first set foot in Fairyland. Who he was, in what lucky dream, by what happy, moonlit paths he found his way there; with what eager wonder he was listened to when he came back, with the first of fairy-tales, to the workaday earth from which he had wandered—there is no record of these things, and never will be now. The learned who have gone laboriously dredging after facts and probabilities say that our earliest knowledge of the realm of Faery came to us from India and

Persia; they have succeeded in tracing the genealogy of Puck and Oberon and Titania, can trace the development of fay, gnome, elf, ghoul, brownie, goblin, jinn, and geni back to obscure German, Arabian, Scandinavian, Icelandic, Chaldean origins; but when you inquire for the beneficent pioneer who was the first that ever burst into that dazzling sphere of wizardry where the little people dwell, they can give you no information, nor even so much as a plausible conjecture about him. Columbus is celebrated in song and story, in marble and bronze, but the discoverer of this other new world, that is worth infinitely more to us than all the wealth of the Americas, sleeps unhonoured and unsung, because he is unknown.

Depend upon it, anyhow, he was some careless, wandering vagrant of no importance, and without a penny in his pocket, who thus bequeathed to us "a royal jointure all in Fairyland," and made us so rich for life; some man with the heart of a child who had never so dimmed his eyes with work that he could see nothing but his wages; some boy, who, like Peter Pan, never grew up. As for the way to that world—you can get to it by all roads, for it is everywhere, and, nowadays, there is no difficulty in getting to it either. You simply pay your money and book your passage and go there, when you will, more easily than you can go as one of a Cook's tourist party to Egypt, or India, or the uttermost end of the earth, and quicker and more cheaply than you can travel, say, from London to Brighton. You may go by any of the famous routes our fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers, went when they were children: open some book of popular nursery tales, and, unless you have been foolish enough to grow altogether old, you may drop the burdens of this life on the frontier, and be absorbed at once into that magic, unfading country where the Babes are lost in the Wood, where Jack is never done with climbing



Aladdin.

From "*Blossoms from Old Trees*." (Dean.)

the Beanstalk, or slaying the Giants; in which the Prince is for ever arriving and waking the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss.¹ Or you may prefer Arabian Nights and the enthralling marvels of Bagdad, and "Blossoms from Old Trees"² gives you two of the most famous of these tales and adds to them the romances of "Cinderella" and "Little Red Riding Hood"; Swift will take you still to Lilliput,³ the Brothers Grimm⁴ to the region of magic and mystery, the haunt of gnome and goblin and witch and wizard that none has explored more thoroughly than they. (If you are a small child learning French, here is Grimm in that language⁵ to make learning a pleasure, and here, in the same language,⁶ the kindly Hans Andersen will conduct you to his isle of gentler fays and more lovable spirits.) Our own Lewis Carroll⁷ will lead you with Alice again through his Wonderland of quaint fantasy and undying laughter; or you may go with newer guides to fresh woods and pastures new, for the world of Faery, like every other world, has many different countries in it, but all of them are enchanted; it has its North and South Poles too, and its glamorous undiscovered tracts that will give scope to adventurers and explorers till the end of time.

And every year comes Christmas with the old books in his arms; and not the old ones only: every year he brings new ones also, some of them as good as the old. It was a memorable year—over a decade past—when Kipling discovered the Jungle Fairyland and gave us those tales of Toomai and his Elephants and the Black Snake, Kala Nag; of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, the mongoose, and Darzee, the tailor-bird, and Chuchundra, the musk-rat; and, above all, the tremendous story of Mowgli, and the Lone Wolf, and Shere Khan the Tiger, and all the rest of the Jungle People; and this year Christmas brings yet another new edition⁸ of what is surely one of the most vivid and fascinating fairy-books that was ever printed. Here, too, in that Christmas pack, are new editions of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring"⁹ with his own quaint illustrations;

¹ "Yarns for Youngsters." Illustrated. 1s. (Dean).—
"My Own Nursery Story Book." Illustrated. Cloth, 2s.
Boards, 1s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

² "Blossoms from Old Trees." 1s. (Dean.)

³ "Gulliver's Travels." Swift's Works. Vols. V. and VI. 2s. net. (Greening.)

⁴ "Grimm's Fairy Tales." With 12 Coloured Plates and many other Illustrations by J. R. Moise. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

⁵ "Contes de Grimm." Par Kathleen Fitzgerald. Illustrés par Gilbert James. (Londres: Siegle, Hill et Cie.)

⁶ "Contes d'Andersen." Par Kathleen Fitzgerald. Illustrés par Gilbert James. (Londres: Siegle, Hill et Cie.)

⁷ "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. With 8 Coloured and 42 other Illustrations by W. H. Walker. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. With 8 Coloured Plates and 112 other Illustrations by Charles Robinson. 5s. (Cassell.)

⁸ "The Jungle Book." By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations in Colour by Maurice and Edward Detmold. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

⁹ "The Rose and the Ring." By M. A. Titmarsh. Illustrated. 1s.



♣ ♣ Jorinde and Joringel ♣ ♣

"Joringel perceived the old woman secretly taking away one of the baskets."

From "Grimm's Fairy Tales." (Cassell.)

and of those richest and greatest of fairy-tales, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"¹ and "The Tempest,"² for, of course, the play that gives us Ariel, the magic island and the attendant spirits of Prospero has its scenes in Fairyland. The colour pictures in these last and in "The Jungle Book" are things of sheer beauty and delight, catching the very spirit and atmosphere of the tales they illustrate.

But it will save time and the need of tedious repetition to say once for all that all these fairy books are illustrated, in colour or in black and white, and, in their widely different styles, admirably illustrated too. You have the bleakness and mists and barrenness of Northern airs and scenery in the sixteen pictures by various artists that illustrate the stories from the Eddas and Sagas "Told by the Northmen," and retold here by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton—grim, grey, vigorous stories of giants and gods and dwarfs, that have none of the colour and ornate splendour of the Arabian Nights,

¹ "A Midsummer Night's Dream." With Illustrations in Colour by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

² "The Tempest." With Illustrations in Colour by Edmund Dulac. Edition de luxe, 42s. net; popular edition, 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Tempest." With illustrations in Colour by Paul Woodroffe. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

³ "Told by the Northmen." Retold by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)



A dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion."

but yet have a pathos and grotesquerie, an interest and abiding charm of their own; and all the grace and daintiness and airy gaiety that belong to the sunnier side of Fairyland dances and flutters and laughs in the illustrations to "The Fairies' Fountain,"¹ to "Legends from Fairyland,"² and to "The Snow King,"³ as perfectly as in the stories themselves.

Mrs. Bourhill and Mrs. Drake have been exploring and discovered a new tract of Fairyland in the Dark Continent. Their "Fairy Tales from South Africa"⁴ are the real fairy stories that are told by Swazi and Zulu and Kafir mothers and fathers to the little black children of their tribes. They are real in the sense that they are traditional, have been handed down from generation to generation and are still treasured and told in the native villages. "The Kafirs are afraid white people would laugh at them, and so they will only begin if they are quite sure you are really interested. Even then, they never like to tell the tales by daylight, for they say that if they do so a wicked spirit will cause a horn to grow in the middle of their forehead, and they will become as ugly as an Imbula"—otherwise, an ogre. Monsters and elves and ogres, talking birds and animals, all manner of startling and miraculous happenings go to the making of these stories, as they do to the making of ours, and they are narrated with an imaginative simplicity and directness that grip and hold your attention as they must have held that of many a wide-eyed, dusky audience of picanninies by the fire at the door of the kraal.

This primitive simplicity and directness of

¹ "The Fairies' Fountain, and Other Stories." By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. With Illustrations by Charles Robinson. 5s. (Fairbairns.)

² "Legends from Fairyland." By Holme Lee. With Illustrations by Reginald L. and Horace J. Knowles. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

³ "The Snow King." By Nella. With Illustrations by Reginald Rivington. 1s. net. (Sealey Clark.)

⁴ "Fairy Tales from South Africa." Collected from original native sources and arranged by Mrs. E. J. Bourhill and Mrs. J. B. Drake. With Illustrations by W. Herbert Holloway. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

narration are half the charm of the seven quaint, picturesque tales in "The Russian Fairy Book,"¹ and the illustrations in colour curiously and attractively reflect these same qualities. They are essentially the tales of a people who have not yet been sophisticated by civilisation. They are related in just the right tone of child-like belief and matter-of-fact, unselfconscious seriousness; nothing could be more winning nor more satisfying. You go to a very different, a daintier, prettier part of Fairyland when you come to make acquaintance with Mrs. Molesworth's "Fairies—of Sorts."² There are winged and lovely fairies here of the usual kind, and at least one odd and very unusual little sprite, a funny, brown-faced, twinkling-eyed little man who lives in the amazing, old-fashioned clock that groans and growls and ticks excitedly when Rosamond and Louis are idle or quarrel together, and who makes his appearance when the clock stops. A fresh and excellent fantasy this of "The Groaning Clock," and the three stories that follow it deserve their places in the same volume, which is very high praise to give them.

"The Little Maid who Danced to Every Mood"³—who, saying "I never, never can stop dancing as long as I live," dances away from the Prince who wants to marry her, and dances happily across the sea, like a

summer breeze, and escapes into perfect freedom—is exactly the sort of book that younger children love to read. So, too, is "The Apple Pie,"⁴ with the odd figure of the old Grannie seated on the title-page ready to tell her tales to the pretty group of charmingly



"The young Asa knelt before Hela and besought her that Balder might ride home with him."

From "Told by the Northmen." (Harrap.)

¹ "The Russian Fairy Book." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. With Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

² "Fairies—of Sorts." By Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

³ "The Little Maid who Danced to Every Mood." By Helena Nyblom. Illustrated by Agnes Stringer and D. Andrewes. 2s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

⁴ "The Apple Pie, and Other Stories." Retold by Amy Steedman. With Pictures in Colour by Evelyn Beale. 2s. net. T. C. & E. C. Jack.)



"Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de vous asseoir dans le dé de votre mère," dit la petite souris, "et j'aurai l'honneur de vous trainer."

From "Contes d'Andersen." (Siegle, Hill et Cie.)

old-fashioned little children who are gathering round her. This is not a fairy-tale; it is, you know, of the two children who stole the apples out of the pie and were afterwards sorry for it and wanted to be punished; but the second tale in the same volume—that about the Little Old Woman who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle—is as queer and entertaining a fairy-tale as any one could desire.

It was a breeze blowing towards the land of Faery that got into the sails of the boat that was really a lovely shell and blew Buffs and Boy¹ over the sea to the Isles of Innocence, where they were ridiculed by the rude three-legged men directly they landed, and afterwards went through some uncommonly surprising, irresponsibly merry adventures. And it is the same enchanting land, where everything is possible and all things always end happily, that opens before you in "The Magic Wand"² when Harry, who is late for school, picks up a stick, smites a thistle with it and irritably wishes the school were "at Jericho," and forthwith sees that building with everybody in it vanish from before his eyes. He does whatever he likes by means of the wand, and some things by accident that he does not like, but he confesses at the end that he has had "a ripping time altogether," and the reader will not hesitate to admit that what with the tale itself and Rountree's delightfully humorous colour pictures he has had one too.

William Henry also has a ripping time on the Wonderful Isles,³ but he does not always know it; he was frightened out of his wits, for instance, when he had been wrecked on one of the isles and the countless swarm of white rabbits came sweeping down on him;

¹ "Buffs and Boy." By Amy Sims. Illustrated by Reginald Rivington. 2s. 6d. (Sealey Clark.)

² "The Magic Wand." By S. H. Hamer. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by Harry Rountree. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

³ "The Wonderful Isles." By S. H. Hamer. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by Harry Rountree. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

and again, when an enormous arm shot up, and dashed their air-ship to the ground, and William Henry and Sylvia found themselves dropped into a large net by a big black giant. Such things as these are alarming things to have happen to you, but they make capital reading. Nor can you say less of "The Princess and the Dragon."⁴ The Princess is a doll and has a little girl called Edith to wait on her, and it is after the Dragon has made off with the Princess that things begin to occur, for Edith hurries to get assistance and goes in pursuit of her mistress, and if you glance at Hassall's picture of the knight getting ready, or of the knight setting out, with Edith holding his hand and a small page following with his huge helmet, you will guess that this book must be full of the pleasantest laughter, and you will have guessed quite right.

"Adventures in a Noah's Ark"⁵ is not perhaps strictly a fairy-tale, but the things that happen in it are the sort of things that happen only in Fairyland, for you find the wooden animals coming to life and doing all manner of diverting things and talking in merry rhymes. The "Stories from the Ballads,"⁶ retold by Mary Macgregor, are the very stories to read aloud to the youngsters round the Christmas hearth, and the romance of Thomas the Rhymer and the Queen of Elfland will be asked for as often as any in the book. No less beautifully produced, and no less alluring, are the "Stories of Siegfried,"⁷ who was "born a Prince and grew to be a hero with a heart of gold"—and they are told again for children with a simplicity and imaginative charm that all children will know how to appreciate.

Of course, there are some people who say they do not believe in fairies, but I confess at once that I don't know how they can do it. For if you cannot believe in the simple, well-known, old-established Fairyland that every natural child is willing to take on trust, how are you going to believe in the greater marvels of the fairy-land of science? After all, our own earth is only one of the many provinces of the land of Faery, and the facts of nature and the known universe that are gathered up into such an instructive series as Chambers's Wonder Books⁸ are infinitely more wonderful and at least as interesting as are the other marvels that are told about those other and perhaps less important provinces.

¹ "The Princess and the Dragon." By S. H. Hamer. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by John Hassall and T. Butler-Stoney. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

² "Adventures in a Noah's Ark." By A. W. B. Illustrated by C. Aubrey Moore. 1s. net. (Headley.)

³ "Stories from the Ballads." Told to the Children by Mary Macgregor. With Pictures by Katharine Cameron. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

⁴ "Stories of Siegfried." Told to the Children by Mary Macgregor. With Pictures by Granville Fell. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

⁵ "The Atmosphere." By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)—"Volcanoes and Earthquakes." By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)—"Photography for Young People." By Tudor Jenks. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)—"Electricity for Young People." By Tudor Jenks. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

THE IMPOLITE DRAMATIST AND THE DRAMATISED NOVEL.

BY SYDNEY GRUNDY, LOUIS N. PARKER, W. J. LOCKE, JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY,

MRS. M. E. FRANCIS, J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, MARTIN HARVEY,

LENA ASHWELL, GEORGE ALEXANDER, SIR CHARLES

WYNDHAM, AND W. H. KENDAL.

THERE are certain ancient grievances between the author and the actor, the playwright and the player, that would seem to be hereditary and ineradicable. You have glimpses of them in Sheridan's "Critic," where, you remember, Puff the dramatist expresses perfect confidence in the intelligence of the actors until occasion arises for the exercise of his faith. Just before the rehearsal of his tragedy commences, the Under Prompter announces that they are ready to begin, but the author will notice that the first scene is very short, as "all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them."

"PUFF. Hey! What?"

"UNDER PROMPTER. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence."

"PUFF. Well, well.—They are in general very good judges, and I know I am luxuriant.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please."

But directly an omission from his dialogue is apparent he breaks in upon the performers excitedly:

"PUFF. Heyday! here's a cut! What! Are all the mutual protestations out?"

"TILBURINA. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here: you ruin our feelings."

"PUFF. Your feelings! But, zounds, my feelings, ma'am!"

And a little later, missing an entire scene, he anxiously demands what has become of it:

"UNDER PROMPTER. Sir, the performers have cut it out."

"PUFF. What, the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?"

"UNDER PROMPTER. Yes, sir."

"PUFF. And the description of her horse and saddle?"

"UNDER PROMPTER. Yes, sir."

"PUFF. So, so; this is very fine, indeed! Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?"

"MR. HOPKINS (within). Sir, indeed, the pruning knife—"

"PUFF. The pruning knife!—zounds!—the axe! Why, here has been such a lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently!—Very well, sir, the performers must do as they please: but, upon my soul, I'll print every word . . . Zounds! I would not have parted with the description of the horse! . . . Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things.—Very well, sir, let them go."

Some half-century, or more, before Sheridan's day, you find that pleasant old egotist Colley Cibber protesting, in his *Apology for his Life*, against the "fine gentlemen authors" who sneer that the stage is like to be finely governed "when actors pretend to be judges of authors," and who,

when it proves a failure, publish their play and declare, in a preface, that it was the actors who marred its success.

You catch echoes of the same or similar old complaints in Miss Ellen Terry's delightful "Story of My Life," when she remarks on the importance, in the life of the stage, of the relation that exists between author and actor. "It is the way with some dramatists," she says, "to despise those who interpret their plays, to accuse us of ruining their creations, to suffer disappointment and rage because we do not or cannot carry out their ideas. Other dramatists admit that we players can teach them something; but I have noticed that it is generally in 'the other fellow's' play that we can teach them, not in their own."

Which is, of course, a matter of personal experience, just as another observation of Miss Terry's, to the effect that "Plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory," is, more or less, a matter of opinion.



"The first person she met was the milkmaid."
From "The Fairies' Fountain." (Fairbairns.)



From "Legends from Fairy Land." (Chatto.)

Therefore, we have put both points to several leading dramatists and actors, with the following very interesting results:

SYDNEY GRUNDY

is one of those other dramatists.

(1) If "it is the way with some dramatists" to affect "to despise those who interpret their plays," I think it is only a pose; and I am glad that Miss Terry does not lend her gracious countenance to the illusion that all playwrights think their work perfect and themselves omniscient. Of course players can teach authors something. The arts of the twain overlap, and are often combined in one individual, but they are distinct. The author, however, naturally understands his own intention better than anybody else, and as a rule, the more accomplished the player, the more amenable he is to suggestions. I say, "he," because I never met the actress who was not delightful.

(2) Plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory for many reasons, the chief being that the novel owes no allegiance to the "unities," which are the impracticable ideal of the play. To produce the stage equivalent of an ordinary novel, from twelve to twenty acts might be required; and even then only the longer lapses of time could be indicated.

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

LOUIS N. PARKER

runs away.

The first passage from Miss Ellen Terry's delightful book raises a question which, in my opinion, is much too wide and complicated for summary treatment in a short letter, and you must forgive me if I slip between your fingers and run away from it.

On the second point I am very nearly in complete agreement with her. The English novel does not, as a rule, make an artistic play.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

W. J. LOCKE

takes a practical view.

(1) I think that if an actor totally fails to carry out an author's idea of any particular character, it is the author's own fault. It is his business to know the *personnel* of the profession and he should not have chosen or allowed the manager to choose an obviously unsuitable interpreter. My own very pleasant experience of stage life has been that the members of the company, from star to humblest satellite, are only too anxious to realise the author's conceptions. Often a player (I use the word because it includes both sexes) sees in a part possibilities which the author has never suspected. When a new production is in rehearsal, every one, from manager, author, and star to the call boy, is in a state of tense anxiety for the success of the play, and all do their best work. But we mortals are not infallible, not even the youngest dramatist or the newest leading lady.

(2) I can only say that the success of the dramatised novel depends entirely on the dramatic qualities of the novel and the dramatic talent of the dramatiser.

W. J. LOCKE.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

pays a tribute to the players

Speaking for myself I can only say that I have always found the relations between author and actor to be most harmonious and successful. There may be dramatists who despise their interpreters; of them I know nothing, but it is my conviction that even the most experienced dramatic author cannot but gain valuable aid from the player with whom he is associated. I can only recall with pleasure the times when I have worked with such artists as Mr. E. H. Sothern, Mr. Alexander, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Lewis Waller, and I gladly recognise the value of their sympathetic suggestions. But what applies to the leaders in their profession applies I think in no less degree to the greater part of actors, whose earnestness and intelligence are of so much service during the rehearsal of a play.

As to your second question, I think that, speaking generally, plays adapted from novels are unsatisfactory. I usually write a play and a novel upon the same theme, but the play is written first and the novel is merely built up around the existing dramatic action.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

MRS. M. E. FRANCIS
and the dramatised novel.

Perhaps in some respects I have been exceptionally fortunate. Such dramatic versions of my work as have appeared have for the most part been prepared by myself, and in the case of "Fiander's Widow," my collaborator, Mr. Sydney Valentine, was as anxious to adhere to the spirit of the book as I could have been.

On the other hand I cannot but admit that the dramatic version of another book of mine, now in preparation, is equally satisfactory, though I have had no share in it, and it has departed in some measure from the original. I think that authors must always learn much from artistic actors.

MARY BLUNDELL.
("M. E. FRANCIS.")

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON
emphasises the "some."

I quite agree with Miss Terry "that it is the way of *some* dramatists to despise those who interpret their plays." You will notice Miss Terry says "*some*." I have known a few brilliant exceptions. Yes, "plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory." It does not follow that they may not be very popular. Many shockingly bad plays have made fortunes.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

MARTIN HARVEY
points to "The Only Way."

My experience with authors leads me to say that the greater the author the more tolerant he is of the short-comings of his interpreters.

I had not the honour of being a member of Shakespeare's Company, but you will call to mind the kindly and tolerant way in which he always refers to his actors.

With regard to dramatic versions of books, I fear my experience with "The Only Way" closes my mouth for ever with regard to the unsatisfactory result of a dramatised novel!

MARTIN HARVEY.

MISS LENA ASHWELL
has no fault to find.

There may be dramatists who despise those who interpret their plays—there may even be dramatists who have had just cause to do so—personally, I have had no experience in that direction, and I leave you to decide whether that is the result of good luck or good management.

In dealing with an author, one makes a contract. If the author is difficult to deal with, why enter into a contract with him? Or if one has done so, and he insists on the terms of the contract being carried out, why grumble?

Plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory, but many plays which come under this heading have been highly successful.

LENA ASHWELL.

GEORGE ALEXANDER
instances "The Prisoner of Zenda."

My association with dramatic authors has always been of the pleasantest kind. I owe them much, and have constant proofs that my work is appreciated by them.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," adapted from Anthony Hope's story by him and Edward Rose, has been one of my greatest successes.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

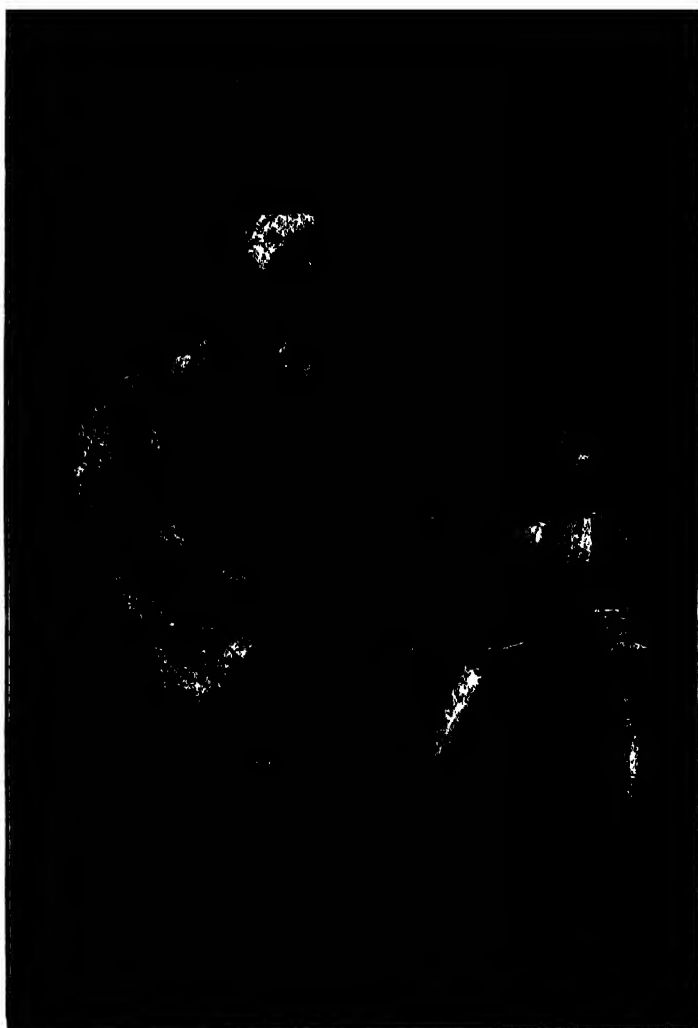
SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM
plays Brer Rabbit.

I am so sorry that I cannot assist you in the matter, I personally not having seen much difference of opinion between author and actor. It is nearly always a question of personality.

CHAS. WYNDHAM.

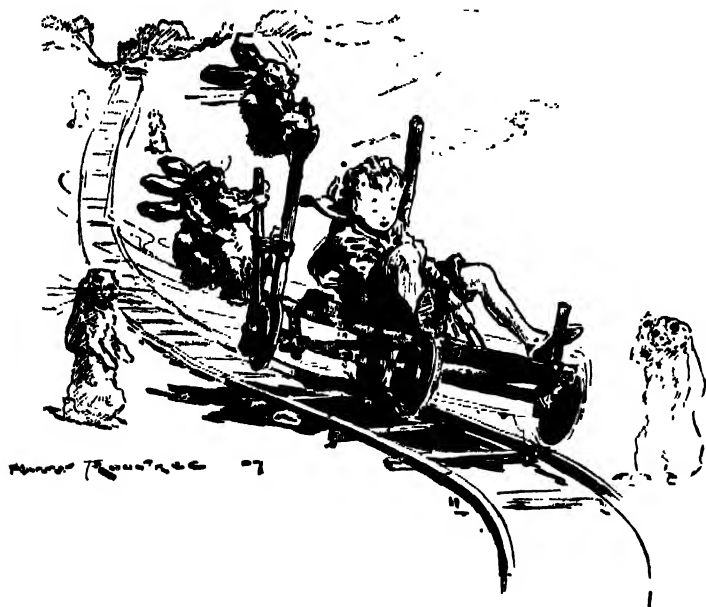
W. H. KENDAL
has never met that dramatist.

No experience of mine leads me to think that the "dramatist despises the actor," nor can I believe it to be true—at any rate, I have never, to my knowledge, come across him! It is to the author's interest to work in



"Both the girls were looking at him, intense earnestness in their beautiful eyes, and he felt something he had never felt before. 'There's scarcely any for you,' he murmured."

From "Fairies—of Sorts." (Macmillan.)



"There were two or three rabbits hanging on to the car behind."
From "The Wonderful Isles." (Duckworth.)

harmony with the actor, and I have never, in my long

experience, found the author—with perhaps one or two solitary exceptions—difficult to deal with. On the contrary, I have found him most agreeable and amenable, and always ready to recognise and appreciate the actor's interpretation of his work, when the interpretation merited it!

With regard to whether plays adapted from novels are generally satisfactory, I cannot express an opinion, only having played in two—"East Lynne" and "The Ironmaster"—both enormously successful! And, as I write, many come to my mind, such as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Trilby," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Little Minister," "Joe" ("Bleak House"), "The Morals of Marcus," "Idols," and a host of others I could name that have been huge successes!

W. H. KENDAL.

P.S.—This embraces Mrs. Kendal's experience as well as my own.

TWO CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

WHATEVER else in "My Story" * may be open to question, there can be no denying that it is one of the most attractive and entirely interesting of the various autobiographical volumes that this year of grace has given us. Long as it is, I have read it through at a sitting, and, having enjoyed every page of it, am in no mood to imitate some critics who are, I see, disputing the accuracy of certain of Mr. Hall Caine's views—those concerning Rossetti, for instance. He was intimate with Rossetti, and has set down quite frankly his recollections, opinions, and impressions of him, and it is not for me to object to them merely because they do not square with the recollections, opinions, and impressions of somebody else. They happen to be his; that is their value. If he had trimmed them to make them match with the records of other people, they would, of course, have been valueless.

There is one small point, however, on which I do think Mr. Hall Caine is mistaken. "Thinking it may cheer the beginner who is trudging through the dark ways of the literary life, knee-deep in disappointments, to see how stiff a struggle it was to me," he says, "I will gladly show how modest were my earnings during many of my earlier years." He goes on to confess that for some time he was earning about two hundred a year from the *Liverpool Mercury*, "eked out by perhaps a hundred more from the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*," but as this did not leave him sufficient leisure to write his first novel, he arranged to do less work for the *Mercury* and reduce his salary by one half. When that first novel was written, he received a hundred

pounds for its serial use, "but when I came to publish the book, all I could get was seventy-five pounds for the copyright out-and-out." For his second book he fared "only a little better," and for his third he was paid "one hundred and fifty pounds in all."

There is nothing at all dazzling about these figures, but I fancy if any thirty successful novelists were asked if they considered such facts as representing a "stiff struggle" for a beginner, about twenty-nine of them would answer that, compared with their own experiences. Mr. Hall Caine's beginnings were rather soft and luxurious.

But, as Mr. Hall Caine premises, this "Story" of his is not so much an autobiographical fragment as an account of his literary relations with several authors who were already famous when he was on the threshold of his career. In the main, his personal history is limited to the first twenty-five years of his life, by the end of which time he had served in an architect's office, and done a good deal of work as a journalist; but throughout, something of his private record is necessarily woven into his reminiscences of others. Where the whole book is so alive with interest it is not easy to select particular passages for quotation, and I find I have marked so many more than I can by any possibility use, that I am going to choose two that are fairly representative, and chance to be also appropriate to the time.

Recalling his early days in the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine describes the quaint, sometimes grimly harsh, customs, manners, and religious observances of the island, and here is a vivid little sketch of the celebration of Christmas there:

* "My Story." By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"What left, perhaps, the strongest impression on my mind



"The children trotted hand-in-hand down the garden path and out of the gate."
From "Buffs and Biv," (T. Sealey Clark.)

were the many proofs that the Church belonged to the people, and that there were times when they could almost go the length of turning the parson out of it. One of these was Christmas Eve, when it was the custom of the parishoners to hold a service by themselves. The service was called 'Oiel Veree' (the Eve of Mary), and consisted of the singing of 'carvels' (carols), some of them sacred, and often shockingly crude in their literary colouring, but most of them secular and sometimes profane in both senses. I dare say the original aim of the 'Oiel Veree' was to deepen the spiritual life of the people by means of the only old poetic literature the island possessed; but in my early days it was made an excuse for scenes that were often more amusing than reverential.

"We all took candles to church, I remember, and he d them lighted in our hands as we sat in the pews while the carol-singers, generally two abreast, walked down the central aisle, beginning at the porch, and facing the altar, and taking a step forward at the conclusion of every verse. The carols most in favour were those that gave the raciest paraphrase of incidents in the Old Testament, and one that consisted of a running commentary on all the bad women in the Bible was especially popular. By way of punctuating the points of such productions we threw dried peas and sometimes our candles at the performers, with results that were not always an honour to the parish church. Naturally the clergy were not usually favourable to the annual service as it used to be performed, and, being powerless to abolish a time-honoured custom, they made many angry protests. I

remember one such protest that came like a boomerang, when it was aimed at a half-witted carvel-singer named Billy Corkill. Old Billy and I were going to Oiel Veree when he met the parson, a testy person, coming out of the church.

"Mind you behave yourselves to-night," said the parson, "and don't turn my church into a bear-garden."

"The church is the people's, I'm thinkin'," said Billy.

"The people are as impudent as goats," said the parson, whereupon Billy, without turning a hair, quietly replied:

"Aw, well, you are the shepherd, so just make sheeps of them."

Probably the most intensely interesting section of the book is that which comprises the twelve or thirteen chapters narrating the tale of Mr. Hall Caine's acquaintance with Rossetti. He speaks of him always sympathetically, admiringly, reverently, but always with simple and unflinching candour, picturing the sad closing weeks of his strange life realistically and with a poignant tenderness:

"Christmas Day was now nigh, and Rossetti, still confined to his room, begged me to spend that day with him. 'Otherwise,' he said, 'how sad a day it must be to me, for I cannot fairly ask any other.'

"I had been asked to dine at a more cheerful house, but reflecting that this was my first Christmas in London, and it might be Rossetti's last, I readily decided to do as he wished. We dined alone, he in his bed, I at the little table at the foot of it, on which I had first seen the wired lamp and the bottles of medicine; but later in the evening, William Rossetti, with his brotherly affection, left his children and guests at his own house, and ran down to spend an hour with the invalid. As the night went on, we could hear from time to time the ringing of the bells of the neighbouring churches, and I noticed that Rossetti was not disturbed by them, as he had been formerly.

"He talked that night brightly, with more force and incisiveness, I thought, than he had displayed for months. There was the ring of sincerity in his tone, as he said he had always had loyal and unselfish friends; and then he spoke of his brother, of Madox Brown, and perhaps particularly of Watts. He said a word or two of myself, and then spoke with emotion of his mother and sister, and of his sister who was dead, and how they were supported through their sore trials by religious hope and resignation. He asked if I, like Shields, was a believer; and seemed altogether in a softer and more spiritual mood than I could remember to have noticed before.

"With such talk we passed the last of Rossetti's Christmas nights."

Other chapters are devoted to Ruskin, Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, and Robert Buchanan; Mr. Hall Caine has much to say of each of these, and something too of Tennyson, T. E. Brown, Gladstone, and Irving that was worth saying, and is worth remembering.

New Books.

HENLEY THE CRITIC, AND OTHER MATTERS.*

Before sitting down to my task, may I for a moment "rise to explain"? Writing for the August BOOKMAN on

* "The Works of W. E. Henley." Vols. v., vi., vii. (D. Nutt.)

Henley's Poetry while suffering from a raging calenture caused by the perusal of a certain Life of FitzGerald, I contrived to work in a venomous allusion to the book as preface to some angry remarks on biographical gossip. This on the chance of eluding the vigilance of the prudent, though to me ever too indulgent Editor; but, alas! I find

that at the last moment he—no doubt very properly—struck out the exasperated and exasperating sentence, not noticing—for the connection was obscure—the effect on a subsequent allusion to FitzGerald which now seems to refer to Henley. This explanation is the more necessary because after examining Henley's Prose Works, I can hardly regard him as, like FitzGerald, "a great man who of all others shunned notoriety."

Not that the inspired improver on Calderon, who alone with Greene has seemed at moments to catch the mantle of Shakespeare, was a great man in the strictest sense. The elements of greatness, both in mind and character, beyond all doubt were his, but his deficiencies were too many, his developments too imperfect and distorted. There is a side of the man strangely provincial, commonplace and petty—one instance is his weakness for very small jokes and feeble nicknames—which cannot wholly be referred to the hopeless ugliness of his surroundings, or the barren company he for the most part kept—both he seems to have found quite congenial—nor yet to the false portraiture of the *valet de chambre* biographists whose swans are all geese. Still, he thought for himself some great, just, and noble thoughts, he did a few great things, and many men whom all the world acclaimed as swans looked up to him with affectionate respect as a swan indeed, and among the fairest of the flock. In all this I trace no affinity with Henley, but rather a contrast. Both were indeed original and independent, both despised and defied public opinion, yet not only in character and action, but in habit of mind they were so utterly different. The one sulks; the other fights. Fights because he likes it. And because to live he must either fight hard or truckle. After all, an assured private income is a more potent factor, for good and ill, in the career of genius than heredity or education. There is a greatness which the struggle for existence brings out in a man of genius; there is a greatness which it imprisons and kills. But of neither greatness do I see in Henley any clear signs. And as to the other point, the fighter—unless he be a covert assassin—cannot "shun notoriety," even if he would.

The remaining volumes of Mr. Nutt's excellent edition of "Henley's Complete Works" have now appeared, and I wish to withdraw my complaint of the absence of bibliographical hints. They would have been very difficult to arrange in the case of the Poems, and to each volume of the Prose I find a short note is prefixed, giving the date and form of first publication of each piece. But I still think a brief record of Henley's literary career would have been acceptable. The last volume, where are republished the four Plays which Henley wrote in collaboration with the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, need not detain us. Doubtless they have been long ago reviewed by more competent hands. They seem to have been intended for acting, and for all I know about such matters may have been presented over and over again with every success. As such they may be excellently devised—the modern English stage is to me a hopeless mystery—but so far as I have yet examined them, they aim at a rather brutal realism; the dialogue seems not always natural and is seasoned with aggressive vulgarity and copious slang, the accuracy of which is sometimes rather dubious. For all that they might or might not act well. Nothing is so delightful as to read good reading plays, one's imagination supplying the scenery, the tones and gestures of the actors. But when you have thus realised and visualised the play, to go and see it acted—oh, murder! On the other hand who reads, who can read, the popular new plays? Well, these Henley-Stevenson plays do not look inviting, but a deeper study may prove that they are not unworthy, as literature, of such authors. But even thus I should prefer to leave them to the experienced dramatic critics.

"Views and Reviews," first published in 1890, displays Henley at his best as a critic. It may be called journalism,

but it is at least the higher journalism—an excellent example of one truly beneficent office of the periodical press. The value of such criticism appearing in daily or not strictly literary papers lies not so much in the pleasure and instruction which the illuminati may glean from it—for they seek their literary meat farther afield—but in its humanising influence on minds lying fallow, or pre-occupied by affairs, or degraded by sport. The man who would not dream of borrowing, much less of buying, a great book, buys his pet journal, and when he has skimmed the debates, or markets, or sporting columns, as the case may be, will sometimes go on to the literary article, to kill time, because it is part of the pennyworth or for some other reason. He gets a glimpse of great and beautiful things, his curiosity may be roused, old memories may be revived—and this may lead—lead to what, you may say, but contemptible smattering and glib conceit? Nay, sometimes, I trust, to much more; but even so, is it not all to the good? And herein seems to lie Henley's peculiar value as a teacher. His coarseness and blustering furies, to me so distasteful, were his passports to less finicking readers. The man in the street, or rather in the railway carriage, reading Henley would at once see that the writer was no milksop or book-worm, but a good fellow of like passions with himself. And the problem rises before him—how comes it that this chap, who must have knocked about a lot and seen some life in his day, and has no mealy-mouthed nonsense about him, has bothered to cram up all this fine stuff about literature and art, and is so keen about it all, and seems to find it as good a lark as ever he had? And probably he concludes that *after all there must be something in it*. And that is all? Yes, in most cases. But that little, I think—and Henley would have thought—is gain, enormous gain to the good cause. You need not entice this animal to your twaddling Shakespeare lecture, or personally conduct him to see Dante's tomb, or even put Tennyson and Browning in his hands—far better not, for without a twenty years' training he would not understand them, but think you had hugely over-puffed them. Enough that he once understands that appreciation of the exquisite creations of the brain and hands is not a mere trade of prim cold-blooded professors, lecturers, and critics, or accomplishment for anæmic schoolgirls, but a joy and passion of manly men—even of a votary of the prize-ring like Henley. Enough that he feels, perhaps regrets his ignorance, and while not ashamed of it—as why should he be?—no longer brags of it. Henceforth his sympathies are on the right side, perhaps his vote and interest. Not only by his personality, but by his sharply defined, doggedly held, and vehemently preached opinions does Henley appeal to many whom Ste. Beuve would weary and Pater disgust. I have dwelt too long on this subject—yet after all touching but the fringe—because it seems to indicate Henley's peculiar position in criticism, and because herein lies his best defence against certain too obvious strictures.

Most of the "Views and Reviews" are short articles, sometimes pieced together, and all revised. The first volume deals with many writers English and foreign, and is a monument of Henley's wide reading and wider sympathies. Where he aims only at a general estimate of an author in such small space he is—well, general, unless he exaggerates. Far more illuminating is he where he takes up one or two points, or sides of an author or work. Sometimes too headstrong and too prejudiced, and now and then careless in his inferences, he seems to me as a rule no unsafe guide, and I have certainly learned a good deal from him about my own ignorance. For instance, his plea for Tennyson's later development has revised entirely my view, which was almost that of FitzGerald, who, I see, held that the poet should have retired before "Maud" and "The Princess." The paper on Disraeli was of a grateful savour, for his novels I have always rated very highly. The good in them pleases as much as that in Dickens and Thackeray, while the bad, which in them disgusts, in him

rather amuses. Almost all Henley says about him is excellent. Almost. For in the first place, he, like most English critics and readers, ignores "Contarini Fleming," which in Germany, and I fancy in France too, is regarded as a classic. A curious book, so far as I remember it, inspired may be by "Wilhelm Meister," and, were it possible, by the youthful adventures of Julian Young's magnificent father. And then Henley stuns me at one blow by dismissing "Henrietta Temple" as "sentimental rodomontade." And with Henley "sentimental" was always anathema. Now, oddly enough, only the other day I was trying to persuade a deeply and widely read bookman who has given up novels to try this very book, hoping to get his opinion of it. For it has always been my habit when I have formed a decided but heterodox estimate, whether for or against a standard book, to read it again after a long interval—as a pleasure and self-discipline. "Henrietta Temple" I read forty and again twenty years ago; nor it nor I had changed. The charm was still potent. Sentiment, romance rather, no doubt there was in plenty, but if artificial I was not wise enough to see through it—or perhaps not fool enough to try, and so break the spell. A book to refresh you and to humanise, where you keep only the best of company in the fairest of scenes. And more than that. The contrast of young Armine, chivalrous, noble, impetuous, undisciplined, in his ancient castle, and, in their palladian villa hard by, the retired diplomatist Mr. Temple and his daughter, so suave, dignified, reposeful, large-minded, and highly cultivated, seemed to me a personification as masterly as pleasing of the spirits of the Middle Ages and the Classical Renaissance. But I will read it again.

Now Henley wrote some twenty years ago opinions probably formed long before, and he does not seem to have foreseen a possible reaction in favour of "sentimental rodomontade." In the 'seventies, when he would be discarding youthful enthusiasms, fashion was setting up new schools—the fleshly, the æsthetic, the niggling-analytical, the pedestrian-cynical of Thackeray, the higher-pessimism of George Eliot, and others. Browbeaten by Carlyle, we shammed a holy horror of shams—no doubt it did us good—and grandiloquent, high-faluting, bombastic, expansive, gushing, flamboyant, romantic, meretricious splendour, false glitter, high-flown sentiment, and such like became the deadliest arrows of the critics, whereat young authors trembled. Shocking Byron slept in the lumber-room, while inoffensive Wordsworth prosed in the parlour. Disraeli had at least the dubious support of his party, and could pretend that his books were lampooned from political spite. Poor Lytton fared worst. Henley does not even notice him, and the only adequate appreciation I have yet seen—not that he is any favourite of mine—was a singularly just and thoughtful article—I forget by what hand—in *THE BOOKMAN* some time ago. His eclipse was largely due to the jealousy of his two popular rivals and their followings—Dickens, no doubt his superior, and Thackeray, perhaps his equal, in original genius, but both vastly his inferiors in breeding, erudition, accomplishment, craftsmanship, and versatile talent. Long after they had sunk to drive, the world was amazed to discover that "The Parisians," the anonymous novel of the day, so fresh and vigorous, yet so finished and masterly, was from the pen of the ridiculous old veteran. Well, turning over some rubbish I lately came upon dirty old green volumes of "Zanoni" and "Eugene Aram," which I had thumbled as a small boy, enjoying the little I could understand and somehow admiring what was beyond me. Since then I had been taught to think and speak of them confidently and conceitedly with abhorrence and contempt. I at once dipped into one; I finished both. Nor have I yet shaken off their strange spell. The main conception of each is no doubt unsound and ill-judged, and what in them was but fashion is now old-fashioned, and indeed bad-fashioned. Lytton rarely even tries to create or

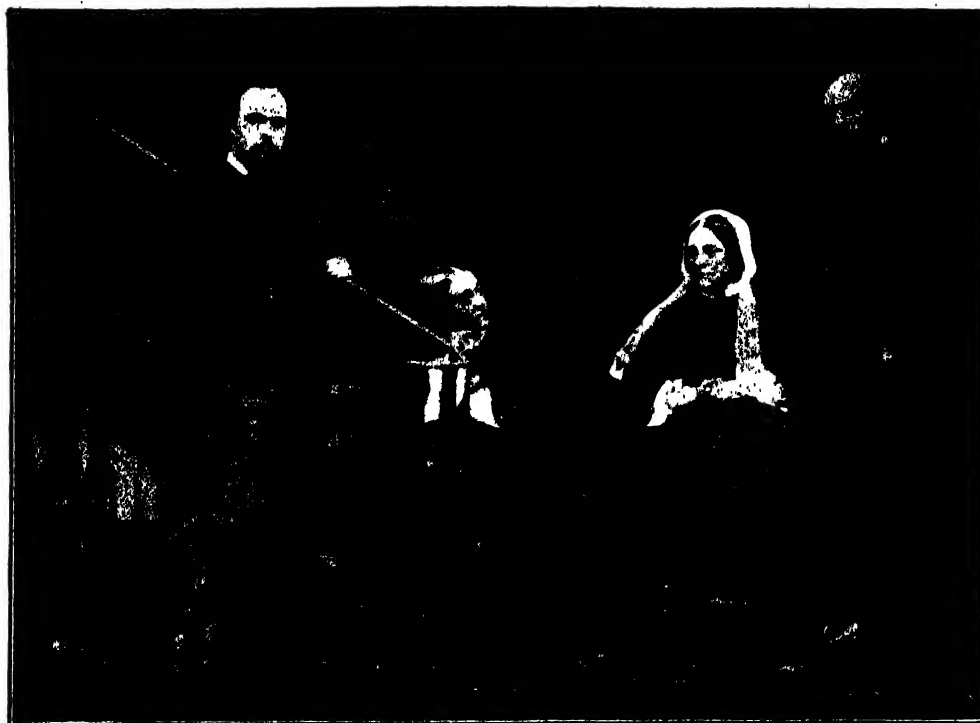
portray original characters, yet the story and the skilful writing keep his puppets going. All along I found so much to enjoy and admire, even, strange to say, some strong touches of genuine humour, and will own without a blush that I could read, and with pleasure, the tallest and most florid of his declamations, which seemed to me to contain much of noble rhetoric and lofty and acute thought. These forbidden books, though not models for all time, did their good in their day, and may do it again. I understand now how the young men and maidens of my childhood who drank greedily of them on the sly have nevertheless turned out well. They have certainly done me good. Their "sentimental rodomontade" after long indulgence in the bourgeois pettiness of the Austenites, and the fretful quibbling of the Jamesites, and the depressing seriousness of the Eliotites, and the scientific pessimism and the bald realism and so much else—yes, Sir Edward, at last I tried your pills, and found relief. I shall be pleased to recommend them to other sufferers as a pleasant corrective and tonic.

A still worse confession. There was also the tattered old "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I would sound that lowest depth of sentimental cant. And after all the mob was right. It is a book inspired, wonderful, phenomenal. What of the authoress beyond her native shrewdness and humour there is in it is clumsy and commonplace enough. The Abolitionists I still detest, but must own that their white-hot spirit of propaganda has inspired the best scenes with vivid intensity, profound pathos, and truest humanity. In this long ramble I have been arguing against Henley as if, alas! I could yet hope to convince him that even he might find solace in the rodomontade of such books, making fair allowance for their period—as we all do for the Elizabethans and Augustans—and that their high-flown sentiment, transcendental ideals, gorgeous trappings and very detachment from real life might—perhaps may—once again cast a glamour over weary minds in mean streets.

Of the two volumes of Essays—Henley's most characteristic work—I have a sheaf of notes, mostly strictures on his tone and style. Them I sacrifice without regret, as also the many points where I question his judgment on authors, for after all, that is writing not about him but them. The Essays were mostly written as introductions to various editions. "Byron's World" simply reprints the lively notes to the first volume of Mr. Heinemann's edition of the "Letters"—which unfortunately has not been continued. One curious point must not escape. Henley ignores Fielding's "Grub Street Opera," so comical, merry, and humorous, while praising, perhaps not unduly, the brilliant but revolting "Covent Garden Tragedy." And neither he nor Mr. Dobson, nor so far as I know any one else, has noticed that exquisite scene in "The Coffee House Politician," where Politic and Dabble are reading the journals together; yet surely it comes closer to Molière than anything else achieved in English.

As a critic Henley was in some directions highly efficient. He had read widely, he took pains to form independent judgments, he had sympathy for almost all great work; in spite of his prejudice and vehemence, his strong, practical sense usually kept him straight. His views on art were original and self-formed, but are by no means those of an amateur or outsider. Excellently sane on literary technique, when he deals with its relations to life or with the aims and import of writers, his judgment is warped by his violent anti-Puritanism and loathing of Mrs. Grundy. Thus he disfigures his pages by daring attempts to raise her blushes not only by coarse remarks, but worse, by veiled hints. He overshoots his mark. He at least he has almost persuaded to be a Puritan.

This foible, his use of slang, his excess of allusion, and his piling up of parentheses have spoilt his style. His mannerism amounts to downright affectation. In the striving after vigour, effect, and oddity he becomes not only tedious,



From a photograph taken by Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) in Dante Rossetti's garden, c. 1864.

Dante, Christina, Frances, and William Rossetti.

From "Family Letters of Christina Rossetti." (Brown, Langham.)

but sometimes absolutely obscure, even unintelligible. Henley is a safe guide on most paths, so long as you discount his two or three strong idiosyncrasies. And where he offends, he finds instant grace, as does Fielding, by reason of his manliness, his courage, earnestness, and humanity.

Y. Y.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S LETTERS.*

The letters included in this collection may have no particular value as literature; they are, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti indicates in the title he has given to his book, homely, private communications, for the most part brief notes on purely domestic affairs from Christina Rossetti to her brothers, to her sister-in-law, to one or two intimate friends, supplemented by a few of their replies to her. She writes occasionally to Dante Gabriel about his poems or pictures; makes elusive references to her own poetry; is ingenuously pleased when her books show signs of popularity and money accrues to her from them; but, on the whole, she has very little indeed to say concerning contemporary literature or events outside the family circle.

In one short note to Dante Gabriel you come upon a passing criticism of William Watson: "I have read 'The Prince's Quest,' and indeed the whole volume. Marked beauties it has, and yet I don't foresee a great future for its author,—not confidently. May he falsify my verdict." In another is a comment on the lecture delivered by Hall Caine, at Liverpool, on Rossetti's poems: "Thank you for letting me read Mr. Caine's lecture,—a remarkable work by an author who really thinks, feels, and therefore has something to express." More than once she expresses high admiration for the verse of Augusta Webster, which she ranks above George Eliot's; she did "not care about" "The Epic of Hades"; admired the lyrics of Katharine Tynan (now Mrs. Hinkson), and after reading the "Poems of Energy" by Morley Roberts, wrote: "I think him clever,—but what is the use of cleverness in matters poetic? A number of lines strike me as I go along, but at last I feel myself stranded on a not high level. Is he a Scotchman?"

* "Family Letters of Christina Rossetti." Edited by William Michael Rossetti. 15s. net. (Brown, Langham.)

possibly, I should think. 'Poems of Energy' they are, but of judicious energy? The goodness of his actual work gives me the idea that he could if he would work *well* in a different field"—a shrewd opinion that has long since been amply justified.

But such comments on external concerns are scrappy and rare. What gives these letters a real and abiding value is that they do indubitably and involuntarily disclose the beautiful and lovable personality of the writer. There is something in them of petty family misunderstandings; much, very much, in them of the sickness, sufferings, and death of friends and relatives, with an almost morbid dwelling upon the symptoms of illnesses and the remedies tried; much sending of inconsequent messages of affection; inquiries about household arrangements and expenses; intimate, unselfconscious, commonplace discussion of commonplace things, and yet the total effect of it all is to reveal vividly and truthfully the simple inner life of a good and great woman. You see her quickly sorry for having caused, or fancied she caused, some unpleasantness by a momentary irritation; anxious not to wound any one's susceptibilities; eager to love and be loved; loyally and lovingly devoted to each member of her family; playfully satirical now and then, as when she writes of why William Sharp's sonnet on herself did not appear in the *Athenæum*, but repenting in the next line and adding a kindly word or two to take all possible sting out of her quiet laughter; cheerful, patient, unselfish—a shy, tender, wistful, wholly gracious spirit, living so nearly always in the shadow of pain and death that it is no wonder a sense of life-weariness breathes in so much of her poetry. One other fragrant personality that grows upon your apprehension as you read these letters is that of Mrs. Rossetti, the mother of Christina; in the pages that speak of her and record her sayings and doings, as in the wonderful portrait of her by her son Dante Gabriel, a photograph of which is included in the illustrations of the book, you see her gently dignified, proud of her children, thoughtful of their well-being—an aged, lovely figure of perfect motherhood.

Mr. Rossetti has written a preface in which he summarises the chief events of his sister's life; he supplements this, in an appendix, with extracts from his own and his mother's diaries; and his gossip explanatory notes between the letters are very serviceable and full of interest.

RELIQUES AND THE MAN.*

One who so influenced Scott as Bishop Percy did should have had his biography written long ago. There is, to be sure, the brief Life by Pickford in Hales' and Furnivall's edition of the "Reliques." That, however, does not profess to be a full-dress sketch of the man or of his work. It has been left to a lady—Miss Gaussen—to accomplish this task. She has done it with grace, and with a surprising informativeness, considering the scanty nature of the resources at her disposal and the distance of time between Percy's day and the present. The book will be welcomed specially by students of the Percy cult, but there is much that will charm and interest the ordinary reader also. And who has not been a lover of the Percy ballads at some time or other? It is not going too far to say that the

"Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," first published in the year 1765, was a truly epoch-making book—a term often too glibly employed; not so in this instance. Perhaps more than anything else it was this work which gave to the ballad its proper perspective in literature; and it was to the "Reliques" that the revival of British Poetry, beginning with Wordsworth and Coleridge, owed its chief influence. Nor was this an influence operating on the British Muse only; the German Romantic movement itself, and the whole of the poetical literature of Europe indeed, found a fresh and vigorous stimulus and renewal through the inspiration of the Percy spirit. There can be no doubt as to the effect it had upon Scott. We have, in the Ashiestiel fragment, the confession of the splendid and subtle spell which it cast over him as a boy, a spell that remained unbroken throughout life. For fifty years Scott read the "Reliques" more frequently and with more enthusiasm than any

other book. But for the "Reliques" one wonders if the "Minstrelsy" had been possible! But for Thomas Percy should we have had our Walter Scott at all? There was that keenly innate love of legendary lore, and that fondness for the balladic phase of it, which must have asserted itself somehow as the years passed by. Yet one may hazard the belief that Scott's perusal of Percy's collection was the direct means of creating and fostering the resolve that came to him to do much the same thing for the floating treasures of his own countryside. Scott may well be spoken of as the literary child of the compiler of the "Reliques." The "Minstrelsy" and the "Tay," and the Waverleys themselves, may all be traced to the day-dream which captivated and haunted him in that

* "Percy: Prelate and Poet." By Alice C. C. Gaussen. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

sweetest of all dreaming-places, a nook within sound of the Tweed. It was truly a fortunate day for the story of British literature when the youth of thirteen carried home in triumph from the Kelsy Library those volumes which were to contribute more than anything else to his future making!

But apart from Scott, Bishop Percy himself is a fascinating enough figure. He was never a burning or a shining light, to be sure, but he holds his own special place in the firmament of letters. A generous, unassuming, and humble sort of soul he seems to have been in each of his three stages as rector of the country parish of Easton Maudit, in Northamptonshire; as Dean of Carlisle; and as Bishop of the Irish See of Dromore. He moved in the best circles of the day, and lived in the very heart of that brilliant galaxy of genius for which his era was particularly noteworthy. Shenstone and Burke, Garrick and Goldsmith, he reckoned

among his friends. And with Dr. Johnson, the great lion of the period, he fought—not always so successfully as he deserved. He was a member of the Club of which "Reynolds was the Romulus," but of which Johnson became by-and-by both head and shoulders. Meetings were held every Monday evening at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho; and chronicled in Boswell's pages, these have long been classical. Percy's career was comparatively uneventful. His bishopric was not all it might have been. Still, he was perhaps the most popular prelate of the Irish Church. Somewhat hasty in temper, he managed to keep the peace with his diocese, despite the numerous political and religious dissensions of the period, and at his death there was sore lamenting. The Bishop's palace on which he lavished so much good coin of the realm, and the grounds on which he set such a store of pride, were long held by a community of Jesuits after Percy's day, but are now painfully empty and desolate.

It may be recalled that Percy, who was a grocer's son of Bridgnorth, was born in 1729, and died in 1811. He was not unwilling to remember that a grocer's son may be descended from an earl, and he did his best to establish his connection with the great Northumberland house of Percy.

What as to the "Reliques"? A "scrubby, shabby, paper book lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlour of Humphrey Pitt of Shifnal in Shropshire," and rescued by Percy from the hands of a maid about to use it for fuel, was the real genesis of the "Reliques." It contains, in an old and cramped handwriting, about one hundred and ninety metrical compositions of various characters and degrees of incompleteness, sometimes amounting to a single verse only. The narrative of its discovery and the description of its battered, mutilated condition, corroborated as these



Bishop Percy feeding his Swans.

Percy: Prelate and Poet." (Smith, Elder.)

were, failed to convince one or two of Percy's intimates, among them the infallible Johnson, though it is curious to be told that Percy had actually submitted the manuscript to Johnson for his inspection. But the fact of its authenticity has been settled once for all by the publication of the veritable folio, in three volumes, edited by J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, with the assistance of Professor Child (1867-8). Miss Gaussen has apparently overlooked that good service to literature, but it is a point of extreme interest. Like all great books, the "Reliques" was a growth, and the offspring of many minds. David Garrick, for instance, contributed from his extensive collection; Warton ransacked the Oxford libraries; and Percy himself employed six amanuenses to transcribe from Samuel Pepys' collection at Cambridge. Not a few gems of the book were gathered from Scotland; others came from Wales and Ireland; and the English counties were laid under liberal contribution. As a matter of fact, not more than forty-five pieces from the original folio entered into the making of the completed work as it left the editor's hands. And even as Scott was obliged to emend and purify and interpolate considerable portions of the "Minstrelsy," so are the hand and genius of Percy discernible all through the "Reliques." The work could not have been accomplished otherwise. Comparison may be made between the raw folio copy and the most recent reprint of the 1765 edition in "Everyman" for instance. Nor can the work be said to suffer on this dual account. For Percy, like Scott, was a true poet, with all the fire and passion of the born minstrel in his nature. Time has done kindly by the "Reliques," and some of Percy's own lyrics, notably his "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?" are still prime favourites.

It is cause for regret that the good Bishop left behind him no autobiography, and very little, indeed, on which to base an authoritative record of his career. Upon that score, Miss Gaussen must have encountered more than one obstacle. Her narrative is eminently readable and interesting, notwithstanding such difficulties; and it fills a niche which has long waited for some one to fill it. It is unlikely that any other pen will take up the theme. Than that, there could not be higher praise for the book.

W. S. CROCKETT.

LOWER LONDON.*

There are ever so many ways of writing tribal lays, and, according to Mr. Kipling, every one of them is right. What is true of tribal lays is doubtless equally true of each particular class of story, but that does not prevent our liking one way better than another.

Both "The Borderland" and "Arthur's" are concerned with the seamy side of London life; both deal with men and women of the slums, furtive creatures of the night, the broken and outcast people who live squalidly beyond the borderlands of good society; yet in essentials the two books are as unlike each other as any two books could be. Mr. Halifax's hero is John Laverock, who has for a time taken his friend Louis Valjean's place as head of a mission that is devoting itself to the regeneration of the poor sinners of Hoxton, and in telling his tale and in presenting his characters he adopts something of Laverock's manner and point of view; he walks through his sorry underworld as a sort of showman, pointing out its evils, preaching and inveighing against them; he makes the streets of Hoxton

more dangerous in his pages than they are in reality; he is in the crowd there, but not of it; he is half afraid of it and sees villainous and horrible faces everywhere; his rascals are not human enough, and when Laverock falls passionately, nobly in love with "Amber Lou," a Madonna-like street girl who is something of a Magdalen with "a small tea-rose-yellow face" and turquoise eyes, you cannot help thinking of the footlights and the moving romantics of Britannia melodrama. Nevertheless, the narrative grips and interests you; it is all very well done; it is one of the many ways of doing it, and a right way, too, but whether it is the best right way is a matter of opinion.

Turning from "The Borderland" to "Arthur's" is like coming from a lecture room, where we have heard the lecturer tell us what he has seen of London low life and what he thinks of it, out into the dirty, smelly, chilly night-air of the London streets, and seeing them and the motley humanity in them for ourselves. Mr. Lyons's people are human to the bone; they are simply and vividly alive and talk and act as if they were; and he does not write as if he were exhibiting them, but as if he were one of them and loved them and gloried in them, and, understanding them, is not afraid to reveal them at their worst, and is almost as reticent and half-ashamed of what is best in them as they are themselves. He never moralises; he paints the life as it is, the men and women as they are, and tells his tale, and you may like or it not—it happens to be true, and there's an end of it. He writes with knowledge and with sympathy, and he has a rare gift of humour that enables him to reproduce the humour and idiosyncrasies of his characters and to clothe even the loathsome Dartigan Donkey in ordinary flesh and keep him still human for all his unsavouriness.

In a word, this book of Mr. Lyons's is a true and a living thing. You close it at last feeling that to-night again



After a drawing by Boulton.

An early portrait of Madame de la Fayette.

From "Marie Madeleine, Comtesse de la Fayette." (Methuen.)

* "Arthur's." By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (John Lane.)—"The Borderland." By Robert Halifax. 6s. (Constable.)

over in his usual South London thoroughfare Arthur will open his coffee-stall, and his usual customers will be lingering there on their way home or on their way to work in the small hours of the morning; and you know their faces, the style of their dress, their habits of thought, the very tones of their voices, as surely as if you had been there and stood at the stall beside them and heard for yourself and seen with your own eyes the varied stories, the quaintly amusing or tensely dramatic little incidents and episodes that touch you with pity or laughter irresistibly as you read of them here. "Arthur's" is no everyday piece of work; you will put it on your shelf with the books of Jacobs and Pett Ridge, not because it has resemblances to either, but because it has an elusive pathos and its own delightful vein of humour that entitle it to a place in that good company.

A. St. J. A.

COMTESSE AND MARQUISE.*

The two illustrious Frenchwomen who bore the name of Lafayette form a remarkable study in contrasts. Belonging to different centuries, unlike in temperament, tastes and aims, their lives ran in widely divergent channels. Marie Madeleine de la Fayette, who is best known by her novels and her connection with La Rochefoucauld, author of the famous "Maxims," was of quiet and melancholic disposition, cultured and deeply thoughtful, the victim of an unhappy marriage, possessing as the only relief to days of overpowering ennui a great gift of friendship. Her life wore away slowly in work, grief, sickness, and suffering, which was tempered at the close by piety and resignation. On the other hand, Adrienne de Lafayette, wife of the distinguished soldier, lived in the midst of the stirring events which succeeded one another with baffling swiftness and ever-present danger at the close of the eighteenth century. She was saved almost by a miracle from the guillotine which deprived her of mother, grandmother, and sister, and her end came happily in the presence of her husband, her children, and her grandchildren. She was typically womanly, of a sweet and unselfish nature, of dauntless courage, the mainspring of her existence being the passionate love for the husband who was devoted to her.

Of the two biographies the latter offers more romance, incident, and human interest, the former better scope for character-study, literary criticism, and the analysis of friendship. The Comtesse de la Fayette, although not a great personality, was in some ways an exceptional one. She lived up to her ideal that the finest woman is at the same time the most modest; in her own words, the one who knew how "to have nothing which can make her remarked." This trait renders it difficult to see her and draw her distinctly. She retired into her shell, she allowed some of her best self to be absorbed by her friends, she



Lafayette and his Family in Prison.

From the original picture in the possession of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart., to whom this plate "is respectfully dedicated by his obliged servant, John Jeffreys, 1805."

From "The Wife of Lafayette." (Eveleigh Nash.)

hated letter-writing, and rarely discussed her own feelings. Only the most patient, sympathetic, and intuitive writer would trouble to pick up all the salient points of her character and reconstruct piece by piece, almost fragment by fragment, the real woman as she was. Frankly, the author has not devoted herself to any such simple labour of love. Her brain is far too full of brilliant and vivid pictures of court life, salon life, and city life to be contented with small things in a study of one woman and her platonic friendship for one man. She hurries through a dozen biographies of notable people in the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., including Richelieu, Gaston d'Orléans, La Grande Mademoiselle, Mme. de Rambouillet, Ninon de Lenclos, Mme. de Sevigné, Henriette, wife of the little Monsieur, La Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine, and Segrais. Certainly these people played a part, many of them a large part, in the life of Mme. de la Fayette, but, entertaining as they are, they crowd round her so unmercifully that she is literally lost to sight in the midst of them. The first third of the book is gone before we are introduced to its heroine, only the last third seems to belong exclusively to her and her work. Her novels, of which the best remembered is "La Princesse de Clèves," mark the transition from the voluminous tomes of heroic romance by Gomberville, La Calprenède, and Mlle. de Scudéry to something more human, philosophical, and concise. That is their claim to a place in the history of French literature, and, though they are not in vogue to-day, the woman who wrote them deserves to be remembered for her simplicity in an ornate age.

Mrs. MacDermot Crawford's book, "The Wife of Lafayette," comes second in point of chronology. It contains a short portrait of the earlier Mme. de la Fayette, whose direct descendant married Mlle. Adrienne de Noailles. The latter's girlhood and betrothal are charmingly described. She and her youthful lover—they were fourteen and seventeen years of age respectively—took their first walk in the beautiful and famous gardens of the Hôtel de Noailles unembarrassed by the presence of a third party. "What a divine blush, as the gallant marquis pressed his first kiss—unchaperoned, which makes a very great difference—on the taper fingers of Mlle. de Noailles, and bravely drew his sword to free the path of a rebellious bramble,

* "Marie Madeleine Countess de la Fayette." By Lilian Rea. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"The Wife of Lafayette." By M. MacDermot Crawford. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

that it might not annoy his 'dearest Adrienne'" In after years he was unable to shield her thus with the sword he fiercely wielded. When she told him "with tears and the dry sobs of that grief which is beyond expression" of her mother's death and the equally tragic fate of her sister and grandmother his heart was nigh bursting at her story of crime and horror. He was loyal to *la belle France* but those monsters who had made her name a synonym for wanton slaughter his arm could not have been too ready to strike down while cursing them for the disgrace they had brought upon their country in the name of *Liberté*."

There are many interesting, some forcible passages in the book. The author describes sympathetically the young wife's grief at the separation from her husband during his absence in America, her struggle after his return between her devotion to the things of the old régime and her sympathy with his republican views, her misery at his imprisonment when she knew nothing of his whereabouts, not even whether he was alive or dead, her refusal to be divorced as many were for the sake of safety and in the hope of retaining possession of their estates for their children, her pride in making use of the daring form of address "*la femme Lafayette*" which could not fail to emphasise the danger of arrest. The striking narrative of M. Camille, the priest who walked beside the tumbril in order to give absolution to the condemned members of the de Noailles family is quoted in full. The author writes with restraint and insight and her book is none the less a welcome addition to the inexhaustible story of the Revolution because she handles personal and intimate details rather than main issues. If there be an omission it is that she has not dwelt fully enough on Mme de Lafayette's social life and the many friends who gathered in her drawing room before the crisis.

Both books contain good illustrations and a full index.

IRANK HAMILL



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

James Gairdner, C.B.

Author of "Lollardy and the Reformation in England."

THE BREACH WITH ROME.*

Carlyle has somewhere drawn an admirable distinction between the historical artist and the historical artisan. So at least the ingenious Mr. Birrell alleges and supports his allegation by instancing Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman as sound historical artisans of whose strenuous labours every ignoramus must speak with respect. Dr. Gairdner is another of these horny-handed sons of toil. He accumulates laboriously and soundly, and he appreciates most thoroughly (again to quote the inestimable Chief Secretary) that an historian stands in a fiduciary position towards his readers. Like an honest trustee he withholds nothing and distorts nothing.

This honesty of accumulation is nowhere more valuable than in dealings with the Reformation. One almost trembles to open an English book on this or any other ecclesiastical subject lest there should be the usual Protestant tub thumping. The average Englishman simply cannot be trusted in matters of religious history. He isolates facts and puts forward interpretations of them that are as ludicrously distorted on the one side as the more open polemics of fervid Catholics are on the other, and gravely insists that he is offering you not a Protestant view of things but complete truth. I am not a Catholic. I never was a Catholic and never shall be, but if I ever fled to that historically interesting Church it would be in desperate reaction from the bland assumptions of Protestant historians. Newman was certainly right when he said that the only Englishman who could be taken seriously in ecclesiastical history was Gibbon the unbeliever. Why historians should distort facts for religious purposes I can never discover. Surely no one's religious belief is derived from history! That Mary burnt Protestant bishops would make me neither less nor more Protestant, that Henry VIII. ripped up Carthusian monks would make me neither less nor more Catholic, but the fact that historians on either side habitually magnified the one and minimised the other and offered their distortion as shapely truth, might certainly make me fly from the truth that prompted such questionable zeal. Dr. Gairdner is unimpeachable in this matter. History with him is not a means of buttressing up one form of faith and battering down another, and though he makes his own religious position clear and rejoices in the idea of a National Church, he spares no unlovely detail in the story of that Church's establishment. These volumes form a masterly contribution to the story of a great event and no student of history can afford to overlook them.

Dr. Gairdner's starting point and attitude can be illustrated best by a quotation from his first page.

One whom we might well take as a guide considers the Reformation as "a great national revolution which found expression in the resolute assertion on the part of England of its national independence." These are the words of the late Bishop Creighton who further tells us in the same page that "there never was a time in England when the papal authority was not resented and really the final act of the repudiation of that authority followed quite naturally as the result of a long series of similar acts which had taken place from the earliest times." I am sorry to differ from so able, conscientious and learned an historian."

So far then his position is negative, his positive view is that the struggle in the sixteenth century was "a contest, not of the English people but of the King and his Government with Rome." Now I recognise the temerity of a mere reader of history like myself in dissenting from the views of a great authority like Dr. Gairdner, yet having spent my days and nights, for a long time past, in worrying the volumes of that great collection with which Dr. Gairdner's name is so honourably associated and having, too, read the present volumes with great care and deliberation, I

* "Lollardy, and the Reformation in England: an Historical Survey." By James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D. 2 vols. 21s. net (Macmillan.)

feel sure that Creighton is right and Dr. Gairdner wrong. I am convinced, indeed, that Dr. Gairdner's view is wrong chiefly by the facts that Dr. Gairdner himself adduces. His main thesis, namely, that the Reformation did not derive from Lollardy—that Lollardy was practically dead by Henry VIII.'s time, is perfectly sound. The Reformation was certainly not a triumph of Lollardy, as such; but it was undoubtedly a triumph of the principle of revolt, of which Lollardy was the chief symptom. Tyndale did not re-echo the doctrines of Wyckliffe, but the same spirit moved both. It is true that mediæval England was loyal, generally, to the spiritual dominion of Rome; but it is also true that she vigorously resented any temporal exorbitance of Papal authority. The Conqueror himself, who gave the Church so much liberty of jurisdiction, resolutely refused to go to Canossa; John defied the Papacy quite successfully for eight years; the Pope's collectors were ducked and otherwise ill-used in the days of provisions and exactions; Edwards First and Third legislated seriously against abuses of ecclesiastical power; the Commons, in the first years of the fifteenth century, proposed to confiscate Church property, and alien priories were actually suppressed a hundred years before Henry VIII. It is quite true that incidents of this kind did not produce the Reformation; but they all indicate that England was developing a strong centrifugal tendency, and that final flight from Rome was merely a matter of time. And then the rapid spread of Lollardy, and the growth of strong feeling against ecclesiastical scandals, are evidence that England was shaping itself for a change. Lollardy as a visible power perished in the flames of the heretics' Statute; but the tendency to revolt could not be repressed. Thus in 1498, nearly a hundred years after the Statute, a heretic priest was burnt at Canterbury. In the next year, Ludovico Sforza's ambassador wrote describing a new set of heretics who were then being persecuted by the prelates. Cardinal Morton distinguished himself by his reforming zeal against immorality and heresy both. In 1511 two heretics were burned in one day by Henry VIII., and Ammonius wrote to Erasmus suggesting that the daily holocausts and the regular increase in the crop of heretics would certainly raise the price of fuel. In 1514 occurred the case of Richard Hunne, who, having resisted a claim of the Church for fees, presently found himself accused of heresy. He was confined in the Lollards' prison at St. Paul's, and was there found dead—perhaps by suicide, perhaps by foul play. But whatever the truth of the matter, there was such an outburst of anti-clerical feeling that a London jury (it was alleged) would have returned a verdict against any clergyman however innocent. Now facts like these are signs of the times. Remember that the name of Luther was as yet unknown not till three years after Hunne's case did the blows of his hammer on the church-door of Wittenberg begin to shake the whole fabric of Christendom. It seems, then, to me, quite clear that the Church of England would have revolted from Rome had Luther never been born, and that Papal Supremacy would have been abolished had Henry VIII. never sought a divorce. As far as England is concerned, they merely hastened the inevitable rupture.

The part played by Henry VIII. in the Reformation is, I think, greatly overrated. Froude's brilliant account of the hero-king who, in his zeal for national independence in religion, regretfully but firmly sacrificed even his friends, is now hopelessly discredited; but later and more trustworthy historians seem still to be hypnotised by the majestic lord that broke the bonds of Rome, and it is seriously put forward, for instance, by his latest biographer, that Henry VIII. foresaw St. Bartholomew and the Thirty Years' War, and with his own strong right arm saved England from such excesses. Such statements always remind me of Disraeli's famous gibe that certain philosophers are famous for discovering the future when it has taken place. Henry VIII. was indeed an excessively

choleric and strong-willed person: but he had remarkably little foresight, as the early years of his reign should prove. He threw over the Pope, and resolutely harried the Papacy, in just the same spirit of private and personal rancour as he sacrificed Katherine and Wolsey, and More and Anne, and Cromwell and Norfolk, and was prepared to sacrifice even his daughter Mary. What Henry VIII. wanted was not that the Reformation should flourish or a National Church be established, but that he should have his own way and be free to destroy those who impeded that way. The minority of Edward VI. and the personal ambitions of anti-papal Protectors did more to establish Reformation principles here than all the beheadings and disembowelings under Henry VIII. But, in the end, the Reformation triumphed, not because this king was for it or that queen against it, but because the times were ripe and the men ready. The substitution of Royal for Papal authority was indeed the work of the King and his Government; but this Supremacy is one of the important things that do not matter. What did matter was not that the King was head of the Church, but that the Pope was not; and this change could never have been made against a strong national opposition. That the national will was not violently in favour of Rome is due to those who laboured and died in the seeding time of Lollardy. The rise of Puritanism soon showed how much importance was to be attached to Royal Supremacy: it proved that England was going to believe what it wished, and not what its sovereigns wished. If we are inclined to be grateful to Henry VIII. because the power of Rome in England was broken by his "iron will," let us remember that the Royal despotism would be as intolerable to us as the Roman, and rejoice greatly over the extinction of both.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE CHARM OF EGYPT.*

This much Mr. Robert Hichens and Mr. Douglas Sladen have in common—their love of Egypt, and their keen susceptibility to the call and the ineffable charm of it. Indeed, in his rich, hauntingly cadenced, imaginative prose, Mr. Hichens so nearly succeeds in uttering the ineffable, explaining the spell, defining the charm, that the reader fancies he, too, realises and can feel it. In language as glamorous, as impressionistic and as full of magic as are the colour-pictures of M. Jules Guérin that illustrate it, Mr. Hichens re-creates the dreamy, golden atmosphere, the clear and wonderful skies, the silent, mystic desert places, the bizarrely picturesque cities and villages, the temples and monuments and "hot, mysterious tombs" of Egypt; and everywhere he is subtly sensible of the weird, occult influences that emanate from its sacred ruins and world-old memorials, as when looking on one of the Pyramids standing steeped in the sunlight he says that, with its more wonderful comrade the Sphinx, it "has the power peculiar, so it seems to me, to certain of the rock and stone monuments of Egypt, of holding itself ever aloof, almost like the soul of man, which can retreat at will, like the Bedouin retreating from you into the blackness of the Pyramid, far up, or far down, where the pursuing stranger, unaided, cannot follow."

So prevailing y has the spirit of ancient Egypt laid its spell upon Mr. Hichens that he resents the intrusion of modern inventions and improvements into that "land of sand and ruins and gold, the land of charmed serpents and the afterglow," and speaks with disrespect even of the great Dam.

On the other hand, Mr. Sladen heartily approves of all

* "Egypt and its Monuments." By Robert Hichens. With Pictures in colour by Jules Guérin, and a number of Photographs, 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"Egypt and the English." By Douglas Sladen. With 40 Illustrations and a Map. 21s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

such useful up-to-date innovations. He is moved by the beauty and splendid traditions of the place, and feels that "the fascination of Egypt is eternal," but he has a shrewdly practical mind, is interested in its commercial development, its political outlook, its moral and intellectual progress, and devotes himself to a conclusive exposition of the advantages that Egypt and the Egyptians have derived from the rule of the English. The railways that Mr. Hichens curses are blessed by Mr. Sladen and glorified as new marvels in a country that was rich in marvels already; he is glad of the comforts of a perfectly-appointed hotel, and has good words to say for the luxurious river-steamers and the masterly organisation of Messrs. Cook. He is a reliable, discursive, entertaining guide; he retells the story of Khartoum, and touches on other significant events in the history of Egypt; he has a keen eye for anything that is strange, picturesque, interesting, and his descriptions of places and people are always admirable.

FRANK RICHARDSON'S NEW NOVEL.*

It has always seemed to me rather hard that a man who has once joined the ranks of the humorous writers should find a certain amount of opposition, or, at any rate, sur-

* "The Other Man's Wife." By Frank Richardson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)



Near view of the Colossi of Memnon.

From stereograph, copyright, 1908, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.
From "Egypt and its Monuments" (Hodder & Stoughton)



Photo by Lekejian, Cairo.

The Sphinx—excavated.

From "Egypt and the English." (Hurst & Blackett.)

prise, as soon as he attempts anything else. In the same way a man who has written tragedies and made his name in that direction might be, and probably would be, received with some coolness if he were to write even a very excellent farce. It is perhaps unfair that it should be so, but there is no doubt about the fact. Specialism is one of the most marked and universal characteristics of modern life.

Now Mr. Frank Richardson has made himself a specialist in a very curious way, on a very curious subject. Incidentally he is a humorist; and specially he is a humorist on the subject of whiskers. Countless essays, articles, stories, paragraphs, amusing rigmaroles of every kind have flowed from his pen on the subject. He has written no less than ten novels and books of short stories dealing with "hirsute appendages." At last he has written a serious novel, a realistic novel—sensational and contemporary. It is not a funny book, although there is wit in it, and it leaves the subject of whiskers untouched; to many readers, therefore, it may prove, in that sense, a disappointment, but it is really a brilliantly clever, remarkably interesting novel, and has supremely the enviable power of holding the reader's attention from beginning to end. It is an absorbing story, in some respects a painful one. Surely one of the most essential points of a novel is that it should have a good story, well told, and in "The Other Man's Wife" Mr. Richardson has told the story admirably. It is the history of a family of limited means; one of whom, the eldest son, has blossomed out into a great and popular actor; the other son, the hero, Richard, is a brilliantly clever barrister with a great future, and high ambitions. There is also a sister, Ethel, who marries an unscrupulous young stockbroker. He ends by getting into serious, indeed tragic, trouble; but that by

the way. Richard has a deep and passionate devotion for the beautiful Mrs. Ainslie, who returns his devotion, adores him, and would gladly marry him if she were not already married to an eccentric and rather dreadful elderly hypochondriac. This husband is quite mad on the subject of taking medicine; he takes it all day long. Mrs. Ainslie does everything in the world that she can to help on Richard in his ambitions, and is very successful. Meanwhile Richard finds out that his brother-in-law, Ethel's husband, has done something disgraceful, and there is a warrant out for his arrest. Presenting him with a revolver he succeeds in persuading him to commit suicide. This is a powerful, indeed a most thrilling, scene, and Mr. Richardson should do well with a poignant drama of real life. Shortly after this Richard's success is so great that he hopes he is about to take silk, but is warned by a judge that unless his almost notorious romance with Mrs. Ainslie ceases, he will not receive this honour. In his vanity and ambition he resolves to throw her over after all her devotion, although he loves her still. She receives the news with despair and rushes up to her husband, who is ill. He dies that night, and Richard, with no sort of evidence, chooses to think that she has poisoned him. From that time he remains away from her altogether. Although he could now marry her, which would be in every way a great worldly success for him, he will not see her again. Then she becomes very ill, and in the last scene where she is dying he comes to her and implores her to forgive him. This again is a stirring and heart-rending scene. She dies, and the sole comment of his actor brother, "Montague Cliftonville," as he calls himself, when he hears the story is, "Pity it wouldn't make a play." We rather disagree with Mr. Cliftonville in this pronouncement, and think that perhaps "The Other Man's Wife" might make a very good play.

Although written in apparently a very cynical style, it contains a fine moral for those who know where to look for it. The one fault we see in the story—as a story it is a fine one—is that Richard should so very readily believe Mrs. Ainslie capable of a horrible crime, and that he should never even try to find out about the facts. However, but for this improbability we should have had no tragedy, so we must not complain.

We hope Mr. Richardson will soon give us another thrilling novel, and we most strongly advise him now to turn his attention towards the drama.

ADA LEVERSON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S JUDGMENTS.*

This, the fourth volume of essays we have had from Mr. Frederic Harrison in the last two years, like its predecessors gives us an outlook on life from the Positivist standpoint. For the making of the book its author has been gleaning in various magazines and reviews for articles contributed since 1866 to the present year of grace, and the result is, naturally, an extremely wide range of topics. The political relations of England and France, the enfranchisement of women, civil and religious marriage, the disestablishment of the Church, reform of the House of Lords, local veto, education, Sunday observance, parliamentary procedure, funeral rites, art and drama, and the uses of rich men are some of the chief items discussed, and upon all these matters Mr. Frederic Harrison pronounces judgment with befitting gravity. Personal recollections of John Ruskin, Sir Leslie Stephen, Canon Liddon, Sir James Knowles, Herbert Spencer, and the old Century Club are also included in these "Realities and Ideals," as well as an interesting comparison of the brothers Newman, Francis the Theist, and John Henry the Cardinal. Mr. Harrison's last word

* "Realities and Ideals, Social, Political, Literary, and Artistic." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

on Ruskin may be quoted: "He who was for ever preaching to us humility, submission, trust, was the most ungovernable, wilful, arrogant of men—in a high sense, the most utter egoist. He who cried out to men to obey and to follow, would follow or obey—no one but himself."

There is an aloofness from the storm and stress of life in Mr. Harrison's attitude to contemporary politics and social questions which does not diminish our respect for his opinions, nor prevent us, on occasion, from doubting the justice of his judgments. On certain topics, too, notably women's suffrage and the prohibition of alcohol, Mr. Harrison indulges in a violence of language that neither strengthens his arguments nor convinces us that abstaining from ordinary political activities ("I have hardly ever voted in a parliamentary contest in fifty years," Mr. Harrison tells us) necessarily improves the tone of public controversy. He having laid down the dictum that "all rule is tyrannical which is alien to the popular will," it is difficult to follow Mr. Harrison in his fury of invective against the more ardent advocates of votes for women. At the same time we quite understand that the Positivist synthesis does not include the admission of women to the polling booth. However, there is so much in these essays that is informing and high-minded, and the note of cheery common sense is so often sounded, that it would be ungracious to dwell on the lapses from urbanity and sound criticism. We can always say with truth of Mr. Frederic Harrison what he writes of Francis Newman: "As to himself, he was utterly fearless, disinterested, and frank."

THE JACKAL ON THE LION.*

Dr. Gould knew Lateado Hearn, even had him in his house as a guest, and received letters from him beginning

* "Concerning Lateado Hearn." By G. M. Gould, M.D. 8s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)



Photo by L. W. Adams, Hawkhurst.

Frederic Harrison

Author of "Realities and Ideals."

"Gooley" and ending "Hearneyboy." Dr. Gould urged Hearn to go to Japan, and Hearn seems to have suffered lectures from him about "Duty." Dr. Gould had, of course, to write a book about his friend, and its subject is so interesting that even its unpleasing, patronising attitude, its philistine attempt to bring an artist to the level, or indeed below the level, of a ponderous, solemn, but perhaps very well-meaning medical man, cannot destroy the value of the facts that it contains. If Dr. Gould had left himself out of the book, and had omitted also some hundred pages of what he calls "Appreciations and Epitomes," he might have made a pamphlet, of perhaps sixty smallish pages, really valuable to those who are curious about the methods of a man's work and the connection between different varieties of writing and different varieties, physiologically speaking, of writers. The matter that pamphlet should have contained is so instructive as to repay the annoying labour of searching for it through this incredibly bloated book.

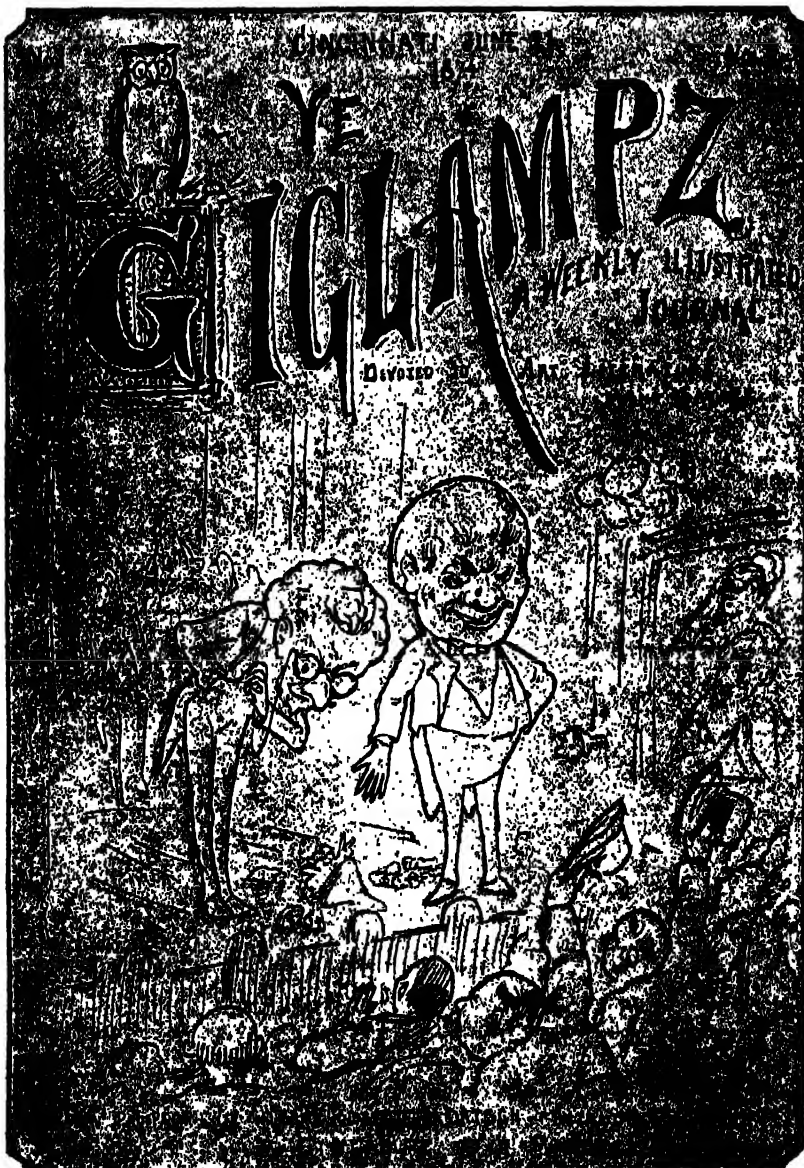
Dr. Gould's contribution to the public knowledge of Lafcadio Hearn is principally concerned with his eyesight. Hearn suffered from acute myopia. "Suffered" is hardly the right word, since it is not impossible that myopia was partly responsible for his power of catching atmosphere and producing luminous undetailed effects. There must be few near-sighted artists and poets who do not, in moments when the practical difficulties of seeing their way about are not important to them, tear off their spectacles in order to gain the more beautiful and more truly characteristic impression of things half seen. The mist in the paintings of Eugène

Carrière, that dimness in which his figures float as if in poetry, can be poured over everything by the simple removal of the glasses. Red-brick houses that seem horribly meshed in a net of thin black lines of mortar, their windows square in white paint, their flower-pots in state rows along the sills, turn miraculously into something very splendid when the bricks merge into each other, and the bright white dims, and the flower-pots are splashes of indeterminate colour, and the houses stand out in a bloodier, warmer crimson against a dusky sky. Clear sight has no defence against multitudinous detail, but remove the spectacles, and the souls of things seem no longer so well disguised in their elaborate envelopes. Hearn was compelled to this more spiritual vision. He could hardly see anything more than a few feet away except in the vaguest masses of colour. Even with the lens, that he seldom used, he could only see one-fourth as clearly as people with ordinary eyes. The fact helps to explain the peculiar reality, half of this world and half of another, that gives independent life to all he wrote.

The book contains also information on Hearn's literary methods, which resembled those of Flaubert, sheet after sheet being wasted and thrown away, and whole days spent over single paragraphs. There are quotations too, oases in the desert of pompous, heavy style, and Hearn tells us in his own words of his aim in writing prose—"an English realisation of a Latin style, modelled upon foreign masters, and rendered even more forcible by that element of *strength* which is the characteristic of the northern tongues." But Dr. Gould is very anxious to make it quite clear that his friend was only a recorder of other people's ideas. I confess

I am at a loss to understand the eminent physician's idea of creation. Hearn did not invent his stories himself. No more did Shakespeare, Chaucer, or Keats, and yet we do not say of any one of them that "he was entirely without creative power." Dr. Gould seems to think there is more creation in the invention of a plot than in putting into it a loveliness of waking life. He calls Hearn an "echo"—but of whom? The flavour of Hearn is as recognisable as that of Rossetti or Goldsmith. But no doubt there is more satisfaction in saying that a man was a chameleon (one of Dr. Gould's metaphors) than in saying, unnecessarily, but at least with truth, that he was sensitive and able to disentangle and reproduce his sensations. Dr. Gould is also careful to denounce his friend as "deprived by nature, by the necessities of his life, or by conscious intention, of religion, morality, scholarship, magnanimity, loyalty, character, benevolence, and other constituents of personal greatness." It is like a breath of clear air to turn after that to "Kwaidan," and Hearn's desire of reincarnation as a *jiki-ketsu-gaki*, a peculiarly malevolent sort of mosquito: "I want to have my chance of being reborn in some bamboo flower cup, or *mizutamé*, whence I might issue softly, singing my thin and pungent song, to bite some people that I know." I would like him to begin by biting Dr. Gould.

ARTHUR RANSOME.



Reduced first page of the first issue of "Ye Giglamps," issued in Cincinnati under Lafcadio Hearn's editorship.

From "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn" (Unwin.)

FROM NAPOLEON TO FALLIÈRES*.

Mr. Berry writes on the history of Modern France from a somewhat unusual point of view. He is an Evangelical Protestant, so he tells us, a friend to the Third Republic, and one who reckons "the central organisation of the Church of Rome as amongst the great enemies of the

* "France since Waterloo." By W. Grinton Berry. 6s. (Methuen.)



From a photograph taken at
Martinique in 1888.

Lafcadio Hearn.

Reproduced from "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." (Unwin.)

human race." The Evangelical in him feels distress and even dismay when he contemplates the propaganda of irreligion associated with French Governments since the year 1880, when M. Paul Bert drove out of the country all who belonged to Catholic orders of men and women. But the Protestant and Republican is delighted with every blow aimed at Pope or Jesuits, for whose conduct of affairs Mr. Berry cannot find words of condemnation strong enough.

So much for the personal equation, frankly set down in plain terms, lest we should mistake the writer's drift. He judges that comparatively few among us are well versed in the story of France after Waterloo. And no doubt his judgment is right. French literature does indeed offer a lively and most interesting reflection of the chief public events between 1815 and 1871 to those who study it with open eyes. Stendhal, Balzac, George Sand, Hugo, Flaubert, Maxime du Camp, and even Zola render a striking impression of the moods, the spirit, the verdict passed on their own history by the actors in it. This may well count for more than the series of Bourbon Restorations, *juste milieu* Governments, Republics of '48, Bonaparte Empires, and what we are now beholding, a *régime* of all the mediocrities. For the French are an "impressionist" people; and their literature has reacted on their history in a fashion which no other country perhaps could exhibit. However, though we teach their charming language in all our higher schools, it does not seem that any large proportion of educated Englishmen could pass an examination successfully on these points. Hence the need of a book such as, in fair measure, our Evangelical anti-Roman republican has succeeded in composing. He does not propose, like Carlyle, to dazzle us with lightning-flashes of insight or plunge us into the tragic gloom of heart-shaking episodes; he is just a temperate, well-meaning, devout and kindly observer, who prefers Parliamentary debates to battles, and touches character mainly from the outside. Some allusion to fleeting names and transient persons, known to the railway bookstall, appears to him advisable; for how otherwise hold the too easily fatigued mind from wandering while you discourse of Lamennais, Louis Philippe, Guizot, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin? So must democratic history be doctored to the taste of its votaries, with one

not unexpected result, viz. that it smacks of journalism from which it has been drawn. That is peculiarly so when we come to the last thirty years.

For example, take Napoleon III. He is shown in various lights, as a mountebank, a shrewd statesman, a sympathetic social reformer, a romantic, dreamy enthusiast—but how shall we fuse these characteristics into a living whole. What was the man really, after all? Other questionable shapes—Thiers and Gambetta may be instanced—are treated allusively, a line here and a line there, but we cannot be said to know them as they lived. Not a single Catholic advocate is brought into clear vision, although Lamennais deserved a place commensurate with his vast influence, and Dupanloup saved the Temporal Power. On the vital points at issue between the Third Republic and the Church—a subject on which most of our home-staying Britons are anything but well informed—we have seen what is the writer's attitude. But I would commend to intelligent readers the forty pages occupied with the Concordat and its repeal, as often furnishing those "asides" of the historian where the truth slips out almost unawares. Faith and unfaith being at death-grips in this long encounter, we are told that "France, Roman Catholic, is a nobler France, a France of which more can be hoped, than a France whose proudest boast would be a pagan culture and a pagan coldness and insensibility to all that nourishes the highest instincts of man," with much more to a similar effect.

Be it so; but, if so it is, the Jesuits and Ultramontanes who stand against such paganising deserve to be measured on a scale of equity which will do justice to their motives. They may be "clericals," but are they not Christians? When they "poison the minds" of their pupils (who come freely to them) or "debauch the honour of the army"—by preparing cadets for examination—does this mean what in ordinary English it would appear to signify? And not rather that they do their best to preserve the children confided to them from a rampant and unclean atheism? Mr. Berry says of this Third Republic:

"On occasions, indeed, she has been guilty of what is justly described as indecent assault on the most honourable emotions, not only of Catholics, but of all Christian people, and she has seemed to take a cruel delight in probing the most sensitive nerve of the religious heart."

I could not have ventured on such bold language myself; but I rejoice that in a work meant for popular circulation the truth should at last be filtering out, and the design of men like M. Comte, M. Briand, and other "ecclesiastical commissioners," whom this volume compares to the late Mr. Bradlaugh, should be shown in its genuine colours. It is the French citizen brought up on their principles who practises the so-called Neo-Malthusian philosophy—thanks to which the death-rate now exceeds the birth-rate in non-Catholic regions. These things determine a country's fate. Who will be responsible if the grand old nation sinks to a province or is colonised by strangers?

WILLIAM BARRY.

A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.*

Mr. Stephen Reynolds, a man of the middle class with a university training and much reading, has lived with a Devonshire fisherman's family for two or three years, and has written a book on what he has seen. It is not a story, and has no natural end at all, but consists of some scores of short notes, reflections, conversations, descriptions of days and nights on sea and shore. Mr. Reynolds has a great admiration for the fisherman and his wife with whom he went to live long before he thought of writing about them. He was probably ready to admire them long before

* "A Poor Man's House." By Stephen Reynolds. 6s. (John Lane.)

he lived with them—in fact, we should not be surprised if he had already formed a pretty full theory about the life and philosophy of fishermen and others living a bold open-air life and winning their food straight from earth or sea. But it was not the admiration of FitzGerald for Posh. Mr. Reynolds is no idealist. He neither revives nor invents any such things as Arcadianism. He has seen the life as it really is and has for a long time habitually eaten and drunken and worked and played with fisherfolk. He has seen the simplicity, the kindliness, the health of it, but also the dirt, the danger, the poverty, which altogether make up a life so different from that of the black-coated and Norfolk-jacket-on-holiday classes that he regards their civilisation as a distinct one. He would probably go so far as to say that by cultivating the body, the intelligence, and the instinct together, and by its roughness and carelessness—"that's the way of it" is the only spoken wisdom of the fisherman—this life is more in accordance with the facts than any other. He certainly makes us feel a great mute force underlying their labour, their talk, their family life, a force like a tide and as likely to endure; and he implicitly raises the question again and again whether industrialism and a social and political system founded on industrialism are not destroying a noble thing and one which we cannot lose except at our peril.

Mr. Reynolds is full of a gospel to which we cannot do justice by quotation or brief paraphrase, but which we shall be glad to see disseminated, because, though it is probably full of faults, it has a living relation to a fresh set of facts and to a very interesting personality in the author himself. There is no bunkum of any kind in the book. It is all genuinely observed and thought out, and its truth, especially as it happens to be expressed in English of equal coarseness and strength, makes for culture in the best sense. In fact, Mr. Reynolds's power of putting down what he sees is such that he could almost have done without reflection and argument altogether. His pictures and dialogues are the real thing: his gospel is bound to be tainted by his prejudice and by his consciousness of saying the new or the unwelcome word, but the record of his observation is unquestionable. There is a good deal of dialogue and more still of ejaculation, full of idiom and dialect. We see the fisherman, Tony Widger, in every position, indoors, out of doors, in bed, at sea, dressed and half-dressed, drinking, working, talking of his dead children, toying with his wife; and the wife herself, always shrill and always cutting bread and butter, hard working, with no amusements except life, making her husband's irregular earnings go as far as they must; both of them people who would be just as much at home with Ulysses or Gunnas of Cithenos as they are with Mr. Reynolds, people whom you could dump down in any century with a certainty that they would at once begin to be happy, to work, to have a hard time, to breed, and to endure and do necessary things. Mr. Reynolds is not afraid of putting anything down, and is careful to give us many trifles and many swear words. As a mere piece of evidence—of such a kind as no mere journalist or Royal Commission is likely to get hold of—it is very good. It is put down scrappily because no doubt the writer would run no unnecessary risks of being thought to be colouring the facts. This is a poor form, of course; but the scraps can be built up, or even naturally build themselves up, into a portrait, a series of portraits, or a landscape of considerable richness, and even of something like completeness, though we expect to see them handled again. And then individually some of the scraps are admirable, full of real sea, cold and harsh and coming where it is not wanted, great boats, of primæval night, and rocks old as the moon. We admire very much the way Mr. Reynolds has kept in hand his power of describing sea and sky. There is just enough of the landscape to make now and then an always relevant stern or delicate scene, and to make a puissant frame to the whole.

EDWARD THOMAS.

LIFE AND BOOKS.*

Good poems are far more plentiful than good essays; the great essayist is rarer even than the great novelist or the great poet; and if it is true that nearly all poets die young, it is equally true that nearly all essayists who count for anything are born middle-aged. Much knowledge may be the death of poetry, but it is the making of the essay; for your essayist must have lived long enough to have gathered experiences, to have wakened out of his dreams and made acquaintance with the realities of life, to have learned the values of things, to have fashioned something of a philosophy for himself. His eye does not roll in a fine frenzy, like the poet's; it is a calm and contemplative eye. He has not the passionate heart of the poet, but he has sympathies at least as wide and as deep, he is kindlier, more genial, more charitable, because he has shed his illusions and, looking back on them, can laugh at himself and make allowance for the illusions of others.

Withal, there is no form of literature that gives such unfettered play to the individuality of the writer, and no form, therefore, that is more infinitely varied. To take, for example, only three new volumes in this kind that are published almost simultaneously—Mr. A. C. Benson is a poet who has given up putting rhymes to his poetry and prefers to write it as prose; he is a scholar who has not been healthily jostled and trampled in the hurly-burly of life, but has seen a good deal of it from his college window, and has thought a good deal of it; he is reticent, self-conscious, and nourishes the secret hankerings of the recluse; he has a touch of melancholy that is balanced by a sense of humour, and a gentle cynicism that becomes insignificant in the shadow of his tranquil, rooted religious faith. And all these are among the qualities of heart and mind that are woven into the texture of his essays. He does not think successful men are the better for their success; he deprecates "the conventional view that attaches virtue to perspiration, and national vigour to the multiplication of unnecessary business"; he believes we are put into the world "to *be* rather than to *do*." He writes of such themes as "Contentment," "Friendship," "Travel," "Our Lack of Great Men," "Shyness," "Literary Finish," "Joy," and defends himself neatly and effectively from certain reviewers who have charged him with writing platitudes, failing to realise that what is original to themselves is probably platitudinous to somebody else.

Turning to "Little People," you are in a breezier, more bracing atmosphere at once, and in touch with a robust, more vigorous personality. For Mr. Whiteing has spent his best years in the fighting line, has striven in the very thick of the battle of life and had his full share of hard knocks, before he withdrew a little and found time to look on at it. So he writes more of men than of books, more of concrete human nature than of abstract virtues, more of homely realities than of remote ideals, more of others than of himself, and chiefly of the "little people" of the world who have appealed to his imagination and his sympathy and whom he has grown to love and admire. These little people are "a section of the quiet folk who form the vast majority of our kind"; they rarely get into the papers; they do not want to fight because they feel that their victory must mean the defeat of another; in a word, they are "the average people, many of them failures as we reckon success, some of them incompetent, all of no account." A wise and a profoundly interesting book, this of Mr. Whiteing's. Its little character-sketches are excellent; it is full of the pathos and humour, the joy and suffering, the hope and the uncertainty of common lives, and with a delicate insight and a cunning gift at clinching a point with an anecdote, gives glimpses of the quiet heroism, the usefulness, the underlying happiness of them.

* "At Large." By A. C. Benson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—"Little People." By Richard Whiteing. 6s. (Cassell.)—"De Libris." By Austin Dobson. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Austin Dobson takes you neither to Mr. Benson's shining hills and happy valleys nor to the teeming streets and byways of the city where Mr. Whiteing is at home: he is the most delightfully bookish of authors, and while you are with him in the library poring over some quaint old folio, enjoying his erudite gossip and criticism of famous or forgotten books, you will not have the smallest wish in the world to be anywhere else. "De Libris" is a wholly charming miscellany of prose and verse; there is a poem of the lighter kind following each of the essays, and in an easy, rhyming prologue Mr. Dobson says he:

"Slipped in the scraps of verse, that thus
Things might be less monotonous,"

and though there is no monotony that needs such mitigation, one is glad Mr. Dobson fancied there was, since it moved him to include many deft, characteristic verses that it is good to have for their own sake. There are thoughtful, admirable essays on Thackeray's "Esmond," on Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson, but our private preference is for such quaint, gossipy excursions into the byways of literature as "Cross Readings—and Caleb Whitefoord," "On Some Books and their Associations," on "The Books of Samuel Rogers" (and wherever Rogers himself may be, his books are now in the byways), or "Bramston's 'Man of Taste.'"

It is impossible to draw any useful comparison between these books, and the sensible reader will not be disposed to waste his time in attempting anything so futile: he will read them and keep them on the shelf for his re-reading in quiet hours, for if he has the right catholic taste he shall get a different but an equal profit and pleasure from all three of them.

A GREAT BUILDER.*

"Christopher Wren," writes Miss Milman, "was a typical son of his century, a century which shunned mystery, which had no quarrel with the inexorable laws of nature, no longing to escape life's durance, no eagerness for a higher state of spirituality than is easily compatible with the life of every day. Gothic belongs to an early stage of civilisation, when the world was young and loved to wonder, while Renaissance is a renewal of youth, and renewals are of necessity self-conscious." Nothing could be truer than the first part of this statement, the part which concerns Wren and his age. The later seventeenth century certainly "shunned mystery." But there was nothing very young about it, and to call its architecture even *later* Renaissance is to suggest insupportable comparisons. For surely there were mystery and wonder in the Renaissance, in the golden paganism of Titian, the unquiet, unstable wisdom of Leonardo, the Titan soul-struggles of Michelangelo; and to consider it a violent commencement, an absolute break with the past, is to ignore the abiding influence of the beauty which men had been fashioning in colour and word and stone from at least the twelfth century. The renewal consisted not in the supersession but in the refreshment and reformation of the medieval by the classical. But the English civil war and the rule of the Puritan mark one of the few great gulfs of history. That is why to those who love the colour and glory of the quattrocento, the grace of Ronsard, the might of Shakespeare, the Gothic is far more urgent in its appeal than the stateliest work of Wren. But Miss Milman did not invent her own nomenclature.

The difference between Salisbury and St. Paul's is no mere difference of manner; it is an utter

difference of ideal. One may, if one is fanciful, see in the smiling rotundity of the second the symbol of a contentment with an easily demonstrable perfection, in the pointed austerity of the first the symbol of strife after a perfection whose rare attainment is only appreciable by a purely spiritual apprehension. Or one may say that architecture stands on the borderland between science and art, that it is either music or mathematics made visible and tangible.

The seventeenth century was, as Miss Milman says, an age of "colossal curiosity." It was a curiosity, however, which concerned itself with facts. It is to Wren that the age owes its most enduring monuments, and Wren started life as a scientist. He was a member of the "ingenious world." He helped to found the Royal Society and was on three of its eight committees. At his election to the presidency he "discoursed upon earthquakes." In his early years, we are told, he had no leaning towards art. It was not till he went to Paris to escape the plague and saw the Louvre a building that his thoughts turned definitely to architecture. Then came the burning of London to give him his chance.

It is not without irony that, just after the battle against ultra-Protestantism had been fought and won, the churches lovingly built by the devotees of the old faith were swept away; and it is significant of the permanent change of the spirit of things that their replacing was entrusted to one who coupled "Gothism" with "Enmity to the Progress of Learning" as something worse than "Rudeness." Wren, who built for Congreve's pursy city, did not feel bound "too nicely to observe east or west," and his earliest plan for the new cathedral provided for the sermon at the expense of the sacrament. "Even the most devout in those days esteemed religion acceptably respected rather by reason than by rapture."

This latest life of Sir Christopher is a comely book, well bound and printed, well illustrated and above all, well

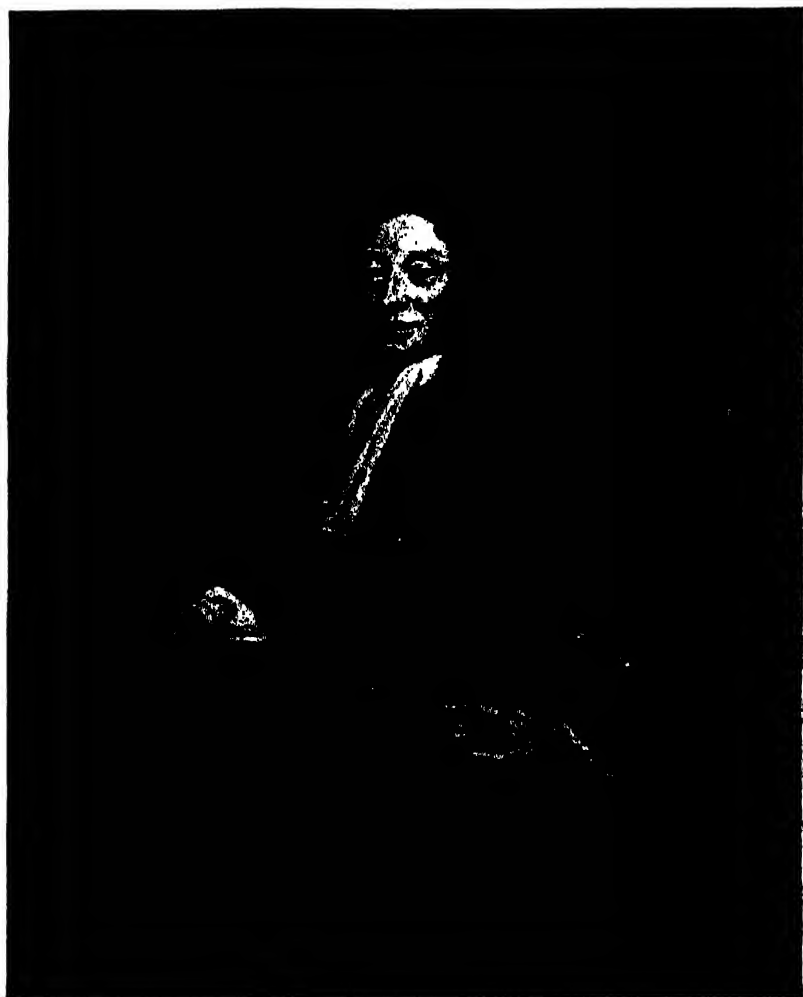


Photo by Emery Walker.

Sir Christopher Wren.

After a portrait by Kneller.

From "Sir Christopher Wren," (Duckworth.)

* "Sir Christopher Wren." By Lena Milman. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

written. Miss Milman, whose style has caught something of the Augustan sonority of her period, writes with enthusiasm, perception and humanity. She has an interesting tale to tell, the tale of the crowded and various life of an attractive man, in whose face not even Kneller has been able to quench the humour and light. Wren was a great personality as well as a great architect. For even if one cannot love the "good Roman manner" as he did and Miss Milman does, one must always admire the grace and richness and stately proportion of his work. If Salisbury moves us and St. Paul's leaves us cold, it is, again, a question not of technique, but of temperament.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

leader of the dwellers in the city among unexpected perils that assail them. Mr. Speight's powers of invention never flag, yet the incidents, at their wildest, are so skilfully developed from the central idea and so vividly depicted, that even on retrospection, there is little that we could say was overdrawn. The author's descriptive powers are very considerable, and several of his characters, notably Zacuan, the Indian boy, Silma, his sister, the heroine of the story, and the mysterious "Katipaoa, the Moon-wind" must be accounted genuine creations. The gravest fault in the story, to our mind, is that it ends in such a way as to preclude the hope of a sequel.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

AN ELIZABETHAN ROMANCE.*

In a class of story whose themes are worn almost threadbare, Mr. Speight has succeeded in striking out something new. We cannot recall anything in the way of adventure stories quite on the pattern of this romance. Its hero is a Devon lad drawn to the wilds of Central America. He finds there an unknown city, guarded by swamps and mountains and inhabited by an Indian tribe, whose ancestors in Elizabethan days had fallen in with a band of adventurers from Devon. The two had made friends and finally settled down together and become one people. The speech and even the manners and customs of the Devonian wanderers had been cherished throughout the intervening years and to some extent remained in use among their descendants, while the isolated colony had reconstructed and preserved in a glorified form, as a memorial of their past and the shrine and centre of their life in the present, the galleon that gives its name to the story. This marvellous vessel, described with intimate knowledge of Elizabethan shipping, is thus depicted:

"He found himself facing the lofty stem of an Elizabethan ship that stood in cradles formed by massive blocks of polished mahogany. His eyes wandered slowly from the glittering white of the timbers under the water-line up over the oak-grained square tuck of the stern, where the muzzles of the chase-guns loomed from beneath the warlike red portholes, to the green out-work of the gallery, on which shone in brave golden letters the legend—*The Ark of Torbay*. . . .

"Above was a bonaventure mast of gold, with a ruddy peaked-up yard, and the background was of crimson-dyed rigging, with green blocks hanging like fruit everywhere, and golden masts rising to the green and white hoops of the round tops. It was a dazzling scene, preserving all the mystery of a ship at sea with untold romance of its own."

Even so this story of adventure, set in the present day, is pervaded by a breath of glamour from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and from the stories of great deeds that live still in the pages of Hakluyt, which lifts it above the level of a mere romance of adventure. It is full of interest and fascination, and we know of at least one reader who, having taken it up to see what it was like, was not satisfied to lay it down till he had arrived at the final page. The opening scenes are picturesque and have a flavour of originality that runs through the whole book. Zacuan, a boy from the mysterious city, belonging in seeming to some tribe of Indians in Central America, though actually descended from one of the leaders of the Elizabethan adventurers, arrives at a South Devon port as an ambassador to his unknown and distant kinsman. On his way up country, he beguiles a stolid South Devon rural policeman into becoming his accomplice in a flagrant act of poaching. It would not be fair to tell the story or the fate of *The Ark of Torbay*. Suffice it to say that the hero, returning with Zacuan, is involved in a series of startling adventures in which he is forced to act as adviser and

THE BRONTË LETTERS.*

Nothing probably is more certain in regard to the future of English literature than that, as the glory of popularity has departed in turn from the later Elizabethan dramatists, from the eighteenth-century essayists, and from Fielding and Smollett, so the time must come when Dickens and Thackeray and their lesser contemporaries will join the host of the great unread. Individualism and idiosyncrasy in literature may well have reached its zenith in these extravagant performances, the vast length and topicality of which will puzzle and amaze the readers of 2000. Literary quality alone will only preserve an infinitesimal quantity of the finest poetry from the furnace; and lucky is the writer who can call in the aid of some property extraneous to that of pure literature. The characters of Sterne and of Dickens, if not of Thackeray, will probably live on vigorously more and more as a legacy apart from their books. Will it be likewise with Jane and Mr. Rochester and Paul Emanuel? I should imagine it to be most unlikely. But the Brontë family have a lucky fairy in the shape of a legend, planted by Mrs. Gaskell fifty years ago, and watered industriously since by a growing faction of hagiographers. Curiosity has grown by what it has fed on. Book after book has been constructed upon the details of the dreary loneliness, the poverty, and the tragedy of the weird sisters. This romantic tradition has been made to hang before our eyes with greater vividness and intensity than the intensest pages of "Jane Eyre" or "Wuthering Heights." These stories were poignant, and as stories have had a vigorous life, but the medium from which they sprang was a story still more insistent, and retains an accent still more appealing. The Life furnished materials for the novels, the next step is to question the materials for the Life. A mass of literature has responded to this call, but among the crowd of purveyors one has been conspicuous throughout for his industry, thoroughness, and success. It is thoroughly appropriate, then, that this magnificent collection of upwards of seven hundred Brontë letters should have been presented to the public by Mr. Clement Shorter. Though he has kept his own personal commentary in the background, the editor has put everything before us with a Boswellian thoroughness. He supplies the necessary links and explanations with unflinching clearness and competence, but he allows the documents to speak for themselves.

The sentimental enthusiasm about the lives of the Brontë sisters was due in the first instance to the indiscretion of Mrs. Gaskell. If anybody ever tried hard to tell the truth in a biography it was she, and, as we know, the result was a veritable hornets' nest. She was, indeed, extraordinarily ignorant as to the amount of suppression which the sensitiveness of modern respectability exacts from even the most candid historians. Some critics have thought that Mrs. Gaskell painted the Haworth life with

* "The Galleon of Torbay. A Romance." By E. E. Speight. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

* "The Brontës: Life and Letters." By Clement Shorter. With 8 Illustrations in Photogravure. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

too sombre a brush; but after due reflection, Mr. Shorter is inclined to acquit her of any palpable exaggeration. Taken as a whole, the life of Charlotte Brontë may perhaps be regarded as one of the saddest in literature.

"At a miserable school, where she herself was unhappy, she saw her two elder sisters stricken down and carried home to die. In her home was the narrowest poverty. She had, in the years when that was most essential, no mother's care; and perhaps there was a somewhat too rigid disciplinarian in the aunt who took the mother's place. Her second school brought her, indeed, two kind friends; but her shyness made that school-life in itself a prolonged tragedy. Of the two experiences as a private governess I shall have more to say. They were periods of torture to her sensitive nature. The ambition of the three girls to start a school on their own account failed ignominiously. The suppressed vitality of childhood and early womanhood made Charlotte unable to enter into the life of a foreign city, and Brussels was for her a further disaster. Then within two years, just as literary fame was bringing its consolation for the trials of the past, she saw her two beloved sisters taken from her. And finally, when at last a good man won her love, there were left to her only nine months of happy married life. 'I am not going to die. We have been so happy.' These words to her husband on her death-bed are not the least piteously sad in her tragic story."

The interest which was started by indiscretion is maintained by a calculated insistence upon detail. The detail given here as to the early life of Charlotte's father, the family life at Thornton, and during childhood at Haworth is extraordinarily circumstantial. Much of course was well known before, but to an increasing circle of pilgrims and enthusiasts the legend has a perennial and growing fascination which will compel them to turn these pages in the hope (which is by no means disappointed) that, among the large number of familiar letters, they will light every now and again upon some hitherto undiscovered treasure. Mr. Shorter speaks of some details being too trivial, but it is their very triviality that counts. Literary analysis fails wholly to assess comparative values here. The effect is cumulative and for the most part incalculable and unexpected. As in reading "*Clarissa*," one peruses page after page of formal, demure, tautological reporting and gossip, when all of a sudden the heart responds to a sudden flutter or cry of some poor wounded thing; and the life that once throbbed so wildly in the veins of this plain and prim little sister of the moorland parsonage quivers once again over the lines of print.

The minutiae given in the notes as to the identity of all these forgotten correspondents from Miss Nussey downwards, the intimate familiarity of the interstitial passages, and the elaboration of the "narratives" which corroborate the epistolary matter here and there, keep up the excitement of an intimacy far surpassing that of every-day experience.

The note of intense and tragic personality which was sounded first by Thackeray in his Roundabout sketch on the "story of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors" was emphasised by Mrs. Gaskell in the vignette showing the long series of white tombstones in Haworth churchyard. Her death, her sudden fame, the thrill, the novelty of emotion which had rattled the bones of the bachelor forties—these considerations justified the triumph of this austere little Joan of Arc when she marched suddenly into fame, *cap-à-pie*, with banners streaming and flags flying, sixty years ago. Nor even now, after the critical interval, do we find that fame or that recognition excessive. For here, in these two portly volumes of 930 pages, Mr. Shorter succeeds in keeping the Brontë flag flying. The narrowness of outlook and of experience which justified so many extravagances in the author of "*Jane Eyre*" is just as conspicuous here; but the letters triumph in the fact that, familiar as the matter is, we go on reading them, and that, circumscribed as their range is, we are confronted neither by monotony nor by undue egotism, still less by commonplace. Coloured with a native imagination which bares to us in a succession of almost imperceptible strokes its inmost thoughts and idealisations, these letters achieve

for themselves a position almost as lonely and subjective as "*Wuthering Heights*" or "*Villette*" among the intimate and personal documents of creative genius.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

HOLLAND HOUSE.*

"Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its way, all continue to go. All like it more or less; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing can supply. It is the house of all Europe; the world will suffer by the loss; and it may be said with truth that it will 'eclipse the gaiety of nations.'" So wrote Charles Greville, and if one lived too late to secure immortality in Horace Walpole's Journals, the next best thing is to figure in "The Gruncher's" pages. Greville, it will be noted, indicates, with his usual perspicacity, that it was not only the hostess of Holland House but also the host who made it "the house of Europe," and this point, too often lost sight of nowadays, is dwelt upon by Lord Ilchester, the editor of Lady Holland's Journal, who recalls a remark of Ugo Foscolo, "I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland, but I could go to hell with his lordship." There have been comments, kind and cruel, upon Lady Holland, but every one had a good word for the gentle, courteous, well-read gentleman. An interesting passage in Lady Holland's Journal is that in which she, then Lady Webster, describes the man, who, though of course she was ignorant of it then, was eventually to be her second husband.

"Lord Holland is quite delightful," she wrote at Florence on June 10, 1794. "He is eager without rashness, well-bred without ceremony. His disposition and turn of mind are reckoned very like his uncle, Mr. Fox. His manner resembles his maternal uncle, Colonel Fitzpatrick. His politics are warm in favour of the Revolution, and his principles are strongly tinged with democracy. . . . But he would lament with all the reasonable men should revolutionary doctrines obtain in England, as he thinks the actual form of government the best suited to the country. Though so zealous, he is totally without party rancour; in short, he is exactly what all must like, esteem, and admire. His spirits are sometimes too boisterous, and may occasionally overpower one, but he is good humoured enough to endure a rebuke."

Lady Webster was at this time a very unhappy woman. She had been married at the age of fifteen to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, and apparently a more ill-suited couple it would have been difficult to find. Lord Ilchester, with commendable impartiality, holds the scales between husband and wife, and pronounces that there were faults, and material faults, on both sides: that Sir Godfrey was indifferent to her tastes, and suffered from a sullen disposition, a violent temper, and fits of depression, and that, on the other hand, Lady Webster, a woman of action, not content to take a place subordinate to any man, was accustomed throughout life to express herself with often brutal frankness—which last quality, Lord Ilchester thinks, inclined her sometimes to be hysterical. Certainly, when writing of her married life, she wrote with bitter anger.

"This fatal day seven years ago," she wrote on June 27, 1793, "gave me, in the bloom and innocence of fifteen, to the power of a being who has made me execrate my life since it has belonged to me. . . . My mind is worked up to a state of savage exaltation, and impels me to act with fury that proceeds more from passion and deep despair than I can in calmer moments justify. Oftentimes in the gloom of midnight I feel a desire to curtail my grief, and but for an unaccountable shudder that creeps over me, ere thus the deed of rashness would be executed."

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of her elopement with Lord Holland, and her subsequent marriage with him. It is as Lady Holland she has come down to a posterity that concerns itself not at all with her previous

* "*The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland (1791-1811)*," Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. With Portraits. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

life, and therein posterity differs from Lady Holland's contemporaries, for the women of that day, with a few exceptions, would not, in consequence of her divorce and the reason for it, visit at Holland House.

Lady Holland hated the country—"the sight of a country residence inspires me with gloom," she said, "I feel escaped from some misfortune when I get out of its precincts"—and consequently the house at Kensington, then a short drive from London, appealed to her strongly. There it was she established her *salon*, the best of its kind that this country has known. Lord Ilchester says that her sway over her associates was the rule of fear, not of love; but that surely must have been a slight exaggeration, since there was no necessity for the majority of her visitors to come if they did not wish to do so. Of the imperiousness of her demeanour, however, there is no question, and she would give her orders to Macaulay as calmly as to the most unimportant person present. Once in commanding tones she commanded—her manner gave to the expression of her wish the semblance of a command—Sydney Smith to ring the bell. "Oh, yes," said that nimble wit, hastening to obey, "and shall I sweep the floor?"

The qualities that Lady Holland possessed, wherewith she attracted a wide circle of the most brilliant men in the kingdom, were many and varied. She had, under an arrogant demeanour, a warm heart; and she had a ready sympathy that enabled her to draw out the most nervous guest at her table. That she was clever goes without saying; and if proof were wanting of the wide range of her reading, by which means she contrived to remedy the defects of her early education, or want of education, it is to hand in an entry of her *Journal* wherein she notes the books she has perused in the first six months of 1798:

"I have read since Xmas the D. of Marlbro's *Apology*, Burnet's *History*, ye *XIII. Satire of Juvenal*, Hearne's *Travels in N. America*, Smith on ye figure and complexion of ye human species, Bancroft on dying, some desultory chemistry, *Roderick Random*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, Leti's *Life of Sixtus I.*, various German and French plays, novels, and trash, Cook's *Third Voyage*, Wolt's *Ceylon*, part of Ulloa's *Voyage [to South America]*, and some papers in ye memoirs of ye Exeter Society. Frequent dippings into Bayle, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Ariosto. Read ye three first books of Tasso; Ld. Orford's Works."

The *Journal* is prefixed by an excellent Introduction by Lord Ilchester, who has carefully annotated the text. In her footnote to a passage in the *Journal* alluding to Königsmark, Sophia Dorothea's lover, however, he should have pointed out the blunder of Lady Holland in confusing, as did so many of her contemporaries, the Königsmark who was concerned in the murder of Thynne of Longleat with the younger brother, who was in all probability killed in the Leine Palace at Hanover.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS.*

With what general design Miss Singleton undertook to write her history of the White House may be gathered from the opening words of her preface, in which she says: "I have confined myself to the social life of the Presidents and their families while its occupants. I have strictly avoided any reference to the political turmoils of which the Executive Mansion was necessarily the centre." Miss Singleton, it must be admitted, has been as good as her word, but at the same time her book is not, therefore, to be lightly dismissed as a mere collection of social tittle-tattle. A discriminating exposition of the

"votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus"

of the different Presidents which go to make up the "far-

* "The Story of the White House." By Esther Singleton. 2 vols. 218. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

rago" of her book is not the worst method of learning something of the history of the great American people; and a comparison of the manners and etiquette observed by, say, Washington and Jefferson respectively, to take only one instance, is in itself an instructive commentary upon the times in which they lived.

In reviewing such a book as this one cannot hope to present any consecutive picture of the contents. Almost inevitably one is compelled to select a few passages relating to some of the more famous presidents. To begin, then, with Washington. Miss Singleton quotes an interesting passage, which illustrates the essentially aristocratic tone of his demeanour. When Washington "received" he greeted his visitor "with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in those visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made." Jefferson, on the other hand, was almost too informal at times to be polite. He deeply offended Mr. Merry, the British Ambassador, upon one famous occasion, by his casual conduct. Mr. Merry was taken by Madison to be formally introduced to Jefferson. Mr. Merry, a diplomat of the old school, was in full official costume, and we can imagine his rage when (in his own words) he found himself "introduced to a man as President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat and under-clothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied." Washington had made of the formal opening of Congress a dignified state occasion as he drove up in his great cream-coloured coach, the painted panels of which were adorned with Cupids and festoons of flowers. Jefferson set his face against all this, and on the opening of Congress in 1801, much to the general surprise, sent a written message, thereby setting a precedent which has been followed by his successors.

No account of the duties of an American President would be complete without reference to that hand-shaking which has come to be one of the penalties of the position. Here, for example, is a picture of what Lincoln had to undergo. "From eight till half-past ten, Mr. Lincoln took the position usually occupied by the President at receptions, and, during the whole time, did not have a resting spell of one minute, but shook hands continually, a large part of the time shaking the gentleman with the right hand and the lady with the left, or *vice versa*, as the case might be, in order to facilitate the movements of the multitude. It was evidently a new sensation for the arms of the renowned old rail-splitter. But he bore it well." Some of the most interesting passages are those in which Miss Singleton describes the visits of distinguished guests. Among these in the time of President Buchanan was King Edward VII., then travelling as Baron Renfrew. As each person passed at the reception at the White House, we are told, "the President shook hands with his customary urbanity, and the Prince bowed his head as usual. Several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand, however. By way of preparation for dinner, the Prince played a game of ten-pins in the gymnasium of a school for girls, whither he went with Miss Lane and Mrs. Secretary Thompson."

The chief stress has been laid upon this social side to Miss Singleton's book because it was her object to record how some Presidents wore flowers in their buttonholes while others did not, how some entertained their visitors with wine while one at least served only water at State dinners, and so forth. But one must again remind the reader of this review that there is more solid matter mixed up with the light, and many people will be interested, for example, in Miss Singleton's chapters describing the various architectural changes through which the White House has passed and the furniture which has been collected therein by successive occupants. A number of excellent illustrations are included.

Novel Notes.

SALTHAVEN. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is difficult to criticise Mr. Jacobs, because that is one of the few things we have not the smallest inclination to do. We would as soon criticise fine weather and sit in judgment on the very sunshine. How can you settle down in cold blood and solemnly analyse and minutely apportion praise and blame to a book that has kept you chuckling audibly, or laughing comfortably inside yourself all the while you were reading it? We might summarise the plot: Mr. Jacobs's plots are always ingeniously simple and quaintly farcical, and this of "Salthaven" is even more so than usual: but in a Jacobean novel the characters invariably count for more than the story, and no man can hope to get any adequate idea of such an office-boy as the owlish boy Bassett, such droll, inimitably ingenuous skippers, bo'suns, and genial seafaring blunderers as Captains Trimblett, Truefitt, Sellars, and Mr. Walters, of such designing widows as the exasperating Mrs. Chinnery, such pert, flirtatious maid-servants as Rose, or so wilful and wholly charming a heroine as Joan Hartley, without reading "Salthaven" itself: surely and beyond all question an infinitely more enjoyable thing than reading the best that anybody can write about it. We might quote bits of dialogue: some of those easy, natural conversations, nine lines of which keep you quietly and expectantly amused till the tenth with some sudden, unexpected, sly turn sets you laughing irresistibly: we might quote these, or talk of Mr. Jacobs's limpid, deliberate, uneccentric, wonderfully effective narrative art, and say that in one or both lay the secret of his success as a humorist, only that this guessing seems as idle as would an earnest argument as to why a man laughs when he is tickled. It is sufficient and more to the purpose to say emphatically that "Salthaven" is as clever and as delightfully humorous as any novel Mr. Jacobs has ever given us.

OVER BEMERTON'S. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

This "Easy-going Chronicle," to quote the sub-title, has all the outward semblance of a novel, but there the likeness ends. This will doubtless be a grievance with those who like their fiction hot and strong, with a dash of romance, plenty of love-scenes, and at least one marriage. There is, indeed, some sentiment, and the promise of a marriage thrown in, it seems, it must be confessed, as a sop to convention: but it is not on these things that the book depends. If Mr. Lecky had not told Bemerton, the second-hand bookseller, that the first essential of a bed book must be dullness, this volume should have been described as a bed-book: as it is, it may be declared one of that small and select collection of books that every person blessed with a sensitive literary palate knows and cherishes as one into which, after the first delightful reading, he may happily dip and dip again. That is to say, the book has personality: in this case the personality includes a gentle humour, a refined taste, an agreeable reflectiveness, an aloofness from the sordid considerations of modern life, and an occasional flash of the rapier when the easy-going chronicler is aroused to anger. We read of landladies and the Church, of the charm of Queen Anne's Gate and of Harry Lauder, of journalism and cricket past and present, of the forgotten works of Walter Pope and Daniel Paterson, of music-hall songs, suffragettes and Nichol's "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," of the plays of Mr. Pinero, the Salomé dance, and Mr. Giles's "Chinese Biographical Dictionary," published in London and Shanghai exactly a score of years ago. It is a most astounding medley, all very human and very delightful, set forth with the inconsequence of a Sterne, the simplicity of a Lamb, and the dainty, whimsical humour of Mr. E. V. Lucas: to our exceeding satisfaction.

TWO IN A FLAT. By Jane Wintergreen. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Nobody may hope to draw for himself any sort of embracing circle in London, big enough to provide him with the certainty of seeing at least one known face when he goes out into the streets. That is ever an adventure, like plunging into an unfamiliar sea: the only person you can count upon meeting in London is London herself. She is always a friend and a companion to you; but you cannot be a friend or a companion to her, so the relation is one-sided and takes the place of nothing." This is Miss Wintergreen's metropolitan philosophy on its deeper side, but the bulk of it is lighter. Her scene is a flat in Kensington. She and her servant, 'Ammersmith, occupy the stage, and the book consists of clever, kindly observations upon the various tradesmen and neighbours with whom they happen to be thrown into contact. This does not sound promising for a story. But read it and you will discover how delightful and entertaining a volume can be written by a dweller in Kensington who is shrewd and humorous. It is high praise to give a little book of this kind, but it is just to say that it deserves a place next "Rudder Grange" upon the bookshelf.

THIS, MY SON. By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, with the assistance of Miss M. Edwardes. 6s. (Seley's.)

Another of M. Bazin's finely wrought studies of French peasant life. The scene is laid in the Angevin Vendée, where a farmer has two sons, one of whom develops the instinct of a scholar and is educated for the priesthood. But a hopeless passion for Mademoiselle Laubriet, the daughter of the local landed proprietor, leads him to swerve aside into journalism. The step leads to an estrangement between Pierre and his family, especially his father. A village girl secretly loves him and champions his cause. But Pierre dies, and the farmer is left disconsolate. Such is the bare outline of the story. But readers of M. Bazin's previous work will understand the idyllic pathos with which the story is developed. It has the true air of the French peasantry and their struggles breathing through its pages, and it is written with a distinction of style which the translation admirably reproduces. A beautiful piece of artistic work, in the sphere of clean realism.

LEONORE STUBBS. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (Longmans.)

Mr. Walford has long ago proved a mistress of her craft. The modern domestic novel, whose main interest lies in the interaction of two or three characters, is Mrs. Walford's "line"—as the commercial phrase runs. This is a capital specimen of its class. The heroine is a young, pretty widow, who returns to her father's house; flirts unmercifully with a local laird and a doctor's apprentice, in order to keep her hand in; and finally has the misfortune to discover her affinity in the soldier who has engaged himself to her sister. The tangle is cleared up, of course. Major Foster wins Leonore, which is more than she deserves. The picture of the choleric, selfish old General Boldero is one of the best things in the story. After he dies, the climax of the book is rather huddled up, but his three daughters hold the reader's attention, and the heroine especially is a vivid, if not exactly an attractive, queen upon the chess-board. Her moves, however, are diagonal, not straightforward.

THE SUPREME TEST. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Kythe West "was not a beauty; but almost every man who looked upon her believed that she was. She was one of that little band of Charmers for whom wild things have been done, battles fought, quarrels waged." The man she is engaged to is not the only one to find her

the "torment of my soul and delight of my life," for she has been engaged or half engaged to others, and is no sooner pledged to Ivan than she begins to doubt whether she really loves him, and goes away to stay with her friend Frieda so that, in absence, she may make up her mind about him. Frieda is as subdued, and reasonable, and reliable as Kythe is gay, high-spirited, daringly irresponsible; for whereas Kythe has money, Frieda, being poor, is governess to the orphan daughters of the widower Wilmot Cunliffe, and it is under Cunliffe's roof that Kythe stays as her friend's guest. Cunliffe's character is very strikingly developed; he is a complacent, narrowly religious man, but there is nothing little in his nature; and if Kythe's pretty impertinences irritate him they also serve to awaken all that is finest and best in him. It is Ivan who says, "I think all manner of things might be true. I think life is more many-sided than I imagined, and that love has more hiding-places than anybody could possibly dream of"; but it is Kythe and Wilmot Cunliffe that have reason to know the full truth of his words. This is a brilliant story; better still, it is a natural and delightfully human story; it has the tenderness, the poignancy, the sunny humour and quiet charm that are inherent in all Mrs. Baillie Reynolds's work.

IMPERIAL RICHENDA. By Rosamond Langbridge. 6s (Alston Rivers.)

Miss Langbridge rightly describes this new novel of hers as a fantastic comedy; it is wildly, irresponsibly farcical and the best of good fun from beginning to end. The good-natured, vulgar little Solomon Roche, having made a fortune out of Roche's Twist Tobacco, opens a dreary, big hotel by the seaside on the outskirts of Dublin. His snobbish, toadying wife and eldest daughter, the younger daughter and her discreet governess, come out to look over the hotel, which is badly patronised and very badly managed; but learning that Sir Anthony Amersham is stopping there, Mrs. Roche promptly decides to conceal the fact that the hotel is the property of her husband, arranges that all the family shall stay there as guests and make the most of the opportunity to cultivate Sir Anthony's acquaintance with a view to annexing him as her daughter's husband. She is chagrined to learn that the pretentious, aristocratic Mrs. Vandravarte and her daughter have just engaged rooms at the hotel, and foresees that Mrs. Vandravarte has designs that are similar to her own. At this juncture Richenda arrives. The hotel is sorely in want of a housemaid; Richenda offers herself, without any character and with no recommendation except that her last mistress was a duchess. Mr. Roche engages her, for reasons that are finally made clear; everybody is charmed with her, and the dull hotel is transformed under her influence. But complications arise; there are misunderstandings and discords, and Richenda is at the root of them all; then, when at last she seems to have been proved disreputable and untrustworthy, there comes a surprise for everybody but Mr. Roche, and the whole thing ends in a burst of laughter. You may say it is improbable, or even impossible, but you will certainly say also that it is irresistibly amusing.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is the pleasantly innocuous story of the strained marital relations of a dour Scotch laird and his volatile little French wife. Miss Maud is not for psychology, nor for acute analysis of motives; she prefers a gently flowing narrative, an immaculate heroine, and an equally immaculate if rather stupid hero, misunderstandings of the sort that are always cleared up, sunshine after rain, and the tears sandwiched between the laughter. Sir Archibald Ross marries Jeanne de Clervaux after a few weeks' courtship, brings her home to his Calvinistic and angular mother



Photo by Arthur Russell.

Miss Constance E. Maud.

Author of "A Daughter of France."

and sisters, introduces the dashing young neighbour, Alan Farquharson, and awaits developments. They come speedily. His mother persists in misunderstanding and disapproving of his wife, with whom Alan falls in love, only to be gently but firmly repulsed, while sister Marjory, resentful of Alan's defection, grows jealous and departs on a visit to a brother in India. Alan resolves to bear his wounded heart to South Africa, where the drums of war have just begun to beat. His farewell to Jeanne is witnessed, and misinterpreted, by Archie, who with fierce words drives Jeanne from his hearth. She is lost to him for some years, during which Archie takes upon himself to repent his harshness. Jeanne, in exile, has a little son. He grows up, in the South of France and elsewhere, and has measles, grows delirious, demands a father, a luxury possessed by all his friends of the village, but for an inscrutable reason denied to himself. Jeanne sends the telegram to Archie that calls him from Dundrum to Provence, he arrives, to find the youthful David recovered, and Jeanne at death's door. Another recovery, a rush back of all three to Dundrum, and a triumphal procession of villagers lead up to the final embrace and reconciliation between Jeanne and Archie's mother on the steps of the big house. Miss Maud's sentimentality is not aggressive, and her portraits of Jeanne and the three Scotchwomen are the products of more than a little skill in feminine characterisation.

THRICE ARMED. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (John Long.)

"Thrice Armed" is a vigorous romance of rough lives and hard living in those glamorous wilds of Canada that are on the edge of civilisation, or a little beyond. Jim Wheelock, hearing that his old father is doing badly and needs looking after, throws up his commission as a lieutenant in the British Navy, and hastens home to British Columbia to do a man's work on his father's coasting schooner *Tyee*, and, if possible, to get the old man's affairs in order and save him from ruin. He has fallen into the clutches of Merrill, the money-lender, a ruthless, subtle,

avaricious brute, whose bond is coming due and who sees his way to getting possession of the elder Wheelock's vessel and appropriating his trade. It is to prevent this that Jim, who is himself without means, sets desperately to work; he is perhaps somewhat hampered in his resolves when he meets and finds himself in love with the charming Anthea Merrill, the money-lender's daughter, but he is strengthened in them by the tragic death of his father, and his sister's bitter and implacable determination to avenge it on the man whose merciless cupidity had practically hounded him out of life. Mr. Bindloss writes of places and people he has known; he writes too, with a simple directness and a vivid, deliberate, matter-of-fact realism that are not bettered even by DeLoe. There is something rugged, big, forceful about the story itself and the style of its unfolding.

SALVATOR. By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Blackwood.)

If "Salvator" is not a great book, it is the theme of it that is at fault, and not the style of it. Mr. Gibbon has worked in wax instead of in marble; to mix the metaphor, his artistry is perfect, but he puts his knigly robes on a figure that is not big enough to wear them effectively. He is admirably terse; he writes imaginatively and with such a nervous forcefulness that his very words are alive and flower continually and naturally into picturesque phrases and imagery. Salvator is an incorrigible idealist, bent upon raising a revolution in Mozambique and regenerating the place. "Sometimes I think he's mad," says Pumphrey, his quaint, shrewd, staunch lieutenant, "and sometimes I think he's a fool; but I know he's right. He's the man to make a white man's country of this place. You've seen it a little of it. Dirty and rough and broke, all slavery and stealing and killing and filth. You trust me; if there's any one can go through it and clean it up like you clean a rusty knife, it's him." At the outset, Salvator's revolution has been nipped in the bud, and he is in prison.

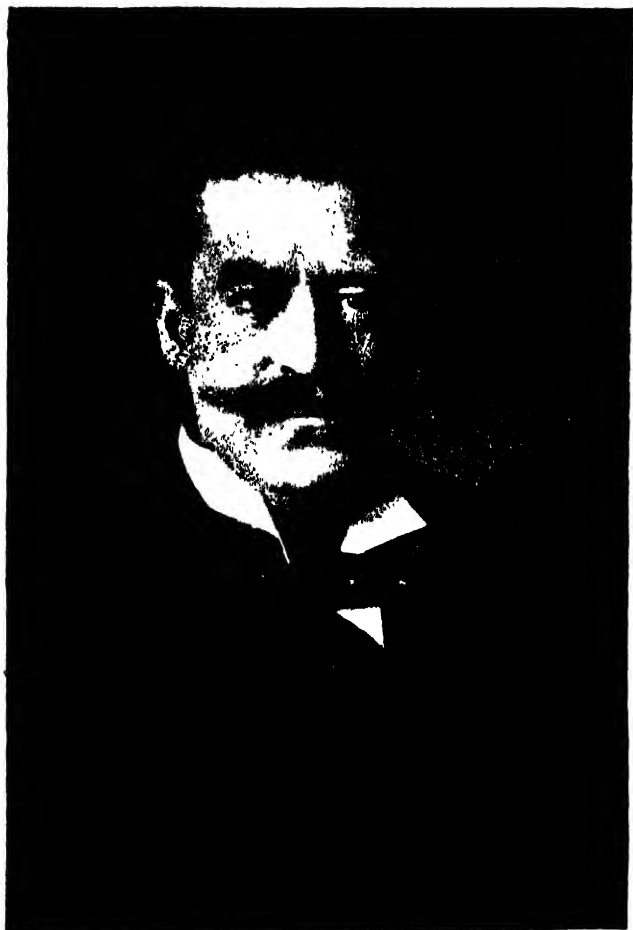


Photo by Meyers.

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson

Author of "The Golden Precipice." (Cassell.)

Pumphrey enlists the sympathies of Chartres, an English traveller who chances to be staying at Mozambique, and with their assistance Salvator escapes and is shipped off to England. Later, returning home, Chartres finds Salvator living in his own corner of Sussex, and already in love with the charming Lady Betty, to whom Chartres had long since given his heart. There is a wonderful glamour and fascination about the high-souled idealist, and Betty becomes engaged to him; but presently when the faithful Pumphrey writes that the revolution is all in train again and only waits for a leader, nothing can hold Salvator back from what he regards as his duty; he realises that domestic life is not for him, that Chartres is Betty's "natural mate"; and Betty herself dimly feels this, and Chartres tells him sturdily that he had known it all along. "Yes, you'll both be happy," says Salvator bitterly. "God, if you knew how I hate to see living human beings fatten themselves on that kind of happiness! You'll live here, torpid like snakes in winter, feeding yourselves and starving your souls. No harm will come to you; you can buy it off. And I'll be down there in the sun, balancing my life on my finger, dodging between disease and murder, with ruffians for my companions and scoundrels for my enemies. But I shall be alive, every fibre of me; every drop that runs in my veins will be red and quick. And you two will pity me." And so he goes back in pursuit of his impossible ideal, and perhaps in the end they have reason to pity him. It is an uncommonly clever story, brilliantly written, and interesting in every page of it.

THE GOLDEN PRECIPICE. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Cassell.)

As the reader gets under way with this novel, the feeling comes over him: "I have been here before." It does not take long to recollect when and where. Mr. Watson's novel is "Treasure Island" over again: the chart of the treasure and the island, the company of explorers, the mutinous crew, the fight on the island, and so forth. The main feature of novelty is the introduction of a French banker and his niece, the former having absconded with treasure on his person. Mr. Watson, as any one may take for granted, supplies lots of fighting and adventure. Even love-making, which Stevenson eschewed, is not absent from these pages. But there is no character at all equal to John Silver among the rascals on board the *Duncannon*.

RACKET AND REST. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For the setting of his new novel Mr. Begbie has gone back to the 'eighties, and those of us who have knowledge of those already curiously old-fashioned late-Victorian days will recognise with what true imaginative realism he has re-created them in these pages. You catch glimpses of dead celebrities, echoes of half-forgotten sensations as you progress through the story, until almost insensibly you find yourself reabsorbed in the light and atmosphere of a quarter of a century ago. The story is of how Theodore Sparks, a commonplace good fellow, clerk to an underwriter at Lloyd's, the only son of a deeply religious, large-minded, practical widow, falls madly in love with shallow, frivolous, pretty Dolly Cresset, the daughter of an inn-keeper; takes his passion very seriously, and, brooking no opposition, wins his mother to side with him, and, even though he begins to suspect his error as soon as he is engaged, makes Dolly his wife. The ties of marriage are unksome to her; he humours and gives way to her, all the while hoping she will presently settle down, but shortly after the birth of their first child she resolves to realise her ambition to go on the stage, and nothing he can say or do restrains her. She scandalises his suburban circle by becoming presently a noted Gaiety actress; they drift apart, live their separate lives, meeting only once a year. His religious beliefs will

not allow him to abandon her, and through it all he clings to a hope that she will come back to him. His mother is perhaps one of the finest characters in the book—a very beautiful presentment of wise, self-sacrificing, perfect motherhood; Dolly herself and Theodore are drawn with such knowledge and insight that, seeing things from the different standpoint of each of them, you are brought into almost equal sympathy with both. "Racket and Rest" is a brilliant and profoundly interesting study in certain phases of London life, particularly in the lives of two persons of utterly opposed ideals and temperaments: an alert, somewhat saturnine humour plays through its lights and shadows, and it is written throughout with a high sincerity of purpose and real power.

PRIESTS OF PROGRESS. By G. Colmore. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It is no easy matter to write a good novel with so unpromising a theme as anti-vivisection for its "purpose," and yet this has been accomplished in "Priests of Progress," and with conspicuous success. Apart from the subject-matter the story is thoroughly interesting, the character-drawing is exceedingly well done, and altogether it is a good book. On the question of vivisection "Mr. Colmore" gives us, in an appendix, chapter and verse for all his charges against that school of surgeons to whom inoculation and experiment are of chiefest importance. Frankly opposed to the methods of the vivisectionists and scientific experimentalists, "Mr. Colmore" has taken every pains to avoid exaggeration or any misrepresentation of his antagonists. He gives us the case for vivisection and scientific research (with the inevitable cruelties these things involve) as it is fairly stated by its advocates, and he goes to the root of the matter. But "Priests of Progress" is a book to be read, and we do not want to choke off the lover of good fiction by emphasising, too strongly, its controversial character. Humanitarian, and pro-vivisectionist, and the general reader alike will find good stuff worthy of the fullest consideration—and good entertainment too—in Mr. Colmore's remarkably powerful and thoughtful book.

THE WAR IN THE AIR. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Bell & Sons.)

"The War in the Air" is a typical "Wells" book. There is the appalling cataclysm brought about by scientific invention, there is the little cockney person (whom we first met as Mr. Hoopdriver and later as "Kips"), with his friends, and their amusing talk; and there is also the heavy-girding by the author at the follies, weaknesses, and general shortcomings of the human race, with the solemn note of warning at what may happen to us all if we don't speedily amend our ways. For our own part these rebukes and reproaches (doubtless well-deserved) leave us unmoved. We admit the possibility of airships on a large scale, and full of deadly armaments, making havoc of our civilisation, but we can't swallow the notion of all the powers of the earth engaged in war at the same time, and Mr. Wells does not convince us. But our heart goes out to Mr. Bert Smallways of Bun Hill, Surrey, with his cheap clothes and his board-school education, and the final encounter of this hero with the German over-prince, Karl Albert, who made all the trouble, is a great business. In fact, Bert is the life and soul of the book, and it was a stroke of genius to make him a spectator at close quarters of the air battles and an inmate of an imperial German vessel. The reflections and observations of Mr. Smallways are under the circumstances naturally appropriate and to the point. It is needless to say that "The War in the Air" is interesting—we take that for granted when Mr. H. G. Wells is the author.

The Bookman's Table.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By George Brandes. 1s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The vice of the professional critic is the desire to systematise and codify. He is not content with analysis and is obsessed with the idea that the essence of every great writer's work can be reduced to a kind of tabloid, as unappetising and as bloodless as a tabloid of beef. Even so sane a critic as Dr. Brandes is not wholly exempt from the infirmity of his kind, and he devotes far too much of his little monograph to an examination of the philosophy of Anatole France. Now M. France never touches any subject without suggesting some audacious or illuminating thought, but when his ideas are reduced to a coherent system, they lose their brilliance and originality. There are probably thousands of French Socialists whose views on economic questions do not differ materially from those of the author of "Monsieur Bergeret," and M. Hervé's crusade shows that there are not a few who share his anti-militarist theories; but there is still only one man who can write dialogue as witty and polished as that in "Le Lys Rouge," or satirise modern civilisation with the delicate irony of "L'Île des Pingouins." M. France is primarily a critic of life rather than a constructive thinker, and his influence is due to his wit, his irony, and the flawless beauty of his style, not to any mere philosophy. "The true author," writes Dr. Brandes, "is recognisable by the existence on every page of his works of at least one sentence or one phrase which none but he could have written." Like Matthew Arnold's touchstones of true poetry, this test is elusive, but of Anatole France at least it is absolutely true. Dr. Brandes rightly emphasises the fact that M. France's irony is concealed. His keenest irony comes from the mouths of his most naïve and simple characters. It is always indirect, like that of Panloss in "Candide." Another feature of M. France's method to which Dr. Brandes draws attention is the frequency with which he introduces himself into his books, notably as Bergeret, as Trublet in "L'Histoire Comique," and again twice in the same book as Dechatre and Paul Vence in "Le Lys Rouge." There is no indication on the title-page of when Dr. Brandes' book was written, but it appears from a facsimile of a letter from M. France to the author that it must be at least three years old. It is interesting and unpretentious, but somewhat meagre and disappointing as the work of so eminent a critic.

THE ELDER OR POETIC EDDA (commonly known as *Cæmund's Edda*). Part I. The Mythological Poems. Edited and translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Olive Bray. Illustrated by W. G. Collingwood. 15s. net. Viking Club Translation Series. (D. Nutt.)

The two Eddas are among the literary treasures of the



Thrym's Wedding Feast.
From "The Elder or Poetic Edda." (David Nutt.)

world, besides being the main sources from which we draw our knowledge of the faith of our own forefathers and of the myths and heroic legends which inspired them. Yet the volume before us 's the first attempt to place them before the British public in a guise that may appeal to the general reader, as well as to the student and scholar. The Viking Club has catered for both classes, presenting us with an Icelandic text founded on the best and latest authorities, and an English rendering which, while keeping close to the original, is both readable and literary. Besides text and translation, Miss Olive Bray supplies a full commentary on the Edda and its mythology as a whole, as well as on each separate poem. The old Norse mythology is a tangled subject and presents many problems never likely to be solved. It has given rise to countless controversies which still rage hotly. Over these Miss Bray trips lightly and with excellent judgment, indicating the issues that have been raised, showing how the poems help to explain each other, questioning how far they may be regarded as fragments of one great design and how far as a compost of different strata of human thought and enlightenment. She is, perhaps, over-ready to adopt explanations founded on nature-myths, and to read into the poems modern ethical ideas, foreign to the age in which the myths can have arisen or in which they took their present shape. But, taken as a whole, her introduction should serve alike the reader who only wants a key to the understanding of the poems, or the student who wants to know where he may find clues to guide him in his study. Notes, bibliography, and index add to the value of the book. Professor Collingwood's illustrations, of which we give as a specimen "Thrym's Wedding Feast," taken from the famous story of how Thor lost his hammer, are generally excellent, and add much to the attraction of the book. Many of the motives in them are valuable as suggested by sculptures on pre-Norman monuments in the North of England, themselves of Scandinavian origin and illustrating subjects taken from the Edda. In general appearance and get-up the book is excellent.

THOMAS KEN AND IZAAK WALTON: A Sketch of Their Lives and Family Connection. By E. Marston. With numerous Illustrations. 8s. net. (Longmans.)

"Thomas Ken and Izaak Walton" is another delightfully old-fashioned book by "The Amateur Angler," Mr. E. Marston. It has the stamp of a hearty affection for books and men in every chapter, without form, without display, and without any attempt to appeal to those who are not fellow-lovers of books and men and fishing. In his preface note he tells us how kindly his other books have been received, and in particular how one reader told him "that he had given a copy of one of my books to an old gentleman 'who is troubled and disabled with the American millionaires' disease, having got together more than he can get rid of, or, as they express it here, he has bitten off more than he can chew.'" Mr. Marston comments in the words of Walton: "Poor rich man, I pity him perfectly." Yet this rich man could enjoy Mr. Marston's book. And no wonder; for he writes and compiles with that unconscious charm not to be pinned down and ascribed to this or that phrase, which is due ultimately to a mind at peace with the world, which has come to terms with life. He has this in common with Walton himself. But he has other things also in common. "Izaak Walton was born in the country; so was I. Izaak Walton dwelt in the purlieus of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, for more than fifty years; so have I. He was a vestryman of St. Dunstan's for many years; so was I." Also he has fished in the Lea and in the Dove, in Itchen, Test and Avon; and he says with a touch of pride: "Walton was sixty-nine before he went to live at Winchester, and therefore in all probability before he ever fished the Itchen; I, too, had nearly reached that age before I ever saw or fished the Itchen."

THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA. By Henry Baerlein. 1s. net. (John Murray.)

Under the capable editorship of Mr. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. Kapadia, the "Wisdom of the East" Series now runs into some score of little volumes, and the latest addition to them, Mr. Baerlein's selection of the poems of Abu'l-Ala, the blind Syrian, is one of the freshest and most charming. Abu'l-Ala was born forty-four years before Omar Khayyam; in colour and thought and feeling his poetry has much in common with Omar's—it is edged with a genial stoicism, a kindly pessimism that yet has an underlying, a wistful glimmer of hope, and the fire and warmth of a rich imagination flashes and glows through it all. It is impossible, unless one has studied the original, to say for how much of its beauty and fascination this translation is indebted to the translator; it is enough to say that it has an ease and grace, a nervous sensitiveness of feeling, a music and language of poetry that can never be translated unless the translator himself is a poet and brings to his work infinitely more than the mere knowledge of the linguist. You may compare many of Mr. Baerlein's verses with the best of FitzGerald's, and they lose nothing by the comparison. Here are some three or four stanzas chosen almost at random that shall justify this praise:

"Steed of my soul! when you and I were young
We lived to cleave as arrows through the night,—
Now there is ta'en from me the last of light,
And whereso'er I gaze a veil is hung.

"No longer as a wreck shall I be hurled
Where beacons lure the fascinated helm,
For I have been admitted to the realm
Of darkness that encompasses the world. . . .

"Ah! never may we hope to win release
Before we that unripeness overthrow,
So must the corn in agitation grow
Before the sickle sings the songs of peace."

IRISH POEMS. By Alfred Perceval Graves. 2s. net. (Dublin: Maunsell & Co.)

The author of "Father O'Flynn" is too "remote, serene, and inaccessible" in his fame to suffer by criticism or to profit. But that song was evidently a present from the gods. He asked for it a hundred times and then got it, and asked a hundred times more in vain. Mr. Graves tells us he had the good fortune as a child "of constantly having in my ears that translation into English of Irish idioms which renders the speech of the Kerry peasant so peculiarly poignant and picturesque." But unfortunately he has to translate ordinary English into that dialect. His English poems show no originality and small skill. Is it therefore to be wondered that the translation fails? The most he achieves is a jolly jauntiness (and even that is often rheumatically in the legs) and a feeling that some of his characters were very decent Irish people in the flesh. It must, however, be added that the singable songs are many, and include several fitted to melodies that are equal to "Father O'Flynn."

A BOOK OF SIMPLES. A copy of an 18th Century Still-room Book. 14s. net. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

Life must have held many charms in the days when the original of this fascinating book was compiled. It was found, the editor tells us, in the library of a distinguished Essex antiquary. It was made of vellum, and bound in green with a golden design upon the cover; the writing, spelling and punctuation were varied, and experts have placed the date of it about the middle of the eighteenth century. Life, we say, must have held many charms when such salves and cordials, conserves and pertumed waters were made at home. We turn a page before us and we read—"Take a gallon of Spring water a handfull of lavender flowers and as many pinks 3 handfulls of damask roses as much sweet marjerum the peels of 6 oranges 12 cloves bruise all these and put to them one ounce of orrisse powder"—and so forth. "Sullibubs," "narmelade of

quinces," "sirrop of violets"—these are the titles which call up pictures before our eyes. But, alas, there are other titles, other pictures called up; and when we read the remedy for Yellow Jaundice and ye Falling Sickness, beginning, "Take a peck of garden snails and wash them in a great bowle of beer and then make your chinney very clean and pour half a bushell of charcole and set yt afire . . . next take a quart of earth wormes and slit them," etc., etc., a long, long recipe of strong, strange condiments, we think that perhaps, after all, there may be compensations in our less picturesque age. In these pages we may learn how to distil "The Lady Buttons Melancholy Water," make "The Lady Ashfields Almond Puffs," "John Raysies Beef Collops," and "Dr. Moors admired Pills." Pleasant it must have been to dwell in an age when our puddings were sweetened with "Reasons of ye Sun, ston'd and shred," but—rich and rare though their puddings might be—we have been reading in these pages of the antidotes, and we have fewer regrets than might be supposed for having been born too late.

IN A STREET—IN A LANE. By N. W. Byng. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Wearily, in many streets and lanes, have I perused the modern book of verse—so small in size that I can rarely keep a few from entering my pocket, so small in magic properties that I am rarely made to look on street or lane with deeper love. Put now I have read about the aged crossing-sweeper who was followed by the poet to her crazy door:

"And through the window I did then behold
The woman, and her lips were blue with cold.

"And on the table bare she laid a place,
And e'er she ate and drank she said a grace.

"And as I looked, One entered by the door,
And smiled upon her as He crossed the floor.

"He sat beside her in the empty chan,
And of her humble supper craved His share."

And turning over a few pages I came upon an exquisite picture of the Full Moon:

"The risen moon,
Far across a sea of rye,
Trembling sweeps the fairy light,
Breezes swiftly wake and die,
Day is fled and here is night
In silver shoon.

"How stands the rye?
Full-eared heads in line on line,
Crowned in green and touched with light,
All in ashy splendour shine,
Moved by winds and rippling white
With frequent sigh."

So you will not be surprised that as I read, my step should quicken. I was searching for such a green and white shop as is depicted on the cover, since it might be possible in such a place to find another copy. But I could not find the shop. And I read, for my consolation, a poem called "Waiting," which ends in this way:

"Spring-time and azure skies above,
Mild airs the new leaves fan,
Oh, lilac flowers and youth and love,
And I—a grey old man!"

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS.

It is an interesting fact that within a few months of the publication of a biography of Miss Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham should appear a similar volume on the life of so kindred yet so opposite a teacher of girls as Miss Hannah Pipe. Miss Anna Stoddart's volume, *Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe* (15s. net),



Your loving
H. E. Pipe

From "Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe," (Blackwood.)

shows us a woman peculiarly gifted for the training and influencing of the young, a woman cultured, refined, yet wonderfully able to realise opposite natures and mould them; a woman beautifully religious and admirably broad minded; a woman almost picturesquely "old-fashioned" in many of her ideals of girlhood, yet always ready to countenance progress if her heart and head could approve. Miss Pipe was herself a Wesleyan, and her school at Laleham became a home of great and good influence to scores of Nonconformist girls. She did not see eye to eye with those whose ideals resulted in Gorton and Newnham, but she gathered around herself teachers of wide repute, and guided her girls to become good, thoroughly cultivated women, rather than clever obtainers of degrees. The story of her life, her early struggles and her triumphs, is in itself an influence for good.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

There is good material in Mr. John March's novel, *The Lady Erpingham* (6s.); it is very full of life, incident, and observation. There is an almost old-fashioned generosity in the matter of side-characters; and the small town in which the story takes place becomes as familiar as do the backgrounds of novels by such writers as Mrs. Henry Wood. Mr. March needs to cultivate simplicity and restraint before he writes another book. His use of obscure and unusual language makes his whole story somewhat artificial; not only do the head-master and the under-master speak in high-flown phrases, but even the gentle, lovely young heroine does the same. For instance—to open the book at random—when suffering under a change of behaviour in her bridegroom, she says to her godfather: "There was no real strength or permanence in my husband's love. . . there has been a quick accretion of irritation and amiable indifference. Goddy, the extraordinary composite in Marney's magnified personality, has hypnotised him." "Goddy, I am not jealous. . . I sicken at the hideous banality of being forcefully posed for the butt of his unblushing apothegms." This is scarcely the impulsive cry of a simple, loving, unhappy wife.

The Bookman Annual Art Supplement.

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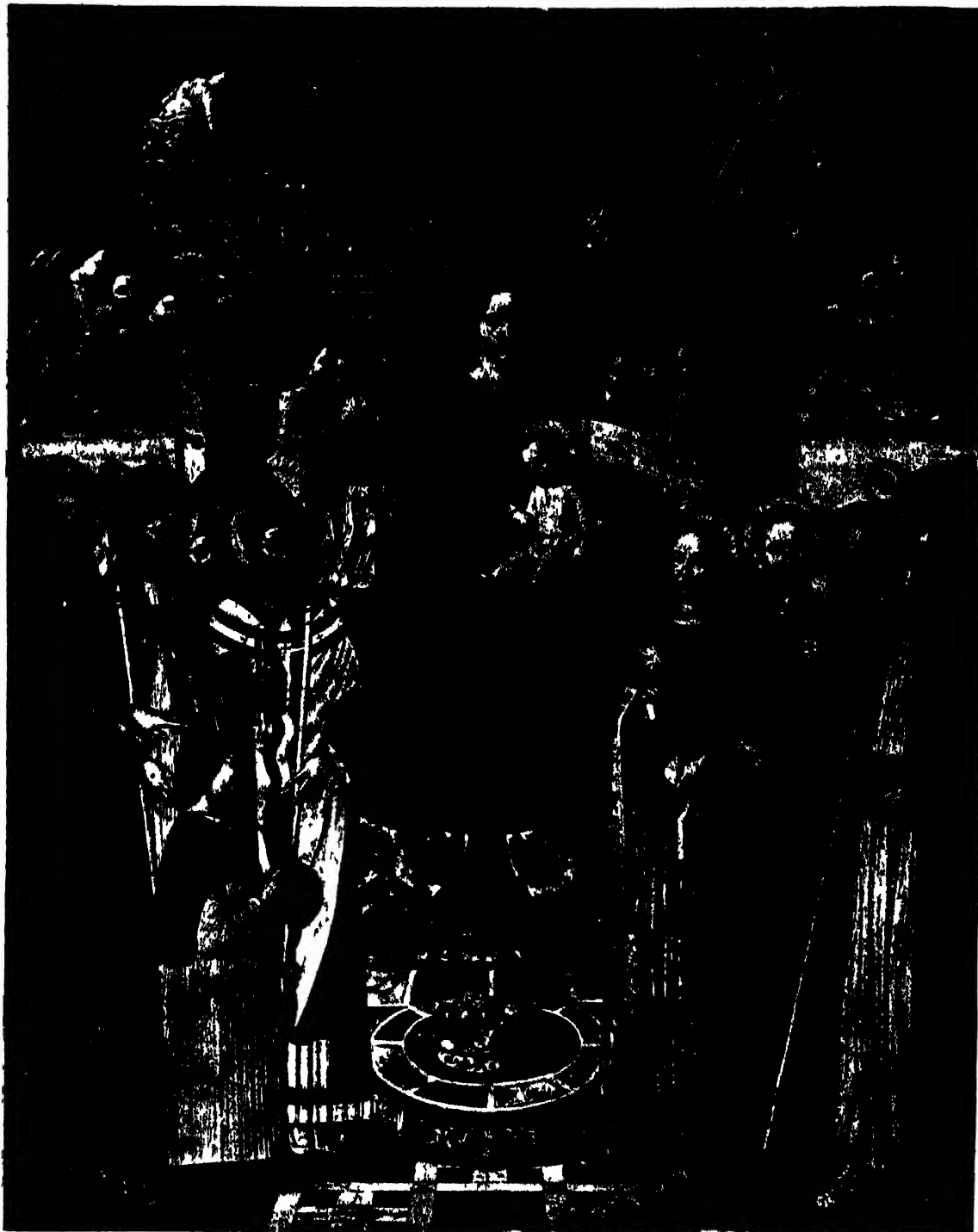


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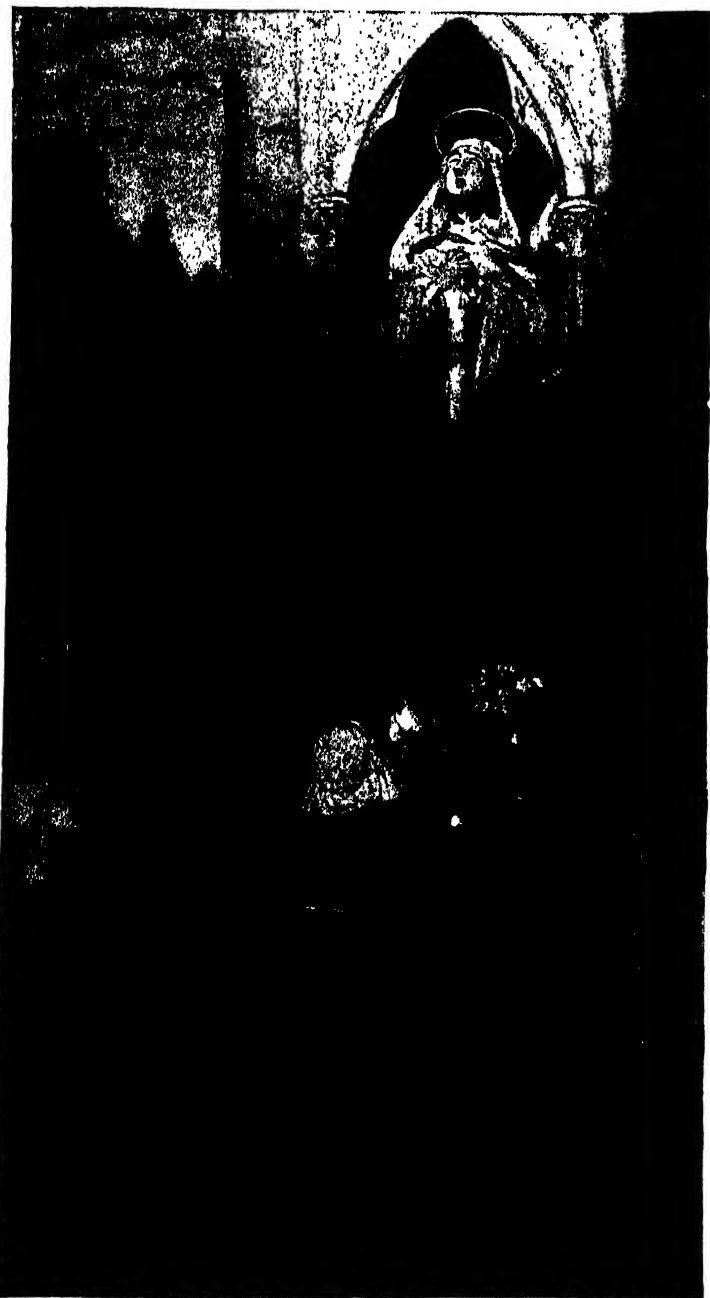
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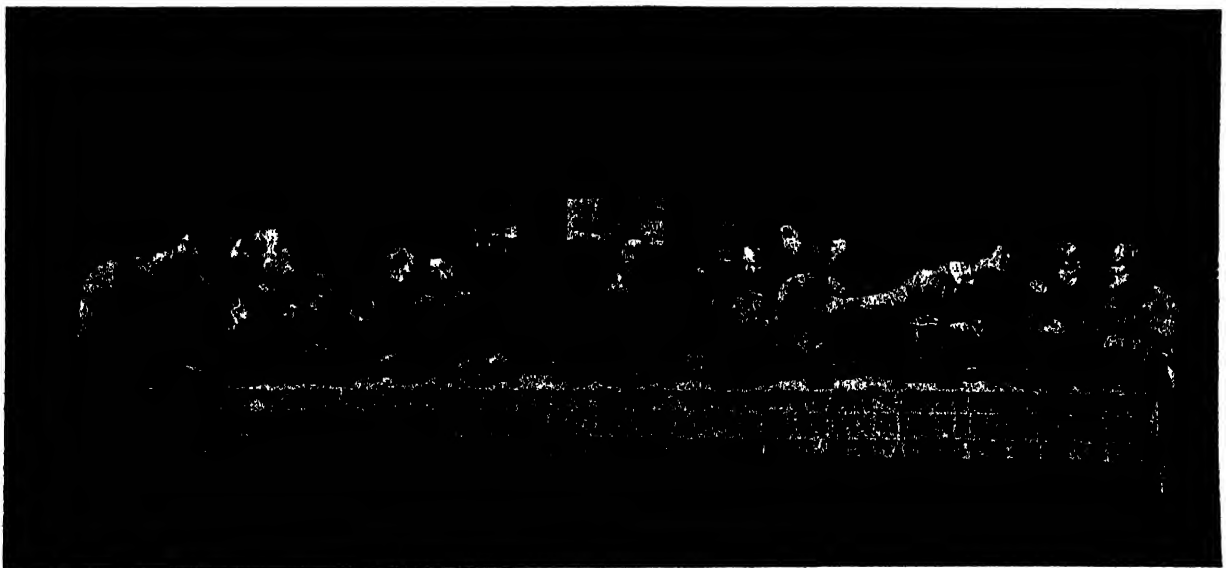
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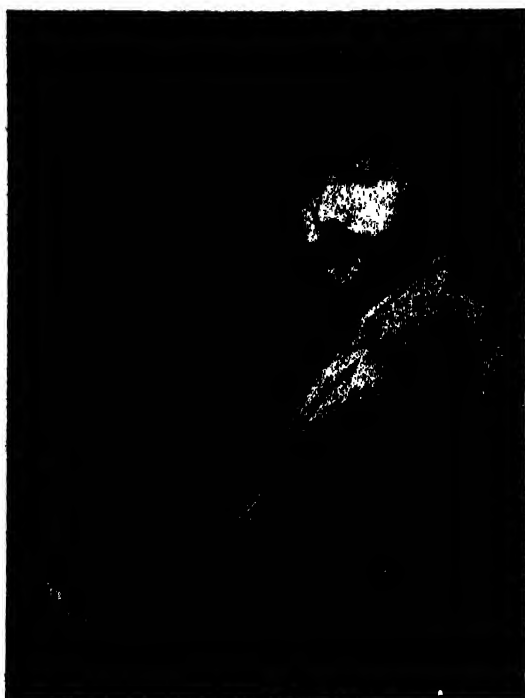
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STA. MARGHERITA AND THE BAY OF TIGULIO
FROM NEAR RUTA

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In our November number we reviewed this dainty classic at some length, but it seems fitting that so charming an edition of an old friend should find a place here, where we are delighted to find space also to reproduce one of Miss Wheelhouse's characteristically beautiful illustrations, with only one regret, viz. that we cannot reproduce the charming colouring in which it appears in the volume. *THE BOOKMAN* takes a special interest in this artist, remembering that two or three years ago she won part of *THE BOOKMAN* Prize by her admirable illustrations of the fairy tale "Merrywinks." Miss Wheelhouse shows us here that mid-Victorian England as well as fairyland can hold charms for the artist's brush. Mr. Thomas Secombe most ably introduces this pleasant pastoral.

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viewed his volume elsewhere, but we are glad to see it here among our gift-books, for it is so eminently well-suited to that purpose, with its varied charms and its delightful illustrations. Mr. Stephen Reid's work proclaims, indeed, the enjoyment he has found in visiting fairyland in the company of the poets.

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From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*
(A. Melrose.)

"AND WILL YOU BE SO KIND, FAIR MAY
AS COME OUT AND POINT MY WAY?"

was one of the forgeries of Surtees. The last verse of "Sir Patrick Spens" has many different readings: "Aberdeen" and "Aberdour" are rivals for mention. Mr. Noyes solves the difficulty by reading "Aberdoux." We heartily applaud the fineness of Mr. Noyes's selective judgment. He has edited in haste, but his selection is the work of a man who has an intuitive perception for fine workmanship in an art which he himself adorns. The tasteful volume should become very popular with all who love a good ballad.

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PSYCHE.

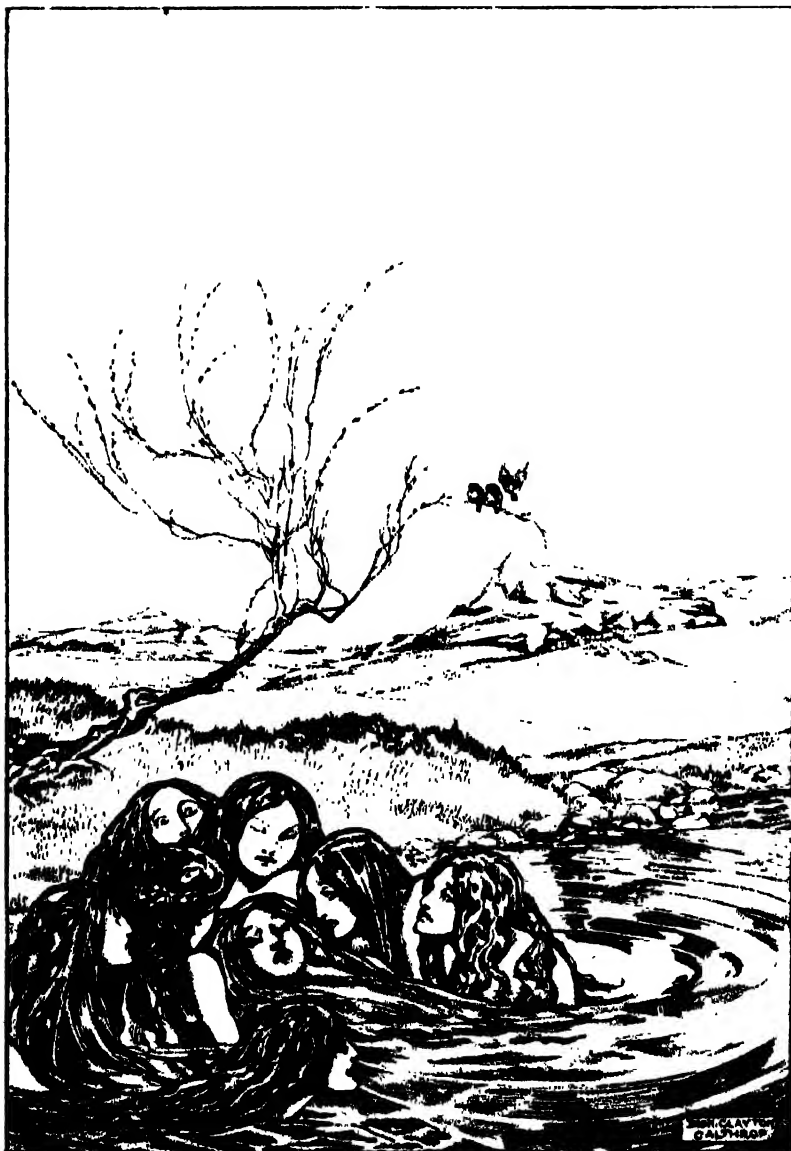
By LOUIS COUPERUS. With Illustrations by DION CATHROP. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

This delicate, fanciful tale of a later Psyche was originally written in Dutch, and Mr. B. S. Berrington has translated it with sympathy and without losing the distinction of the



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Progress
(A. Melrose).

"WHAT WOULD I GIVE FOR
WORDS, IF ONLY WORDS
WOULD COME?"



From 'Psyche
(Alston Rivers).

"THE NYMPHS PRESSED ROUND HER AND
CARRIED HER ON THEIR ARMS."

author's phrasing. It is, in reality, an allegory which shows how Love and the Future are of greater worth than ambition, pride, and learning and all the delvings into the dead Past. The journeyings of Psyche, and her love for Chimera, her yearnings, her impulses, her faults, her sorrows, and her gentleness, all lead on to a happy end, an end where the truth is revealed and the true values of things are made known. Mr. Cathrop has added twelve of his beautiful drawings to the phantasy and has interpreted the author's meaning in exquisitely decorative style.

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From *New Light on Ancient Egypt*
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THE COVER OF ONE OF THE BIG
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on another page of this Supplement. The information, indeed, is such as only a medical missionary could possibly gain. The attractiveness of the volume is greatly increased by the series of illustrations selected from books of photographs taken by Dr. Peil: himself.

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THE BOOKMAN
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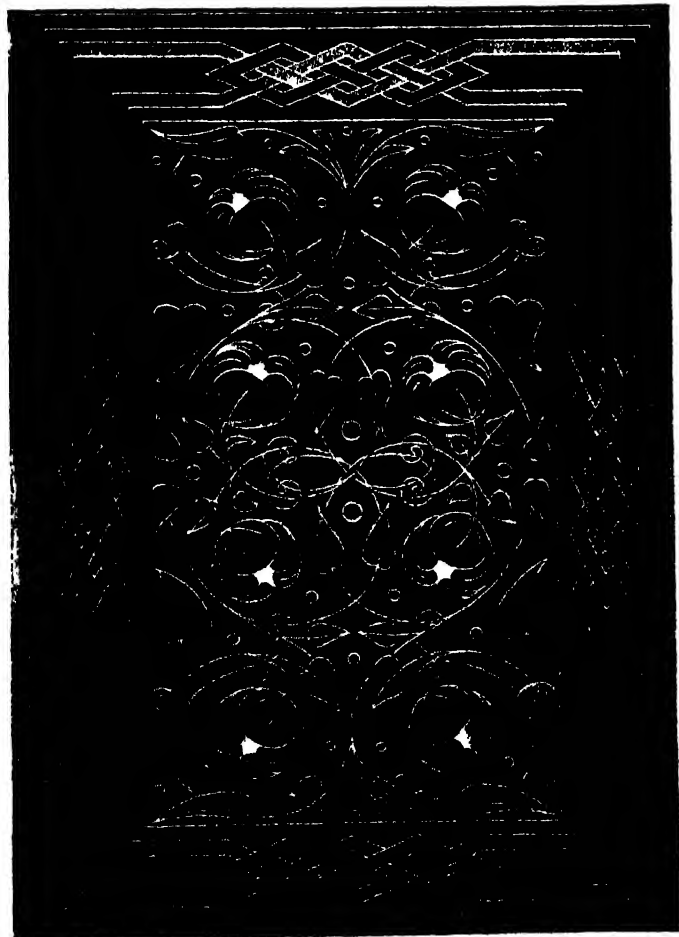
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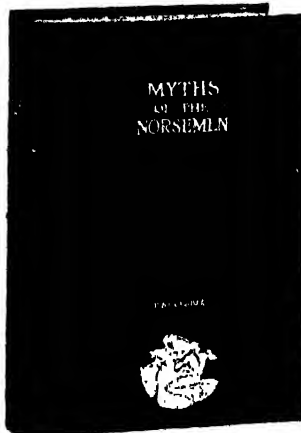
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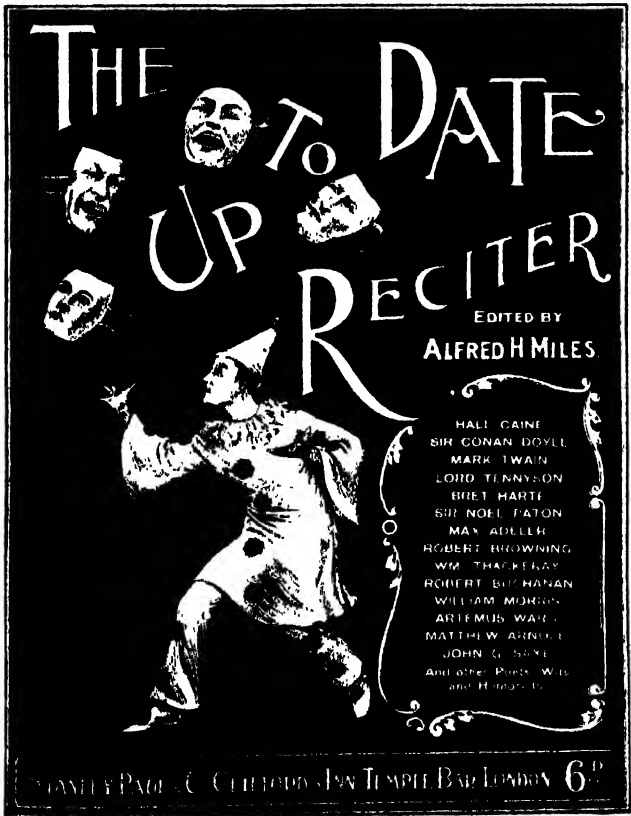
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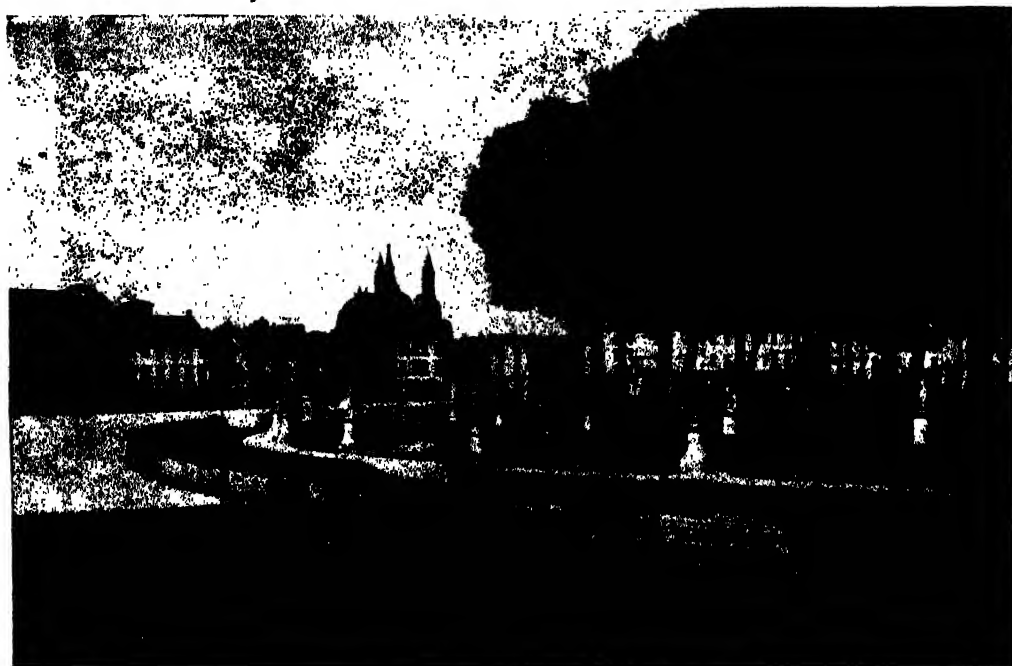
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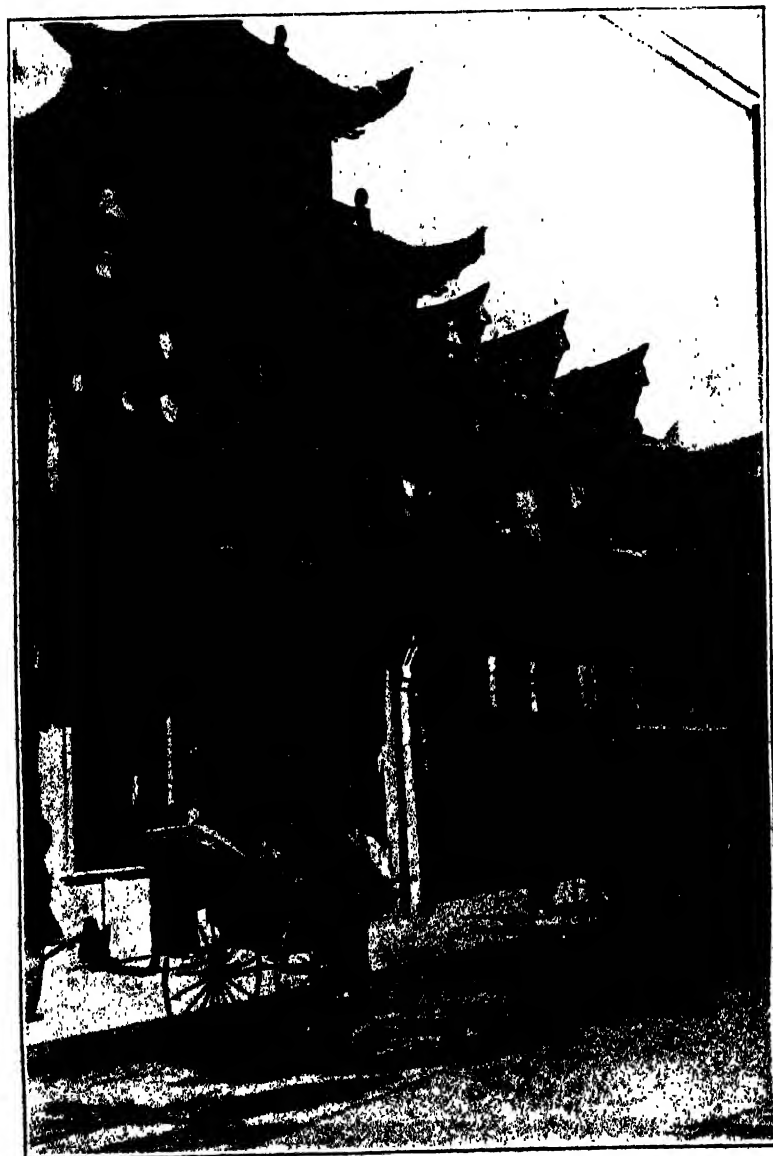
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Nor the fluff upon your faces, not that long and unkempt hair
C'est magnifique peut-être, mais ce ne n'est nullement la guerre!"

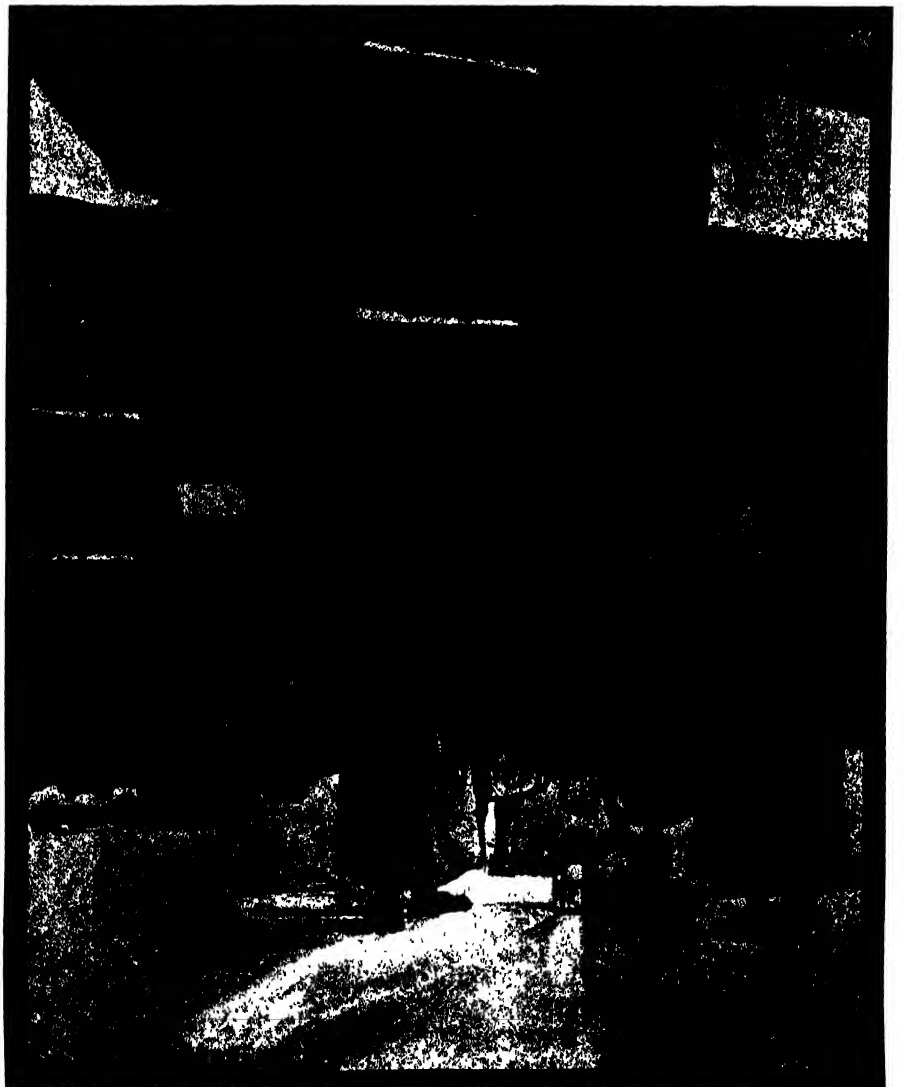
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"Bring physic to this heart with sorrow drear,
Bring wine, musk-scented, rosy tinted, clear.
Dost thou not know of Sorrow's antidote?—
Wine to thy lips, and music to thine ear. . . .

"Fill up the cup! the day breaks white like snow;
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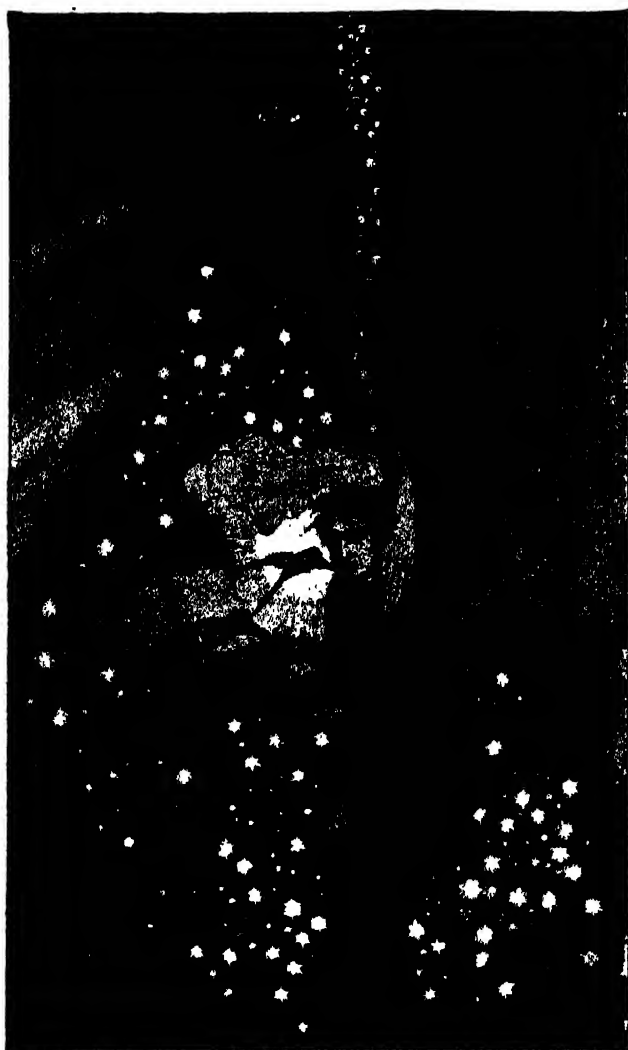
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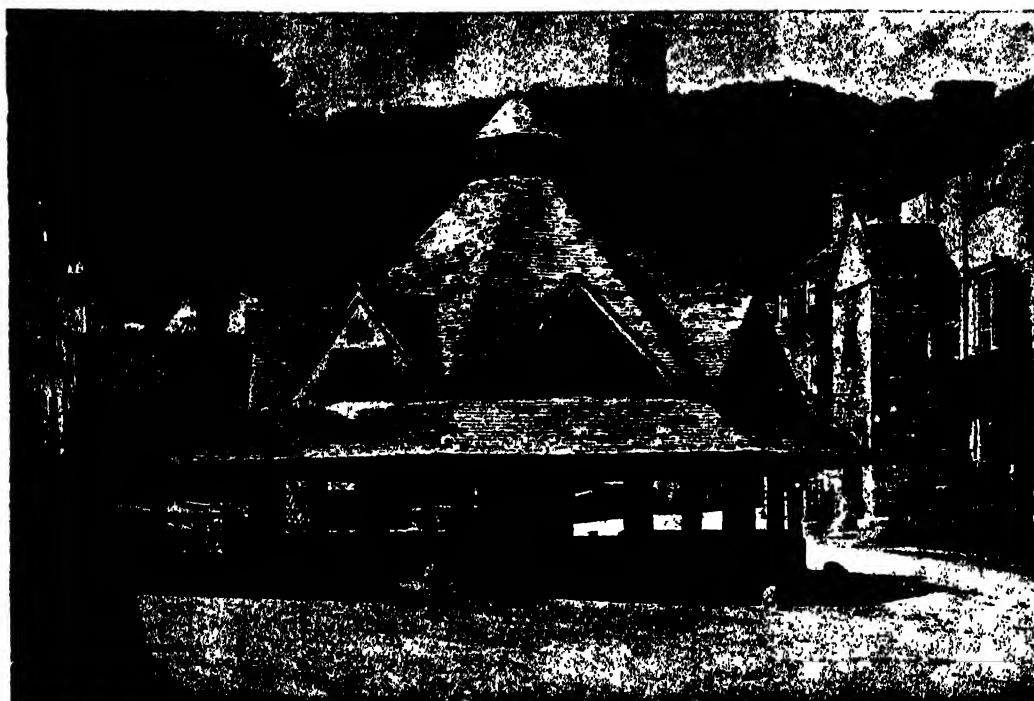
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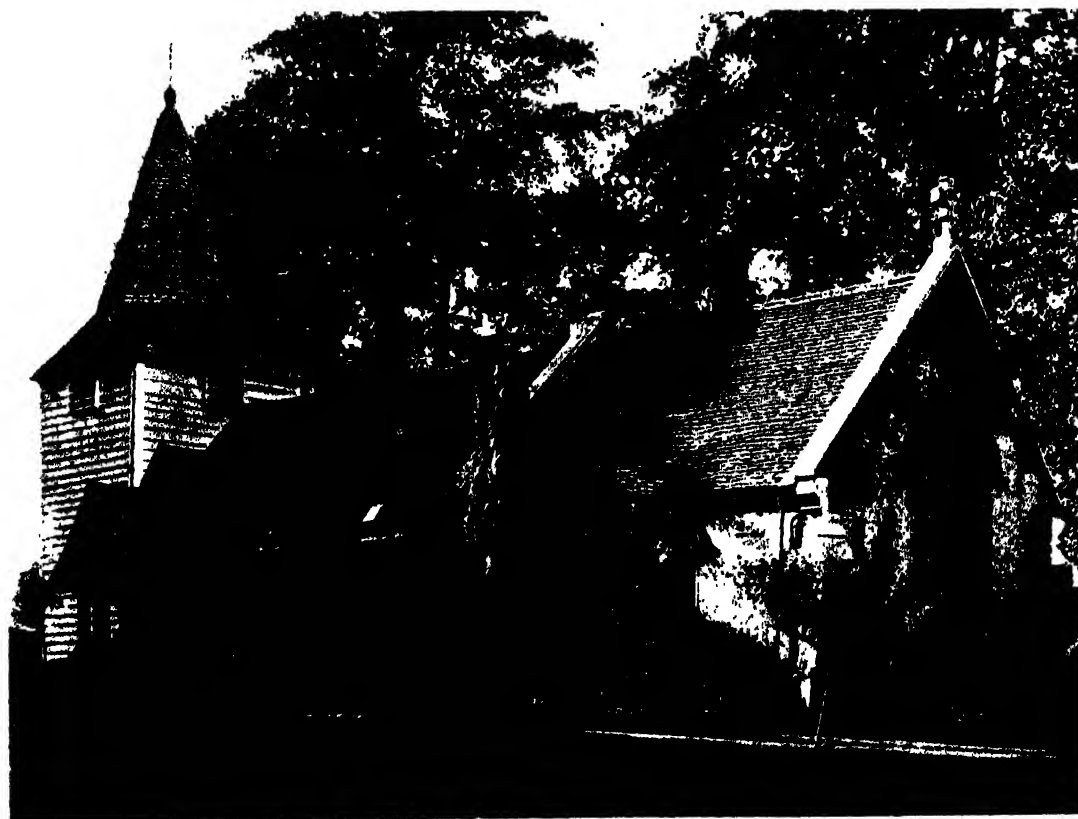
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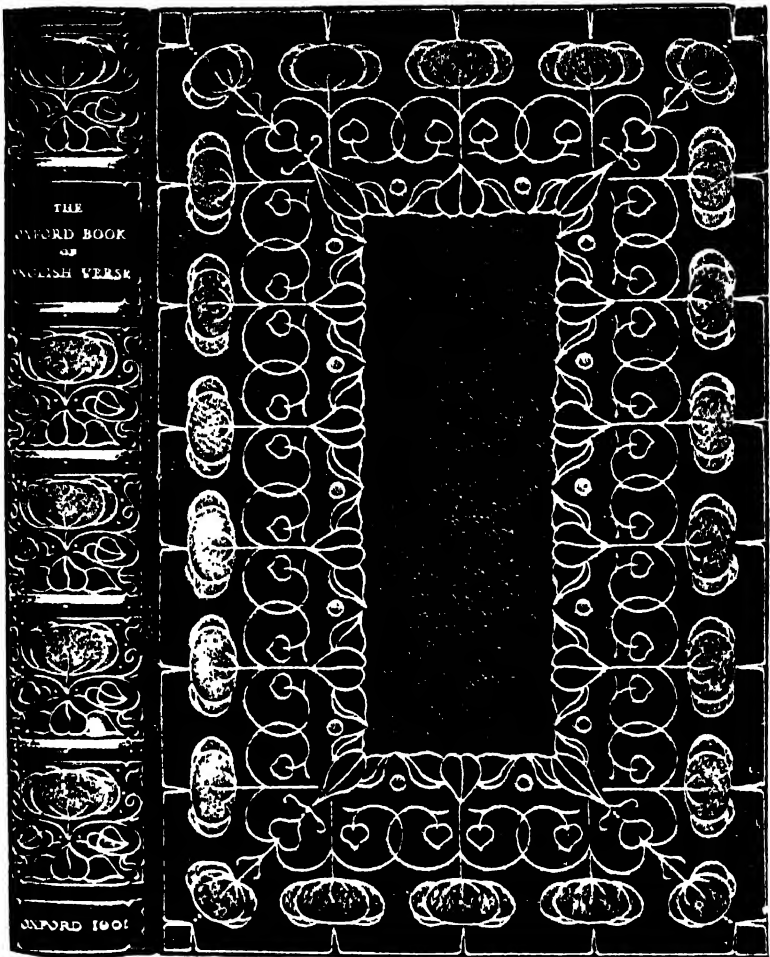
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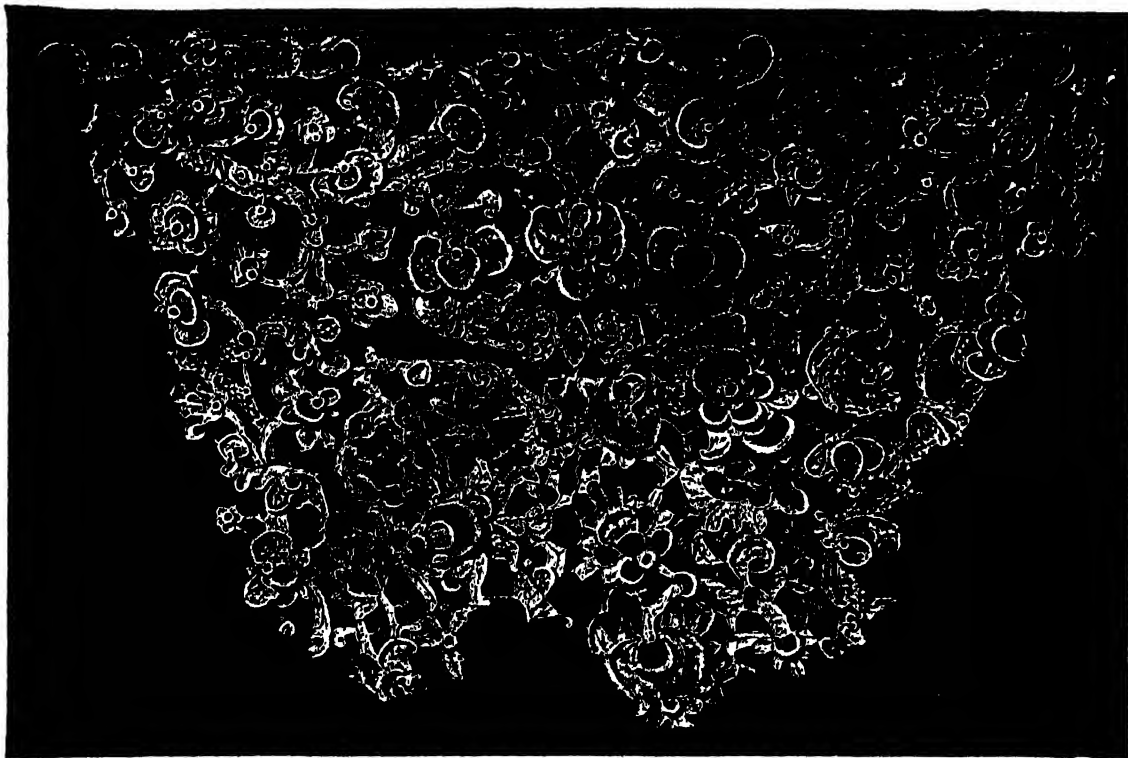
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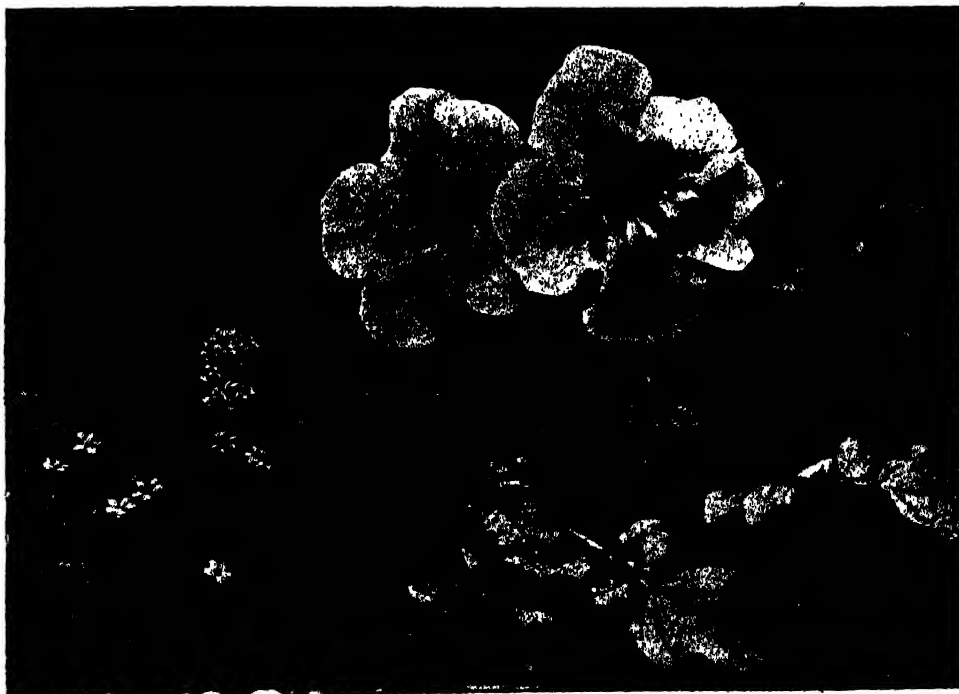
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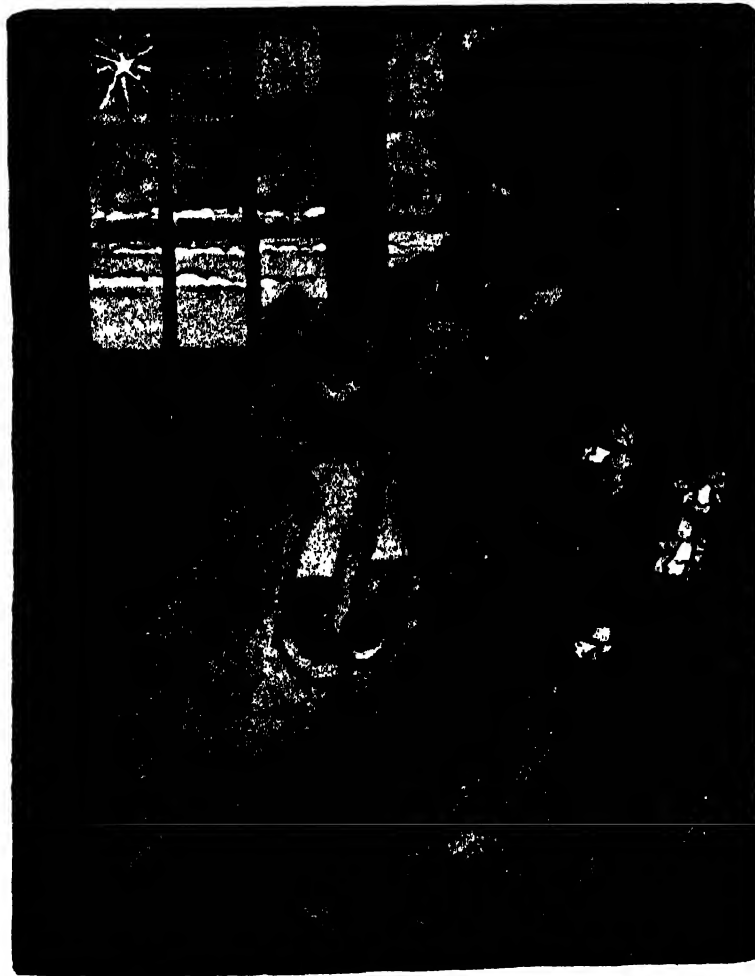


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They first listened appalled,
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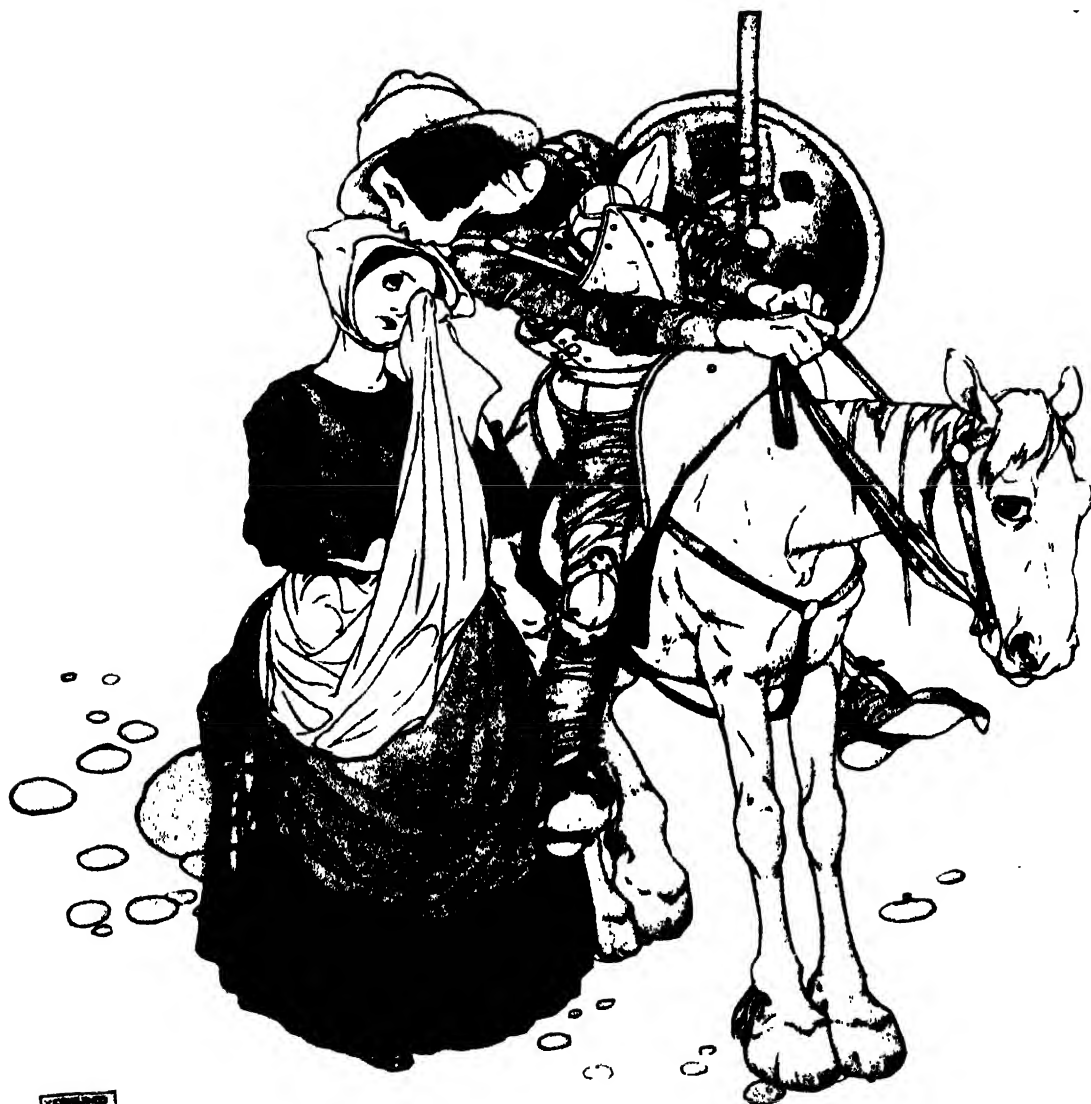
escaping from the cupboard, where his mother wanted to put him out of the way while she was busy cooking, was anything but pleasant—it was so unpleasant, indeed, that Tom durst not now face anything bigger than a mouse. And any one who wishes to know why, and why, too, this

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(Edward Arnold).

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from their little minds, yet revealed very clearly to their elders. Touches of fun are in the book, sharp little bits of criticism of life and ways and wrongs, of people who think they are right, and are not; and of people who know they are wrong—and continue to be so. This "Day-Dream" will flick many a conscience in its light, not ungentle manner, and will perhaps soften somewhat hardened hearts. Its tale is told with delicacy and grace and a feeling for the poetic side of life. The happy, discursive style of Lady Algernon Percy's writing is not unlikely to prove one of its chief charms to persons who would not think of reading either a bona-fide novel or a more usual child's book. Mr. Bedford's illustrations have all the appearance of dainty pencil sketches, and are very light and effective.



From Meggie: A Day-Dream
(Smith, Elder).

"THE CHILDREN WOULD HAVE
PREFERRED TO MAKE DAISY

THE ADVENTURES OF BORBEE AND
THE WISP.

By FLORENCE K. UPTON. With Coloured Illustrations.
OS. (Longmans & Co.)

Miss Upton, the creator of the now world-famed "Golliwogg," has this Christmas created yet another joy for us. There is no denying that "The Wisp" is truly wonderful, half-fly, half-fairy, wholly fascinating, with his long yellow



From The Adventures of
Borbée and the Wisp
(Longmans & Co.)

"IF BOY-BORBÉE SHOULD LOOK
BEHIND HE WOULD SEE A
FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1908

legs, which in one picture seem to be the last word in deportment, and in another picture may be mistaken for a petal of a dandelion. Borbee and Spritey are an "unsophisticated little boy" and a "sophisticated little girl," and their meeting and adventures are not to be told in any review. Their faces, we may, however, remark, remind us more than a little of our old friends, and Golliwogg's friends, the Dutch doll family. Miss Upton has thought of such a charming costume for her sophisticated little girl, Spritey, that we think more than one Spritey will be seen this season at the fancy-dress parties. We shall hope to meet "The Wisp" again, and we wish him as long a life as his fore-runner "Golliwogg."



From *The Water Babies*
(Headley Bros.)

"GRIMES, THE GARDENER, THE GROOM, THE DAIRY-MAID, SIR JOHN, THE STEWARD, THE PLOUGHMAN —"

THE BOOK OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With Coloured and other Illustrations by H. J. FORD. 6s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The "Lang book" for this Christmas is written by Mrs. Lang, and she has forsaken fairyland for the land of history. We do not think, however, that children's eager eyes will be dulled by that fact when they look at the book, for herein are most appealing stories of Napoleon: of the poor little baby born at Exeter when the Civil War was raging in England, little Princess Henriette; of Frederick the Great and his sister when they were small children; and of little Isabel, who was a queen at seven years of age; and of several others. Children will not be *obliged* to read this history, but they will give it their whole-hearted affection, we prophesy. The pictures by Mr. Ford are as good as ever, and the volume deserves, by reason of its beautiful blue and gold covers and its enthralling stories, to stand beside the older "Lang-books" on the favourite shelf.

THE WATER-BABIES.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

The old, old charm of this unique classic is here again for another generation of children. More boys and girls will



The Queen envies the Flemish skaters

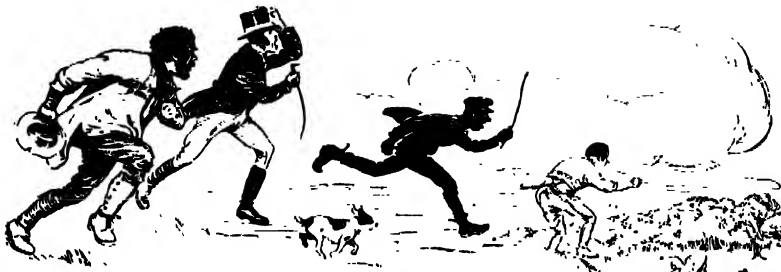
From *Princes and Princesses*
(Longmans & Co.)



Alice's Adventures in
Wonderland
(Nelson & Sons).

"IT IS A VERY GOOD
HEIGHT INDEED."

the funny lore which Charles Kingsley embroidered on to his stories in his versatile, whimsical way. But Tom and his companions in this volume are enjoying the assistance of a new artist to paint their portraits, and every child who is fortunate enough to number this book amongst his Christmas gifts will agree that Mr. Soper has done excellently. He has caught the humour of the story, he has caught the sadness too. He helps us to realise the faultiness of the soiled little sweep, and the lessons he had to learn before he was washed quite clean by the kind, great cleansing sea. The real and the imaginary are cleverly blended in this "fairy-tale for a land baby."



—THE KEEPER, AND THE IRISH
WOMAN ALL RAN UP THE PARK
SHOUTING 'STOP THIEF!'—

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL With Illustrations in
Colour by HARRY ROUNTREE 6s. net.
(Nelson & Sons.)

A most gorgeous "Alice-book" is this; the glowing yellow train of the "Duchess" on the cover is sufficient to assure any child that joy lies within. Mr. Rountree has gone quite upon his own lines, and has illustrated many a small point in the story which has

never been honoured with illustration before. The result is a real success, which leaves the artist more in the position of a new interpreter than a rival to the well-loved original of Tenniel. We have long looked to Mr. Rountree for some of the most charming colour-work which the Christmas season brings to us, and in "Alice" he has had a most congenial field for his labour. Affectionate care is evident in every figure, from dormouse to Queen, from "anti-pathies" to "pigs who have a right to fly"; and the wonderful wealth of colour is sufficient to cheer a nursery on the gloomiest of days.

"ALL AT ONCE A
LITTLE RABBIT
RAN ACROSS THE
ORCHARD
GRASS."

From Songs of Happy
Childhood
(T. Sealey Clark & Co.)

SONGS OF HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

By IRENE MAUNDER. With Illustrations
by CHARLES ROBINSON. 2s. 6d. net.
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"When I'm in my little bed, and dark
is all the room,
I feel so terribly alone in all the cold
and gloom."

When I hear the supper clatter,
And I know it's bright downstairs,
Then I wish that I could chatter
In the cosy big armchairs,
With the grown-up folk who never go to bed."

Or—

"I have been naughty all day,
But Annie has been very good
I spoke in the naughtiest way,
But Annie did just what she should"

Or—

"Once when I was rather less
I sowed some mustard and some cress,

"I sowed the letters of my name
And slowly, slowly, up they came,

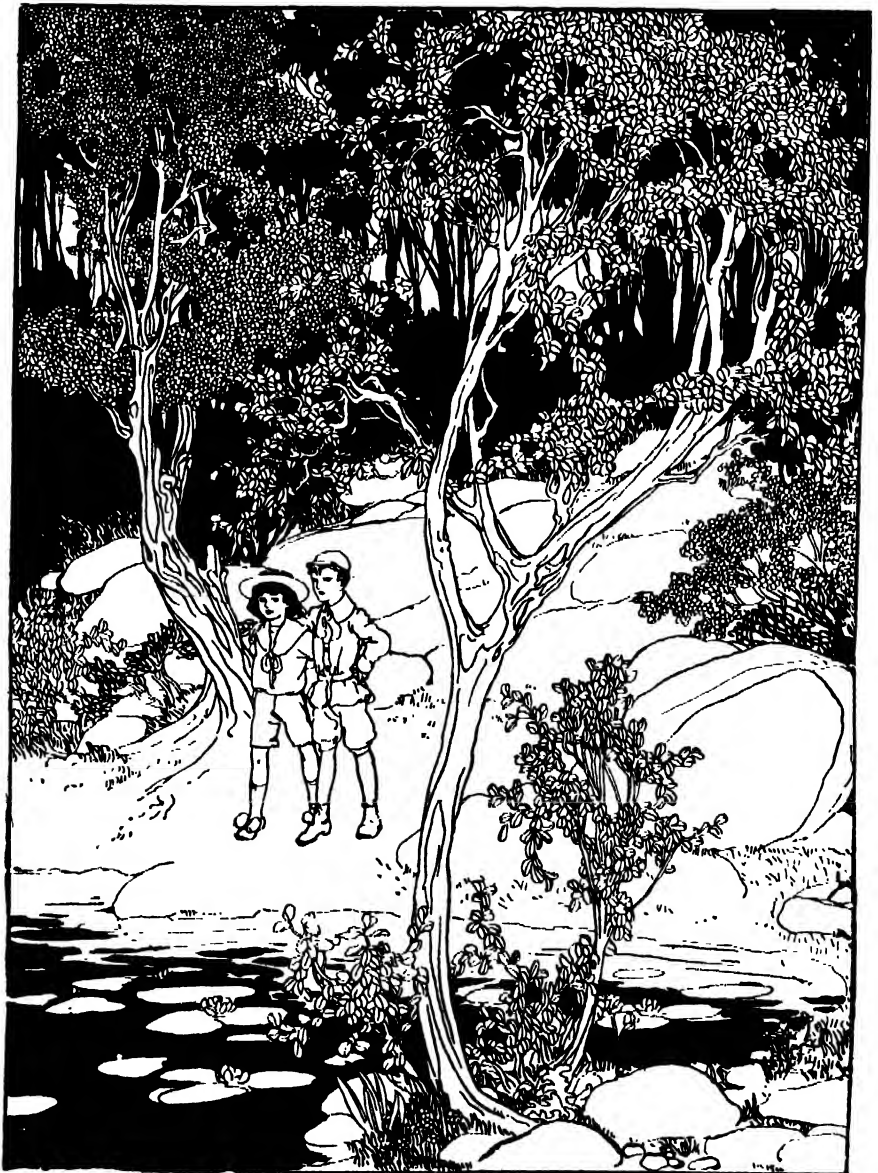
"Now every one who comes to see
Will know this place belongs to me."

Mr. Robinson's little incidental figures, as well as his larger illustrations, are perfectly dainty and charming, and display always a happy understanding of childhood and its imagination.

A TREASURY OF VERSE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Selected by M. G. EDGAR. With Illustrations by WILLY
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(G. G. Harrap & Co.)

"UP THE WATER AND O'ER THE LEA,
THAT'S THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1908



From In the Beginning
(T. Sealey Clark & Co.)

"WHEN ADAM AWOKE, GOD HAD
BROUGHT HIM HIS WIFE."

such a gap, if a gap has been hitherto allowed, complete satisfaction will be given by this most thoroughly charming collection. Not only old favourites are here, but so many new treasures, most wisely selected, that even where the nursery shelf holds an already established favourite, no harm will be done by adding this volume also. In Mr. Willy Pogany we have an artist who is full of fine imagination and happy execution. Looking at his work—which includes illustrations of "The Walrus and the Carpenter"—we strongly feel that in spite of our present Carroll wealth, yet another "Alice" book should be given us—one illustrated by Mr. Pogany; and any one who looks at the inimitable oysters (p. 232) will agree with us, we feel sure. Lewis Carroll himself, we venture to think, would have loved them heartily and recognised that here was an artist who could see into the Carrollian mind. Eight illustrations in colours and more than a hundred in black-and-white make this volume a treasury indeed.

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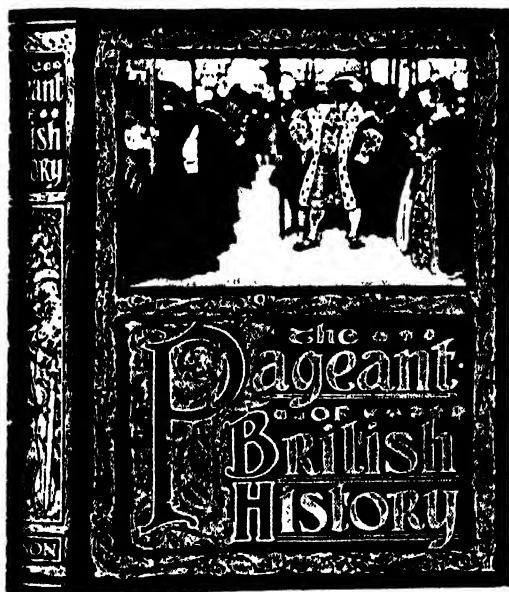
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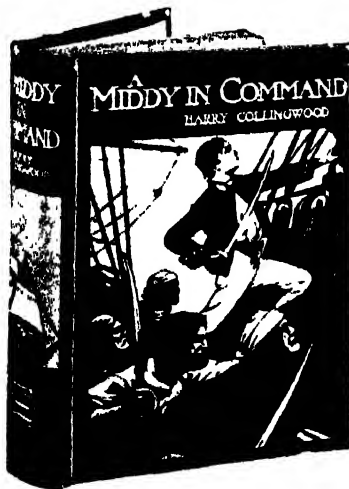
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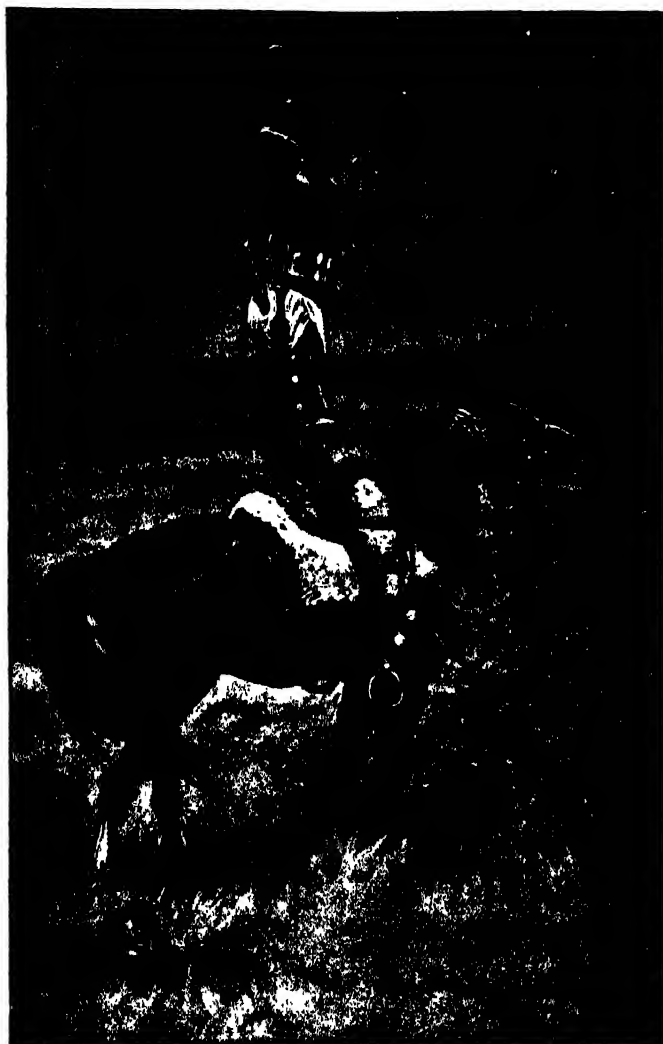
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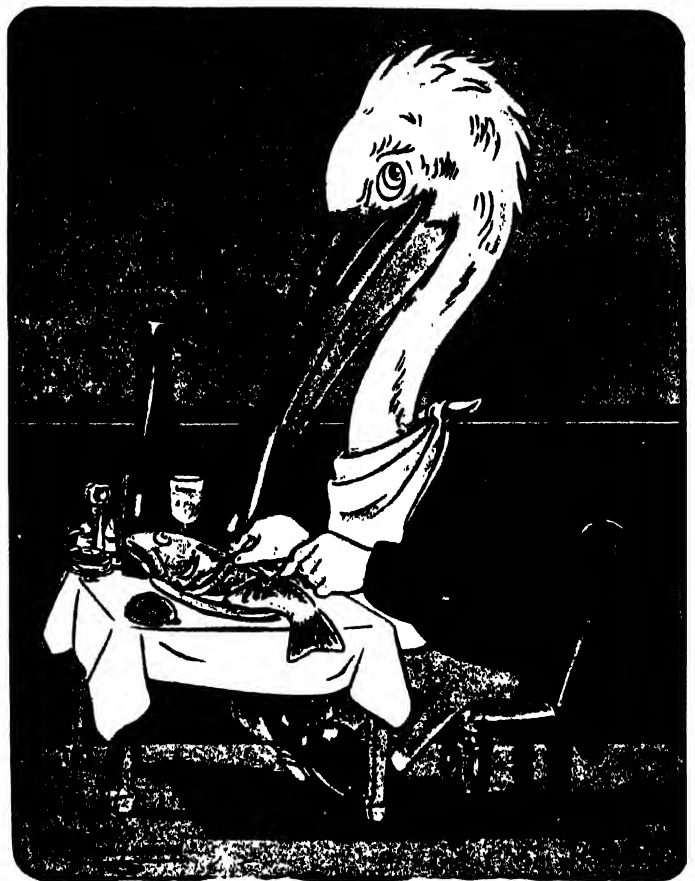
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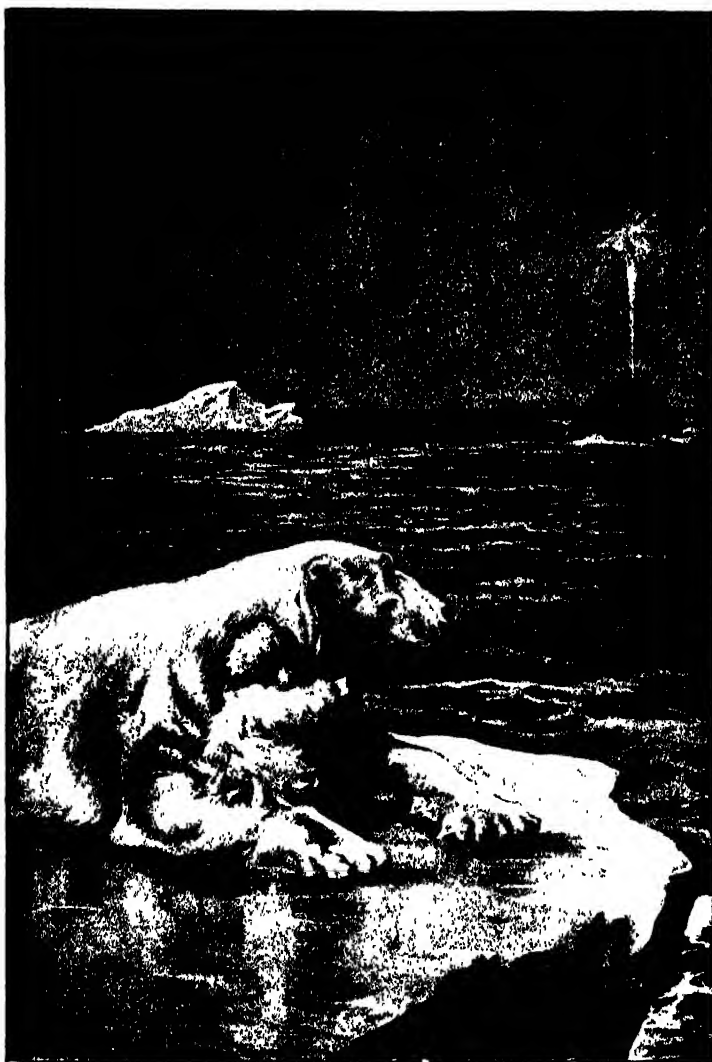
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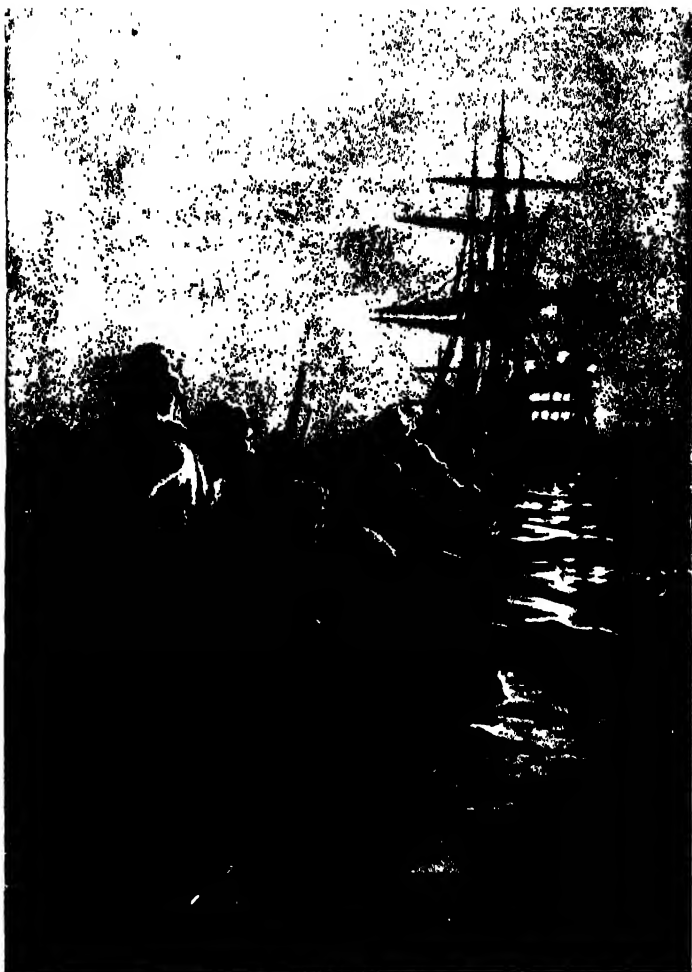
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MR. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.
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From "Grandmother's Favourites" (p. 70)
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THE BUMPING
RACES.

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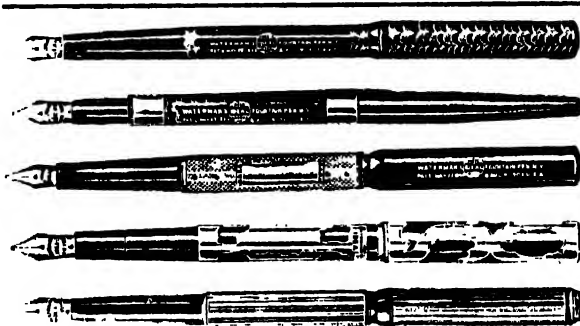
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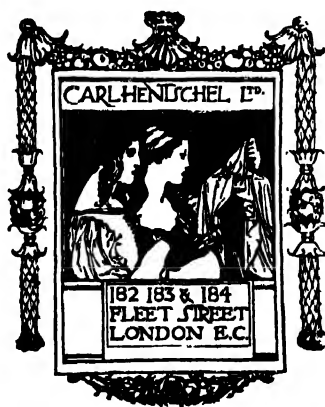
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at ivery man's dure wanst.
On some men's dures it ham-
mers till it breaks down th'
dure an' thin it goes in an'
wakes him up if he's asleep
an' aftherward it wurrks f'r
him as a night watchman.
On other men's dures it
knocks an' runs away, an'
on th' dures iv some men it
knocks an' whin they come
out it hits thim over th' head
with a ax. But iverywan
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